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THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN

Ladies' Home Journal

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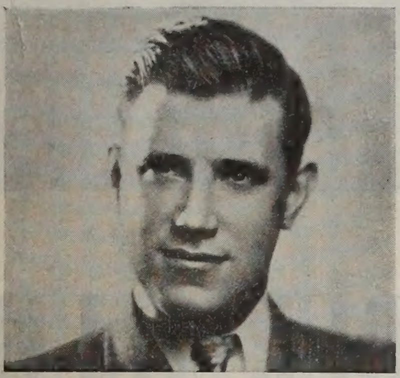
Two
COMPLETE NOVELS

The Afterward
BY LEON WARE

Taps for Private Tussie
CONDENSATION OF THE BEST SELLER
BY JESSE STUART



JESSE STUART says: "Born in Riverton, Ky., I attended the country schools, but never finished more than two thirds of any term during the year. I had to plant and hoe and harvest the crop, as well as hunt rabbits in the weed fields by day and hunt coon and possum in the woods by night. At nine I hired out to farmers for 25 cents a day. I worked from ten to twelve hours a day. My mother worked for the same money, my sister, twelve, kept house and my father farmed. At eleven I quit school entirely to help the family. Then, when I was fifteen, I went to a country subscription school to brush up on my grammar. I went sixty days. Then I entered high school. I had never seen anything like it and adjustments were hard to make. I was like a mule in a new pasture. I finished in 1926 and tied the best average in my class. Then I went to work in a rolling mill and spent eleven months of pure hell forging steel. My eyebrows, eyelashes and hair became singed. I learned to be a blacksmith there. I left with $10 and I was going somewhere. I didn't know where, but I knew I was leaving steel mills forever.

"I tried several colleges, but they wouldn't let me enter. Finally I tried Lincoln Memorial, at Harrogate, Tenn. They took my $10 (I had bummed my way there) and put me to work in the hayfields. It was like living in paradise to do the light work around the college. After the first year I became editor of the college paper and went out for track. I finished in three years and left owing $101.

"Returned home and taught school for two years, then entered Vanderbilt to do a year of graduate work. I lived on eleven meals a week from Sept., 1931, to Feb., 1932. One day the hall I was rooming in burned down and with it everything I had. I lost fifty sonnets, some short stories, my clothes, my thesis and the job that had given me my meals. From Feb. to June I lived on one meal a day. I finished my graduate work, but didn't rewrite the thesis.

"I come from a hardy race of people. My mother's family are Indian and English. My father's are Scotch. They have all been pioneers in the mountains of Kentucky.

"I am the first of my people to finish college."

JOAN HILDRETH, author of *Rendezvous*, writes: "I was born in London, raised in South America, but I'm as United States as the buffalo on the nickel. I'd like to own a dozen Scotties, one small sailboat and live most of the year in a farmhouse in Vermont. So far I've lived in 44 assorted houses, apartments, hotels and pensions, been to 14 schools and I'd just as soon go on being a gypsy. Except for that farmhouse. I'd rather laugh than eat and I'd like to be able to buy a completely mad hat at least once a week. However, that would mean worrying about clothes to match, so I'll settle for slacks and evening gowns—and keep my hats to try on once in a while in front of the mirror."

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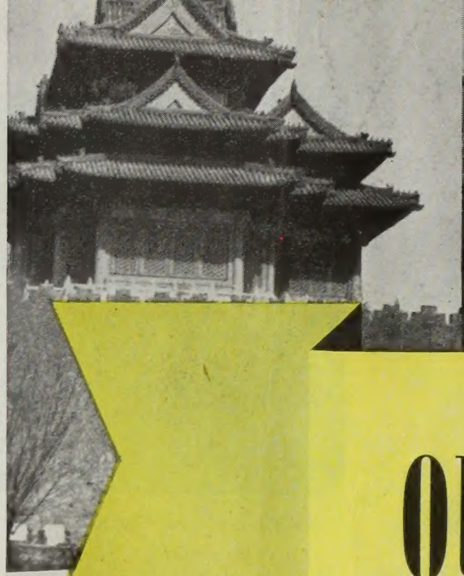


OUR ALLIES

Little-known facts about our Chinese neighbors on the other side of the world make them real and lovable as your friends next door.

BY CARL CROW

THERE are millions of Chinese who have never tasted rice. It is the staple food of the Yangtze Valley and the south, but in the north everyone eats noodles. . . . Chinese do not use sugar in any of their dishes, but candy or sweetmeat shops are more common than in the United States. . . . One universal dish is spinach. Chinese laugh at Americans for eating the same spinach all the year round, while they have a different kind for every month. . . . Chinese do not drink water except in the form of tea. Most water in China is contaminated, but boiling it to make tea makes it safe to drink.

Chinese men make good husbands. To use an old-fashioned phrase, they are "good providers." . . . There are few Chinese who are total abstainers, but drunkards are as uncommon as drug addicts in the United States. . . . One might spend a lifetime in China without seeing any demonstration of affection between husband and wife, but will see plenty of evidence that wives are pampered and humored, especially wives with one or more sons. . . . As a Chinese marries for the purpose of perpetuating his family line, the first duty of a wife is to present him with a son. According to old custom, a man whose wife failed him in this was fully justified in taking a secondary wife or concubine—often with the wife's approval. Public opinion in this matter has changed in recent years. Confucius was born of a union of this sort after his father's first wife had given birth to nine daughters.

Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek is not a dictator, though undoubtedly the most powerful man in the country. He rose to power by conquering other war lords, but he differed from them in that he always replaced military by civilian rule as rapidly as possible. Unlike most Chinese, he takes exercise regularly and keeps himself in good physical condition. His hobby is the study of ancient Chinese poetry, and he can recite hundreds of poems from memory. He does not speak English, but some believe that he understands it. Madame Chiang speaks and writes Chinese as faultless as her English.

Although four men out of every five in China are farmers, there are no isolated farmhouses. Chinese

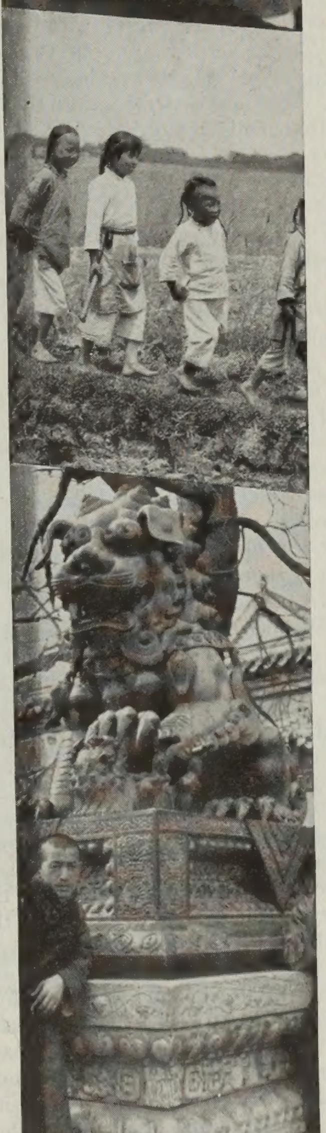
THE CHINESE

ike company and crowds and noise. In mountainous districts the farmers live in hamlets of half a dozen or more houses, all packed closely together. The small plots they cultivate may be as much as a mile away. In the great level valleys the farmers live in villages of fifty or more houses, or possibly inside the walls of a city, walking to and from the land they cultivate or traveling in flat-bottomed boats. . . . There are no suburban homes, but each large city is surrounded by a fringe of farm villages. Not one Chinese in ten thousand lives out of earshot of neighbors.

The ricksha is a Yankee invention, first manufactured in Massachusetts and unknown in China a hundred years ago. . . . It is said that there are more individual boats in China than in all the rest of the world. Throughout the Yangtze Valley the farmer's flat-bottomed boat is almost as common as the farmer's automobile in the United States. . . . Where there are no waterways, pack animals are used: camels in the north, donkeys, cattle and horses in the south and west. There are more than a half million of these animals in Yünnan Province alone. They are now being used to carry munitions to the Chinese troops fighting on the borders of Burma. . . . At the time of the Japanese attack, the Chinese government was perfecting a system of modern highways which would bring every part of the country into connection with every other part. When this is completed, it will end famines, for there is always enough food in China, but no means to distribute it.

Chinese mothers who travel with children do not have to argue with conductors about their ages. Children above a certain height pay full fare; those below it, half fare. Dwarfs travel at children's rates. . . . Chinese are inveterate travelers, and do not mind traveling in crowded trains, boats or busses. . . . There is no shyness or reserve about them when they meet strangers on their journeys. Two who have never before seen each other will immediately strike up a conversation. Soon a group of four or five total strangers will be chatting together as if they were members of the same club. They are in this way even more jovial and easy-mannered than Americans.

Every city has electric lights. Chinese are prodigal in the use of lights, but have no particular enthusiasm for telephones. There are probably more radio sets than telephones in the country. . . . All cities and most market towns are surrounded by walls built of gray bricks, unless the old walls have been torn down to make room for modern motor roads. Chinese of the past would no more think of building a city without a wall than of building a house without a roof. The walls are usually more than (Continued on Page 43)



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LADIES' HOME Journal

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This Can Be America

By Struthers Burt

TAFFY, THE HORSE

MY WIFE had a horse once who was the most wonderful horse I have ever known. His name was Taffy, because of his color, a light buckskin, and he was brighter than most men and even a lot of women. He was the only horse I've ever met who could wedge his way through a small turnstile—and he was a big horse—without damage to himself or the gate, and he was among the few horses who realize that if you lift a square gate up with one knee you can usually take off with your mouth the chain that holds it. He was as good at "figuring" as a schoolmarm. A wonderful horse; full of life and fast, and a first-class rope horse, but as gentle as a dog. You could catch him anywhere, and he had the most lovely look in his eyes. And then suddenly he developed a superiority complex, and in a few years it killed him—he was gored to death by a bull.

Like so many good Christians, he was loving, faithful and obedient to his God—in his case, Man—but unspeakable to his own kind, horses: condescending, insolent and, on occasion, brutal. Other horses hated him and bit and kicked and chased him. Finally, one of them bit him and gave him a fistula, and it was while we were trying to cure this, and had him out at pasture, that the bull gored him. It had reached the point where he couldn't even get on with a Hereford bull, usually the most resigned of creatures.

All this, as I say, came upon him suddenly and in his early maturity, and it emerged, as it always does, from an equally definite inferiority complex. As a colt and a young horse he had been noticeably shy and humble and introspective.

Imagination, like all gifts, is dangerous. Without it, neither men nor horses get anywhere. But the greater the gift, the more its possessor must guard it. We are inclined to believe, despite our present knowledge, that an inferiority complex and a superiority complex are two different things, as far apart as the poles. They are, of course, identical, both symptoms of the same disease; and this disease, common as the common cold, and far more dangerous, is absorption in oneself to the exclusion of all else.

The moment you begin to discover in yourself the belief that the world revolves around you and for your benefit in large things or small, or for the small group exactly like you, remove from yourself all guns, knives, poison and desire to argue, for you are on your way to becoming a danger. Also, you are headed for eventual failure in everything that makes a man a man, and, most assuredly, for inner dissatisfaction. Most of the trouble in the world does not arise from this political system or that, or from economic stresses or strains, but because someone—a man, a group—has had his "feelings hurt" and won't grow up.

Look about you. What motivated Hitler, for instance? What motivated his absurd temporary partner, Mussolini? What has motivated practically all the tyrants and egomaniac murderers who have turned blood-red the past and present? What causes most divorces? Treachery between

(Continued on Page 99)

EDUCATION IN AMERICA

By Dorothy Thompson

WHEN the war is over, one of the greatest problems which will confront the people of the United States is that of education. The war itself has brought into focus the faults of our education and, at the same time, started new procedures which raise grave questions.

The necessity to train officers for the demands of modern war required that the universities of the country assume a tremendous undertaking. Obviously, officers for a nine-million-man force could not be educated and trained only in West Point, Annapolis and other military educational institutions. So the Army and Navy contracted with the colleges to supply the training. The curriculum was set, not by the colleges but by the Army and Navy departments, and also by great industries which, for wartime purposes, needed workers or managers with special trainings. The universities and colleges agreed to turn out the men for the specific positions.

In as much as these newcomers into the field of education made many startling discoveries—such as, for instance, that thousands of college men had no knowledge of higher mathematics, and others were unable to formulate orders or reports in respectable English—the colleges came under a fire of criticism, and the idea began to form that perhaps this sort of education by contract might eventually supplant the existing "free" system.

Should it do so, education and democracy both would have been dealt a terrible blow. It would mean the eventual control of college courses by the state and by industry; it would substitute training for education, and the idea of creating an efficient worker or fighter for the idea of creating an efficient person. It is something to be opposed with all one's strength.

But mere opposition will be fruitless unless we consider the actual state of our education, as it has been developing for fully half a century. For the tendency to regiment education would be less widespread if education had not been failing of its function.

THE disintegration of education, as a body of knowledge and an intellectual attitude, shared by all men who could claim to belong to the educated, began in the middle of the last century, when it became clear that the educational curriculum of the great universities was no longer altogether suited to a new, scientific and technological age. Before that, university education in America was an integrated thing. Any university graduate could be certain that he shared a certain body of knowledge with every other university graduate, and the intellectual world thus spoke a common language. The curriculum had been inherited from England and had roots right back and into the earliest universities of Western civilization. It was classical—mathematical—philosophical. Every educated man knew Latin and/or Greek and could give an account of man from the antique world to the present time. All had had rigorous grammatical training, enabling them not only to use their own language but to understand it. All had a grasp of higher mathematics and had been subjected to the stern precisions and disciplines of mathematical education. And the sum of the whole education had a meaning, inside philosophical frames of reference. A "liberal" education, as this was called, had the purpose of liberating the mind and providing students with the knowledge, training and habits of integrated thinking which would enable them thenceforward to think for themselves and expand their own education indefinitely.

THIS curriculum, however, became so rigid, and so exclusive of the modern sciences, that, along about the middle of the last century, President Eliot, of Harvard, introduced the elective system as a means of getting new studies into the frame of general education. President Eliot must be turning over in his grave as a result. Having once opened the door to certain new scientific studies, a process began which has some similarity to the latest penetration into the liberal-arts curricula by the Army and the Navy.

The liberal-arts colleges, aiming to create educated men rather than technicians, were surrounded in the universities by technical colleges, whose aim was training rather than education—with, for instance, engineering schools, agricultural colleges, domestic-science institutes. Once new studies could be introduced into the liberal-arts colleges, these schools demanded courses that would assist in these special technical trainings, which were for jobs rather than for the accumulation of wisdom. By the time this war broke out, the elective courses had come to occupy the chief position in the liberal curriculum. A young man or woman could graduate as a bachelor of arts, knowing no word of Latin or Greek or any modern foreign language, unable to read or write with understanding, elegance or even a high degree of simple literacy; ignorant of trigonometry, higher algebra or calculus; with but the most primitive and confused picture of human history; and with no philosophical knowledge or background whatsoever.

This, of course, immediately affected the lower schools. If children could graduate from college as "educated" without any of these things, why should it be necessary to lay the groundwork for them in the high schools? So the high schools began to admit "fad" courses of all kinds. The idea that education did not consist of a sum of basic knowledge but of undisciplined self-expression and something called "group consciousness," gained headway rapidly. Children began to be regarded from a vocational viewpoint while they were still completely undeveloped. Thus the whole educational system began to disintegrate from top to bottom.

In previous days moral philosophy had played a prominent role in all higher education. The educated man was compelled to face the question of good and evil, of what constituted a good society, of the ethical bases for law. No substitute was found for it.

In the early American schools, Bible study had been a required part of the curriculum, the Bible being recognized as the foundation of the religions of Western civilization and, in its English translation, a pinnacle of the language. But under secular pressures, it was eventually relegated to the Sunday schools of the churches and even passed out of the compulsory lists of literature courses. Vague reasonings about good will and social consciousness took the place of the stern "thou shalts" and

(Continued on Page 105)

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AND
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I'm Fed Up!

THE SUB-DEB

By Elizabeth Woodward

I'M GOIN' gooney! And at my age too! To the very teeth—I'm fed up! The thing is—no single gent ever dates me. Oh, married men like dad, Uncle Harry and Sue's father, Doctor Jenkins, give me their time. But they're so safe—and taken. What I want is a date. A boy to ask me how 'bout Saturday night? The delicious suspense of waiting, then my date, then not being able to sleep after—for glow.

But does that excitement happen to me? Not me! I'm strictly neglected.

Other girls date. Martha Ann's out every Saturday night and even during the week sometimes. And her mother doesn't seem to mind. Of course, I'd have to convince my mother. But maybe I could sell her. If I only had something to sell. If I could just snaffle a date with somebody, I might catch her while she's doing her hair and maneuver her into saying "yes."

It's not as though I lived miles and miles out in the country either. Nobody would waste their precious gas fetching, traipsing and toting me home again. I live right in the middle of everything. But me—I'm out.

It's Not My Fault!

Of course, the guys around here are kinda young. They don't date much. But they could learn. Even the older boys at school date girls my age sometimes. But those slowpokes in my class —— Oh, they know we're girls, all right. They know me specially. I'm class treasurer and always at 'em for money. They biff me in the halls, and at lunch. They "hi" at the games. They pedal fast to catch up with me when I'm walking home, and then coast with me with both feet rowing the ground. One or another of them usually comes to sit by me when I'm at the movies with another girl. They're even generous with their salted peanuts. One guy pays lots of attention to me at parties—but devotedly. He's even walked me home after. Of course, there were three other kids going our way. But he walked with me.

See what I mean? I'm not strictly poison. The other day I pumped the guy who blows the horn next to me in orchestra. We've been getting kinda intimate lately over a certain score, on account of we both make the same mistake every single time. So I hissed at him while the drum was good and loud, "Hey, why don't you ever take a girl on a date?" And he snapped back, "Me? I don't want to get involved with women." I hadn't exactly thought of it like that. But I guess a guy does get involved. If the girl doesn't like him—there's a tangle. If she does like him, he gets involved with her mother and her father and her kid brother. The other kids at school talk and titter. He can't concentrate any more, he's always thinking about her. And he's supposed to spend dough on her, too, dough he's got earmarked for things he just has to have for his tool kit or his collection. He's got to learn to dance, if she wants him to. He's got to have his dirty pants dry-cleaned. I guess a girl does make a guy's life complicated. It's an angle.

Tom's not exactly a woman hater, he just won't have anything to do with girls. We ask him to parties, we tempt him with chocolate-fudge cake, we keep after him. But he always says, "Haven't time." He's always in training for football, and on a special diet, he has to study, he has to work. And women take time. I know. I am one.

Then there's Pete—our big stuff. He's class president and all of us girls would literally limp if he broke out with a date. I've known him always. He lives down the street and his family and mine play contract rummy every Tuesday night. He came over with them the other night to talk heavy class business with me. A fine chance to pin him down and find out why he didn't date. And what did he say? "Not till I havta." Everything's okay as is, says he. He sees enough of the girls at school. He'll even take a dose of 'em if he gets roped in on a party. But voluntarily go out of his way to saddle himself with a girl for a whole evening? Not him. He wouldn't know how to act—or what to talk about. Our big stuff—scared!

WOMEN, ARISE AND SHINE!

TOO much lonely time on your hands? Not enough to do around where you live? Then start a Sub-Deb Club in your gang. Get them busy doing things and having fun. Write to Elizabeth Woodward, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pa., and ask for the Sub-Deb Club Handbook. That'll tell you how to organize and all. Then you'll get a certificate of membership and the famous Sub-Deb newspaper, THE SCOOP, will be sent to your club each month. We're not going to leave that club of yours out on the end of a limb. THE SCOOP will keep you busy with plans. Out the window with lonely time on your hands. Come on, get your own club going!

Where to Go?

If a guy did ask me for a date for next Saturday night, and if mother said I could go, and if he asked me what I'd like to do, I'd probably be stumped. I've dreamed so often of that happening and what I'd say. Like, "How 'bout getting a couple of good seats down front for that new play at the State?" And him with an allowance just exactly as prosperous as my own! Or "Let's get all dressed up—me in my new swish with the tulle and flutter in my hair—and dance at the Terrace." At our age! And with the curfew ringing at nine-thirty.

We'd probably wind up at the movies. And I probably would have seen it anyhow without him. Or maybe we'd have battled a few rounds at the bowling alley. Surrounded by a dozen other kids. Or we might have gone down to Joe's—we go there every afternoon anyway. And he'd have probably danced with me a couple of times and spent the rest of the evening gabbling with the boys—and it wouldn't be a real date. We might have stretched the excitement to a half dozen round trips on the ferry. I guess there's not much for kids our age to do on dates.

We'd Both be Scared

I'm not too sure I'd know how anyhow. It'd be such a thing—that first date—that I'd get all clammy cold, or sticky hot. I'd either talk like a buzz saw, or shut up tight. I'd either laugh at everything he said—or chill him to the bone. I'd either make too much noise—or no noise at all. And if it happened to be his very first date with a girl it would be even worse. 'Cause he wouldn't exactly know what to do either. If you could just skip that first date—and begin with the second!

Wishing for the Moon

Of course, it's partly my fault too. Everybody knows I've never had a date. Nobody wants to take a chance on me. That's what feeds me to the eyebrows!

Beginning tomorrow I'm going to change all that. I shall concentrate quietly on Pete. He's the likeliest one. When he sits by me in the movies, I'm going to pretend he paid my way in. I'm going to play-act it's a real date. I'm going to try out everything I've read—on Pete. So he'll forget I'm treasurer—and just see me. I'm going to change me so I look snorky. We'll talk about things—I'll make him feel that he's important to me. Then I'm going to stage a few easy gatherings at our house. Some of the other girls and boys he knows real well. Not a party exactly, just some crazy fun. Then I'm going to promote some double dates—like "Let's the four of us go skating tomorrow afternoon." That'll lead up to narrowing it down to just Pete and me. He won't inkle what's happening—but the first thing he knows he'll stop being scared at the thought of a date alone with me and he'll make one. Of course, by that time we'll both be quite a little bit older. And it won't be funny—it'll be fun!

I'm looking for a Serg

TO EVERY BRIDE IN AMERICA (and also to all you Second Honeym
on planning the future) General Electric wishes to present a FR
"YOUR NEW HOME AND YOUR POCKETBOOK." Just write your nam
your wedding on a post-card and mail to G. E. Address Dept. L
Consumers Institute, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

Busier hands can still be picture-pretty!

You've "joined up" on the home front—and you're working hard! But it's easy to guard your lovely, busy hands the *beforehand* way—with Toushay! You see, Toushay's different from ordinary lotions. You smooth it on *before* all the extra soap-and-water tasks you must do these days. It helps *prevent* dryness and roughness—helps keep hands beautiful while they work!

Housework's just one of your new wartime jobs. Recreation centers, businesses, hospitals need you—and you're helping whenever you can. But never neglect your hands! Just keep Toushay handy! Smooth it on *before* you put your hands into hot, soapy water. It's so much wiser to take this simple precaution *beforehand*, instead of waiting till damage is done!

And for a quick change-over to glamour, Toushay's a magic help! Besides guarding the loveliness of your hands, this rich "beforehand" lotion's grand in lots of other ways. It's a softening influence for rough elbows and knees—a clinging, fragrant powder base—a heavenly wonder for all-over body rubs. Inexpensive, because a few creamy drops go a long way. Ask your druggist for Toushay!

AY

" LOTION that guards hands even in hot, soapy water

I'm

I'M GOIN' gooney! And at my age too! To the very teeth—I'm fed up! The thing is—no single gent ever dates me. Oh, married men like dad, Uncle Harry and Sue's father, Doctor Jenkins, give me their time. But they're so safe—and taken. What I want is a date. A boy to ask me how 'bout Saturday night? The delicious suspense of waiting, then my date, then not being able to sleep after—for glow.

But does that excitement happen to me? Not me! I'm strictly neglected.

Other girls date. Martha Ann's out every Saturday night and even during the week sometimes. And her mother doesn't seem to mind. Of course, I'd have to convince my mother. But maybe I could sell her. If I only had something to sell. If I could just snaffle a date with somebody, I might catch her while she's doing her hair and maneuver her into saying "yes."

It's not as though I lived miles and miles out in the country either. Nobody would waste their precious gas fetching, traipsing and toting me home again. I live right in the middle of everything. But me—I'm out.

It's Not My Fault!

Of course, the guys around here are kinda young. They don't date much. But they could learn. Even the older boys at school date girls my age sometimes. But those slowpokes in my class —— Oh, they know we're girls, all right. They know me specially. I'm class treasurer and always at 'em for money. They biff me in the halls, and at lunch. They "hi" at the games. They pedal fast to catch up with me when I'm walking home, and then coast with me with both feet rowing the ground. One or another of them usually comes to sit by me when I'm at the movies with another girl. They're even generous with their salted peanuts. One guy pays lots of attention to me at parties—but devotedly. He's even walked me home after. Of course, there were three o our way. But he walked with me.

See what I mean? I'm not strictly poi day I pumped the guy who blows the horn orchestra. We've been getting kinda intim a certain score, on account of we both mistake every single time. So I hissed at drum was good and loud, "Hey, why don' a girl on a date?" And he snapped back, want to get involved with women." I thought of it like that. But I guess a g volved. If the girl doesn't like him—t If she does like him, he gets involved with her father and her kid brother. The othe talk and titter. He can't concentrate an ways thinking about her. And he's su dough on her, too, dough he's got earma just has to have for his tool kit or his got to learn to dance, if she wants hi have his dirty pants dry-cleaned. I gue a guy's life complicated. It's an angle.

Tom's not exactly a woman hater, he anything to do with girls. We ask him to pa him with chocolate-fudge cake, we keep a always says, "Haven't time." He's alway football, and on a special diet, he has to work. And women take time. I know. I

Then there's Pete—our big stuff. He's and all of us girls would literally limp with a date. I've known him always. H street and his family and mine play every Tuesday night. He came over wit night to talk heavy class business with m to pin him down and find out why he d what did he say? "Not till I havta." Ev as is, says he. He sees enough of the girls a even take a dose of 'em if he gets roped in o voluntarily go out of his way to saddle girl for a whole evening? Not him. He how to act—or what to talk about. Our big

Where to Go?

If a guy did ask me for a date for next S and if mother said I could go, and if he I'd like to do, I'd probably be stumped. I' often of that happening and what I'd say 'bout getting a couple of good seats down new play at the State?" And him with an exactly as prosperous as my own! Or "

WOMEN, ARISE AND SHINE!

TOO much lonely time on your hands? Not enough to do around where you live? Then start a Sub-Deb Club in your gang. Get them busy doing things and having fun. Write to Elizabeth Woodward, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pa., and ask for the Sub-Deb Club Handbook. That'll tell you how to organize and all. Then you'll get a certificate of membership and the famous Sub-Deb newspaper, THE SCOOP, will be sent to your club each month. We're not going to leave that club of yours out on the end of a limb. THE SCOOP will keep you busy with plans. Out the window with lonely time on your hands. Come on, get your own club going!

Continued from Page 10)

s back home wear much more . . . . "Never seen so many pretty girls before."

now that trams are streetcars, per, and "giving you a growl" nging you on the telephone. on every occasion are a luxury to e are not accustomed, but don't don't like it. Your boys are not en about washing and wiping whereas our lads take it as a matirse.

ave earned a place in our hearts ll, we hope, be a permanent one peace we all pray for comes.

NGAIARE BLUNDELL.

ven my name "gets" them. It is ced to rhyme with diary. A ame that means —no kidding—amp."

Waits for a Bridegroom

The Duke's Cottage,
Rudgwick, England.

: Here, we are going through a might be called, I think, love-Ve have daughter Mary's wedready. But the bridegroom. ? All we know is from a cable, ived Cairo. Repatriation may ime." And some time, in army vell, it hasn't a cheering ring in .

pony boy, appears suddenly to out in an awe-inspiring manomeone was secretly inflating bicycle pump. His new life end I am left alone with the l the horses. But week ends, it of school, it is quite like old g he comes, usually chewing f which he appears to keep the se in his pocket. He now ipstanding lad called Ernie Ernie wears long pants, very he seat. Then once more the with bright repartee, and the tered up with chewing-gum I have been warned that ey said of Eric -is No Good. ne that is a sure sign of suc- bad boys seem to turn out ly bright. I used to be told by ly savage nurse that I would on the gallows!

ndon is getting shabby and g. It is beginning to remind ille after the last war, where the road always rattled your m its perch beside the *cocher.* uld raise his hat politely, and and retrieve it, and off we gain, rattle, rattle bump. I er string in the oddest places, lemen mostly have buttons. quite got to that yet, but looking at the more well-worn drivers, one wonders. as been a fearful moan in the s about wartime manners. Peoeadily part with their hard-won us or train, but can you blame have never seen expectant or the really antique forced to a soldier with any claim to could always lie flat! Some conductors are a bit snappy, they may have had to cook eakfast in an English kitchen, wife, who has been called up. in front of you nearly always he shop door for you. I reting that once in a New York thought I was someone paid and I just got left with it.

re and more things disappear ps. But on the other hand, et a perm! And though face what it was, and tends to f cement on the features, it The smart dressmakers still ingiest little models with a d try to work them off on me old price. Nowadays at has the air of having at s parents in the services. d, or cocked, or tricorn—erge bun worn by our sailor ors in velvet, satin and fur. ier macabre, if you ask me, uite the wrong faces. igine with what delight I rvelous suggestion put up readers, for a hankie donane of the grandest ideas.

For washing-up cloths and hankies are the two things the British housewife does balk at giving coupons for, and in the forefront of the balkers stand I.

My love to you both,
DOROTHY BLACK.

◆So far we have received from sympathetic JOURNAL readers nearly a thousand hankies for Dorothy and her hankering friends in England. All have been forwarded. ED.

My dears: It's incredible to think it is nearly a year since you were here. I lived in luxury then. Would you like to know what it is like now?

MY DAY
By Dorothy Black

I get up at seven, and pick the house out of the Stygian darkness into which the blackout has plunged it.

I brew myself a cup of tea, seize an apple, first putting the henfood on to cook—a nauseating brew which, with great courage, I first stir, in spite of its being so early.

If there has been an air raid and bombs have dropped anywhere near, I search the home for cracks, straighten lamp shades and brush up any plaster that may have trickled down.

I survey the weather. At that time it is always raining, no matter what it is going to do later. I return to bed and bicker with the cat, who thinks it has a right to a part of my milk ration. (Two and a half pints per week per person. None per cat and dog.) For twenty minutes I enjoy luxury and say my prayers and look out of the window into the garden.

At eight I arise, bathe and come down and get the breakfast. Gwennie has meantime arrived, panting, in a great hurry, on a bicycle. The milkmen (two pretty girls in a van) arrive. The postman (one hefty wench on a bicycle) deposits mail.

I breakfast, read mail, mark urgent letters, do my room and at nine-thirty go down the lane to feed the horses. At nine-forty-five I feed the hens and ducks and geese. At ten A.M. I retire into what is always called here "your end room." Probably because I sit so much on my end in it. There I begin the day's work, and throw off as lightly as may be a short story, or a chapter of a book, or an article for someone who must have it tomorrow. At noon I cease for a while to be an author and become a cook. Gwennie is standing in the kitchen, staring resentfully at a piece of cod or some offal, and most frequently, into a completely empty food safe.

Lunch at one. Work till three-thirty, and the rest of the day is my own. I have nothing to do except get the tea, feed the horses, do the garden, pack the apples, pick some vegetables and, just now, sweep up the leaves. Somewhere amongst all this I have also to do the house accounts (to which God never called me), my agent's account, various letters and all the odd jobs it takes to run a home.

Seven-thirty supper of what we have rattled up somehow, and then a long luxurious evening mending the house linen sets in, and turning old cotton dresses into drying-up cloths and dusters.

As my age group has had to register, I may be asked to fit a little part-time work into the day; but should this occur, I simply shan't be able to wash, that's all.

Later. What fun I have had this year with seeds sent me from America. Not only have I raised a most peculiar tomato, pincushion-shaped and a pretty rose pink, and containing no seeds whatever, but I have grown lettuces such as England has never seen before. As the flower seeds just said "Mixed Flowers," I shall never know what they were, but in my garden at this moment is a veritable Jack's beanstalk, much taller than I and still growing, and shooting off at intervals lovely-colored sort of daisy flowers! And next year I am trying squash. How the poor things stand our climate I cannot imagine, for this morning it poured with rain at seven, after which a heat wave set in and had us all casting clouts until ten-thirty, when it clouded over and did give vent to a most determined hailstorm that broke the heads off most of my chrysanthemums. At midday it was fine, but bitterly cold. Now, three P.M., the heat wave is just beginning again, and I hear distant thunder.

Love to you both,
DOROTHY.

Busier hands can still be picture-pretty!

You've "joined up" on the home front—and you're working hard! But it's easy to guard your lovely, busy hands the *beforehand* way—with Toushay! You see, Toushay's different from ordinary lotions. You smooth it on *before* all the extra soap-and-water tasks you must do these days. It helps *prevent* dryness and roughness—helps keep hands beautiful while they work!

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PRODUCT OF
BRISTOL-MYERS

TOUSHAY

THE "BEFOREHAND" LOTION that guards hands even in hot, soapy water

So delicious it's called the "Guest-Quality" Margarine

Milk makes the Flavor

Every pound of Allsweet contains pasteurized, cultured skim milk!

"It's perfectly delicious!" . . . that's what many a woman exclaims when she first tastes Allsweet. The flavor is so rich, so delicate, so fresh. And . . . with good reason!

For in this margarine, *milk* makes the flavor . . . top quality, cultured skim milk! Allsweet is an American farm product through and through!

First of all Swift secures the finest vegetable oils the country's farms produce; prepares these nutritious oils by a special Swift recipe. Then they are mixed with all the pasteurized, cultured skim milk they can properly absorb.

That explains why Allsweet is so outstandingly good and so nutritious. Actually, it's included in the "Basic 7" kinds of foods government nutrition authorities say we should have *every day*. In every pound of Allsweet there's a minimum of 9,000 units of essential Vitamin "A" . . . high food energy.

Ask for Allsweet *first* . . . to help you with your ration-point budget and wartime nutrition. One taste of that exclusive flavor . . . one week's experience with this fine *smooth-spreading* margarine . . . and you'll want to use thrifty Allsweet *regularly* for everything!

Your first duty to your country: BUY WAR BONDS

For table use, Allsweet may be made an appetizing yellow by means of the coloring provided with each pound. It comes a natural white.

Allsweet Margarine

The "Guest Quality" Margarine

Fifty Years Ago in the Journal

IN JANUARY, 1894, Lillian Russell got married (for the third time) in Hoboken, New Jersey; the papers were filled with suicides from the Wall Street panic, and soup and bread lines were blocks long. In Germany, Bismarck suffered an attack of influenza. There were anti-tax riots in Palermo, Sicily; Jim Corbett beat Charley Mitchell in Jacksonville, Florida; and Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt hired an artist to design the satin candy boxes in her Fifth Avenue palace.

"The moral effects of the financial depression can be already noticed," observes the JOURNAL *of January, 1894. "There is less money worship, less craving for self-indulgence. The coarse, hard material spirit is not as rampant and the common sorrow draws us nearer together."*

"Serve your guests a fifty-cent luncheon," advises Mrs. Burton Kingsland. This suggested menu for ten persons comes to a total of $3.79: grapefruit, lobster patties, breaded veal cutlets, macaroni and cheese, calves' tongues, tomato-and-lettuce salad, cherry cup custard and coffee. "Nobody should be ashamed of such economy," she ends.

"Lilac: Certainly it is proper to serve refreshments at an informal game of whist."

"Bereaved: A widow wears deep mourning for one year, mourning without crepe for six months, and then plain black for another six months."

Arsenic and old lace: "It is generally known that arsenic is used to color many kinds of wallpaper, even the better grades. Headaches, pain in the back of the eyes, itching and general nausea may be the result of living in a room where the wallpaper is impregnated with this poison."

"M.E.: Ruth Ashmore has never been in the West. Whoever represents that she is the editor of Sidetalks With Girls in the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, *and also an agent for silverware polish, is an impostor."*

Ads in the January JOURNAL: A Singer sewing machine for $10.50, guaranteed for ten years. . . . A white fur parlor rug for $2. . . . Baby's Delight Machine, "Bobs baby up and down. Better than a nurse." . . . And finally, a folding Turkish bath for home use—dry steam, vapor, oxygen, medicated and perfumed baths. "Prevents disease," promises the manufacturer.

Gossip about people you know, editors you like and what goes on in New York.

Journal About Town

INTERNATIONAL

The Rockettes doing their drill on the Music Hall roof below the Workshop.

WE'RE apt to see almost anything from the windows of the Workshop, so when we looked out lately and saw, far down below on the big recreation roof of the Music Hall, a long line of young ladies who, from way up here, looked like Wacs who had lost their skirts, we took it in our stride. Our final stride, after an elevator and backstage journey, brought us to the recreation roof and face to face with ***Capt. Laura T. O'Neal,*** a real WAC officer, in full uniform, who told us what we could already tell: that the girls were the famous precision chorus of Rockettes—drilling out a semimilitary dance number in honor of the Women's Army Corps. She herself was there just to give them a kind of unofficial inspection, summed up in the comment, "They're simply marvelous"—which they were: the dream of any drill sergeant, male or female. The uniforms, of course, weren't really regulation, except the definitely G.I. shoes which the captain said the girls were crazy about. "They tell me they're the most comfortable shoes they've ever worn, on or off stage," she said, "and make the most wonderful noise." It *was* wonderful too.

***Louise Benjamin** has been in touch with **Mrs. Arthur Murray,** who helps her husband run his dance industry, and brings back the information that an awful lot of people are learning the rumba, including **Bing Crosby, Katharine Hepburn** and **Mignon Eberhart. Ingrid Bergman,** according to Mrs. M., still prefers the waltz.*

A company uptown is now renting baby carriages and cribs, and the man said they were up to capacity—fifteen to twenty calls a day, with people making bookings for weeks ahead. Carriages rent for around $4 a week; cribs, from $10 to $12 a month. One harried young husband, he said, who'd been waiting a week to get a twin perambulator, and couldn't put it in a taxi, wheeled it the whole way home—fifty-seven blocks.

When *Moss Hart* was flying all over the country gathering material for his intensely moving Army Air Forces play, Winged Victory, which is now packing them in here, he wore, most of the time, a private's uniform, with fake papers in his pocket, to facilitate his contacts with the enlisted personnel. One morning, in civilian clothes, at an airfield in the South, he told us they put a detachment of ground-force men through some arduous maneuvers just to give him an idea of their duties. In the afternoon, back in his private's uniform, he looked in on the same men in their quarters, and asked them, as though he were a new recruit, how they liked their jobs. "Swell," one said, "except when they get us out there in the heat to perform for some fool civilian."

ARMY AIR FORCE PHOTO

Moss Hart at an ack-ack gun, while on tour for material for his Army Air Forces play.

Now at the beginning of our third year in the war, the concentration of uniforms on the Broadway sector is stupendous. The 200 service restaurants of the theatrical district are serving 5,000,000 meals a week. Uniforms of all Allied nations have caused an attendance increase of 25 per cent in the movies and theaters; 20 per cent at the ballet; and have raised the phone-booth calls to 370,000 a day. The police report practically no trouble, and the 43 churches in the district say their pews haven't been so filled in a generation.

One of the more frenzied volunteer organizations in town before the holidays has been Service Men's Service, Inc., which does New York shopping for our uniformed forces all over the world. More than two hundred girls, with long lists in hand, have been whisking from store to store, buying for a soldier in Sicily "some sort of pink lounging robe for my wife, who's having a baby"; for a sailor in the South Pacific "an assortment of toiletries for Miss —— ——, who prefers fresh, light, flower scents"; and for a marine in Panama "a blue bed jacket for my mother." According to Mrs. Astor, over at SMS, wives get most, girl friends next, then children and parents. They don't hear much from Wacs and Waves, but get quite a few shopping commissions from nurses, who mostly want stockings.

If you had just had a large party for celebrities, including a presidential candidate, and after their departure you'd discovered that one had forgotten his overcoat, nondescript at that, with nothing telltale in the pockets but a crumpled empty cigarette package, a "blank window" telegram envelope, a stub of pencil, some burned matches, a piece of old string and a little of the usual fuzz—would you have known right away to whom the coat belonged? Well, according to one of our celebrated contributors, the dinner host in question—***Hamilton Fish Armstrong,*** editor of Foreign Affairs—did. Said he to his maid, "Who is the untidiest person I know who was at the party? Oh, of course—***Wendell Willkie.***"

A serial you will long remember

THERE IS SUCH STRENGTH

By Elsa Valentine

IN FOUR PARTS—BEGINNING IN FEBRUARY

★ ★

"There is no such thing as security for any nation—or any individual—in a world ruled by the principles of gangsterism." —PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

If Cupid's been somewhat unfair,

Then tempt him now with shining hair!

Only Special Drene

leaves hair so lustrous, and yet so easy to manage!

A HONEY OF A HAIR-DO for the girl with long, thick hair. The shining-smooth coronet roll is newer than braids—and the chignon, rolled low on the neck, is very flattering. Before styling, the hair was washed with Special Drene, which deserves the credit for the extra lustre and the alluring smoothness.

No other shampoo reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap, yet leaves hair so easy to manage, so alluringly smooth!

A girl's best bet for making a dent in the heart of that handsome male is glamorous hair . . . lovely, shining hair that sparkles and gleams with highlights!

So don't let soap or soap shampoos rob your hair of its natural lustre.

INSTEAD, USE SPECIAL DRENE! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo . . . how gloriously it reveals all the lovely sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far silkier, smoother and easier to arrange . . . right after shampooing.

EASIER TO COMB into smooth, shining neatness! If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

And remember . . . Special Drene gets rid of all flaky dandruff the very first time you use it.

So for more alluring hair, insist on Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added. Or ask your beauty shop to use it!

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR
NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Soap film dulls lustre—robs hair of glamour!

Avoid this beauty handicap! Switch to Special Drene. It never leaves any dulling film as all soaps and soap shampoos do.

That's why Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Special Drene
with
Hair Conditioner

Product of Procter & Gamble

The Afterward

He reached slowly into his pocket and pulled out his medals; tossed them onto the table.

HE LAY on his back, staring at the white ceiling against which no insect, no speck of dust had appeared in three dragging months. The dull ache in his leg was a part of him now; it no longer disturbed him. The bandages on his face were loose and there only for the night. His jaw was still stiff, and it would be uncomfortable for a long time to come, the doctors said. Later, when the sun rose higher and the room became brighter, he'd have to put on his tinted glasses, but just now his eyes didn't bother him. Nothing, really, bothered him—except his thoughts.

He began the methodical wagging of the toes on his left foot. One, two; one, two; one, two. His lips thinned in a faint smile. He wondered if he waggled his toes in his sleep. Probably. The exercise was so natural that he did it even when he was sitting up, with his shoes or slippers on. It would be an annoying habit to anyone in the same bed—his wife would complain. He stirred restlessly. Remembering Joan started the same old, endless churning in his mind. He couldn't stand it. He turned on his side and looked out the window, trying to concentrate on the treetops and the clouds.

The clouds were tufts of cotton, white against the blue morning sky. There was sunlight up there, and the wine of life was sparkling; only a flier could know that, and taste it. He shut his eyes again. He didn't want to think about that, either. There were a lot of things he didn't want to recall; it was an effort to keep them from his mind. But Joan and flying were the chief hurts—they were always there.

He reached over to the bedstand and fondled his medals. They were hard and bright and shiny and he was proud of them. He could always come back to sanity by handling them. They were like the marbles he used to carry as a boy: real, and solid—something to cherish.

Of course, when the war was over and the flivver planes came into common usage, he'd have one. He'd be able to fly them all right, the doctors had assured him. But that wouldn't be much like the flying he'd been doing—it'd be more like riding a Ferris wheel, or a high elevator.

And then there was Joan. She was still his wife. She was still there in Santa Monica, waiting for him. All her letters had gone down with his plane, but he could remember every word of the cable that came later:

INFORM ME PORT AND HOSPITAL. WILL MEET YOU. JOAN.

But he hadn't let them answer it. It was partly because he was in pain and his dulled mind couldn't find the words he wanted, and it was partly the countless hours of thinking he'd done since reaching the battle front, and, later, in the hospital. It was partly the *afterward;*

HAS A RETURNING SOLDIER THE RIGHT TO BELIEVE HIS WIFE OF TWO DAYS WILL REMEMBER HIM? AND IF SHE DOESN'T?

Complete-in-one-issue Novel ★ *By Leon Ware*

ILLUSTRATED BY HALLECK FINLEY

it just didn't seem possible that *afterward* had caught up with him so quickly. He had been Lt. Ben Larrime for only two years, but it seemed a lifetime. From the day he had received his wings and had gone into P-40's, and later P-38's, and the war flames grew until they engulfed even him, everything had been either the now—the present—or the afterward. It was convenient and youthful to lump the rest of life into one term—"afterward." Everyone else was doing it. There wasn't any way of knowing what might lie in the future years for you—or even if you were going to have any future years. The thing to do was to get a grip on today and ride it for all it was worth. Sometimes, though, it had helped to think, and talk, and dream about the afterward.

Two years flooded over him, hurting him, soothing him, numbing him. His mind was a turmoil of laughter and vigor and love and health and horseplay. The uproarious nights in the barracks; the tight, four-hundred-mile-an-hour formations; the unbelievable bulleting upward of his P-38; the shuddering of the plane under the recoil of his guns and the glowing, smoking plummeting of his adversaries. There were the dance music, the soft nights and the exciting smell of girls' perfume—and there was the heady sensation of Joan, who was everything combined: music and moonlight and perfume and slimness and soft skin and companionship; he caught his breath, remembering her.

The window curtain swayed as the door opened with a soft hiss. Ben welcomed the interruption and turned on his back. The dark-eyed day nurse was in the room, smiling at him, her eyes flicking over the other bed where Mike Fentrice lay sleeping.

Miss Evans came up and smoothed his top sheet. "Good morning, lieutenant. Sleep well?"

"So-so," he said. The nightmares, too, were part of him.

She tucked in the foot of his bed and put her soft white fingers on his wrist. She frowned. "You've been worrying again."

Ben lifted his eyebrows. "Why, why should I worry? Everything's just dandy. I've got two legs, one bum; two eyes, both bum; a pieced-together jawbone; a remade nose and brand-new ears. And a beautiful friend in Mike Fentrice. Not many men would give cartilage from their noses to help make a fellow a new ear."

The warmth went out of her eyes like a snuffed candle. "Stop it," she said sharply. There was ice in her voice as she handed him his tinted glasses. "Quit feeling sorry for yourself, Larrime. I dare say you're a lot more handsome than you were before you crashed—and you're a *lot* more handsome than some of the others in this hospital. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Sorry." He looked out the window again at the clouds and the sky.

"You aren't sorry," she went on. She was mad. "You limp a little and your voice is husky and you'll have to wear glasses from now on, but you aren't crippled. You're a hero and you're home from the wars and they're going to release you soon. My goodness, lieutenant—what do you want?"

What did he want? He wanted yesterday. He wanted that last leave over again. He wanted to get his furlough papers and then tell Bill Wenger that he didn't think he'd go to Santa Monica with him—that he was going up to San Francisco with Ted van Dellen. That, really, was what he wanted. He wanted to do it all over again and go to San Francisco and get drunk and dance and make casual love to lots of girls. He wouldn't go to Santa Monica with Bill Wenger and meet Joan Lewis.

"Tell me where your wife is," Miss Evans was saying, "and I'll wire her to meet you. You owe it to her; don't you understand? She must be frantic, knowing you were hurt. Can't you realize the agony she's gone through, waiting to hear from you? She's your *wife!*"

Ben faced her again. He was weary. "We were married just two days."

It didn't stop Miss Evans, but it slowed her down. Her tone changed a little too. It wasn't so angry—just stubborn. "But still, she's your wife."

"That's right," Ben said. "She's still my wife." He looked through the window. The tip of the Washington Monument was just visible, a white sliver in the sunlight.

Miss Evans hesitated beside his bed. Then Mike Fentrice groaned and woke up and she went across the room to him.

"I had a dream," Mike was saying, "about you, nurse. And then I wake up and here you are, in the flesh. Boy, if all my dreams could turn out like that! I'll tell you about it."

"Don't bother," Miss Evans said apprehensively.

Ben couldn't help grinning. It was a relief to have Mike awake. You couldn't think so much when that guy was around.

"No, really," Mike protested. "It was a nice dream."

"I'll bet," Miss Evans retorted. "Here—put this in your mouth."

The hospital routine caught them up. After breakfast the doctors arrived, drifting in and out of the room, each inspecting his own type of injury and repair. When they changed the dressings on Mike's shrapnel-gouged shoulder he howled like a dog, swearing at the doctors in one breath and making noisy love to the nurses in the next. He was taking this in stride, Ben realized. Nothing would ever get Mike Fentrice down, but then he'd be able to fly again. And there wasn't any Joan in Mike's life. He hadn't done anything like that—*he* wasn't carrying remorse in his heart.

After it had quieted, Ben dressed and sat in his chair, watching the smoke of his cigarette curl toward the air vent. He wished there was a woman he could talk to. He wished his mother was still alive. She would be able to understand: she'd listen while he tried to explain things and then she'd help him make up his mind. That was all he wanted. He wanted peace, and he couldn't find it. He wanted something familiar to hang on to, but there wasn't anything. Not even his own face.

The first time he had seen himself in the mirror he hadn't been able to believe it. That wasn't Ben Larrime: that was a stranger. He had stared at the face for a long time and it gave him a queer, lost feeling; then he put the mirror aside and closed his eyes to get a firmer grip on sanity. There were red scars and the nose was different and the jaw was more prominent and the ears—they weren't his, either figuratively or literally. Even his mother wouldn't have recognized him; nor would she have known his voice, because his vocal cords had been injured, too, and his voice was changed.

There was his stepfather, of course—but he had always been a more or less indistinct figure across a dinner table. In the eleven years Ben had lived with him, Walter Parry had just been Walter Parry. Now, however, Ben found himself thinking about him with a touch of eagerness. Maybe he wouldn't be a stranger now. Walter Parry was something, anyway—he was part of a once-solid world.

But whatever thoughts he had brought him back to Joan. There was always Joan. He wished he could wire her and tell her to come to him. He wanted to feel her soft arms and to bury his face in her hair—as he had those two last mornings, when they wakened. But he couldn't. He couldn't, because it was no longer yesterday. He was living in the afterward now. The war was over for him, and the future which he had dismissed so casually was almost upon him. He squirmed, remembering when he and Joan had burst in on her father in the library to tell him they had eloped. It was as sharp and clear now as it had been then—sharper and clearer, really, because he had been all fogged up with Joan and himself and the excitement and their love.

The doctor had been stunned, which was natural. Joan was his only child, and his life. But he had been wonderful too. He kissed her gravely, then shook hands with Ben, and his gray eyes had probed for a long moment before he spoke.

"I can't say I'm pleased, Larrime," he had said. "I don't know you at all, and Joan, really, doesn't know you. A week ——"

"But, dad darling"—Joan's lovely, vibrant voice came back to Ben—"we're in *love!* We've known each other ten days, and Ben goes away in just two more. We *had* to do it."

Doctor Lewis hadn't looked at her, but had held Ben's eyes. "You're going to war now," he had said. "But *afterward*, what?"

Ben shuddered when he remembered how blithely he had answered that: "We'll be all right, doctor. We'll be fine. With Joan beside me, I can do anything!"

It was the look she had given him then that made his heart ache so now. It had been adoration. And he didn't warrant it. He hadn't deserved her love, he knew. He was an intruder, sweeping aside the design of a lifetime. He was changing Joan's life, and wrecking the plans of Doctor Lewis—and the plans and thoughts and dreams that Bill Mackensie must have had. They hadn't even told Bill Mackensie that his engagement to Joan was broken until after they had been married. How could they have done a thing like that?

He gripped the bed sheet, then deliberately brushed his water glass to the floor. There was relief in Mike's shouts and the irritated chattering of the nurses who came to clean up.

The confusion was welcome, for it seemed to come just in time to save his sanity. He wasn't the hero Miss Evans had spoken of. He was a heel. Complete.

Shortly before lunch he was called to Colonel Harvey's office, and when he limped back to the room he was vaguely annoyed to see Mike Fentrice in a wheel chair, looking out the window. Mike turned and grinned like a boy while Ben hung up his cane and sank wearily onto his bed.

Ben finally looked at him. "Letting you up, eh?"

"Ten minutes," Mike beamed. "And fifteen tomorrow. Before you know it, I'll be back up there, pouring it on. I want an A-20 attack bomber next time. I want to get down close to the ground so I can see what I'm doing."

"Yeah," Ben said tonelessly, "you'll be back up there."

Mike rested his head against the back of the chair. "Don't be a sap, Ben, my cooky. You're well out of it. You're sitting pretty. Take your medals and your dough and go home to your wife."

"Yeah," Ben repeated. He looked a long time at the white shaft of the monument, glinting through the trees.

"And have kids—lots of 'em," Mike went on. "Name one Mike, will you?"

Ben eyed the guy. It must be wonderful to be a carefree, uninhibited, bright-eyed sap like Mike Fentrice. He'd been one, once. Less than six months ago too. It didn't seem possible—only six months.

"If I ever have any," Ben said slowly, "you can bet your bottom dollar I'll name one Mike."

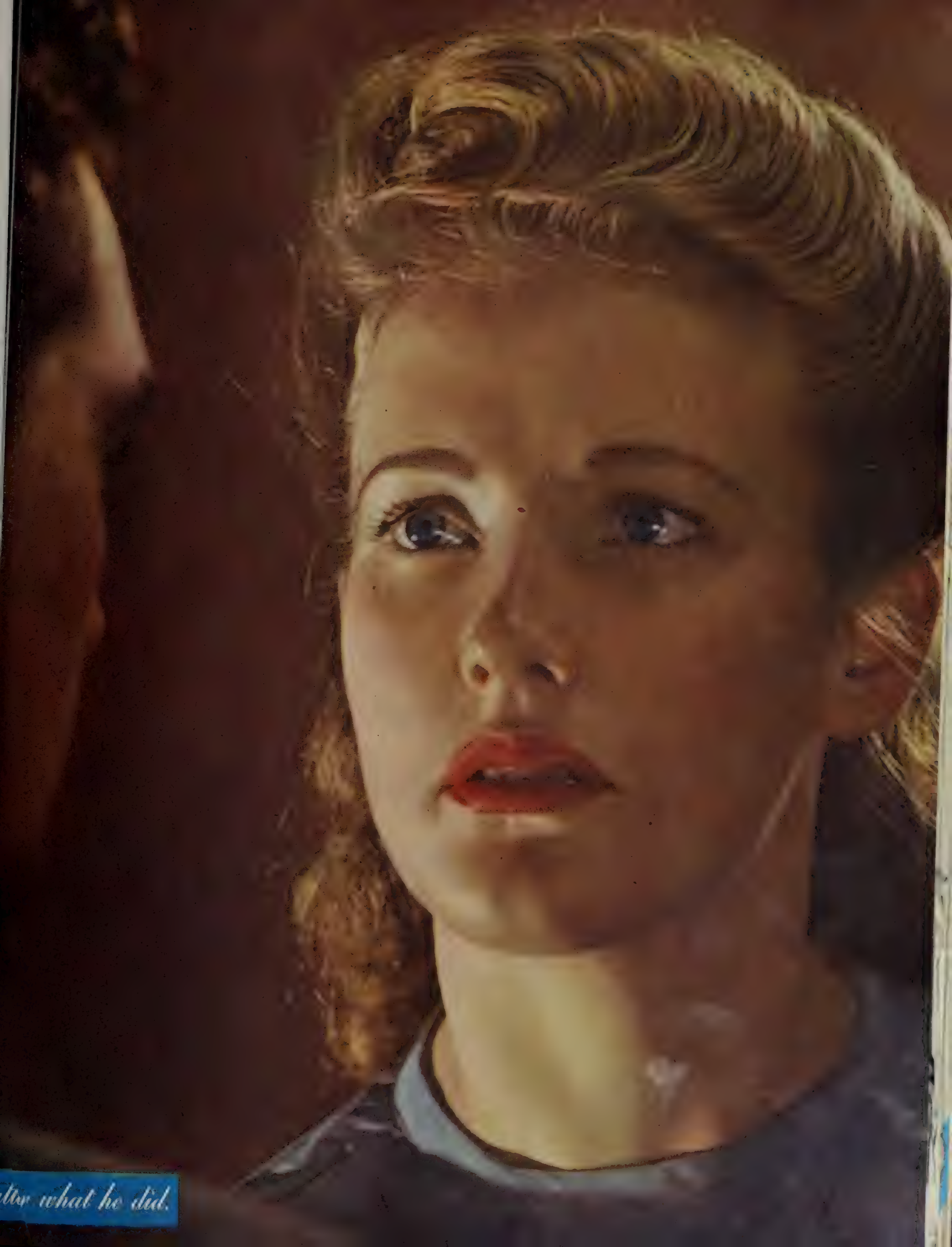
Mike grinned again. He tried to hide the weariness as he said, "Push me back to bed, will you? This isn't quite as gay as I thought it was going to be." After he had stretched out under the covers again, he chuckled. "Bet he has a nose like mine."

"Who?"

(Continued on Page 108)

The pain in Joan's eyes was stabbing through him, numbing him.

He had to make her understand now.



tter what he did.

TAPS FOR PRIVATE TUSSIE

The Journal's 25,000-word condensation of the best-selling novel.

BY JESSE STUART

GRANDPA'S brogan shoes made a noise like whettin two rocks together as he shuffled them back and forth on the witherin schoolyard grass. I stood and watched him while the hot July wind played with Grandpa's white beard.

"Will Mott ever get outten that coalhouse?" Grandpa asked.

"I don't know," I said.

Then Grandpa put his hands behind his back and locked them together. He'd look at the coalhouse door, then he'd look at the ground, and when he looked at the ground he'd squirt a mouthful of ambeer on the withered grass.

"Trouble, trouble," Grandpa whispered. "Man born of woman is full of trouble!"

I thought Grandpa was talkin a little crazy, but I could see that he was worried. I knew that somethin was wrong or there wouldn't be so many people at our house. They were our blood kin, but for many days they hadn't come to see us. Some of them had never been to see us. But they had come now. The yard was filled with them.

"Grandpa, what are you a-waitin on?" I asked.

Just then the coalhouse door came open and Uncle Mott came out with a screw driver in his hand.

"Is it Kim, Mott?" Grandpa asked.

"It's Kim all right," Uncle Mott said. "But I'm sick at my stummick. I'm ready to throw up every vittal I et for my dinner."

Uncle Mott's face had lost its sun-browned color. His face was almost as white as the milkweed furze that I've tried to catch on the meader.

"How do you know it's Kim?" Grandpa asked.

"That was easy to find out, Pap. Remember the gold upper front tooth in Kim's mouth?"

"Yep, I remember it!"

"It was there. Kim didn't have no lips and it was easy to see. Remember the middle finger on the right hand that Kim had ground off in the cane mill?"

"Yep, I was just a-thinkin about that finger."

"Well, it was gone. I took the coffin lid plum off. Then I unwrapped Kim's blanket. I'd seen enough when I got that fur."

"I oughta gone in there with you, Mott."

"It wasn't no place for you, Pap! Stay outten there. That scent will knock you down. Let the wind carry the scent out through the knotholes of the planks before the funeral."

"I ain't a-goin, Mott," Grandpa said. "I don't want to see Kim like that. I want to remember 'im like he was the day he left for Fort Thomas. I didn't think Kim would get back. I had some sort of a token that he wouldn't."

We could hear a few screams now and then back in the schoolhouse. They must have come through the holes in the winderpanes the boys had knocked out with rocks before we moved into the schoolhouse. One good thing we'd done for the county school system, we had stopped the boys' knockin the winderpanes out with rocks. That's what Grandpa told a member of the County School Board when he ordered Grandpa to move outten the schoolhouse.

We started across the schoolyard.

"We'll haf to get Kim in the ground soon as we can," Uncle Mott told Grandpa.

"I know it," Grandpa told Uncle Mott. "But I just wanted to be sure it was (Continued on Page 61)

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ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER

I danced with Effie Tussie
I'd never seen my kinfolks
dance just like this before.

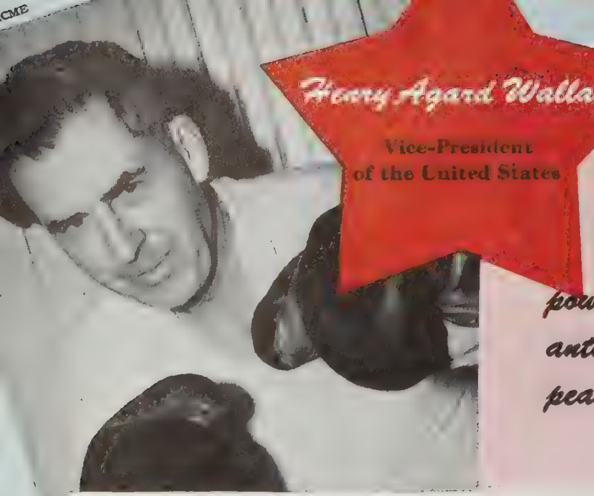
Can we wi

BY WALTER LIPPMANN

IN THESE days we are making up our min on matters which will determine wheth there is to be peace or war for our childr and our children's children. The discussi which follows here was arranged by the edito of the Ladies' Home Journal in the belief th in order to make up our minds it is better to he a conversation among many men than a monologue by any one man.

The discussion is based on my book, U. S. Foreign Policy, but I hope it clear to everyone that what we are all interested in is not my book, but t question of how this country can today most surely safeguard its own futu by promoting a good and lasting peace. We all take it so much for grante that we do not even bother to argue about it, that the things for which th republic stands, and the things which matter most to our people, call f our utmost efforts to promote a good and lasting peace.

It will make things clearer to the reader if he understands that the que tions which follow were submitted before the Moscow agreements reached b Messrs. Eden, Molotov and Hull were known; whereas my answers are writte after the publication of the agreements. Now the fact of the matter is th these agreements represent convictions which have gradually formed in men minds all over the world during the past years, and my book is simply o among many efforts to define those convictions. Nobody invented those ide any more than anyone invented the multiplication table. Statesmen who a in power can promote them. Private citizens who write today can explai



CME

Henry Agard Wallace

Vice-President of the United States

Will a four-power pact guarantee a lasting peace?

MR. WALLACE ASKS: "*Do you think there could be any lasting peace which does not result in full employment of labor, natural resources and technology in the United States and England?*"

MR. LIPPMANN ANSWERS: "No, there cannot be lasting peace without reasonably full employment, not only in the United States and England but also in the other nations. But, though it sounds a little like arguing which comes first, the hen or the egg, I would insist that unless the people in the leading nations feel assured that peace will last, they will not have that confidence to initiate, to plan and to invest which is necessary to achieve full employment."

MR. WALLACE: "*Do you think there could be a lasting peace based on alliances, however close, between any two, three or four of the following nations: the United States, Britain, Russia and China?*"

MR. LIPPMANN: "All four nations are essential members if there is to be a lasting peace."

INTERNATIONAL

Leverett Saltonstall

Governor of Massachusetts

Shouldn't we know more about the aims of Russia?

MR. SALTONSTALL ASKS: "*If satisfactory understanding can be reached among the United States, England, Russia and China when peace is declared, what further form of world order do you visualize?*"

MR. LIPPMANN ANSWERS: "Probably the best next steps will be to organize regional councils for Europe, for the Western Hemisphere, for Africa, for Eastern Asia. As long as the four great powers, which alone can wage great wars, are bound together to prevent war, these regional councils should be able successfully to settle regional disputes and to promote regional and interregional co-operation."

MR. SALTONSTALL: "*Can the United States afford to place all its eggs in the basket of the alliance you advocate until we know more definitely the aims of Russia in Europe, and particularly toward the so-called border states?*"

MR. LIPPMANN: "Not only Russia, but all the nations have to make clearer, and almost certainly revise, many of their older aims and ideas if the Moscow agreements are to be made to work successfully. But we must not, I believe, take the view that we must not come together with other nations unless we know in advance that all our ideas are identical. They will never be identical. If they were, there would never be the danger of war. The object of an organization of peace is to deal peaceably with the fact that nations so often have differing aims."

MR. SALTONSTALL: "*Must not the United States be prepared to make clear at an early date what balance of 'commitments and power' we ourselves contemplate?*"

MR. LIPPMANN: "Yes. But it must be made clear by specific agreements made gradually. In making these agreements we must, of course, always be guided by the principle of promising only what we can perform, and of making sure we are able to perform what we promise."

INTERNATIONAL

Clare Boothe Luce

Representative from Connecticut

How would a four-power pact affect a world police force?

MRS. LUCE ASKS: "*What effect, if any, would a four-power alliance have on the sovereignty of the United States?*"

MR. LIPPMANN ANSWERS: "The greatest threat to sovereignty—that is to say, to national independence and national freedom—is conquest and aggression. An alliance with other sovereign states to preserve the peace is a way of insuring the preservation of their independence, which would be lost if they were conquered by an aggressor.

"If Mrs. Luce is asking whether 'the system of general security' which was promised at Moscow, and has been endorsed by Congress, might mean that foreign powers could compel Congress against its will to declare war, to conscript American soldiers and send them overseas, the certain answer is that nothing like that is conceivable. No nation can ever be compelled to wage a war which its own people do not support. Mussolini tried it, and look what happened to Mussolini."

MRS. LUCE: "*How do you believe a four-power alliance would affect the possible formation of a world police force?*"

MR. LIPPMANN: "It *is* the world police force, and no other world police force is possible."

MRS. LUCE: "*What provision, if any, should be made for the termination or alteration of such an alliance?*"

MR. LIPPMANN: "Whenever this or any other great power really wishes to terminate the alliance, the alliance will already be dead. But I believe we should go in with the determination to make it last. Alteration must, of course, be provided for as conditions change."

MRS. LUCE: "*What effect, if any, would this alliance have upon international trade?*"

MR. LIPPMANN: "It will promote and protect an expansion of international trade,

the Peace?

ıcate them; and when they do that, as I have tried to do in my book, st realize that there may be as many ways of describing this great ındertaking as there are ways of taking a photograph of the Wash- Ionument.

ay of describing the great undertaking was to say in my book:

need we shrink from insisting that the precondition of a better world a nuclear alliance of the three powerful military states which will victorious from the present war. They are the states upon which the deliverance of Europe from the Nazi despotism, and of the Far m the empire of Japan. It has needed the combined force of all three states, and the utmost exertion of their power, to make the deliver- ssible. No one of them, no two of them, could have done it. Why, ould we hesitate to say that anything less than this combination powers is insufficient to preserve order against aggression in the Will anyone presume to argue that to dissolve this combination ould promote the liberty of the peoples who have been conquered, or nake secure the order which has been shattered by two devastating ars?

s only around this strong nuclear alliance that a wider association of ations can constitute itself. If that condition is accepted, and once it ted, it will become evident that the combination of the great powers despite their common vital interests, be made to hold together except respect the liberties of the other peoples and promote them by the ance of law.

elieve it can be demonstrated as conclusively as anything can be trated in human affairs that Britain, Russia, America, and China as omes a great state, cannot remain allies and partners unless they use wer, separately and in combination, to maintain liberty through law."

, then, is the general subject of the questions and answers which follow.

use trade can flourish only when men have confidence and feel secure against threat of war."

. **LUCE:** "*What would be America's commitments in the event of a rebellion British colonial areas?*"

LIPPMANN: "None whatever; just as Britain, Russia and China would have her a commitment nor the right to intervene in case of rebellion in Hawaii, rto Rico, the Canal Zone. But if there were armed intervention by another er, then world peace would be threatened and all members of the system of rity would have to act to prevent war."

. **LUCE:** "*In the case of England and the United States, how would such alliance differ from the military understanding which has existed between e two countries for the past hundred years?*"

LIPPMANN: "It would be avowed rather than implied, clearly recognized and efore in the open. As a result, we should be prepared to act before war started er than forced in, as we were in 1917 and again in 1941, when the war is almost lost."

Harold W. Dodds

President of Princeton University

Won't self-interest lead to wars between the four powers?

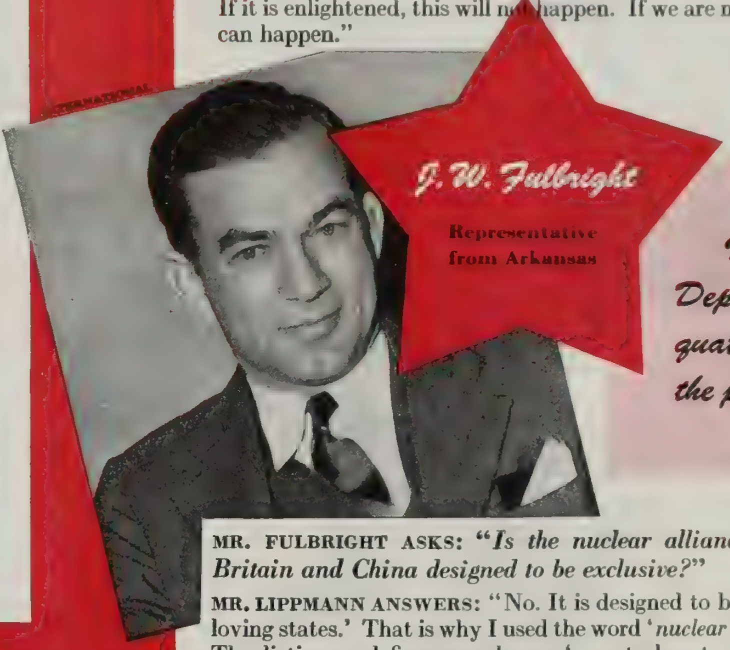
DODDS ASKS: "*Can an alliance which features power politics and reflects ver psychology to the degree which Mr. Lippmann stresses offer any assur- e: (a) That great powers will not develop internal frictions which will l them to compete among themselves for the military support of other states, luding their former enemies, and to revert to the old balance-of-power system they did under the League? (b) That self-interest will not lead the powers the nuclear alliance to war between themselves? (c) That self-interest will lead to the exploitation of and injustices to the weaker states?*"

LIPPMANN ANSWERS: "It is, I believe, impossible to abolish the influence of military power in the world today; therefore, power must be organized and regulated.

"*(a)* The immediate, practical object of the Moscow conference was to prevent what President Dodds fears might happen in respect to Germany. In the last analysis, the assurance that it will work can come only from the conviction of the British, Russian and American people and their governments that they cannot afford to compete and become enemies. The policeman can restrain the gangster. But what restrains the policeman can be only his own discipline and patriotism.

"*(b)* None of the four nuclear powers in the Moscow agreements has any conflicting interest with any of the others which is remotely as important as their common interest in not having to wage another great war. If foolish men try to agitate such a conflict of interest, they must be quickly answered by bringing the claim into the open and demolishing it. We have, in other words, a moral responsibility to fight against the thing President Dodds describes. If we default on the responsibility, we shall deserve what we get.

"*(c)* Our constant effort must be to make national self-interest enlightened. If it is enlightened, this will not happen. If we are not enlightened, anything can happen."



TERNATIONAL

J. W. Fulbright

Representative from Arkansas

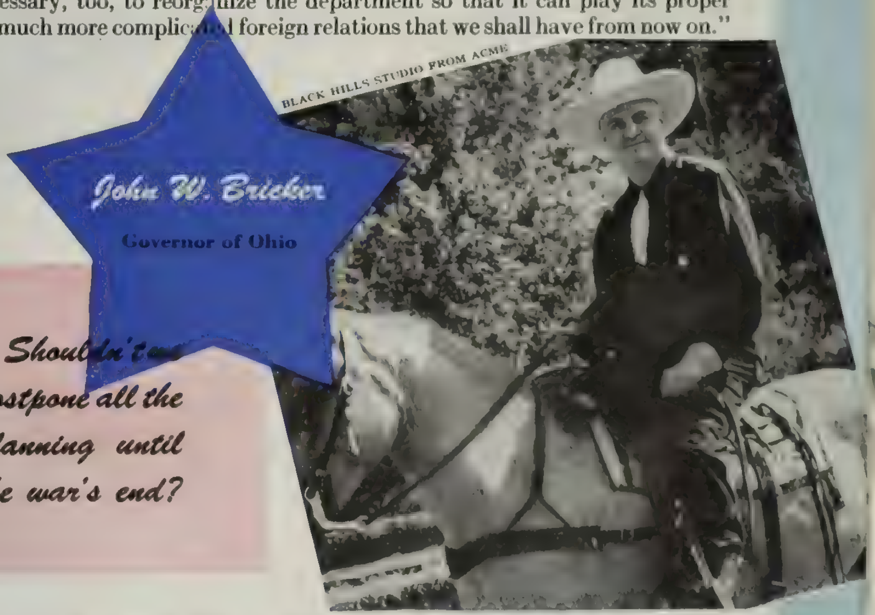
Is our State Department adequate for winning the peace?

MR. FULBRIGHT ASKS: "*Is the nuclear alliance with Russia, Great Britain and China designed to be exclusive?*"

MR. LIPPMANN ANSWERS: "No. It is designed to be inclusive of all 'peace-loving states.' That is why I used the word '*nuclear*' to describe the alliance. The dictionary defines a *nucleus* as 'a central part . . . around which other parts . . . are grouped, collected.'"

MR. FULBRIGHT: "*Do you think the present personnel and organization of our State Department is adequate to represent this nation effectively in the creation of machinery to maintain a lasting peace?*"

MR. LIPPMANN: "No, it is not now adequate. It will be necessary to bring in many new men of wider experience in affairs, and also to broaden the base of selection. It will be necessary, too, to reorganize the department so that it can play its proper part in the much more complicated foreign relations that we shall have from now on."



BLACK HILLS STUDIO FROM ACME

John W. Bricker

Governor of Ohio

Shouldn't we postpone all the planning until the war's end?

MR. BRICKER ASKS: "*The specific steps which we should take for international collaboration cannot at this time be detailed. As the tides of the world battle lines advance and recede, constantly changing governmental, economic and living conditions arise throughout the world. No man is wise enough now to state with exactitude what this nation's obligations to others may be at the conclusion of the war, or how they may best be carried out.*"

MR. LIPPMANN ANSWERS: "The practical question now is whether we support or oppose the agreements reached at Moscow and endorsed by the Senate. We cannot wait, as Governor Bricker suggests, till the war is over. If we do, we shall lack the machinery and the agreements to end the war, and we shall drift into anarchy and chaos.

"As time goes on we shall, of course, see many things more clearly and we shall have to supplement and modify what we now do. But on the fundamental proposition of uniting to settle the war and prevent another, it is now or never."

She flew low, in a kind of urgent despair. "I'll never find him!" she thought. She had proved nothing . . . except that Peter was right.

YOUR HEART WILL TELL YOU

By Beryl Markham

PETER SHAW had got out of the cockpit and stood leaning against the fuselage of his Avro, tugging at the chin strap of his helmet, when Juanita ran up. Several shades of East African dust caked his face, and his eyes were bloodshot. He was obviously dead tired; there was justification for his impatience, which he presently displayed by breaking the strap and throwing the helmet on the ground. The act released his black hair, so that its smothered curls began to come alive in the wind. Dust or no dust, Peter was handsome by any standard, and Juanita had never been more aware of it; his features were too clean-cut to take harm from a bit of dirt, and his eyes too bold to suffer much from weariness or wind. His nose was straight as a blade and his lips were full. Beyond that, he had flat cheeks which, at the moment, he was diligently scrubbing with the back of his hand.

Juanita came to him gently, and he grinned. It was a good grin, and he took her lightly in his arms and kissed her on the forehead, then held her a little away from him, appraising, with mock solemnity, her wide-apart blue eyes, her shining, sun-yellow hair.

"Hello, monkey," he said. "I'm glad I made it."

"Made what?" Juanita disengaged herself and looked at the Avro. She thought that it sagged a bit on the port side, but on the whole it looked pretty sound. She began to smile—and then the smile didn't come. Nothing came but a strange uneasiness, then a sharp awareness. She looked at the Avro again. Of course it sagged—a *longéron* was snapped like a piece of kindling struck with an ax—and the front seat, Michael's seat, was empty. She did not question Peter. She moved closer to him and put a hand on his arm and waited.

He glanced at his plane and swore softly. "My first forced landing," he explained. "The rains are on and I couldn't find Marsabit. That was yesterday. It was getting dark and I had to come down in that darned lava desert about eighty miles north of the post." He handed her his flying map, marked clearly with a pencil dot. "Right there," he said. "Snapped a *longéron* getting down—and I'll never know how I managed to get off."

"And Michael?"

"He's all right. We don't have to worry." He spoke quickly, but with weariness in his voice. "In the morning I saw I couldn't get the plane off with both of us in it—too much weight. We talked it over and Michael had to stay. It was the only way out. I left him what water there was and flew to Marsabit. They're sending a camel caravan out to get him." He managed a tired smile. "And that's the story. Now how about some tea?"

They had left the runway behind them and, walking arm in arm, had reached the little jungle of bougainvillaea that guarded the veranda of her father's house.

JUANITA was thoughtful. "That would be the Koroli Desert," she said, looking at the map again. "It's supposed to be one of the worst."

He nodded. "I can confirm it. It's terrible."

For a moment she was silent. She paused with her hand on the latch of the heavy *lamu* door that, like a portcullis, confronted the surrounding wilderness. She swept the wayward locks of blond hair away from her forehead as if meaning him to see the whole of her face as she turned it to him.

"Peter," she said hesitantly—almost with an air of apology—"I know you're worn out—and perhaps this is silly for me to say. I'm not used to this kind of thing yet—but shouldn't something more be done? Shouldn't you go back for Michael? If he's eighty miles north of Marsabit, camels won't reach him for days." She swept her arm toward the runway. "There's my plane; if you took the seats out to lighten it—or ——" She paused again a little awkwardly, as if feeling that without the right to do it she was questioning his judgment. "It won't be dark for hours," she said. "I thought that perhaps ——" Groping for words, she saw that Peter was looking down at her with surprise in his eyes, and she gave it up.

"Darling," he said firmly, "you never went in for heroics, or hysterics, before; you oughtn't to start now. Michael wouldn't expect me to chance my plane, or yours, on a fool's errand so long as there's a rescue party on the way. A good flier never risks the same accident twice. If you want to be good, remember that. You can't fly on your emotions." His voice was almost paternal. He was the teacher again as she had known him in the cockpit—calm, sensible, sound. It was the quality that had given her such confidence in him. "It's the harebrained pilots that make people mistrust flying," he had often told her—"the hero boys full of daredevil nonsense from the last war, all anxious to have their necks broken in another one."

No, she conceded to herself, you couldn't fly on your emotions. Peter had confronted her with her own philosophy of sanity and realism, and she could not criticize him for it. If one man were lost in a desert, nothing could be gained by losing two. This must be—this was—truth. But still ——

For a moment she glanced back through her childhood memory, seeing herself and the redheaded Michael running forever, barefoot and happy, through the forest paths. She looked up at Peter and contrived a smile. "I'm sorry," she said. "He's such an old, old friend—and I can't help thinking."

Even at the end of this story your heart will still be asking questions.

"You needn't," said Peter. "The camels will find him."

She knew that he was right. But she had to tell herself that he was, had to check herself on the verge of stupidly insisting that he take her plane and go back after Michael. She had to close the doors of her mind against the sudden thought that in Peter's place Michael would have gone back, would have insisted on going back.

A long time afterward, when it was midafternoon, she was still trying to shut that obstinately persisting thought out of her mind, the way the drawn curtains of her father's house were shutting out the equatorial sun, unchallenged master of this land, even here in the foothills of Mount Kenya, whose crest was eternally studded with ice. Here in the long living room it was almost dark, and almost cool, and within the cedar walls there was an atmosphere—almost—of peace.

In a broad leather chair that leaned its back against a tier of bookshelves, she sat staring at the opposite wall without seeing it. What she saw was Peter's crippled plane as he maneuvered it, so cleverly and so carefully, from the runway and started for Nairobi. It had been gone for an hour, but the drone of it seemed scarcely dead in her ears.

She was being stupid, she told herself. Stupid and vain. Like the vain, stupid women who demanded that their men be heroes, because the men they read about and saw in films and perhaps dreamed about were always heroes. The kind of heroes who got themselves cut to ribbons or blown to bits for no better reason than to let some woman salve her silly ego with the thought, "He did it for me!"

She ought to be rejoicing that Peter wasn't that kind of hero. That he'd done the sensible, right things, the things that were as wise and safe for Michael as for Peter himself. The surest way of getting Michael out of that desert alive had been to leave him there, with water, to make for Marsabit and send those camels out to bring him back. The camels were certain to do it. In a little time, perhaps in only a few hours, the word would come that all was well, and she would be glad that she'd been sensible, too, as sensible as Peter, and left a man's problem for men to cope with.

BUT she stirred in her chair, and pushed her hair back from her forehead with a quick, almost fretful gesture, as if her hand could brush away the question that was in her mind. She did not want to think. Beyond everything, she did not want to think. But she did not know why this was so.

She closed her eyes and held them closed while Ismail, the Somali houseboy, entered the room on noiseless feet and performed his special rite. Every afternoon at just this hour he lit the incense. It was incense brought from Aden, near the Red Sea, and, as a Somali, he had a reverence for it. It was nostalgia made sweet, and its fragrance, blended of myrrh and frankincense, was as much a part of the Martin house as Ismail himself.

Perhaps it was the act itself, performed in silence except for the hypnotic rustle of Ismail's *khansa*, that made Juanita sleep. Certainly she had not intended to. She sat still in the deep chair and nodded like a drowsy child, a troubled child, and when she awoke—not with a start, but gently—her eyes were on the little iron brazier where the incense burned. As she watched the blue smoke, dreamily at first, it seemed to her that it rose erratically. Then, in the half light of the curtained room, it seemed to make a kind of pattern, dimly remembered but familiar.

North from Marsabit toward the Kenya-Ethiopian border, the Koroli Desert spreads with the aimlessness of all deserts, admitting no boundary save the sky. But to the practiced eye, to the desert-born, the Koroli Desert is clearly marked with the symbols of its special character. It is no sea of yellow sand lapping at the shores of an occasional oasis; it is a crowded desert, dry as bleaching bones, but furnished, as few deserts are, with countless monstrous black lava shapes, sculptured and bequeathed by some cataclysmic-minded god, aeons ago. The dismal monuments rise at every hand, and a man among them is to himself, and to them, without existence; he is better than lost. His being is without significance. If he has water, he can delude himself while it lasts. If he has hope, he can sing; if he has courage, he can work—it hurries time.

Michael was hurrying time. He both worked and sang. Fairly tall, his body had a wiry, whiplike quality; the distinguishing feature of his face was its simplicity. A lean face, starred with freckles, surmounted by a mop of reddish hair and lighted with blue eyes, it obviously had never concealed a secret and masked few, if any, doubts. It was open and unperturbed.

He wore the uniform of an officer of the King's African Rifles: khaki shorts, a tunic of the same stuff, bearing mathematically spaced pockets, a military helmet. A metal water bottle dangled from a strap hung over his shoulders and now and then swung in wide arcs as he strained and sweated against a black rock and dragged it from the clearing he had planned. He was making a runway for an airplane, and the job was plainly impossible. He sang gaily—but with no tone and no respect for melody—the chorus of Schubert's melancholy Serenade, and the impassioned words wandered without goal or audience through the labyrinth of rock.

He had cleared a space perhaps twenty feet wide and fifty feet long—scarcely enough room, he thought, in which to toss a cat, much less swing it. But it didn't matter. There would probably *(Continued on Page 38)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT G. HARRIS

Elly, You're too Young

BY NANCY TITUS

THERE should have been fanfare to it. It should have been heralded. The day, warm with Arkansas February as a Northern spring, spring-lit with sunshine and the fall of forsythia in every yard and, at night, softly dark and holding stars—that day should have contained an omen for her, some special significance that she could have looked back on later and thought, *I knew it. I felt it would happen. I was told.* But there was no such significance. It was a day whose pattern was as familiar and as commonplace as the moss-rose pattern on the wallpaper of her bedroom. Her heart had not warned her.

It had been, all through the day, an angry heart. There had been no expectation in it, only rebellion that every day was just alike and nothing ever happened or would happen, not to her, not to Elinor Wallace. Anger and rebellion seemed to live in her fourteen-year-old breast, always ready to spring to the surface. She felt, sometimes, as though they were enclosed in a frail tissue-paper sack that the least incident could break.

Today it had been the WAAC officer who spoke in the school assembly. Afterward she talked to some of the girls who would be eighteen soon. Elly had hung back as the line filed out and the older girls separated to go up to the stage. She had leaned against the wall in her sloppy sweater, three sizes too large, with the sleeves shoved up over her sharp elbows, and her plaid skirt coming out at the hem, caught up with a safety pin as an emergency measure, with one scuffed moccasin digging against the other and her books clutched in her thin arms; and she had longed with a desperateness that was almost a prayer to be eighteen. It wasn't fair to be segregated, to be turned away, only because one lacked years. *It's class distinction,* she thought bitterly.

She had come home, cross and defiant, in one of her contradictory moods, in which she refused to do what she was told to do, and did what she had been told not to. At dinner she had wrangled with her father until she could see his usual patience and good humor wearing thin and the twinkle going from his eye.

Whenever she was mad—this inexplicable nagging madness that rushed all through her in a tide—she picked fights with her parents until she had worn them to the point of anger themselves, bewildering them and bewildering herself, until self-pity would sweep her and she would burst into tears and rush to her room.

"I can't understand you, Elly," her mother would say, and she could not understand herself. "You have everything to make you happy," her mother said.

Oh, yes. Everything. Her mother meant friends and school and a nice home and Curly, her spaniel. Everything—short of *life.* She wanted *life*—in italics. That was it, and what nobody could see. Nobody.

THERE was a war; these were great and dramatic times. People said so; the movies, the papers and magazines told her. She did not know much about the war, perhaps—where all the places were, and she could never remember which generals were British and which American—but she *felt* the war. She felt the tide of excitement and the tragedy, the hope, the sorrow, the meetings and partings, washing about her. But she could not be *part* of the tide.

For her the war was her name on a ration book, and the B sticker on the windshield of the family car. She wanted to be a nurse, an ambulance driver, a Red Cross entertainer in England. She wanted to be a Waac, a Wave—even a nurses' aide or a canteen worker.

"But you are too young," they said. "You aren't old enough, Elly."

Young, she thought, *phooey!* She hated her age. Fourteen. It was not an age, it was a concentration camp of the spirit. Even when she told it as "fourteen-almost-fifteen," marking the wide difference between *just* fourteen and *close* to fifteen, it did not help. It was still like a sentence upon her, barring her from the rest of the world, from all she wanted to do or be. She hated *herself:* her snuff-brown hair, too fine to hold securely the ribboned bobby pins with which she tried to fasten it back from her triangular kitten's face; the freckles splashed over her nose; her too-big gray-green eyes; the bitten nails on her square, hard little hands.

In her dreams, the stories she told herself at night, she had no age and she had beauty. She took an active part in the war. The part changed, but it was always an important one.

In her dreams she met a soldier named Michael. She met and loved him and they parted when he went to the front. When she said good-by to him, she whispered, "I'll wait for you forever," and he bent and kissed her. She conjured his embrace until it was so

Elly longed with a desperateness that was almost a prayer to be eighteen. Life seemed to be just out of her reach!

ILLUSTRATED BY
IRVING NURICK

IF YOU ASK ME

By Eleanor Roosevelt

My husband has joined a modern religious order and won't have anything to do with me because he says he is on a higher spiritual plane, but he won't hear of divorce. What can I do?

Get a divorce yourself.

By what right did you travel to the South Pacific wearing a Red Cross uniform?

Anyone working for the Red Cross not only may wear a Red Cross uniform but is asked to wear it if she is actually engaged in work which is understood and arranged for with the Red Cross officials at headquarters. I worked for the Red Cross, and wore a uniform while engaged in doing it, during the last war. I do not see any point in wearing a uniform when I am not doing something which makes it more efficient or convenient to do so. I have been a life member of the Red Cross since I was eighteen, and I have always done work for them, both in peacetime and in wartime, but it was not always work which was more easily and more efficiently done in uniform.

Do you think the shocking increase in juvenile delinquency in America is the fault of the home or the community?

There are many reasons. In some cases it may be the fault of the home; but homes make up communities, and so, in a larger sense, it is the community which fails its young people. The need for women to work outside of the home may have left young people with less home supervision, but this supervision could have been supplied if the communities had seen fit to organize themselves.

Schools might have had more supervised recreation out-of-doors; there might have been more craftwork offered in out-of-school hours. Schools might have been open in the evenings and the communities might have shared the responsibility for holding supervised parties where young people, either in the military services or in war work of some kind, could let off steam and have a good time.

In addition, the communities might have made it more possible for women who had to go to work to run their homes more efficiently and have more leisure time in that home. We have done nothing about a universal program throughout the nation for a hot school lunch for every child, for hot meals in every factory at low prices; for cheap restaurants, such as are run in Great Britain, in which people of moderate means—whole families—can be accommodated for about what it would cost for a meal at home.

Shopping has never been organized in a way to make it easy for women workers; laundry work and care of little children have never been thought through so as to make the whole setup as easy as possible and keep the home running as smoothly as possible, with the mother still in charge when she is home, and not driven to the limit of her strength by the difficulty of doing things which must be done to keep the home functioning.

It is not enough to leave this simply to the plants involved. Every plant has different problems, and they must be taken up in consultation with the workers. Sometimes mothers might want little children taken care of in the plant; but if they have long trips to and from work in crowded public conveyances, it would be better for them and the children if the day nursery could be near their homes. This same thing has to be taken into consideration where shopping is concerned. Just establishing chain stores in the plants may not meet a woman's needs, since carrying quantities of packages, with the present difficulties of transportation at hours when shifts are changing in big factories, will not be an easy task.

The exhaustion of a mother is bound to be a contributing factor to juvenile delinquency, so we really have the problem of home organization—which is largely a community problem—and I do not think we can simply say that the increase in juvenile delinquency is the fault of the home, the school or any other particular situation. The whole community setup has to be taken into consideration, and the whole community has to take its share of the responsibility for the present situation.

Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Roosevelt, c/o the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. *No letters for this page sent to the White House will be answered. It should be understood that Mrs. Roosevelt's answers reflect only her own opinions, and are not necessarily the opinions either of the Administration or of the Editors of the* JOURNAL.

Was it honest to give the story of Christ at the wedding feast as an excuse for serving liquor in the White House, since the "wine" referred to in John 2:1-10 may well have been nonalcoholic?

I have never used "an excuse" for serving liquor in the White House. I do not consider that it requires any excuse. I answered a lady—who seemed rather fanatical—with what seemed like good authority; and whether the wine mentioned in the Bible was alcoholic or not, I have no idea, but I see no reason for calling it wine if it had no alcoholic content. Whatever is done in the White House requires no excuse from me. It would not have been done unless I thought it was right, and I have always been willing to make an explanation, but never an excuse, for doing anything I considered proper.

Why are farmers, living on the fat of the land, allowed the same number of red points as city people?

I imagine because they are citizens, and all citizens are entitled to the same treatment under the law. In addition, it would be rather complicated to give some people one number of points and another group a different number.

Farmers do not live on the fat of the land, however. They have advantages, in getting some types of food, over people who live in cities, but many of them have just as hard a time in some ways as do the city people. Furthermore, just because you receive points, it doesn't mean you have to use them, and I am quite sure that any patriotic citizen, whether farmer or city dweller, does not use points when it is not necessary.

Is it true that you recently referred to the President as "the ruler of the United States"?

I cannot remember doing so. If I did, it was a slip of the tongue. However, the man elected President of the whole United States has certain powers under the Constitution which, in many ways, are similar to those powers exercised by rulers in other nations where there is a constitutional government. All powers, however, under our constitutional government are derived from the people.

Do you believe in "love at first sight"?

I have heard tell of such a thing. Many people, when they say "love at first sight," mean that some people have a natural attraction toward each other. This does not mean always that it will develop into the lasting love of a lifetime.

Why are servicemen forbidden to go with Alaskan Indian young women and girls?

I question whether servicemen are forbidden to associate with Alaskan Indian young women and girls. There is, however, a rule which I think operates anywhere outside of the United States, that no man can get married without his commanding officer's consent while on foreign service. This is to prevent people from being made victims of sudden infatuations brought about by loneliness, and so on.

As children's panties outwear several elastic waistbands, what are mothers to do now that it is impossible to replace worn-out elastic?

I should think the most practical thing to do would be to put on a band of self material if you have it, or some cotton material, with buttons and buttonholes arranged so that the buttons could be moved as the child grows.

How does the Government think expectant mothers whose husbands are in the Army can support themselves and their babies?

The allowance for children of men in our armed services has just been raised by Act of Congress. Arrangements can be made for the mother's care at the time of birth. It is a difficult adjustment to make, but it can be done, as is shown by the fact that many thousands of women all over the country are doing it at the present time.

Is it fair to let the college boys go back to college, now that they are beginning to take pre-Pearl Harbor fathers and boys out of high school?

Any boys going back to college are probably going back, if they are of age to be inducted, because the Army decided that they will be of more value if they can do work which the Army has arranged, for boys of this age who have the proper qualifications, in the colleges. Any boys taken out of high schools are taken because of age and not because they happen to be in high school.

There is no question of "beginning" to induct pre-Pearl Harbor fathers. I met men all over the Southwest Pacific and I know men in every theater of the war who were married long before Pearl Harbor and who have children. I have never thought that simply being a father was a good criterion for or against induction. If a man is needed at home for the support of his children, that should be weighed very carefully by the draft board; but the mere question of being a father does not seem to me to have much bearing on whether you should go to war or not, when so many men who are fathers are already in the war.

Do you think a seventeen-year-old girl should get a defense-plant job and put off college until after the war?

If she is college material, she will do much better to continue in college work by going straight to college from high school. She will make a better contribution because of her training in college, and in the difficult days that follow the war, trained minds are going to be very necessary for the solution of our problems.

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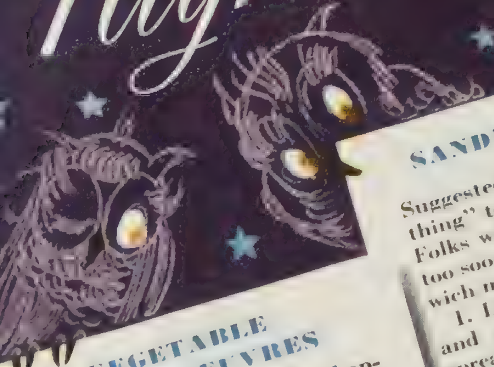
"She's cost us thirty-seven man-hours to date."

For Hungry Night Owls



VEGETABLE HORS D'OEUVRES

You will be surprised what good appetizers raw vegetables make. Serve with salt for dipping.

1. Strips of yellow turnip and carrot curls. 2. Slices of raw cauliflower and broccoli. 3. Green pepper rings and celery hearts. 4. Cubes, sticks or balls of cold boiled potato rolled in parsley.

Salad Surprise

1. Any fresh fruit sliced, garnished with walnut meats. Serve with a dressing made by beating ⅓ cup any tart or mint jelly into 1 cup mayonnaise or salad dressing, or half cup of each. 2. Marinate in French dressing ¾ pound Bologna cut in strips. Mix with 1 cup thinly sliced onions. Toss together with salad greens.

SANDWICH SPREADS

Suggested for that little "something" to serve with a cup of coffee. Folks will come and they won't go too soon if you have plenty of sandwich makings on hand.

1. Little strain on the ration book and good for lunch boxes too—a spread for crackers or sandwiches. One package cream cheese mixed with ½ cup peanut butter—thin with milk if too thick. 2. Good hot or cold—4 slices crisp fried bacon cut fine, mixed into 1½ cups shredded Swiss or American cheese, 1 cup chili sauce or catchup, ½ small onion, grated, dash of pepper sauce, 1 tablespoon finely minced pickle. 3. Split English muffins, toast, spread, cover with ground walnuts, sliced olives, top with process cheese. Broil.

BY ANN BATCHELDER

JUST keeping "the home fires burning," isn't exactly a conflagration, I know as well as you do. But our slit trenches are better than some I've heard of, and never think they aren't.

I don't spend a lot of time getting mad—for I always think the sooner mad, the sooner over. Well, if you wonder what I do get mad at and why—it's likely to happen when I hear people crying out loud because they can't do this or can't go there or can't get what they used to get for parties and such, and it does seem silly. I guess we'll all wake up, one of these days, to making out with what we have and the things we can get, and if I'm any judge—and I think I am—we aren't doing so badly.

I know how it used to be. After dances, the movies or skating parties the refrigerator and the pantry were pretty likely to be raided. Nothing was safe. And if mother wanted to keep anything, she had to nail it down—or good night. It's much the same way now, only the picking is getting a little slim. I've always noticed that most everybody likes to get that leftover apple pie or the cold ham that was destined for hash next day—and never got there—but what they can do to even corn bread and milk or the makings of a salad when midnight is just around the corner is nobody's business.

Even if everybody is working like crazy at any old job that turns up and adding up points is sometimes enough to make your hair turn white, still there's no reason why either the late shift, the young folks or the neighbors who just dropped in should go to bed hungry.

So I've set about to wise you up on what can be done for the "before you go to bed" business, to keep the night prowlers happy. And it doesn't mean caviar for cats, either. If you can't get cold ham, you can get bread and milk. And bread, especially that French-crust affair that comes by the yard, done up with sliced onions and cheese, is something for even a tank crew to dream about.

Yardstick Sandwich. Slice a French or Vienna loaf down to but not through the bottom in thick slices. Separate and spread with butter or margarine mixed with a little prepared mustard. Slip in thin slices of sweet onion and cheese. Set loaf on a baking sheet and put in moder-

PARTY STUFF

All of these come to us by short wave from parties that other people went to. You know who Stuart is? He takes our pictures. Well, he went to a party and brought back the yard-stick idea for cheese and onion sandwiches for which we have given our directions below. (He says that the thicker the cheese, the better the eating. No doubt—but cut your pattern to the cloth; a little cheese is better than none.)

These are definitely cold-weather specials. Hope everybody likes (and has) onions and that coffee stays plentiful—coffee is indicated here!

And may I remind you that a well-turned-out dish of scalloped oysters is my idea of good eating on a cold night.

BEDTIME SNACKS

Suggested for those who may come home hungry and go foraging for themselves.

1. The well-filled cooky jar should always provide enough cookies to go with a glass of milk. Day *or* night. 2. A cup of hot bouillon or a powdered chocolate-flavored beverage which may be made with water when milk is scarce. Provide crackers. 3. A good juicy baked apple, preferably stuffed with brown sugar and raisins, to be eaten with corn flakes and whatever is in the cream pitcher. 4. Corn bread or white with a bowl of milk. I am partial to blue bowls, but prefer milk that is definitely not blue. Salt? Yes. Sugar? Never—well, hardly ever; of course if it's maple sirup that's another story.

PHOTOS BY STUART-FOWLER

te oven, 350° F., for 15 minutes. The bread heats, cheese melts, and the onion stays the way it should. Everybody ulls off a hunk. Good with coffee and dill pickles.

Stuffed Oyster Rolls. Cut slice off top and scoop out enters of 6 hard dinner rolls. Cut 2 slices bacon fine. Fry. Add 2 onions, chopped, a few crumbled celery eaves, a dash of celery salt, a pinch of thyme and marjoram. Cook for a few minutes. Add 12 oysters, drained, chopped fine, with 1 cup soft crumbs from cen-er of rolls. Have heat low. Cook just about 2 minutes. Season with salt, pepper and Tabasco sauce. Stir in ¼ cup minced pimiento. Mixture should be soft but not soupy. Butter roll shells on inside, fill with oysters. Heat in oven. Coffee should be provided with this too.

Onion Wedgies. Slice 2 cups onions. Cook in 2 tablespoons shortening until golden and almost tender. Make up half a receipt of baking-powder-biscuit dough. Roll out in circle to fit a layer-cake pan. Push it up the sides a bit. Season the onions well with salt and pepper. Spread on top of dough. Beat one egg slightly and mix with ¼ cup evaporated milk or cream. Pour over the onions and bake in a hot oven, 450° F., about 25 minutes. Crust edges should be brown and the onion custard "set." Cut in wedges, serve hot. This is best on a cold night with very hot coffee.

Young folks and all hungry folks will always find a way to the cooky jar. Keep rolling 'em and keep them handy. Remember a full cooky jar signifies a full heart. Make your favorite ones (mine is ginger) or one made from a little of this and that, as the cooky of 1944 should be.

Odds-and-Ends Cookies. Cream ¾ cup shortening with ½ cup peanut butter. Add 2 cups brown sugar and cream thoroughly. Add 2 beaten eggs and beat until light and fluffy. Flavor with 1 teaspoon vanilla. Sift together 2 cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder and ½ teaspoon salt and add alternately to the creamed mixture with ¾ cup milk. Stir in ⅔ cup chopped nuts, ¼ cup mincemeat or stewed raisins or any kind of jam, 1 cup quick-cooking oats and 1¼ cups of any kind or two kinds of ready-to-eat cereal. Drop by spoonfuls on greased cooky sheets and bake 12 minutes in a moderate oven, 350° F. This receipt fills a big cooky jar, but it empties sooner than you think.

Line a Day

1 "If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?" It can and it is. Don't get out the hammocks.

2 Vegetable hash used to be quite a dish—and still is. Add a few tablespoons of buttered crumbs and get a crust where no crust grew before.

3 Suppose you come across some acorn squashes. Split, clean, and in the centers put a bit of butter or margarine with brown or shaved maple sugar and bake until tender.

4 Now to sweeten an apple pie, what could be simpler than a simple sirup? But don't forget the cinnamon and nutmeg. Lemon juice too.

5 Rumor department: Potatoes plentiful—weather cold. Hot potato salad and potato pancakes are good cold-weather warmer-uppers.

6 When you add butter or margarine to dried or canned Lima beans and peas, simmer together until the latter absorbs the former.

7 Add a little fresh powdered sage to corn-meal mush, mold, chill, slice and fry. Makes you think you're having sausages almost.

8 Just put a meringue on the next plum pie; and in with the sugar, a little cinnamon. Cinnamon used to correspond with plums in the Hearts Adrift column.

9 Answer to query: To make carrots curl—slice paper-thin, lengthwise. Drop in ice and water. The curl is natural and permanent.

10 Do not let one drop of fat from fried, country, true pork sausage escape. Fry apples, fry potatoes, fry your thumb if need be, but use that fat.

11 Have I told you about a touch of nutmeg in your string beans? You probably canned a lot of beans—or maybe not. Anyway, nutmeg helps. And I trust you add basil to your canned tomatoes? You don't? Shades of grandma, why?

12 Chicken pie with a sweet-potato crust? Of course. As Southern as old Mammy in the little cabin door. And it's only the old shepherd's crust gone sweet on us.

13 News item: Those frozen fish balls are real! Fried and served up on a Sunday morning, you'll be surprised.

14 From an old cookbook: "It is difficult for the inexperienced cook to determine the age of a turkey. A year-old bird is best." Anyone ever try to guess your age?

15 Herb lore: This little bit of advice concerns seeds, celery seed. If you get hold of some, add a tablespoon to your next potato salad. Don't be put off with celery salt. It's not the same at all.

16 A casserole of noodles, leftover turkey and mushrooms in a cream sauce solves one problem.

17 Leaping as I do, from crag to crevasse, I'll tell you a luncheon dessert of French toast with sliced peaches or any nice fruit with its own sirup is so far past a breakfast dish that it's into the next day.

18 Hot muffins are tops if they're top muffins. But if some raisins, cut prunes or toasted nuts are discovered in their depths, you've really gone to town. Don't forget, now.

19 Do not neglect the bread sauce or the wild rice, if you're lucky enough to have guinea chicken. [I call it chicken, not hen, you'll notice.] Season the sauce with whole cloves, count them carefully and take them out when the sauce is done. Boil wild rice twenty-five minutes, not a second longer. Stir with a silver fork. Two such elegant things deserve only the best that can be had.

THE SKATERS, BY ANGELO DI BENEDETTO

JANUARY THAW

How deceitful these can be,
These January days,
Balmy noontimes you can see
Their soft, smiling ways.

Of all the real deceitful things
A body ever saw,
Count first the promise winter brings
In a January thaw.

But tomorrow is another day,
For that is January's way.

20 Oysters and crab meat creamed together sound good. And they are. Make your sauce and put in about three tablespoons of grated cheese and one third cup of condensed tomato soup. Add a little Worcestershire sauce and paprika. Salt, of course. Heat half a pint of oysters and a cup of crab meat. Add to the sauce. Serve on toast or toasted, buttered English muffins. Wonderful.

21 Everybody loves a turnover. So then, pork and apple turnovers get up near the head of the class. Chopped fresh fried pork and fried apples mixed and made into turnovers with flaky pastry. Bake. Serve with cream sauce. And another turnover enters into its own.

22 A cup of finely chopped apple in the griddlecake batter makes apple griddlecakes, just like that. With maple sirup or molasses and butter or margarine to go on the cakes, there's a breakfast, a luncheon or a dessert—as you like.

23 Try a little curry in lamb stew, and in all stews thyme and butter or margarine make things better and better. And a cup of sour cream in a veal stew has a second helping already spoken for.

24 Corned-beef hash doesn't always cry, "eggs, eggs." Make it up in patties, dip in beaten egg and crushed dry cereal and broil or bake. Serve with spiced crab apples or fried apple rings.

25 Here's a nice idea for that party punch bowl and you can add what you like. It's just grapefruit juice, with lemon enough so you know it, and fresh lime too. Honey is the sweetener.

26 You know as well as I do that perfect boiled rice acts like a lady in desserts. With fruit, butterscotch sauce or cream and crushed pineapple, there's more to it than meets the eye.

27 Try, sometime, a touch of garlic in creamed potatoes, a dash of horse-radish in scalloped potatoes, a slice of onion in a peanut-butter sandwich.

28 Answer-to-question department, division of utter foolishment: No, a sundae is not the first day of the week, Clarissa. It's ice cream with a sweet sauce, any flavor, and nuts. That's that.

29 Chocolate waffles aren't out of reach. And what a dessert that is! Not a waistline reducer.

30 For those crisp, center celery stalks, make up some shrimp salad with mayonnaise and stuff said stalks, and if the shrimp aren't biting, use crab meat—the kind that flourishes in Maine.

31 January hath 31 days. Life's days are unnumbered. Let us beware of chills and chilblains. Look to the east and not to the west. Time to see that the woodpile is not foreshortened. Watch for the evening star—it is still in God's firmament.

By Ann Batchelder

Plate-tipping is highly personal—some tip plates toward themselves—others away. Etiquette experts used to say "Don't tip your plate at all", but we've an idea that was before they tasted Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup. For here is a soup so deep-down delicious, you won't want to miss a single drop!

That's because there's plenty of chicken in this chicken noodle soup. It's made the lavish, old-fashioned way—from fine plump-breasted chickens slowly simmered to give a stock that fairly glistens with chicken richness. The egg noodles, too, are the hearty, old-fashioned kind. And there are tender pieces of chicken for every plate.

Yes—you'll say it's your kind of chicken noodle soup. And now, when "Food Fights for Freedom", even strict etiquette permits you to tip your plate! So tip with a will, and enjoy the full, rich taste of chicken from the first to the last glistening spoonful.

"Food wins today!" the experts say,
  And that is fact, not fable;
So etiquette today will let
  You tip your plate at table!

Look for the
Red-and-White Label

Campbell's CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP

SALVAGE TIN TO WIN! *It will mean more tin for canned foods and for war materials. Save every can you open. Remove label, then wash, fold in both ends and flatten. Turn over to your local Salvage Committee.*

PNEU-MO-COC-CUS
is a treacherous fellow
(. . . and this is his best hunting season!)

PNEUMOCOCCUS is the germ that causes most cases of pneumonia.

He is a skillful hunter, preferring the cold winter months when people are less able to ward off his attacks.

Sometimes Pneumococcus strikes people who are in excellent physical condition. But he really goes to work with glee on someone whose resistance has been weakened—perhaps through overwork, poor nutrition, or insufficient exercise.

He enjoys good hunting in stormy weather, stalking people who aren't dressed warmly, or whose clothing or shoes are soaked. Even better, he likes to shadow someone who has influenza, a severe cold, or a cold that hangs on. Such infections of the nose, throat, or lungs help him start a full-blown case of pneumonia.

Once you learn these wily habits of Pneumococcus, you can take the obvious steps to avoid his attack.

If, in spite of precautions, he should press home a successful attack, *quick action is necessary!* Any of the following signs of early pneumonia are an urgent warning to call the doctor *immediately:* A chill, followed by fever . . . coughing accompanied by pain in the side . . . thick, rust-colored sputum . . . rapid breathing.

In most cases of pneumonia, the doctor has a powerful weapon in the sulfa drugs. In some cases, serum is still used effectively. The earlier treatment is started, the better are the chances of hastening recovery and of preventing serious consequences.

Sometimes when pneumonia strikes, Pneumococcus is not to blame. The cause may be a germ or a virus against which sulfa drugs and serums are not effective. *In such cases, prompt medical and nursing care are particularly important, for recovery depends upon general care.*

During the "pneumonia months" the wisest course is to keep fit . . . to avoid colds . . . to take care of a cold should one develop. If a cold is very severe or hangs on, *go to bed . . . call the doctor!*

For more information about pneumonia, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, "Respiratory Diseases."

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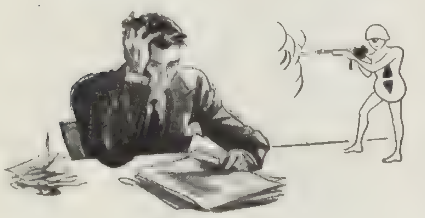

YOUR HEART WILL TELL YOU

(Continued from Page 25)

be no plane anyway, but the job kept him occupied while he waited for the camels.

"*Under my window, deep in the shadows*"—he sang loudly, apparently unaware that, since there were no shadows anywhere within the scope of his sight, the words were mildly ironic—"*sings the nightingale.*"

He paused there, unsure of the verse, indifferent to the fact that the only bird within view was a vulture, mute, intent, plowing the sky back and forth on hopeful wings. Having paused in his singing, he reproached himself for having sung at all. It made the throat dry. He reached down for the water bottle at his hip, held it to his ear and shook it. This morning it had gurgled; now it only tinkled. He wanted to drink, but rejected the impulse, thinking of tomorrow.

According to his watch, it was an hour past noon. He had a handful of dates wrapped in a handkerchief. He ate four of them and put the little bundle that remained into the pocket of his shirt. He was hungry and his mouth seemed dry as the sand he waded in, but he felt that he was getting used to the heat. It was everywhere, coming up from the earth, radiating from the lava boulders, pouring even from his body so that, to himself, he seemed no longer alien to the desert, but a part of it.

He remembered that, in theory, a man without sufficient water was supposed to die after forty-eight hours of such exposure, but he counted this as nonsense. The brief spasms of dizziness that were beginning to plague him as he worked were, he decided, due to fatigue: he had moved a lot of rock; all that he needed was to rest.

He closed his eyes and crouched against a shaft of rock that jutted from the sand. He was breathing with some effort, but that would soon pass. He groped in a pocket and brought out a square of shining paper. It was a print of a careless snapshot taken some years ago as Juanita Martin and he had stood hand in hand over the body of a marauding leopard they had trapped together. It had been their first great adventure. He did not dwell upon it, but when he returned it to his pocket the urge to sing had left him. Still, he did not allow himself a maudlin sigh; it was pointless to wish.

For a long time now he had discounted himself as a romantic figure, and it seemed to him that all the girls he had ever known had upheld him in this judgment. He was irrevocably the constant friend, the old dependable—the good sound wine that never sparkled.

Eighteen

BY VIRGINIA BRASIER

Elizabeth has gone in for sighs
And magazines filled with beauty hints.
Her hair no longer falls in her eyes.
Her fingernails drip with the latest tints.
She's very strict with the family cooking
On things we must eat and things we mustn't.
She nibbles (when anyone's looking)
And exercises for hips she hasn't.
She registers glamour in every glance
And walks like someone who owns the city.
And the worst of it is, when she's dressed for a dance,
We stare in awe, she's so terribly pretty.

HE SHOOK his water bottle again, ruled temptation down and began to labor over a rock. It was heavy, but he pried it from its hollow and lifted it with both arms, holding it against his body. He struggled toward the edge of his tiny clearing, sinking to his ankles in the sand, shaking his head against the salt sweat that blinded his eyes.

He could not have seen the almost buried blade of lava that ran across his path, for he stumbled over it with the rock in his arms, and went down swearing mildly at his clumsiness. He was not hurt. Not even his fingers were hurt; the fall was gentle, and it was not until he stood up again and began automatically to dust his clothes that he saw that his water bottle had burst open under the impact of the rock and had poured its contents on the sand. He did not reach for it, nor make any move. He stood swaying a little with the heat of the desert crowding him—watching the dark spot the cupful of water had made at his feet. Finally he took one of the two cigarettes that were left to him and lit it and drew the smoke in deeply.

Under my window, deep in the shadows—aimlessly the words wandered through his mind, but did not reach his lips. The smoke from his cigarette rose from his hand straight to the sky like a rope at a magician's bidding. He observed it idly, feeling the dizziness again, and closed his eyes until it had passed.

WELL, he thought, here it was—the classic desert tragedy, a stranded man without water. It was so hackneyed, so melodramatic a situation as to be almost shameful. At the thought of it he tried to smile, but he knew that the effort was false. He knew that it was the sun and not fatigue that was draining the strength from his legs and his arms and making his vision more blurred, moment by moment. He had known it for hours.

Now it came again—the weakness that ran through his body like a fever and, like a fever, left him trembling and yearning to let himself fall upon the sand and stay there, forgetting everything. But once more he waited until it had gone, steadying himself, staring at his burning cigarette as if sanity—and even hope—were to be found only in the contemplation of the little rod of gray smoke that tapered toward the sun.

Smoke. Closing his eyes, he remembered a game they used to play—Juanita and he—a game with smoke. It had been simple. You built a fire somewhere on the veld—not too far from the farm—and you kept yourself hidden. Then with your hat, or with a sheaf of grass, you broke the smoke into puffs and made signals like the natives. Three short puffs and a long one, for instance, always meant "Come quickly, the fort is falling." It had been fun to make the signal and see how long it took for your most special friend to find you and arrive, breathless, with a handful of stones or a Wandorobo bow and arrow for your support against the enemy.

Three short puffs and a long one. Almost dreamily, with half a smile on his lips, Michael Cole knelt in the sand and lighted a scrap of paper from his pocket. Crawling on his knees, he collected bits of desert grass and threw them on the feeble flame. He found the stems of dry thorns and added them to it one by one like a miser paying pennies. He would have searched farther had he found the strength to move another step, but, like the water in the broken bottle, the strength had run out of him.

When the flame had grown to the size of a small bush, he pulled his battered hat from his head and, time after time, until he began to fall into what he supposed was sleep, he sent the smoke upward in three short puffs

(Continued on Page 40)

ADORABLY PRETTY, adorably in earnest about her war job . . . Hilda Holder is another charming Pond's engaged girl, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Holder of one of North Carolina's first families . . .

"Dick enlisted two months before Pearl Harbor—I wanted to be doing something necessary, too," Hilda says, "so I found *my* job helping to build planes.

"I get up at 4:00 A.M., and don't get back home until 4:00 P.M. It seemed outlandish at first, but now I like it. I do have to watch out for my complexion, though. I give my face a good Pond's creaming after work every day so I'm certain-sure there's no greasy dirt clogging up my pores. Lots of the girls keep a big jar of Pond's at the plant. I guess they love it the way I do."

• • •

Hilda *beauty cleans* her face with Pond's like this: *She smooths* Pond's Cold Cream over her face and throat and pats briskly to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off. *She "rinses"* with more Pond's, swirling her white-coated fingers around in little spirals. Tissues off again. Her face feels "perfectly lovely," she says, "so *extra* clean, so nice to touch."

Yes—it's no accident engaged girls like Hilda, exquisite society leaders like Gloria Vanderbilt De Cicco, and Britain's Lady Grenfell delight in this soft-smooth cream. Ask for a *big*, luxurious jar of Pond's Cold Cream today. Use it every night, every morning—for daytime clean-ups, too!

NAVAL ENGAGEMENT
Hilda Holder
Richard D. Davis
She rivets Navy planes at Glenn L. Martin, Baltimore
He is on overseas duty—somewhere in the Pacific

HILDA'S RING—
the diamond is set in a hand-wrought design on a slim gold band

SHE'S ENGAGED! SHE'S LOVELY! SHE USES POND'S!

EVERY GIRL WHO TAKES A WAR JOB is speeding the return of our men. All kinds of necessary jobs are waiting to be filled—in transportation, stores, war plants, restaurants. Check Help Wanted ads—then consult your local U. S. Employment Service.

HILDA'S EXQUISITE COMPLEXION has that appealing baby-clear look every girl wants. "Pond's Cold Cream is the only beauty care I use," she says. "I keep a *big* jar in my locker at the plant—and a big jar at home."

ASK FOR A LUXURIOUS BIG JAR OF POND'S today! It's more patriotic to buy large sizes, saves glass and man-power. (You may see different color "war caps" on Pond's jars now—but Pond's Cold Cream is *the same lovely quality!*)

TODAY—MANY MORE WOMEN USE POND'S THAN ANY OTHER FACE CREAM AT ANY PRICE

JELL-O PUDDING MARBLE PIE

1 package Jell-O Chocolate Pudding
1 package Jell-O Vanilla Pudding
3½ cups milk
1 baked 9-inch pie shell

Prepare Jell-O Puddings as directed on packages. (Note: milk in each recipe has been reduced to 1¾ cups.) Cool to lukewarm. Put by tablespoons into cold pie shell, alternating light and dark puddings. Then with knife or spatula, cut through filling in wide zigzag course; repeat in opposite direction. Chill.

"I had an inspiration!" says Kate Smith

"You see, there were two packages of delicious Jell-O Puddings on my pantry shelf—one chocolate, one vanilla.

"I couldn't make up my mind which I wanted...luscious Jell-O Chocolate Pudding, or Jell-O Vanilla Pudding with that delicate, perfect vanilla flavor.

"Then I got my inspiration! I made this Marble Pie—and had the thrill of both those marvelous flavors combined. And isn't it wonderful to look at?

"Do try it yourself . . . and, by the way, if your grocer is temporarily out of Jell-O Puddings, it's because of the smaller stocks that were caused by sugar rationing.

"Ask your grocer to save your fair share for you when he gets his next supply."

"—and here's another"

BUTTERSCOTCH PUDDING WITH MARSHMALLOWS

A wonderful treat for a children's holiday party. Prepare Jell-O Butterscotch Pudding as directed on the package. Turn into sherbet glasses, filling them ⅔ full. Place split marshmallows, cut-side in, at intervals around top of pudding. Fill glasses with remaining pudding. Chill. Serves 4 to 6.

JELL-O PUDDINGS

A PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS

JELL-O PUDDINGS
THREE MARVELOUS FLAVORS

Vanilla
Chocolate
Butterscotch

(Continued from Page 38)

and then a long one, repeating, while there was willingness in his arm, the childish message.

Desert grass and thorns are not long-burning. For perhaps five minutes the little fire smoldered, and when it went out he was unconscious of it. He lay with his red hair in the sand, breathing slowly while his sole companion, the vulture overhead, swung nearer on rigid wings.

Juanita got to her feet and stood for a moment, trembling. She walked over to the brazier and watched it closely. The smoke from the incense rose in an unbroken band of blue.

"It was a dream," she said. "It couldn't have been a signal. Not for me."

She went to the window and opened the curtains on the empty sky. She thought of her meager sixty hours of flying time, her uncertain skill with compass and calculator, her constant concern with the vastness of the land. She thought of Peter's face, looking the way it would look at her if he knew about the futile, senseless thing she wanted to do, the utterly unreasonable reason why she wanted to do it.

"He's right," she said. "I couldn't ——"

But she took the map that Peter had left with her and held it tightly in her hand. She looked at her watch. She took her flying goggles from a drawer in the table. Peter's face was still watching her. She answered what it was saying.

"I know," she said. "I'll never find him."

But sleep had gone from her eyes and they were shining strangely. She ran through the house and out along the path to the runway that had been, when she and Michael were children, a field of grass to others, but to them a hundred things: a sea, a jungle, a city with gleaming streets, an undiscovered world—a desert.

"The fort is falling," she murmured as she ran, "the fort is falling!"

From the air the Koroli Desert seems especially designed to conceal a stranded man. In the midst of a hundred thousand lava rocks, some tall as a man, some prone like resting human figures, some kneeling like men at prayer or men digging for water—where is the man himself? He is everywhere and so does not exist at all.

After hours at the controls of her Gypsy Moth, Juanita Martin knew, if she had not known it before, how complete despair could be. Cautiously she had clung to her course, anxiously she had pored over Peter's map in the painful knowledge that figures, the cold needle of the compass, the comfortless chart across her knees were, in her hands, the fallible links between herself and Michael. Yet nowhere, she assured herself, had she gone wrong.

There, to the west, neither like silver nor like blue nor even shining, but dull as rust and sullen in the sun, sprawled Lake Rudolf. Before her, under the belly of the plane, beyond her, behind her and to the east there was the desert. Had it not spread in all directions past the limit of sight, it might have been the ruins of an ancient city burned to earth—the fallen columns of its buildings in a charred jumble, its symmetry vanished with age. Disconsolately she realized that a single man lost here might be lost forever, and in the realization she admitted that if Peter's reason had seemed to her without sympathy, it had still been reason. Here, at the prompting of a childhood memory—a wisp of smoke—she flew under the guidance of little else but impulse on an impossible errand.

She could still turn back. The hot swift wind that invaded the open cockpit scorched her cheeks. For better vision she had pushed her goggles from her eyes, and they wept from the sting and the glare. But these were physical discomforts—far less important than the dawning knowledge that she was afraid.

She was caught between two fears. With little more than an hour of daylight left, she might turn back to Marsabit before dark, and the fear that lack of courage might force her to do it was no less than the fear that nightfall might find her still above the hostile land—and without fuel.

Again and again she circled over what, according to her calculations, would be the dot that Peter had indicated on his map. Nowhere was there any sign of life. Inscrutable and silent, the desert waited beneath her wings, and in the end she turned.

She could not fly forever staring with blinded eyes on an unvarying scene that yielded her nothing. For what, to her, was time without end, she had hung like this—on hope and on those feeble wings—and there was nothing. Sick in her heart, she pressed the rudder bar and mapped her course to Marsabit, and counted herself a fool. She had proved nothing save that Peter had, after all, been right.

Unreasonably she let frustration turn to anger—and anger to imprudence. She pushed the throttle, accelerating the little plane almost beyond its limit of speed, and roared toward Marsabit. Minutes and miles disappeared behind her, hand in hand, and the voice of the Gypsy Moth jeered of failure, and the tears in her eyes were not alone from wind.

When she saw the camel caravan stirring the dust in lazy wisps from the desert, she was halfway to Marsabit and the sun lay low and red upon the farthest dunes. Inexperienced though she was, it did not take her more than a moment to compute that the caravan was off its course—not by much, but by enough to miss its goal by several miles.

She did not hesitate. If she had thought, she would not have turned back again, but she did not allow herself to think. She banked the plane in a wide clean arc and flew once more toward the desert in what was left of the day's last light. She flew low in a kind of urgent despair, swinging the little craft back and forth not five hundred feet above the ground, ignoring her dwindling supply of fuel, handling the controls with careless intimacy born not of skill but of bitterness and desperation.

Now she had begun to wonder if she had not been committed to this search, not just from the moment Peter had flown to Nairobi but long before—years before, perhaps. Vague questions that had never confronted her began to rise in discomforting shapes to

(Continued on Page 43)

PRAYER FOR THE NEW YEAR

By Elizabeth Coatsworth

Lord, new's a wonderful word: why, a new plow
  Will lift the heart, and often a new dress
Will iron out a woman's troubled brow,
  And a new book brings hours of happiness.
A new game, too, is good; any new gear;
  A new car makes the entire family glad.
And here You're giving us a whole new year
  To take the place of the old year we've had!

New, Lord—why, new means there's another chance,
  A new beginning, spick-and-span, and clean,
A foothold from which one may still advance,
  A time to measure what things really mean.
O Lord, help us to put aside the old that's broken
  And breaks us with its brokenness, and show
Us a new way of living, just as simply
  As grass appears beneath the melting snow.

Why get four when one will do? Swan's swell for baby, dishes, duds and you!

WAR BABY SAYS:

"IMPORTED CASTILES ARE GONE—BUT SWAN'S JUST AS PURE!"

Long as we have our Swan baths, we babies won't fret—for Swan's pure as fine castiles! Wh-e-e-e! How we love our sudsy Swan baths! Wouldn't trade 'em for anything!

WAR MOMMA SAYS:

"Swan's on the dish shift all day now!"

With a war-working family dashing in for meals at all hours, I'm forever washing dishes! Thank goodness Swan's easy on the hands! And suds so fast! So firm too! Swan lasts and lasts!

WAR DADDY SAYS:

"A Swan bath's swell after a Tough day!"

It's great to get home from the plant and relax in the tub. Swan gives me lots of lather—and *fast!* Really cleans me up and makes me feel like a million!

WAR BRIDE SAYS:

"Swan's so convenient—washes almost everything!"

Toting bundles is no picnic these days. It's swell to carry home *one* big Swan bar and know it'll do almost *every* washing job! Just snap that large Swan cake in two—use ½ for kitchen, ½ for bath!

SWAN IS 4 SWELL SOAPS IN ONE

TUNE IN!

Burns and Allen, CBS
Tuesday Nights
"Bright Horizon," CBS
Monday thru Friday

UNCLE SAM SAYS:

DON'T WASTE SOAP!

Train the family! Clip out these hints. Paste them on the bathroom mirror. Keep a dish for soap ends handy.

1. Don't leave soap in water.
2. Don't make more lather than you need.
3. Beware of a wet soap dish! Keep it dry.
4. Save soap slivers; dissolve in boiling water to make a soap jelly; use for dishes, shampoo, etc.

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Two convenient sizes—Large and Regular

MADE BY LEVER BROTHERS, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

"Honest-to-gosh American food!"

Put yourself behind German barbed wire—a prisoner of war. You're hungry and homesick. Into your hands comes an 11-pound package of food.

It's all yours. Raisins, sugar, coffee, oleo, corned beef, biscuits, ham, salmon, orange concentrate, milk chocolate, cheese, powdered milk, soap and cigarettes! Familiar cans and packages. Labels that look like old friends.

Can you imagine your *gratitude?*

The Army arranges for a carton of this kind to be sent to every American soldier in every German prison camp *every week.* The food is really needed to help keep American boys healthy and hopeful until V-day dawns.

To that end, the *kinds* of food in the carton are carefully selected to provide the best balanced and most nutritious diet possible under prison conditions. Dairy products are well represented, of course, because milk is nature's most nearly perfect food.

National Dairy regularly supplies products for the prisoners' packages. National Dairy Laboratories helped develop cheese and milk which can safely be shipped anywhere in any climate.

When the barbed wire comes down and the boys come home again, they'll meet new materials and products that are being born today in the treasure-house of milk.

Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.

Kraft Sealtest Breyers

NATIONAL DAIRY
PRODUCTS CORPORATION
AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES

(Continued from Page 40)

d her vision. She began to speculate on love for Peter, on its whirlwind beginning the dance at the Muthaiga Club in robi—a beginning that had been without stion, perhaps even without understand- She could not be sure—but now, each e she envisioned Peter's appealing, mas- ne figure, his carefree manner, his dark s so often lighted with gaiety, the slight, unprepossessing presence of Michael e was in the vision, too, until both men e confused and mingled in her memory. mpatiently she banished thought and d to bring herself more closely to the at hand. She had not enough fuel with ch to return to Marsabit, and dusk was far off. Shadows of rocks had begun to ead themselves on the desert like an army nen preparing for sleep, but there was no n among them. Nor would there be, she ided. She had failed miserably in a wild, xotic quest. More—as a pilot she was lty of the ultimate sin: she had allowed self no safety, no retreat.

The drone of the plane and the coming of ht and the hopelessness made her want sleep, as if sleep could drug discourage- nt and make fear numb. At a thousand t she leveled the craft and held it level, ng north. Below her the desert was cool- ; the tone and the feel of the wind in the es and on the wings were changed. The nt was failing. And it seemed to come not m the sky in which she flew, but from the th, making the sand translucent and the ck rocks gleam. Once more she swung plane east and then south.

She was almost incapable of thought or ion when she saw below her the grooves at the wheels of a plane had left—deep d evenly spaced in the shifting sand. By orning, perhaps within another hour, the ht wind would have erased the sign.

It was without thought that she began to ral earthward, without even wondering hether she was capable of side-slipping ftly enough to make the almost impossible nding. Cautiously, boldly, as if she had ne it a thousand times, she pushed the ck to the left and put pressure on the ht rudder bar and then reversed the ac- on, tipping the plane from side to side, illing the air from its wings until it began fall like a wounded hawk—until the earth me up like darkness and struck the craft and the sound of tearing wires and fabric and snapping wood burst in her ears and she felt her body plunge against the belt that held her in the cockpit, and consciousness left her.

When she recovered consciousness the sun had gone and massive shadows stalked the desert. She was dazed and her legs were numb, but there was no pain, no blood. She was not hurt, but she saw that her plane had lost a wing against a jutting rock. It would not fly from this place. She unfastened the safety belt and climbed down and stared about her. There was neither movement nor breath of life.

She shouted, but there was no answer. She groped in the plane and got a water bottle, then a flashlight, and swung its hard white beam from rock to dune and from dune to rock, and there was nothing.

She moved away from the plane into the forest of shapeless masses, stumbling as she walked—calling Michael's name and receiving, in turn, an echo. Despair began to fill her heart and would have filled it, but the light fell upon a smudge of ash at her feet—black ash, pitifully small, and dead, but hoarded like a wealth of gold dust in a hand-scooped hollow. A small dead fire. With a scorched, battered hat beside it. She followed the tracks Michael had made with his dragging feet until she found him, not fifty feet beyond—his red hair seemingly no longer red, but dimmed by the color of the sand he lay in, the skin of his face scorched and peeling, his eyes closed.

She dropped her light and lifted his head from the sand and brought the water to his clenched lips and poured it on them and forced it into his mouth. After a long, long time he stirred and his eyes looked up into hers. Still uncertain, he lifted a hand, touched her cheek.

"How did you know?" His voice was a child's voice, trailing across the edge of sleep.

She seemed to hear, but very far away, Peter's patient, sensible voice sternly reminding her that you couldn't fly on your emotions. Or live by them. She didn't attempt to answer Michael except by the pressure of her heart against his cradled head. She had always known, she thought now, that her heart would find its way to Michael.

OUR ALLIES, THE CHINESE

(Continued from Page 5)

n feet thick, and the level top provides ace where the residents can enjoy the air summer evenings. . . . There will be at ast four gates in the wall: one at each point the compass. Cities covering a large area ay have any number of supplementary ates. . . . Main streets lead from gate to ate, and provide the principal avenues of affic. Streets connecting with the principal ates are lined with shops, each selling only ne line of goods. . . . There are few de- artment stores, all of them located in the rgest cities. There are many shops which ll nothing but scissors, others nothing but otton cloth, and so on through a long line f products. Usually all shops selling the ame thing are bunched together on the ame street. Silk shops vie with silver shops the ornateness of the shop fronts and ichness of displays. . . . Side streets are iven over to private residences and small ood shops.

Except for a few modern structures of teel and concrete, all houses—shops as well s residences—are two stories high, built of rick and plaster and roofed with black tiles. rom the street one sees nothing but shop ronts or blank walls, broken by an occa- ional door. Behind the wall there may be beautiful residence, built around a flower- illed courtyard, possibly a spacious garden nd artificial lake. But there is no hint of his from the street. . . . In many places n China there are no tax assessors. The wner places his own valuation on real estate and pays taxes at that rate. But the government can buy it at that valuation.

Weather and climate in China present as many varied aspects as in the United States, and for the same reason: it is a very large country, with some parts as far north as Winnipeg, others as far south as Vera Cruz. Thus the climate in Peiping is much like that of Chicago. On the other hand, Canton enjoys about the same climate as New Orleans. . . . There is one important difference, however, in China's climate. In all parts of China the winters are very short and the summers long. This enables the Chinese farmer to grow two, three or even four crops a year on the same land. . . . Chinese wear very little woolen clothing except in the form of sheepskin coats. Country people in the wintertime wear coats of padded cotton, putting on extra coats as the temperature drops. A very cold day is referred to as a "four-coat day."

Buddhism is the most important religion in China, and Buddhist temples and shrines are to be seen everywhere. Far more than half of those who visit the temples regularly are women; the most common prayer is for the birth of a son. The temple which gains fame for efficacy in answers to this prayer is well on the way to prosperity. The fortunes of old temples wane with a declining birth rate in the neighborhood, or with the birth of many daughters. . . . Buddhist shrines

(Continued on Page 45)

You were coming home, dear

Your first leave! And I wondered, dear, if you'd still find me charming.

You used to love my hands. And—now—well everyone says that war work like mine takes the beautifying moisture from hand-skin.

I'd have hated, dear, to meet you with rough hands. I'm glad I didn't have to. One of the girls I work with told me about Jergens Lotion and I used Jergens faithfully, thinking of you. I saw my hands get softer and smoother.

I'm so happy—and grateful to Jergens. You still do love my hands.

Charming young wives of men in the Service use Jergens Lotion, nearly 3 to 1. Like professional hand care! Contains 2 ingredients many doctors use to help coarsened skin become nice and soft again. So easy to use; no sticky feeling. Always use Jergens Lotion.

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FIGHT
INFANTILE
PARALYSIS
January 14-31

Armour ideas make the most of meat

New Dinners with Star Pork Sausage

Flavorful, filling dishes that serve 4 with 1 pound of meat or less

Do you collect recipes? Here are three you'll surely want to save. New main dishes that are just right for these cold winter months . . . fragrant, hearty and *so delicious!* For they're made with Armour's Star Pork Sausage—the pork sausage that's made fresh daily, so it comes to you at its peak flavor goodness.

And look how these recipes stretch your meat ration! Save your butter supply, too, because they use the sausage drippings as shortening. This little trick extends the flavor of the Star Pork Sausage—helps to make just a little taste like a lot.

Because these dishes are made with Star Pork Sausage, they're wonderfully nutritious, too. For Star Pork Sausage is made of *pure*, high-quality pork! And pork is the richest of all meats in those important B vitamins—provides high-quality protein and minerals, too.

Always ask for Armour's Star Pork Sausage. It's the pork sausage that gives you the finest flavor and top nutrition.

Watch for more recipes from Armour's Kitchen next month. These recipes are developed by food economists who specialize on meat. That's why you can depend on them to help you make the most of your meat ration.

Star Sausage Potato Boats—Tempting and Hearty!

½ lb. Star Link Sausage
4 large baking potatoes
Sausage drippings
Onion
Milk

Fry sausage slowly for 12 minutes, pouring off fat as it accumulates. Bake potatoes 1 hour, then cut off tops, remove inside, mash and season with sausage drippings and grated onion, using about 1 tablespoon fat and 1 teaspoon onion for each. Add heated milk and beat until fluffy. Season to taste. Fill potato shells with mashed potatoes. Place 2 link sausages on top. With pastry tube or fork, flute potatoes around edges of potato skins. Place under broiler to brown. 4 servings.

Spaghetti with Star Sausage Balls—Delicious!

1 lb. Star Pure Pork Sausage
1 cup sliced mushrooms
½ clove garlic 3 tbsps. flour
3 cups Armour's tomato juice
4 tbsps. Worcestershire Sauce
¾ tsp. salt ⅛ tsp. pepper
½ cup chopped green pepper
8 oz. spaghetti

Shape sausage into small round balls and fry slowly for 10 minutes. Brown mushrooms and minced garlic in 3 tablespoons sausage drippings. Blend in flour. Add tomato juice gradually and stir until thick. Add seasonings and cook ½ hour. Add green pepper the last 5 minutes of cooking time. Cook spaghetti in boiling water. To serve, combine spaghetti and sauce and arrange balls on top. 5-6 servings.

New! Baked Beans with Star Sausage Patties

1 lb. Star Pork Sausage
2 cups dried navy beans
1 tsp. salt
½ tsp. mustard
¼ cup brown sugar
2 tbsps. molasses

Wash beans; cover with water and soak overnight. Cook slowly for 1½ hours. Drain. Combine beans with 2 tablespoons sausage or bacon drippings, 2 cups water and seasonings. Place in baking dish. Cover. Bake in 250° F. oven 6-8 hours. Remove cover. Make 5 or 6 patties of Armour's Star Pork Sausage, and brown lightly in skillet. Then place them on top of beans and bake for an additional 20-30 minutes or until sausages are done. Gives 5 hearty servings.

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Star Beef
Star Lamb and Veal
Star Sausages
Star Canned Meats
Cloverbloom Poultry
and Dairy Products

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"I LOVE the way my daily Lux Soap beauty bath leaves my skin flower-fresh, delicately perfumed," says charming Paulette Goddard. "It makes daintiness *sure*."

Screen stars know if a girl isn't dainty, no other charm counts. They depend on Lux Toilet Soap's creamy ACTIVE lather that removes every trace of dust and dirt—leaves skin feeling satiny-smooth and soft. Try this fragrant luxurious beauty bath!

PAULETTE GODDARD

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★ ★ ★ ★

It's patriotic not to waste soap! Use only what you need. Keep soap dish dry. Moisten last sliver and press against new cake.

Lux Toilet Soap L-A-S-T-S... It's hard-milled! *9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it*

Look what you can do with one can of Libby's Peak Flavor Pineapple!

Each of these dishes serves four. Each is nutritious . . . sunshiny . . . *mighty* good eating. And they use just *one* No. 2½ can of Libby's Hawaiian Pineapple! If your grocer should be out of Libby's Pineapple, try them with Libby's Peaches, Pears, or Fruit Cocktail. *Every* Libby's Fruit brings you fine flavor and food value. *Quality* isn't rationed. *Ingenuity* isn't rationed. Use them to make the most of your canned foods points.

"COMPANY" COLE SLAW: Combine 2 tbsp. chopped green pepper, ½ cup diced unpeeled apple, 1 tsp. salt, 1 tbsp. sugar, and ¼ cup vinegar. Just before serving, shred crisp cabbage, measure 3 cups and add to other ingredients. Toss together, place in a salad bowl on a bed of watercress, and cover with 1 cup shredded carrots. Top with 2 slices Libby's Sliced Pineapple cut into halves. Serves 4.

UPSIDE-DOWN CAKE: Melt 1 tbsp. butter in a 7½-8 inch skillet or cake pan. Add ¼ cup brown sugar, 2 slices Libby's Pineapple cut in halves, and a few pecan halves. Beat 2 egg whites stiff. Add 2 egg yolks and continue beating, gradually adding ½ c. sugar. Gradually fold in ½ c. sifted cake flour, ½ tsp. baking powder, and ⅛ tsp. salt which have been sifted together. Add 2 tbsp. water and ½ tsp. vanilla. Pour over fruit; bake in a mod. slow oven 325 F. about 30 min. Serves 4.

PINEAPPLE ICE: Bring 4 tbsp. sugar and ¾ c. water to a boil. Add 2 tsp. unflavored gelatin soaked in 2 tbsp. cold water. Cool. Add ¾ c. pineapple syrup, 2 tbsp. lemon juice, and ⅛ tsp. salt. Freeze until mushy. Place in chilled bowl; beat fluffy. Fold in 1 stiffly beaten egg white. Freeze until firm. Top each serving with half a slice of Libby's Hawaiian Pineapple cut in two. Serves 4.

NUTRITIOUS MEALS ARE A WARTIME "MUST"! So remember: *Fruits*—canned or fresh— are basic for good nutrition. Libby's Hawaiian Pineapple, ripened on the plants to *peak flavor* perfection, is a good source of

VITAMIN C
VITAMIN B₁

It also contains vitamin A, iron, calcium, and phosphorus. *Libby, McNeill & Libby.*

DESSERT PANCAKES: These may be made before dinner and kept covered in a warm place until ready to serve. Sauce and filling may also be made ahead of time. For 4 people, make 8 small thin pancakes. (With prepared mix, use 1 cup mix to 1¼ cups water.) Place 1 tbsp. filling on each, roll up loosely, and serve with sauce. **FILLING:** Cream 2 tbsp. butter. Add ½ cup powdered sugar and cream together thoroughly. Gradually add 2 tbsp. pineapple syrup. **SAUCE:** Stir ½ cup pineapple syrup into 1½ tsp. cornstarch. Add 1 tbsp. each of lemon juice, grated lemon rind, butter or margarine. Cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Cook 3 minutes longer. Add 2 slices Libby's Pineapple, cut into pieces. Serve hot. Serves 4.

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SAVE TIN
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ELLY, YOU'RE TOO YOUNG

(Continued from Page 27)

that. All in the moment she gazed down him she created a divinity in him.

he looked at him and her heart went nbling down the stairs, bumping on every). She fell in love with him. Love comes that only at fourteen, springing magly from nothing, miraculously as roses ung from stone.

He said "Hello," and grinned up at her. She said "Hello" in a voice that was a eak. She continued down, but suddenly had become terribly conscious of herself. her nails and her untidy hair and the way walked. She felt huge, as though she ed the room and all her faults were protionately magnified. She stopped at the t of the stairs, knowing she ought to say nething, or go on, but her feet were leaden. The soldier said, "Are you Carol's sister?" Elly said, "No." It did not occur to her explain who she was.

He said, "I didn't think so. You don't k much like her."

She felt the dull heat creeping over her e, up from her throat, thinking of Carol, rkly lovely as a gypsy.

"Your hair's lighter," the soldier said. e was reddening under his sunburn himself. nd you've got a turned-up nose."

Relief surged rough her. It isn't that she was ly; he thought e did not look e Carol. But still e did not know at to say to him, how to leave.

The private ran s finger along unr his collar. "Mr. verton has quite lot of fish, hasn't ?"

"Yes," Elly said. er tongue felt ick and furry and eless in her mouth hen she spoke.

He dug his hands his pockets. How does he tell em apart? Guppes all look alike me. Or does he ave names for em?"

She did not recogze it as the inane nd desperate conversation a boy makes with tongue-tied child, while he is waiting for a rl. It was to her a sensible question and ne she could find voice to answer.

"You can't name guppies," she said in a ush, "because they *are* all alike. I have me, but I call them all Ambrose."

"That sounds like a good idea. You only ave to shout 'Ambrose!' and the whole unch comes swimming." He smiled at her nd she flashed him a blind and grateful grin.

"They don't pay any attention, anyhow," he said.

"Don't they?" He had dug out a mashed ackage of cigarettes and was lighting one. Look, if you aren't Carol's sister, who are ou?"

"I'm Elinor Wallace. I live next door."

"Oh."

"On the *left* side."

"Oh, do you?"

SHE had a terrible feeling that the converation had died and that she must do somehing to save it, but still she could only stare t him. All eternity went dragging by in the ingle second before Carol was on the stair, alling:

"Hello, Mark! I'm glad you came by."

His face turned up to her, lighting, and Elly saw the light and wanted to cry, "She hinks you're a goon." But she didn't. She said awkwardly, "Well—good-by."

Carol said, "Oh, hello, Elly. Are you still here?"

"I'm just—going." She backed away from them.

Mark Raynor said, "I'll be seeing you," and looked straight at her.

Something burst within her like a rocket, showering her with golden sparks. She turned and ran out through the kitchen and her heart was pounding like a fist opening and closing inside her. She loved him. All the anger and rebellion had been swept out of her.

SHE went to her room and carefully locked the door and curled up on the window seat to take out her brand-new secret as though it were a treasure she had found and brought home in her pocket. *I love Mark.* And he had said, "I'll be seeing you." He had looked at her—with meaning. She was sure of that. *I'll be seeing you.*

She took the words and made them a promise and wove her hopes around them. They were enough for her. She demanded nothing more. *She* was in love, and that was all she asked. She was no longer plain Elinor Wallace.

When she rose the next morning, still remembering how it had been when she looked down from the stair and saw him, remembering that sudden blaze of glory, she went to the mirror and stared at her face. It was as thin and freckled and snub-nosed as ever—but now she *felt* beautiful.

There was the picture in the paper that morning of a local boy who had been killed in the Pacific. Elly choked on her orange juice, reading the story, and her eyes filled with quick, sharp tears. She had never heard of the boy, but it was not his face she saw. It was Mark's. Suppose Mark were sent abroad and killed. She, too, would die. Her grief was real, but there was a queer kind of pleasure in it, because now at last she *knew* she was a part, one with all other women. She loved a soldier.

She never thought her love for Mark was odd, or one-sided. She loved as one does at fourteen, with all the completeness in herself. He was coming to see Carol now, whenever he could, and she was not jealous. Carol didn't love him. If Carol had cared about him she would have been jealous of that, but Mark had said, "I'll be seeing you," and she knew she had only to wait.

She hung about the yard whenever she thought he might be going to the Overtons'. She was always very careful of how she looked, wearing a fresh dress and touching her mouth with lipstick, and she put her hair up every night so the ends would be curly. Sometimes he came out to the back of the house to wait for Carol. On occasions he waved to her and on others he strolled over to the hedge to talk to her.

She treasured each of those brief meetings. She learned that he came from Michigan; that his father had a hardware business in which he had worked after graduating from high school; that he would be nineteen in six months; that he had two younger sisters, twins, about her age, he said, and she hoped they were sixteen.

To Elly, everything he told her about himself was the revelation of a great and unusual character. She weighed his every word with importance, embroidered on the small bits of him he gave her, until she was convinced

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Spices Short? Flavorings Fewer? Season with mustard, chili powder, pepper sauce, celery salt, fresh or dried herbs, onion, garlic and seasoned salts. Enough vanilla—but don't waste. Use extracts for missing spices—mint, grated orange and lemon rind.

Swank for the Frank

SEE HOW CRISCO TURNS THE POINT-THRIFTY FRANKFURTER INTO DINNERS DELUXE!

FRANKS IN POTATO BLANKETS

Wrap thin frankfurters in a coating of left-over mashed potatoes. Roll in flour. Fry in hot Crisco till golden brown. (Use enough Crisco to cover bottom of pan generously.) Serve with fried carrot and pepper strips and sautéed sliced tomatoes. It's a joy to fry with Crisco. There's no heavy smoke or smell . . . no off-taste to the food. Foods fried crisp and brown in Crisco are so digestible even children may eat 'em!

SOUTHERN FRANKFURTER DINNER (Serves 4-6)

Fry 1 large onion, cut in rings, and ⅓ cup diced green pepper in hot Crisco. (You may use Crisco you've fried with before—it doesn't carry flavors from one food to the next!) Add ½ lb. frankfurters, sliced thin, 2 cups tomatoes (pulp and juice), salt and pepper. Bring to boil. Pour into 8"x8" baking pan. Cover with *Cornbread batter:* Sift together ½ cup sifted flour, ¾ cup yellow cornmeal, ½ tsp. soda, ½ tsp. baking powder, 1 tsp. salt. Cut in 2 tbsps. Crisco. (Use point-thrifty Crisco for *all* your baking . . . for *lighter* cakes; *flaky*, tender pie crusts; really *digestible* baked things.) Beat 1 egg with ⅔ cup sour (or sweet) milk. Stir into dry mix. Spoon carefully over meat mixture. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) 25-30 min. till top is golden brown. Serve from pan or invert on platter. *All Measurements Level.*

FRANKFURTER FOLDOVERS (Serves 4-6)

½ lb. frankfurters
2 tbsps. Crisco
3 tbsps. flour
1 cup milk
½ tsp. salt
1 tbsp. prepared mustard
1 recipe biscuit dough

Parboil frankfurters. Chop fine or dice. Make white sauce: Melt Crisco, blend in flour. Stir in milk. Cook till thickened. Add salt and mustard. (No need to use butter for sauces—fresh, snowy Crisco makes 'em creamy and smooth!) Combine with frankfurters. Make biscuit dough. (For tender, mouth-melting biscuit, use digestible Crisco in your favorite recipe.) Roll out thin. Cut into 8 squares. Put equal amount of filling on each square. Fold biscuit dough over filling in triangle shapes or long rolls. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) for 20-30 min. Serve hot—or cold for lunchbox treats. *All Measurements Level.*

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The only ironer with two
Usable Open Ends
Twice as handy—Twice as Fast!

that he was brave and dashing and had a brilliant mind. But his soul was lonely, for nobody really understood him. Except Elly. Someday he would tell her that—"Elly, you are the only person in the world I can talk to."

She never knew why seeing him in the Overtons' yard, or walking from the bus, where she met him at times when she had walked to the drugstore just to bring herself across his path, became, one night, not enough; why she did the thing she did.

It was April now, and hot. While she was eating dinner she saw Mark run up the Overtons' steps in the summer khakis into which the camp had ordered the men. All through the meal a feverish impatience was in her, knowing he was so close. She went to the yard, but he did not come out. Suddenly she ducked through the hedge and around to the Overtons' front door. She knocked, and even while she was thinking she could run away, Carol answered.

Elly stammered, "Hello. I thought I'd just—come by."

Carol said, not unkindly, "Why? Do you want to borrow something?"

"No—I just thought ——"

Mark was behind Carol. Mark, so tall and straight and brown, his fair hair bleached. He said, "Hi, there, Elly," and she felt weak, her face hot. *He* was glad to see her. He said, "How are you?" and she cried:

"I'm *fine*. How are *you?*" Her hands felt large and damp at her sides, like fins. *Oh, Mark, you are so beautiful.*

Carol did not move back from the door, and desperate, feeling a lump in her throat, Elly asked, "Could I—I wondered if I could have some root beer. We haven't any, and I got thirsty."

A glance passed between Carol and Mark. "Oh, I guess so," Carol said, and let her in. "I'll get it for you."

Elly followed Mark to the sunroom, where the radio was playing. She sat down on a wicker chair, her knees close together. Mark sat at the card table that was up, cards spilled across it, and began shuffling idly.

He said, "You know, Elly, this is my last night in town. I'm being shipped out. My training's up."

"Oh!" She clutched the arms of the chair, her whole heart imprinted on her face. "Are they sending you *abroad?*"

He laughed. "No, I don't think they're getting rid of me yet. It will just be to another camp. We don't any of us know just what's to happen to us."

He was going away. It was his last night. "That's *awful*," she said miserably.

"I have reasons for not thinking so much of it myself."

He was looking right at her, his eyes meeting hers. His glance touched her with a shock, with the feeling it had, before now, in her dreams. He meant *her*. Her mouth had gone dry and fuzzy.

Carol came back with a single glass. "Here, Elly."

Mark had risen and turned up the radio. "Let's dance, Carol."

Carol went into his arms. They danced, Mark's face against Carol's, her dress flowing against his khaki trousers. Elly sat, sipping her drink slowly, watching their bodies fluent together, in anguish. But once Mark caught her eye and in his look was all *she* felt. *Oh, you can't go away. You can't. You can't.*

They stopped dancing to change the record, bending over the machine together, and when they straightened Mark turned to Elly. "How about a dance, Elly?"

She leaped to her feet and then sank back again, knowing she should not have been so eager. But he came to her and put out a thin tanned hand, grasping hers, pulling her to her feet. Carol went out and they were dancing alone. Elly's head came only to Mark's shoulder; she could not follow him. She stumbled and fell against him and he held her away.

"What's the matter? Don't you like my style?"

"I guess I can't catch on," she murmured.

He smiled at her. "Oh, you'll catch on someday."

Someday! He meant they'd be dancing together again. She clutched him, her fingers digging into the cloth of his shirt, determined to show him she could follow. He held her more tightly and a thrill shot all through her, like nothing she had ever imagined, seeking the innermost corner of her. She felt, keenly, his hand on her back, his thumb against one of the knobs of her backbone, and the pressure went into her like a knife.

She dropped her head back in an immemorial feminine gesture. "I don't want you to go," she said.

His ears grew red. "Why, Elly ——"

He would have kissed her. He would have. But Carol came back saying, "I thought I heard the phone ring, but I was wrong." Elly shot her a look of pure hatred. And then the phone did ring, only Mark had lighted a cigarette and moved to the windows and she stood helplessly in the middle of the floor.

Carol called from the hall, "I was right this time. It's for you, Elly."

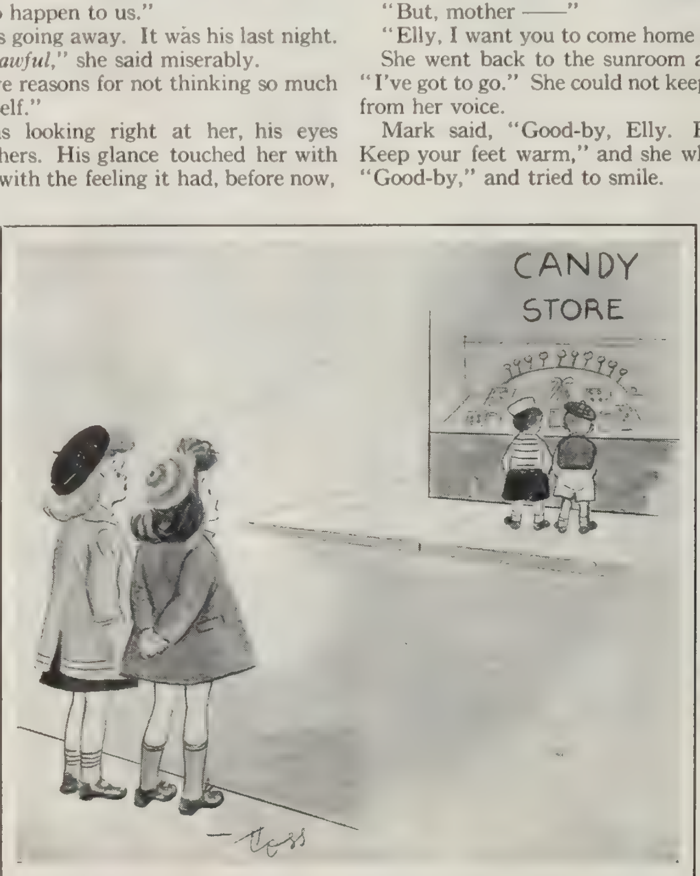
It was her mother. "Elly, I want you to come home." The dare-not-be-disobeyed voice, from which there was no appeal.

"But, mother ——"

"Elly, I want you to come home at *once*."

She went back to the sunroom and said, "I've got to go." She could not keep the sob from her voice.

Mark said, "Good-by, Elly. Be good. Keep your feet warm," and she whispered, "Good-by," and tried to smile.



"Let's not bother. I think they're just window shopping!"

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Salvage

BY EVELYN E. PEACOCK

Time to collect my salvage. Let me see:
Hot-water bottle, papers; what can be
Inside this box? A lot of rubber rings;
And here, my old flatirons—heavy things.
How many miles I've traveled to and fro
From stove to table, tired to death and slow,
Pressing wee petticoats and dresses small,
Pink ones and blue and white, with frills on all,
And stiffly starched. My girlies looked so sweet
In them. His shirts—he always did look neat
On Sunday when he went with us to church.
I'm reminiscing. That's no way to search
For salvage. Here's a stable lantern, old.
Why, when I left the farm, was it not sold?
Strange how I kept unneeded, intimate things
And how they play upon long-muted strings
Of memory. How it all comes back to me:
The supper set—roast pork, there'd have to be,
Hot fried potatoes, catchup, homemade bread.
(Mine was the best he ever ate, he said.)
Beside the window I'd quite often stand
And watch him come. The lantern in his hand
Making strange lights and shadows on the snow.
Oh, that was all so many years ago!
Here's our old clock. Its brass and springs of steel
Are needed for the war. How strange I feel.
I seem to hear it yet—the night he died—
Ticking so loudly, not a sound beside.
He was so young! But they are young who go
To fight for us in this mad war; and so
Christ, too, was young, and dearly He loved life.
Dear God, for His sake end this awful strife.
Here's someone coming. Oh! She must not see.
The girls are such fuss-budgets over me.
She'd tell her mother she found grannie crying.
This hunting salvage has been rather trying.

It was cruel. Her mother had summoned r home as though she was a child, and on ark's last night. He would have walked r home. He would have kissed her. He ould have told her to wait.

When Mrs. Wallace called out, as she en- ed the house, she would not answer. She nt to her room and sank down on the dney-shaped stool before her dressing ble, her bare scratched knees denting the gandy skirt. *I'll never see him again. ever, never.* Her arms crumpled and she zzled her face, hot and wet, against them. d she knew no tragedy of parting was ever great as hers.

But now she had a sorrow to carry, and e carried it bravely. She intimated to her ends that she held some secret agony, but en, over the table in the cafeteria, or in the ugstore after school, they said, "Oh, *please* ll us, Elly. Don't be so darned mys- rious," she gazed over their heads and id, "I'd rather not."

Once she saw Carol out taking a sun bath, d called over to her, "Have you heard ything from Mark?"

Carol said, "Yes. He's at a field in exas."

"*Flying?*" Elly cried.

"Doing office work," Carol said and rolled ver on her stomach.

But he *would* be flying. Yes, surely he ould. She could see him in a plane, his rown face, his eyes squinting behind oggles. And she thought, *Texas.* Texas asn't so far away. Perhaps he would come ack. With the resiliency of youth her hopes aped again. He *would* come back. He ould come back, and this time come to her. he did not think that he must be writing to arol. Carol didn't love him. Carol wasn't aiting for him. Carol didn't count.

Yet when he did come back, she couldn't elieve in it. Perhaps because his coming too losely followed the scenes of his return she ad invented. She was waiting for the us, one Friday afternoon in June, when the oppressive heat was stringing pearls of perspiration across her upper lip and along her hairline, and someone said, "Hello, Elly Wallace." She turned, and there was Mark, carrying a worn suitcase, his uniform rumpled.

She stood with her mouth dropped, frozen into an oval as though she held an egg in her lips. Her heart began to pound. It was like a miracle, just like a miracle. Only not quite, for somewhere—someplace it did not fit. She had a sudden blind impulse to turn and run from him.

"What's the matter?" He grinned. "Do I look that bad?"

"No." She swallowed hard. "No. Only I thought you were in Texas."

"I ought to be. I've done a pretty crazy thing, and I didn't even have time to wire her. Is she home?"

She. He was coming to see Carol, not Elly. She took the fact simply, because deep within her she must always have known it and it had no power to surprise her. He was still smiling at her, his face so happy. She stared down at her moccasins. She wanted to cry for him.

"Carol's not home. She went away for the week end; a—a house party."

Mark looked as though *he* would cry. "For the week end? Did she have a date? With a fellow, I mean?"

She nodded. She wanted to say, "But she never *did* love you. *I* did."

Mark just stood there, his face dazed. The bus had come; people were crowding on, jostling him, but he didn't notice. He said, "Well. That makes me the prize sucker of my generation. I go out of bounds to see a girl who isn't even here."

"Don't feel bad." She clutched his sleeve.

He gazed down at her, not really seeing her. "She told me she wasn't seeing anybody else. She didn't write much, but she always said she couldn't forget me. She said she'd wait. She never meant it, did she? I was just kidding myself. I ought to have known;

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PROVED less irritating to nose and throat

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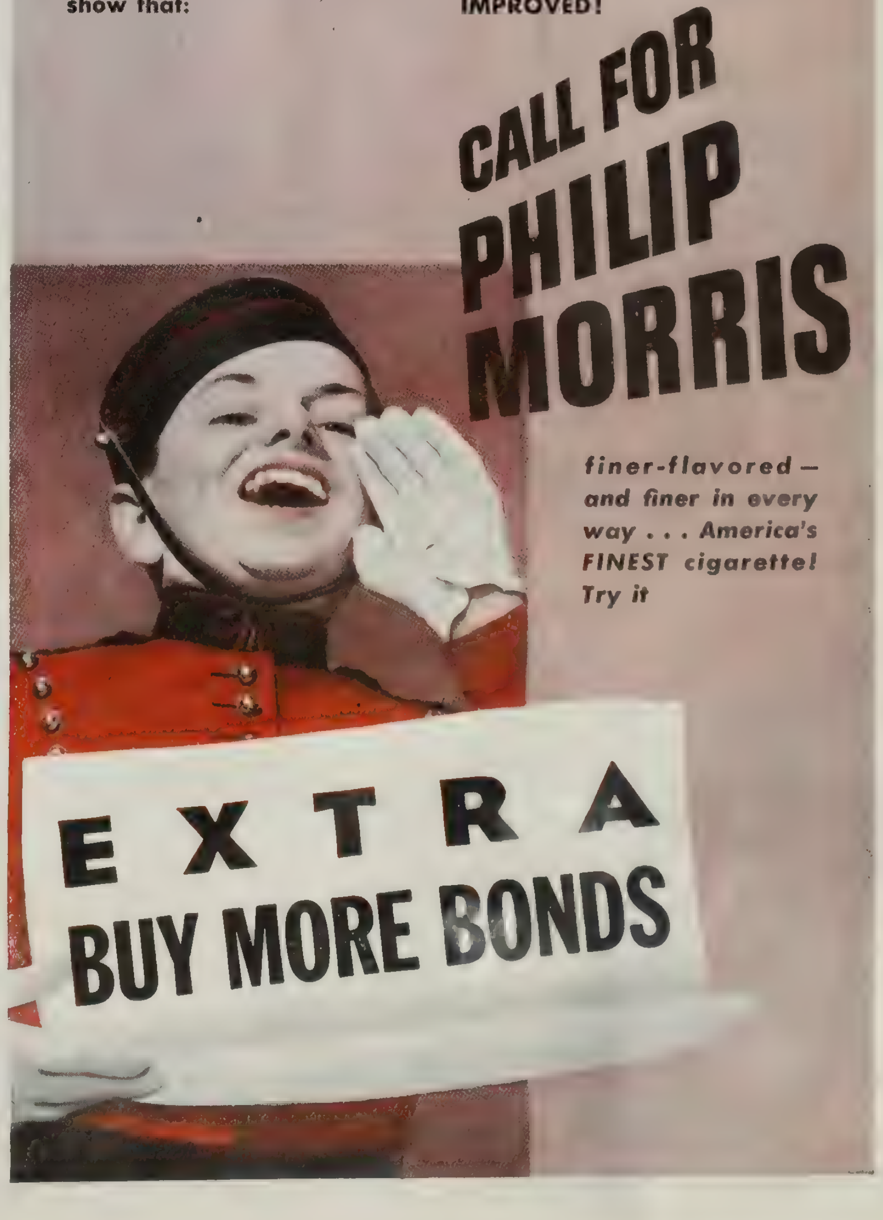

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wife of aircraft worker
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Gentle Lux is so thrifty for dishes, too! Tests show that ounce for ounce, Lux washes up to *twice* as many dishes as other well-known soaps used for dishwashing. Its richer suds last longer—do *more* work!

It's patriotic not to waste soap! Use just enough to make rich suds. Don't use too much water. Scrape and rinse dishes before washing—your Lux will go even further.

she'd be nice to anyone in a uniform, just for the sake of the uniform."

"She didn't know you were coming." It hurt her all over to see his face that way.

"She wouldn't have given a darn. I should have phoned—but it just came over me last night. I *had* to see her. I tried for a pass, and all I could get was a thirty-six-hour. I shouldn't be beyond Dallas. But I just had to see her."

She pulled at his sleeve again. "Please."

He looked at her, this time seeing her, and half grinned. "Well, what do you say to a soda? I've plenty of time to kill. I can't get a train out to Texas till ten tonight."

The hope that would not stay defeated in her rose and bubbled. "Oh, I'd like it. A soda, I mean." She would have a soda with him and he would ask her to go to a movie, and then —— Her family just had to let her go to the movies if he asked her. They had to.

They sat at a black-glass-topped table, Elly with a strawberry soda, the straws bent double, back against her teeth, Mark with a chocolate.

He said, and that blank, unseeing look was on his brown face again, "You want to see what a fool thing I did for her?" He dove into the pocket of his shirt and brought out a tiny folded slip of paper and opened it, shoving it at her. "That's my pass. Good to Dallas, see? I took an awful chance coming. If I'm caught with that on it's too bad."

Elly said, her gray eyes darkening, "You mean you shouldn't be here?"

"That's right. I figured I could get away with it."

"What would happen if you were caught?"

He shrugged. "I don't much care. I've been sweltering down there just thinking of her. You get kind of off your head in the Army—when you're lonely and it's so hot." He put the pass back in his pocket. "She seemed to like me such a lot."

Oh, Mark, she never did. I knew. It was me. I love you.

They finished their sodas and he paid for them. They went out to the heat of the street and he did not ask her to a movie. He walked up with her to the bus stop.

It happened then, so quickly she never could quite remember afterward how it had been. One moment they were walking along together, and the next moment a hard-faced, red-faced soldier with a blue arm band had put his hand on Mark's sleeve.

"Just a minute, soldier. Let's see your papers."

Elly saw the "MP" on the arm band. She clapped her hand against her mouth.

Mark spun. "My papers?"

"Yeah. Your furlough." The MP's eye went to the Air Forces insigne on Mark's sleeve. "You're from out of town."

"Oh, sure," Mark said, "my furlough." But his eyes were scared. They were eyes as young as Elly's in that second. He dug for his wallet and his hand was shaking. "It's right in here."

SHE knew he didn't have a furlough, it was only the pass, and if they found it he'd be in trouble. She stood with her hand against her mouth and the MP glanced at her.

"Who's this?"

"A friend," Mark said. "Look, I can't find it, but I know I had it. Here's my railroad ticket. I couldn't have bought that without a furlough."

The MP looked bored. Another one, dark and wearing glasses, joined him. "What's the trouble here?"

The first one said out of the corner of his mouth, "This guy can't find his furlough."

Mark was going through his pockets in desperate pretense. "I know I had it."

> **And what is it to work with love? It is to weave the cloth with threads drawn from your heart, even as if your beloved were to wear the cloth. It is to build a house with affection, even as if your beloved were to dwell in that house. It is to sow seeds with tenderness and reap the harvest with joy, even as if your beloved were to eat the fruit. Work is love made visible. And if you cannot work in love, but only in distaste, it is better to leave your work and sit at the gate of the temple and take alms of those who work with joy. For if you bake bread with indifference, you bake a bitter bread that feeds but half a man's hunger; and if you sing though as angels, and love not the singing, you muffle men's ears to the voices of the day and the voices of the night.**
>
> —KAHLIL GIBRAN: The Prophet. (Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.)

"Yeah," the second MP said. "O.K. I' not saying we don't believe you, but we car take your word for it. You know that. Y better come along with us and tell yo story."

Mark turned to Elly. "I'm sorry, kid He put his hands on her shoulders. He w seeing her now; his eyes were driving in hers, pleading with her. "Listen, can you something for me? Have you a pencil?"

She nodded mutely, reaching for the st in her purse, her eyes fastened to his.

"ELLY, write this down. Call Maj Harold Morgan. He's the major of m outfit. He'll know me. I don't know h number, but I'll give you his address. T him to call here." He turned to the MP' "Where can my major call?" They to him. "Get him to call there, Elly. Tell hi I lost my furlough." He was begging her n to give away his li "You can't get throug to him the regular wa for three or four hour Make it Governme rate, collect. Tell th operator one of his me is in trouble, if she ask you."

"Yes," she said. Sh had never been frightened. She had hold her legs stiff keep them from tren bling. She didn't kno what they were goi to do with him—sh him up in jail, cour martial him. She heard of that—sh wasn't sure what meant, but it w something terrible.

"Can you do tha Elly?"

"Yes, Mark."

He held out his hand to her and she too it, and felt, as she did so, a bit of paper stic into her palm. She opened her mouth an closed it, and grasped the paper. And the she turned and ran for the bus. She opene her hand when she had found a seat and sh was holding his pass, the pass that said h could go only as far as Dallas.

She clutched it tightly, and now she felt though she were going to be sick. She ha never had anything to do with police befor and MP's were police. She had never ha anything to do with what wasn't right, an it was not right to have Mark's pass or f him to be here. Half of her wanted to tur around and rush back and give it to th MP's—to be free, not to have to worr about Mark. To go home and sit on the flo beside her mother and lean her head bac against her mother's knees.

I don't want to call up that major.

She had, from the first, fashioned roma tic scenes around Mark. But she had nev imagined anything like this—like MP clamping their hands over his arms an having to call a strange officer someplac She was afraid. She could love him, but sh was afraid of the responsibility of doing th for him.

I can't call up—I can't. She'd wanted lov but not trouble.

She ran all the way home from the bu stop. Her father had come home early an was sitting on the glider in the yard, wit her mother. Elly dropped at their feet.

"Mark's arrested."

"Who," her father said, "is Mark?"

She had to tell, then, explaining hin "A soldier Carol knew." She had to te about meeting him in town, and the MP' "He wants me to call his major. But I don even know the major. I wouldn't know wha to say."

Her father said, "I see." He looked at he steadily. "You want me to take this pas he's given you and find out where he is an hand it over."

She met his eyes. "Couldn't *you* call th major? What will they do to him?"

"I don't know what they'll do. It will g on his record, certainly. It's too bad, but a

Right you are young lady, for with Juice King, mother can quickly and easily prepare fresh nutritious fruit juices for all the family meals. Just apply slight pressure to the handle and "presto," the rich pulp free juice flows into the glass.

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Army man can't afford a mistake. And no, Elly, I won't call the major. You'll have to decide what it is *you* want to do."

"Mother"—she twisted her hands—"mother, I don't want to ——"

"It's up to you," her mother said.

They saved her. They protected her. And now, when she needed them, they were turning her away. She wanted *them* to tell her what to do. They always did. She wanted them to say that Mark was right or wrong, and then she would know. But they were leaving it up to her, just as Mark had—Mark, whom she had thought everything brave and wonderful, and who had looked as frightened as she felt when the MP's came.

She thought, *And anyway, Mark came to see Carol. Not me.*

It was not her fault, then. She didn't have to do it. She didn't have to worry about him. But he was waiting, wherever they had taken him, thinking she would call. It wasn't fair of him. She wouldn't know what to say.

"Well?" Mr. Wallace said.

"I'll call the major," she said in a small voice.

It was worse than she had expected. It took her only five minutes to get through, but then the major kept saying, "What? What? Who did you say this was?" when she got him. He could not understand who Mark was, either, and she was almost weeping, trying to explain to him. Her face was burning. When he finally understood, he said gruffly, "I'll do what I can," and hung up.

She was shaking. She hated her parents. They had made her do it. She hated Mark. She did not love him. She kept thinking of him, fumbling for the furlough he knew he did not have, looking sheepish and foolish, and all the splendor with which she had endowed him was gone. She did not love him now. And this hurt worse than all the loving.

But when she waked in the morning he had called. Her mother told her, "The boy named Mark called. He said his trouble was fixed and he'd be here in an hour. I'd have gotten you up if I hadn't heard you."

"He's all right?" *Now,* her heart sang. *Now. Now.* She had helped him and he would love her now, and, surprisingly, she loved him again. She had never stopped.

She went back to her room and changed from her shorts to a little blue linen dress and put a blue ribbon in her hair. She was sitting on the steps to the porch when he came, and she saw that he was as handsome as he had been the first time she had seen him and that it made her feel the same way to look at him. He carried a box wrapped in brown paper, tied with green string, under one arm, and he thrust it at her, smiling.

"I just had time before my train this morning to give this to you."

She tore the wrapping off. It was a big box of candy. "Thank you, Mark."

"Well, I ought to thank *you*." He sat on the step below her. "The major got me out all right. I don't know what will happen when I get back. He's a pretty good guy. I hope I can talk him out of letting it go on my record. I had a chance at Officer Candidate School before this."

Elly said breathlessly, "Are you going to be an officer?" She leaned forward eagerly.

"Yeah. Maybe." He rose, and looked down at her. "I've got to run now."

She rose, too, clutching the candy against her. "Do you have to?"

"I don't want to take any more chances. Thanks again. You're a pal."

He was going. He wasn't going to kiss her. He wasn't going to tell her he'd found he loved her now, not Carol, after she had helped him.

She knew then. She knew in one searching, painful flash of insight. Knew it as she had known yesterday he had come to see Carol. He never would have loved her. And she didn't really love him. She had gotten it back momentarily, but she still could see him as he had looked when the MP came up. She wouldn't have known what to do if he had said he loved her. She hadn't wanted him to come out of the make-believe.

She looked at him and, for the first time, she saw him. Not a young god, but a boy in a uniform that needed pressing, a sunburned boy whose ears stuck out—she hadn't noticed that before—and who had done something silly, because of a girl, that might have cost him his chances in the Army. Not a soldier, a flier, an officer, but just a boy who was feeling foolish.

She hadn't wanted to call the major for him, loving him, but now she knew she did not love him, she was glad she had. There wasn't any reward, and she was glad.

He held out his hand to her and she met his grasp, her hard little paw in his. The sun was hot already, and his face was glistening; the sky was brassy blue behind his fair head. He was just an ordinary boy—he was none of the things she had made him—but he said:

"I won't forget you, Elly. I'll forget Carol, because she wasn't real. She was just acting. But you're real. I like you, and I'll remember you."

"I like you."

And feeling his warm clasp, she felt, in that moment, a part of him, not loving him, but liking him, and being young with him. She had helped him; they shared something in common in a way that was as good as love. She half recalled something her father had said, and she was almost old enough, then, to know what he had meant.

Mark went. She watched him go. She felt sad again now. She picked up the box of candy. She thought, *Candy from a soldier.* She would offer it to some of her friends and say, "A soldier gave it to me." Already she was building up the picture. She would tell them, "I was out with a soldier and the MP's got him and I called his major. He gave me this."

Already she was becoming the heroine of the adventure. . . . . And a little comfortable in the knowledge she wasn't *quite* old enough.

Ask Any Woman

BY MARCELENE COX

PARENTS should always remember that they are generals on the same side; what one prohibits, the other does not permit.

Things took a surprise turn when my husband started out to censor the children's comic magazines: he became a fan.

Getting a house dirty is co-operative, cleaning it up can be the same.

Children are noisy, but a home without them is a howling wilderness.

The average man can find anything in a house—after first conferring with his wife.

Experience: today's jewel that was yesterday's colored glass.

Raising a family is like working on a number of canvases at the same time: a dab here, a brush stroke there, but never a finished portrait.

It is a rare thing to find a husband and a furnace working in complete harmony. Husbands with furnaces may be divided into three groups: those who overfire, those who underfire, and those who don't fire at all.

Children sense the genuine: a swing from a post isn't a swing at all; it has to hang from a tree.

If the Army could look as fierce as our little boy when he's fixed up to play soldier, we would win the war by scaring our enemy to death.

3 ways to tell a Fib
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Only FIBS* of all tampons give you all 3

1. FIBS ARE QUILTED

...for more comfort, greater safety in *internal* protection—that's why, with Fibs, there's no danger of cotton particles clinging to delicate membranes. And quilting *controls* expansion ...so Fibs don't fluff up to an uncomfortable size which might cause pressure, irritation, difficult removal.

2. FIBS HAVE ROUNDED ENDS

...smooth, gently tapered ends...for *easy insertion!* Unlike any leading tampon you've ever tried. Your own eyes tell you that Fibs *must* be easier to use! You'll like the just-right size of Fibs...they're not too large, not too tiny.

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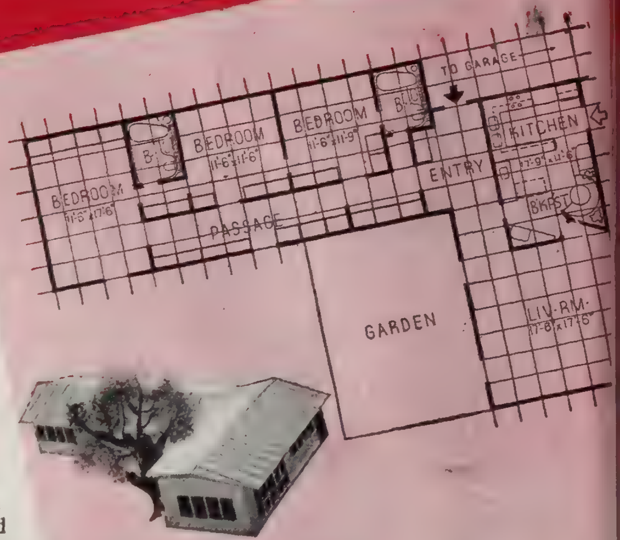
*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Kotex Tampon for Internal Protection

THE HOUSE PLANNED FOR PEACE



1 The house can start much smaller, but here is its three-bedroom stage.

By Richard Pratt

Architectural Editor of the Journal

THIS is the house nobody can have until the war is won and peace production is set. But then it can be yours, or anyone's, anywhere in the land. It can be a house of any size or color, for any climate. It can be a small white house in Connecticut or a large pink house in California; natural wood in the Northwest or a fresh pale green in the deep South. It can be warm in a Maine winter and cool in a Mississippi summer. It can fit many kinds of places and the lives of many kinds of people. Its main principle of construction is so adaptable that it can be used in the making of houses of either one or two stories and in many styles, particularly those that follow the simple Colonial pattern so close to this country's heart. And in every case it can be more house for the money than was ever possible before.

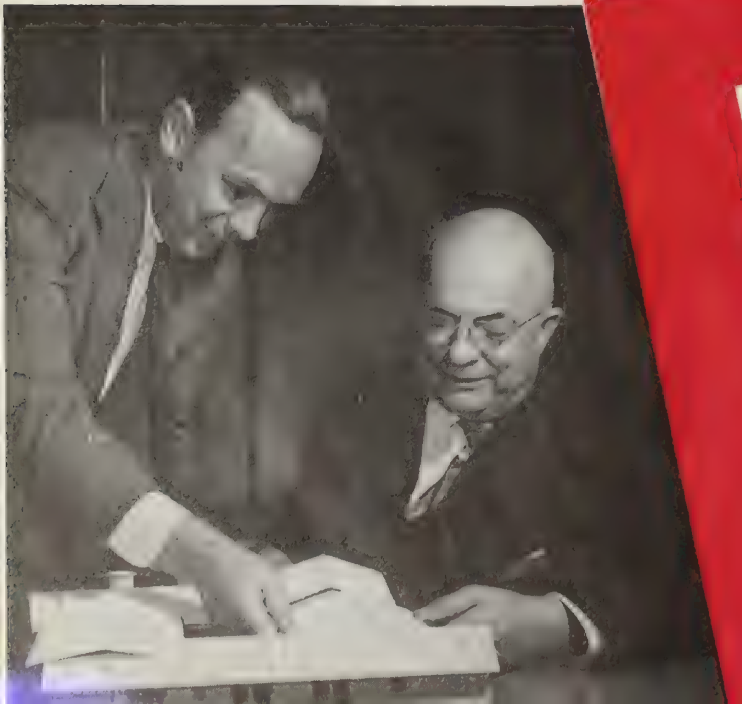
For this house expresses the coming architectural idea—an idea with variations to meet many different individual needs, incomes, tastes, but an idea with one fundamental aim: the creation of a home that will contain, at the very lowest cost, all the elements which an age of scientific wizardry can produce for living as we would like to live. That this idea will suddenly emerge into reality, like a miracle, the moment the war has ended, is of course out of the question. It will evolve gradually at first, in the early period of readjustment, trying its wings and finding its acceptance as it proves its worth.

And if you really have the interest of your future home at heart, you must try to understand that idea. For on your knowledge of the facts about what houses can be like after the war depends to a great extent the success of the actual house that peace will bring—the house that is better than you would have believed possible, at a price that is likewise lower.

This house, which demonstrates that idea, would simplify the whole complicated and costly process of building as we know it now in the average conventional house. It would simplify it by using, instead of a myriad of parts, almost every one of which has to be cut to fit, a comparatively small assortment of ready-prepared sections. These sections would make the frame, walls, roof, ceiling, floor, partitions; and in certain of the sections would be incorporated the doors and windows of whatever kind. The sections that make up the solid exterior walls would have extraordinary strength and stability; they would be completely insulated against extremes of cold and heat; they would be finished, inside and out, in the colors and textures of your choice. The window sections would come with the glass in place; the roof sections would come ready to set with absolutely tight precision; the same with ceilings, floors, partitions. And the beauty of the system is that not only will all these various sections come ready to erect, to fit together with machine exactness, and lock together with utter solidity, but they will be of such an easily handled size and weight that the house can be assembled with amazing speed and remarkable economy of effort.

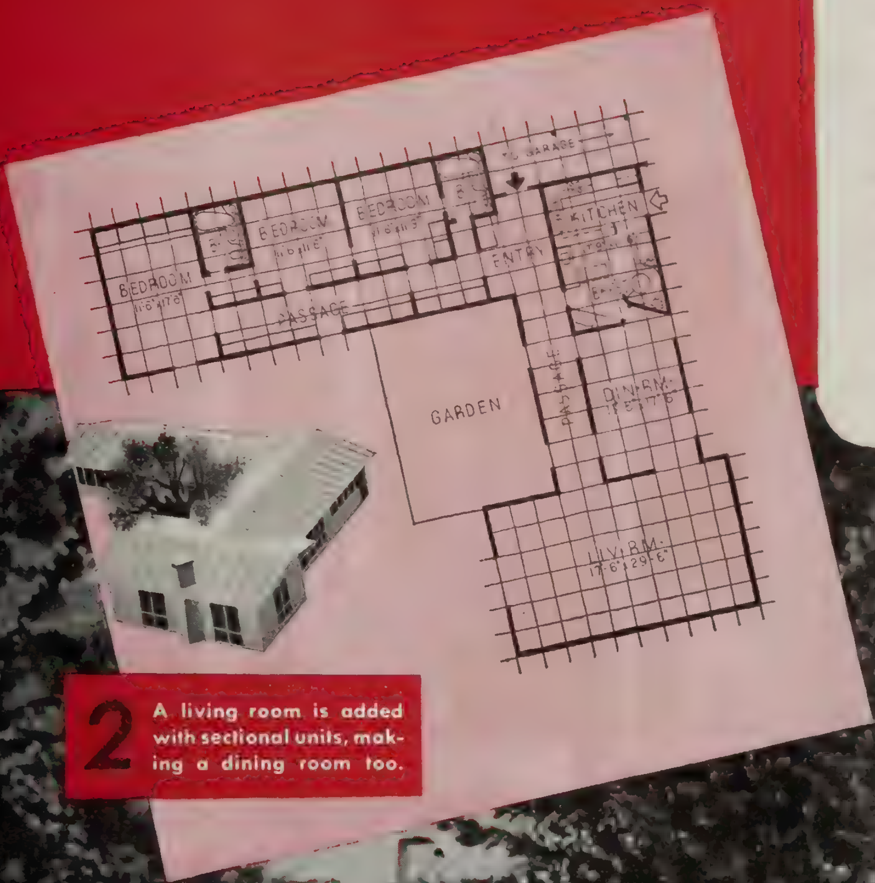
A further beauty of the system is that all these sections, having such carefully standardized dimensions, will be interchangeable. If you should want a solid wall across one side of the house, it would be just as easy to set it up that way as to put in as few or as many windows as you might otherwise wish. If you should want a fireplace in the living room—or in any room, for that matter—a fireplace-and-chimney section, completely ready to use, would simply be substituted for one ordinary wall section.

The bugaboo of sameness and rigidity which many people associate with terms like mass production and prefabrication can be forgotten in the sectional-unit system by which this house is built. Once you have selected the particular house plan that meets your present special requirements, the proper sections for your individualized house are provided, complete as to the color, finish, texture and special features you have chosen. Then, on previously

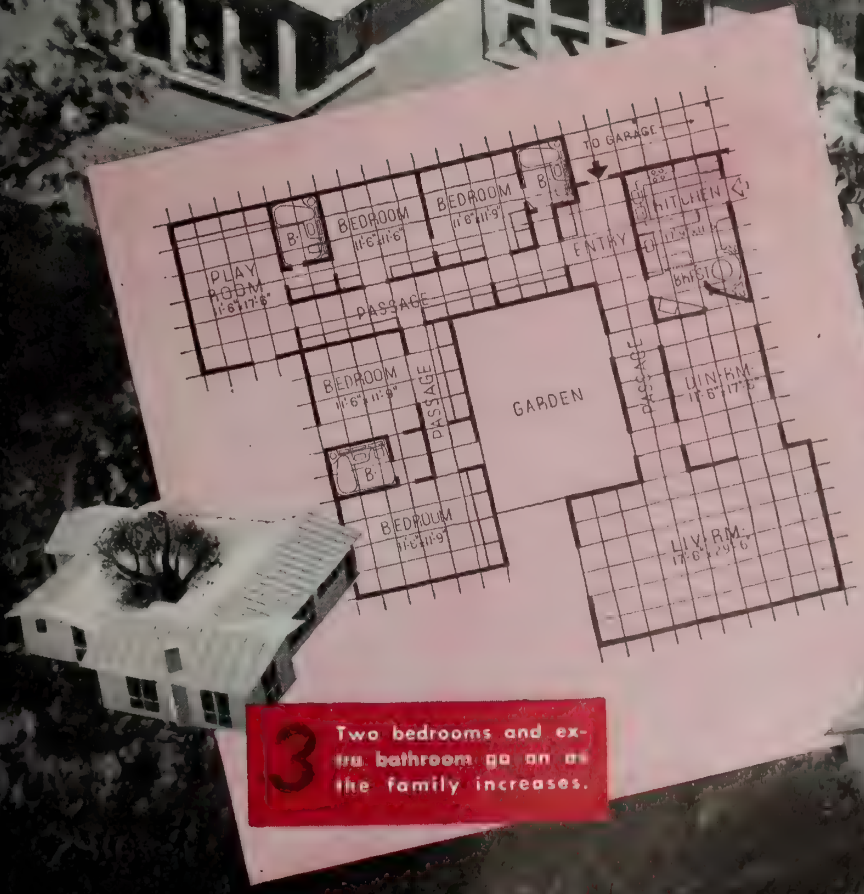


The JOURNAL architectural editor looks over the house model with Henry J. Kaiser, who says, "This house and this article represent the kind of thinking that ought to be done now, and at once, before it is too late. I am endorsing them with the hope that the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL will receive from the architects of the United States, or from any other individual, exactly what they are prepared to plan, furnish or use of the ideas expressed here. First, so that the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL can pass them on to its readers; and second, so that these ideas will come out of the dream stage into reality. For then when the moment arrives—and it may arrive suddenly—there will be immediately available to the public blueprints, pictures and descriptions of the things they can buy with which to make and equip that home they have heard so much about. This is the opportunity to replace imagination with practice, and I am glad that the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL is the first to see and write in detail of what can be accomplished. Because the postwar home, as here described, opens up a vast field of opportunities for hundreds of thousands of large and small industries and dealers throughout the country. Since the peak of war production in many things has passed, raw materials will be more available at some time in the near future. These things won't come at once; they will come gradually. But by getting ready for them now, the public, the industries and the dealers will be prepared for the unprecedented home building that will begin when the war is ended."

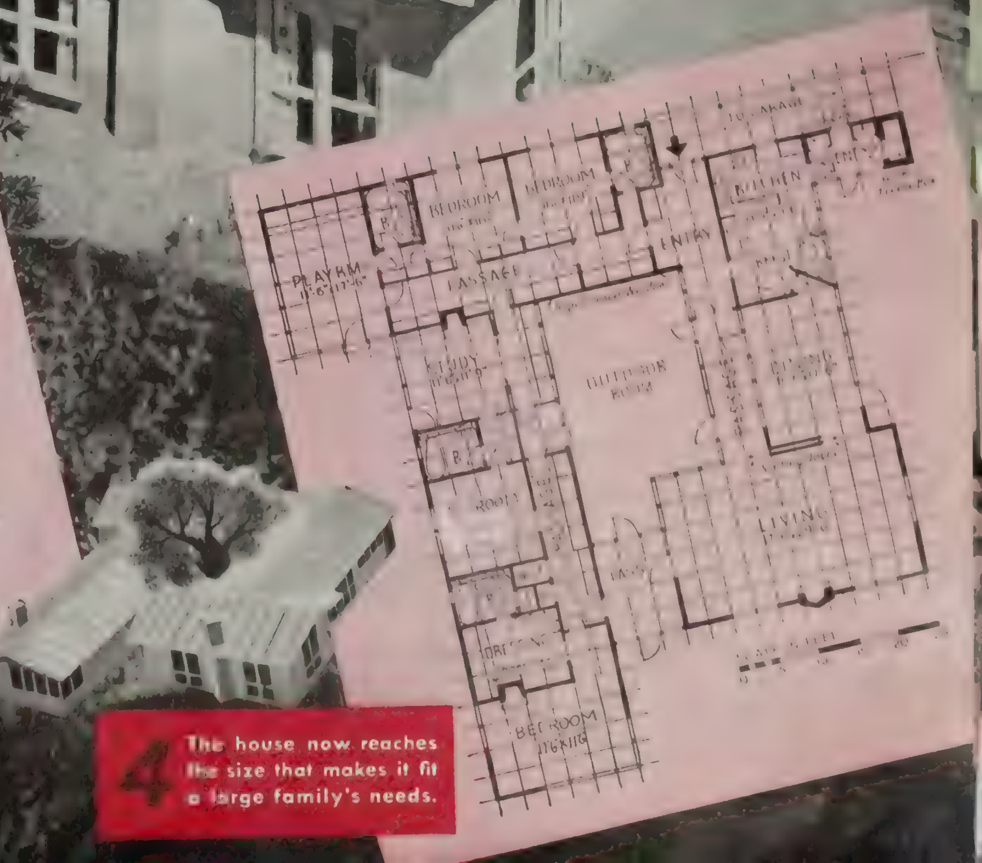
The somewhat larger model, below, of the house designed by the well-known architect, Gardner A. Dailey, was set up, along with the full-size interiors that were being photographed for the following pages, on the site of Airway Ranch, a postwar community in Carmel Valley, California. Near the landing field, already built, it is planned to put up many variations of this house as soon as peace makes it possible.



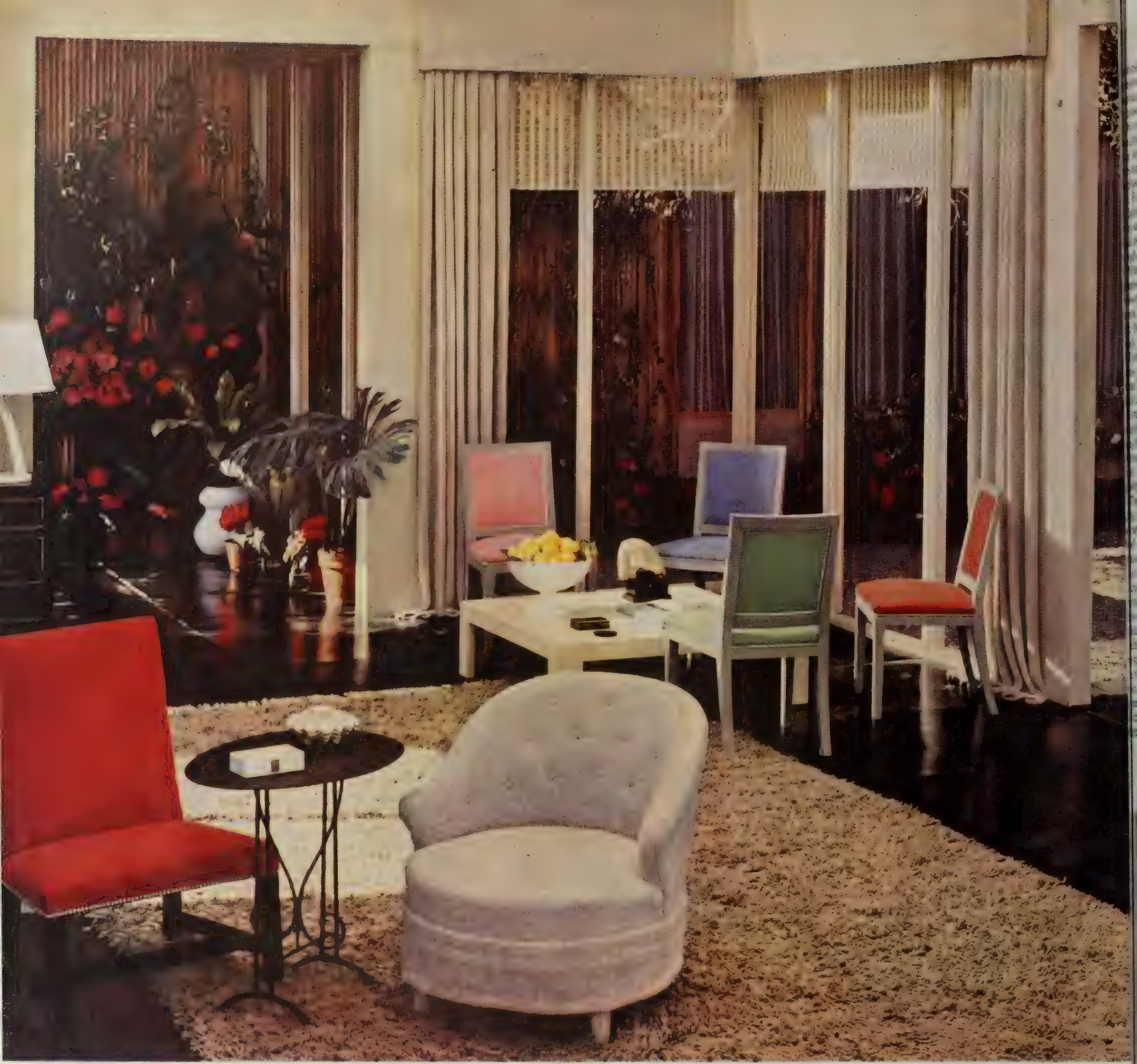
2 A living room is added with sectional units, making a dining room too.



3 Two bedrooms and extra bathroom go on as the family increases.



4 The house now reaches the size that makes it fit a large family's needs.



The living room, with its warm gray walls, hangings, rug and clear-colored coverings, embraces the open outdoor room through sheer glass panels; its simplicity and fine proportions made possible by the skillful preplanning of the sectional units of which it is built.

The interiors illustrated here have been decorated by Frances Elkins; the whole scheme conceived primarily for an attractive livability, which, like the scheme of the house itself, will be available to all. The subtly textured hangings, the chair coverings of pastel serge and the roll blinds woven of reed, plastics and paper, were made especially for these rooms by the famous textile designer, Dorothy Liebes.

prepared foundations, the sections are set in place, and the house goes up. And at any time, with the same simplicity, the size of the house can be increased, as has been illustrated here in the way the house could grow from a three-bedroom size in the $4000 field to one that would accommodate the living of a really sizable family. The possible variations in size and arrangement are, of course, far more numerous than indicated here.

The secret of the system which makes possible such flexibility and individuality is the use of standardized dimensions. All the sections, of whatever kind, have been given the very practical width of three feet. The size of every room is, therefore, based on some multiple of this three-foot dimension. All closets and cupboards, then, all built-in furniture for bedrooms, hallways, kitchens or whatever, when manufactured for these dimensions, will fit into place as snugly as a drawer in a table.

But of course the most important feature of this sectional system of building in standardized dimensions is the opportunity it gives to turn out the various house parts by means of mass production, and thus make possible a personalized home at a cost which conventional building, with all its complications of many-sized materials and diversified operations, simply doesn't permit. Things like piping and wiring for heating, water and lighting can be built right into the sections, and quickly connected as the sections are put into place. And knowing what mass production

ne for the fine low-cost car you drive and the excellent in-
sive clothes you wear, it should not take a terrific stretch of the
nation to grasp what it can do, both as to cost and quality, for
use in which you live.

e of the most impressive features of this house that you can
fter the war will be the new feeling of abundant brightness that
windows will provide. Placed where they will look out upon a
connected garden room, they will add enormously to the
usness of the interior, yet give complete protection from the
For windows can be made of double or triple thickness, with an
ting air space between the glass. With this type of window,
sash would not be necessary, nor would screens, as the windows
be fixed permanently in place, and fresh air would be admitted
gh ventilating louvres in just the quantity desired.

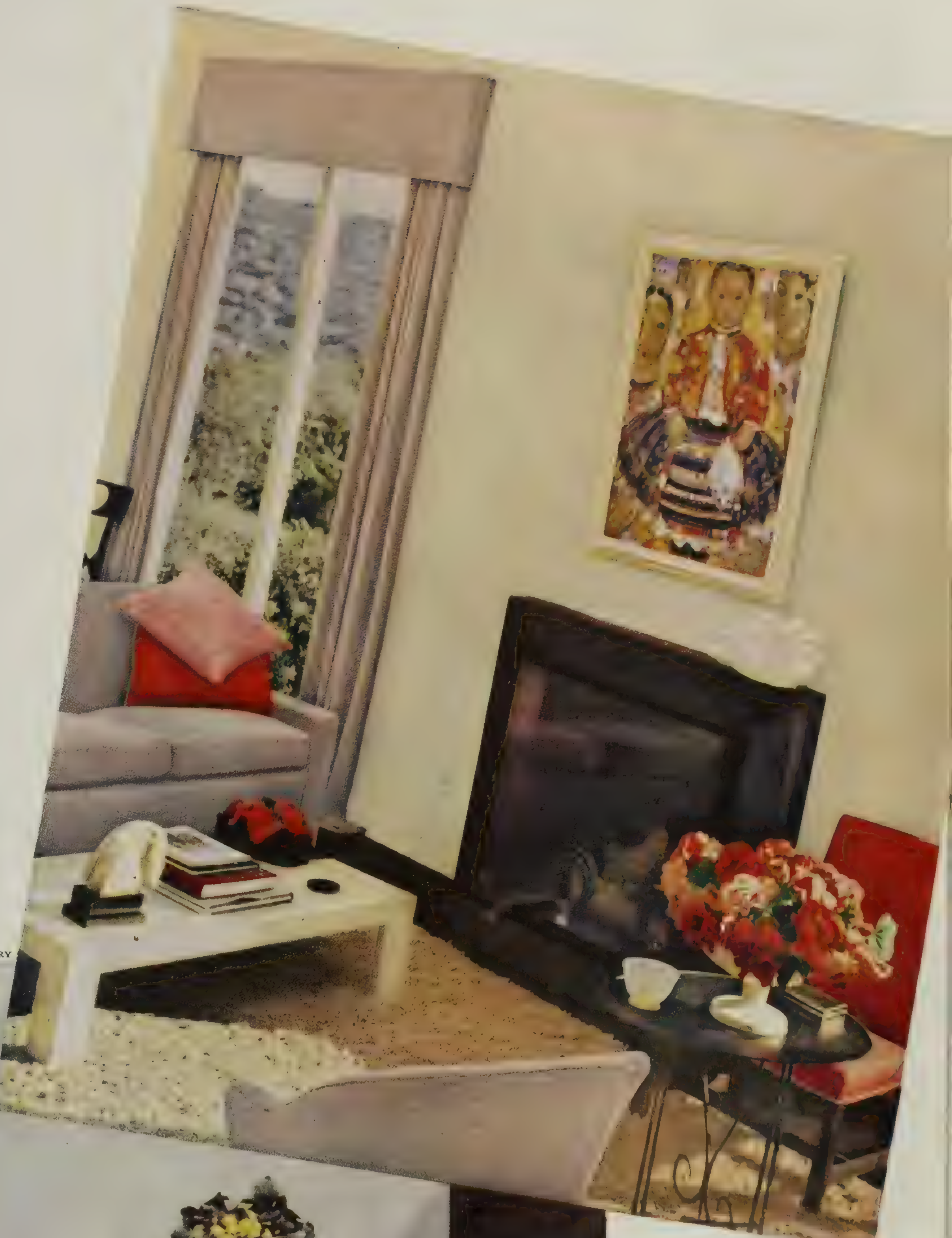
hat the effect of such windows would be is demonstrated in the
res on these two pages, where they make possible a real intimacy
en indoors and out—giving a new sensation of openness and
ss to the house of the future. They can be covered at will, either
the blinds of woven reed, plastics and paper or more com-
y with the full-length curtains.

here would be half-length and quarter-length windows for bed-
s, baths and kitchens, and for those sides of the house which face
r-by street or dwelling; all sizes coming, of course, in the sec-
l units, ready to fix in place. And with the far wider use of glass
transparent plastics which you may expect with the coming of
time building, there will be, as in this house, transparent parti-
, like the one shown here between the dining room and entrance
ay, as well as transparent roof sections, which will make possible
y placed patches of sunlight, coming into the rooms from above
ever desired.

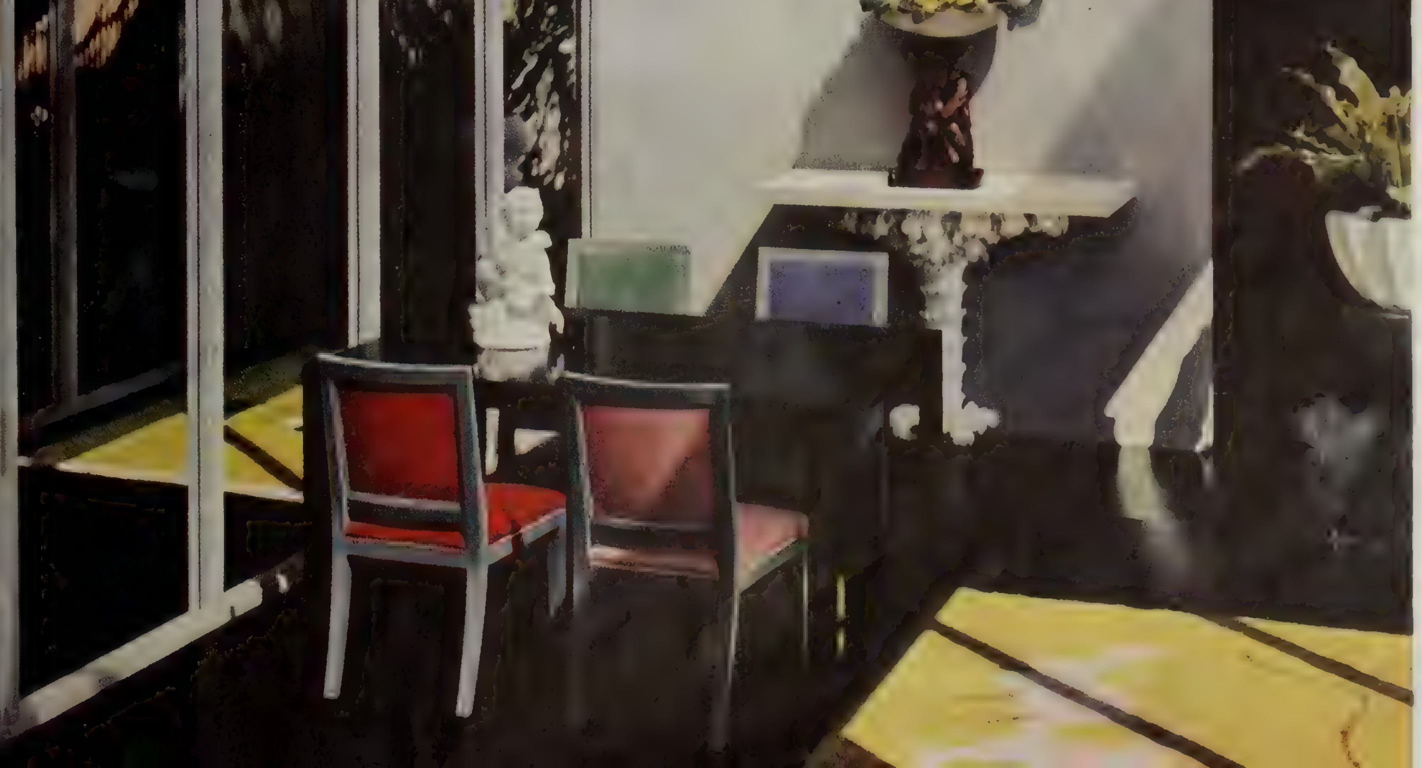
he floors, like the walls and windows, will be made of sectional
, with a wide choice of surfacing—hardwood, linoleum or one of
ew compositions. Over a subflooring of concrete slab, moisture-
f and termiteproof, on which the house is erected, these floor-
ace sections will be laid, with an insulating air space beneath.
the other sectional units of which the house is built, they will be
niform width, corresponding to all the other sectional units, so
they will fit to perfection and without the slightest waste. Some
-surface sections would be square, like the ones in the rooms
h were set up to show what this house would be like in ac-
ity; others will be of longer standard lengths to fit exactly into
standardized dimensions of the house, whatever its size. And also
the sectional units which form the walls, ceilings, partitions, the
r, finish and material of the floor-surface sections can be a matter
ersonal choice from a wide though ready-made assortment.

n other words, the idea of standardization and mass-production
fabrication, as unsentimental and impersonal as it may sound, can

PHOTOS BY HENRY FLANNERY



The fireplace corner of the living room shows again how clear colors and sunlight can dramatically decorate the simplest interior; also shows the transparent fire screen in front of the prefabricated fireplace.



The dining room, flooded with sunlight from the side and above, and looking out through transparent panels to the garden, is, with its varicolored chairs and sheer black table, a triumph of beautiful simplicity.

The promise of the postwar house is not only more house for less money but more convenience and comfort than has ever been possible before.

provide just as much variety, and just as much opportunity for individual selection and for exercising individual taste, as the complicated, many-piece, cutting-to-fit method of building with which we are now familiar. And to come back to the fundamental reason behind it, by producing each part in vast quantities, and reducing enormously the number of parts that go into a house, it can lower the cost even as it improves the quality. But in order to make mass production possible, and with it the boon of lower building prices, there must, of course, be an adequate and understanding public demand—a fact to keep in mind as you contemplate the new-living possibilities of the postwar house.

The all-over illumination for the principal rooms of this house, which would be built of standardized mass-production parts, will come from a continuous lighting trough around the edge of the ceiling. This trough would be an integral feature of each wall section, built in at the factory, and would be ready to operate as soon as the wall and ceiling sections are set in place and the fluorescent tubing connected. This lighting would be controlled in each room by a special switch that would give any degree of illumination desired, from bare dimness to complete brilliance. For the localized lighting of individual lamps there would be connections built into the already-wired wall sections. With lighting so simply provided and so precisely controlled, to take care of any degree of darkness during cloudy days, during twilight and night, the eyestrain that inflexible lighting methods now produce can be eradicated. In this house which we can have when peace and mass production make it possible, this completely adjustable lighting at night will do for the eyesight what the fine expanse of windows will do for it in daytime by at last letting the indoors get its share of sunlight. And in addition, proper lightness, both natural and artificial, will give a pleasurable and attractive quality to the inside of the house which we have never known before.

As for the heating of this house, it can be said that developments are in progress which will provide a system, or systems, of such efficiency that the heating plant itself, even for a house in a rigorous climate, will be amazingly compact and automatic. Those systems which will provide heat from the walls, floor or ceiling will do so, of course, with no visible sign of heating devices in the rooms, and the means of conducting the heat, whether by cable, tube or piping, will be concealed in the sectional units and will have been built in at the factory, ready to connect as they are put in place. If the heating and cooling are done by air, then wall sections will be used which contain the proper built-in ducts and openings. That is, you will not only be able to get the special sections which will make the kind of *looking* house you want but the kind of *working* house as well. (Remembering always, that to know that these things are possible creates public demand; that public demand creates mass production, and mass production makes for lower prices.)

Anyway, realizing that heating is one of the most important features of the house, it can be said further that heating will be so flexible that the temperature of each room can be individually controlled, and in certain systems the humidity as well; that in certain other systems the same plant which provides heat in winter will provide coolness in summer—for the small and inexpensive house as well as for the costly. With greater efficiency, with the ever-wider availability of cheap electric current, with the more abundant conductive metals which the war has produced, and with all the mechanical skill now at work upon the problem, the heating of the house in the approaching peacetime will completely lose its present problems of trouble and expense. This is the promise that modern science has made, and its fulfillment is mostly up to you.

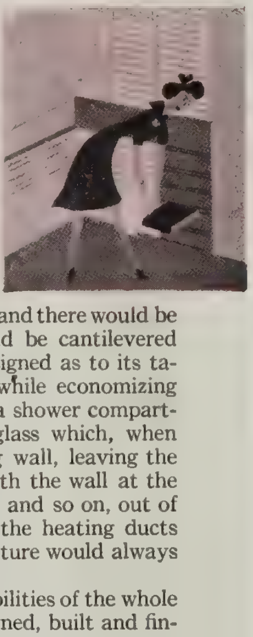
When it comes to bathrooms and kitchens, we have for long been aware that these are by all odds the most modernly equipped parts of the house, past and present; which will make the peacetime betterments seem even more impressive. In this particular kitchen we have tried especially to show the possible improvements in planning and design, rather than to indicate in detail the many mechanical innovations that you can be prepared to expect. They begin as you enter the kitchen from the dining or living room. For the entrance is through a door that opens from an angled wall, making not only the door invisible from the dining room but the kitchen itself, though the two rooms are directly connected. This angled wall, which explains itself on the floor plans, and part of which can be seen in the photograph of the dining room, helps to form the eating corner in the kitchen, with its circular table and built-in seat.

As the ideal kitchen is one in which the work can be done easily and pleasantly, and at the same time one in which a certain amount of family life must be lived, this kitchen is a room composed of two mingling areas, partly separated by a cupboard with a pass-through counter. One area is devoted entirely to the preparation and storage of food, the other to the handling of all the dining implements. The latter space, containing the circular table and seat in one corner, makes it possible to combine kitchen work and child care without confusion, providing as well an attractive place for informal dining. All the things which have to do with the dining room are handled and stored in this part of the kitchen, where they will be most accessible, making it a kind of combination dinette and pantry, yet really a part of the kitchen proper. The section devoted to food preparation, at the farther end, leads out past commodious cold-storage lockers into a utility room where the laundry equipment is located.

One of the principal features of the kitchen is the system of cupboards with their flexible tambour doors which slide up on the upper cupboards and down on the lower ones. Tambour doors also slide across the pass-through counter and across the auxiliary sink of the pantry-dinette section to make this part of the kitchen all the more attractive for special occasions. These sliding tambour doors will be made of plastic material, either transparent or not, as desired; but they will never stand open into the room to make a head-bumping or knee-knocking hazard or to interfere, as swinging doors do now, with the easy working of the kitchen. Such things as the slide-out step in each drawer stack to make high reaching easy, and revolving shelves in the corner cupboards to make articles there more accessible, will all be built-in features of these prebuilt cabinets which would, of course, be mass-produced in the standardized dimensions that would make them fit exactly into this kitchen with its sectional-unit walls and floor.

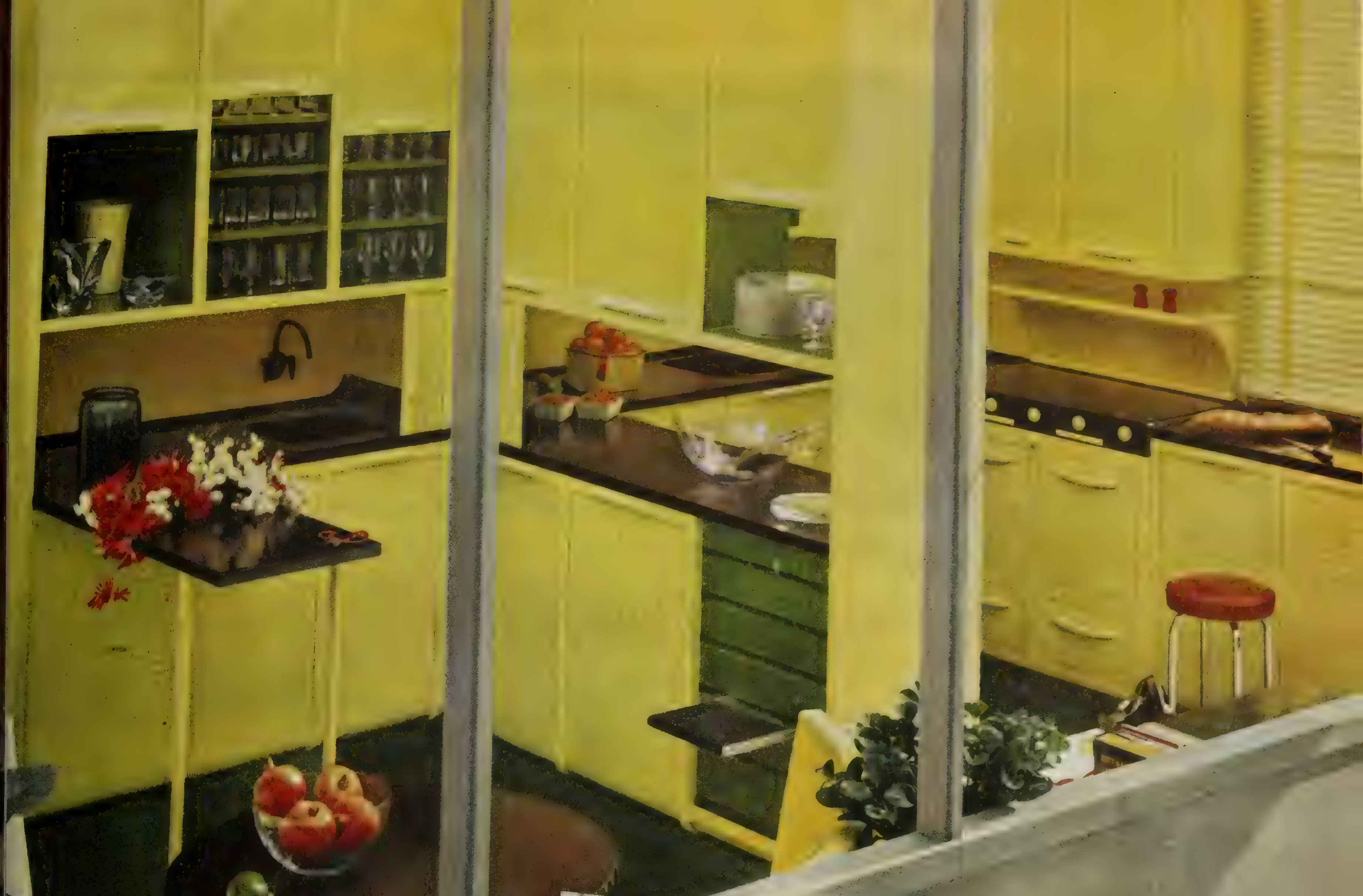
But while the kitchen would be a room made up of prefabricated parts—cupboards, cooking apparatus, refrigerating cabinets, and so on, all so standardized as to size and shape that they will fit with perfection into place, into spaces exactly determined by the sectional-unit system—the bathroom, being functionally simpler and smaller, could be either a completely prefabricated unit or made up of sectional units with the various fixtures attached. It would arrive as a unit, or units, ready to be set into its predetermined space, and to fit with mechanical precision.

The only connections necessary to make with the house would be for the lighting, the water, the heat and the drainage. Otherwise, the bathroom would come ready to be put into use. Thus for the eighteen operations necessary to install the bathroom of today, we will have at the most only four different servicemen to make the whole installation.



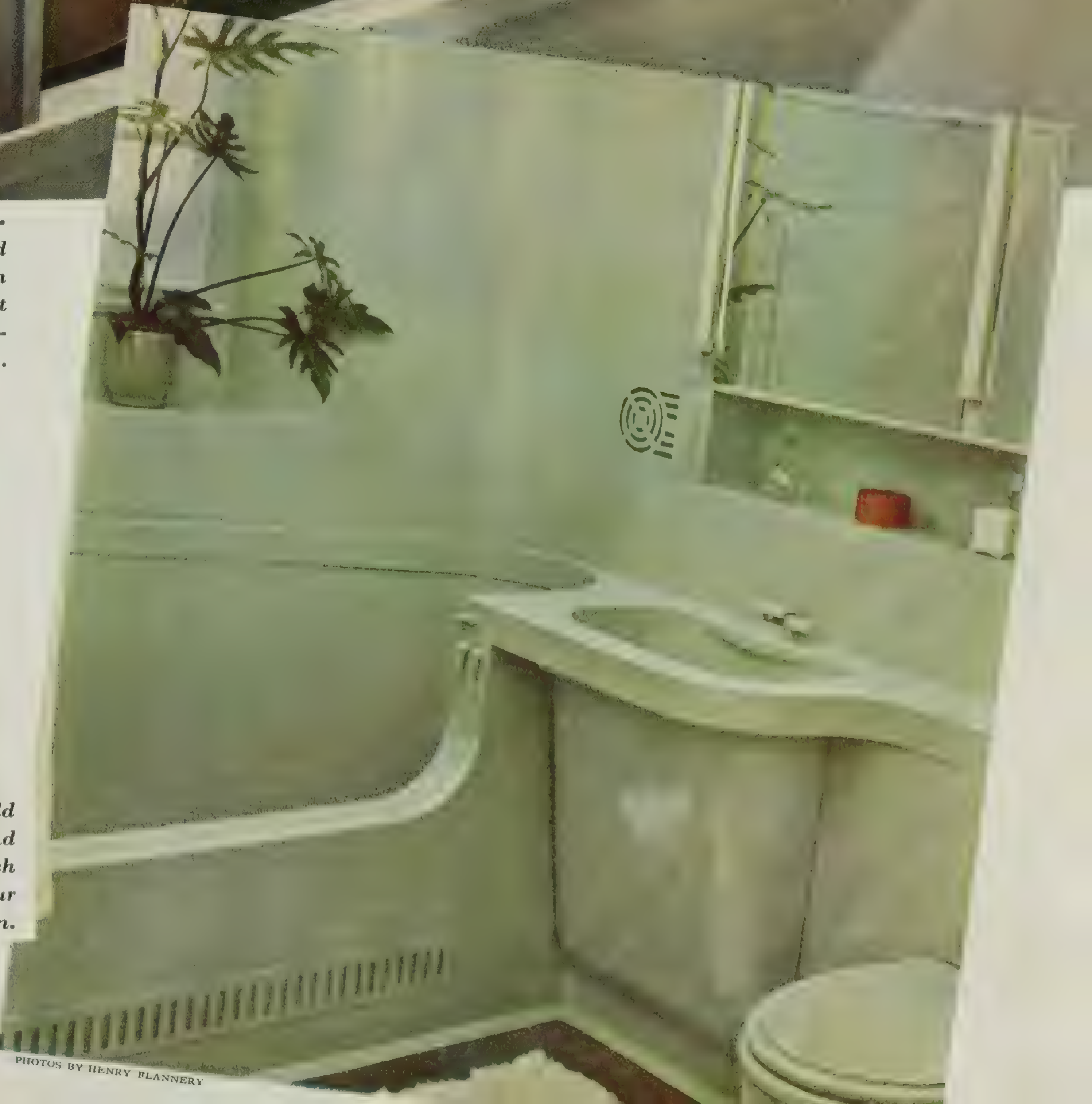
Not only would this bathroom arrive ready-built, as a unit or units, in sizes and colors you have selected but it would contain all the regular and special equipment you require, ready-installed: scales, radio, commodious flush wall cabinets for towels and accessories, and a self-contained laundry hamper below the washbasin. All corners would be rounded to simplify cleaning, and there would be no legs or pedestals to the floor, as the fixtures would be cantilevered from the wall. The combination shower-tub is so designed as to its tapering shape that it would provide extra roominess while economizing on over-all space. Its wide end is semicircular and has a shower compartment formed by a revolving rigid sheet of flexible glass which, when not in use, would slide snugly back against the curving wall, leaving the tub completely free. A disappearing container, flush with the wall at the side of the tub, would keep soaps, brushes, bath salts, and so on, out of sight and dry. And the tub would never be cold, for the heating ducts would pass beneath it, so insulated that the tub temperature would always be right.

The bathroom, in short, typifies the ready-built possibilities of the whole house, composed of all its ready-built parts, all predesigned, built and finished to be delivered and put together with precision and dispatch, and at mass-production cost. Some time must still elapse, of course, before the war is won and war production can give way to peace production; but in the meanwhile, your realization of what the possibilities are, and how they can be created, will be the best guaranty that you can have them reasonably soon after that miraculous moment comes.



ing into the kitchen through its wide clear-glass win-
s, you not only feel the importance of sunlight and
r, but can imagine the ease and pleasure with which
two-purpose room can be used for duties that might
rwise be drudgery. All to be made up of prebuilt, sec-
al units—walls, windows, cabinets, operating fixtures.

bathroom, completely prebuilt and equipped, would
e ready to be fitted into its preplanned space and
fully connected within an hour. The color and finish
have chosen for it will be as permanent as that of your
, and of course more easily kept in perfect condition.



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Skin irritations can often be avoided by bathing baby properly.

Care of Baby's Skin

BY DR. HERMAN N. BUNDESEN

President, Chicago Board of Health

MORE babies are being born today than at any time during prewar days. And because, in this war-torn world, doctors are now spread very thinly, mothers must assume greater responsibilities and be even more vigilant, more watchful over their babies than in happier days when the services of a physician were always at hand.

The foregoing situation has caused me to emphasize in this column, in recent months, those problems of baby care that seem especially important to the mother who must be self-reliant in a greater degree than heretofore. Therefore, this month we consider another problem—baby's skin.

One of the awe-inspiring facts about the great mystery of life is that the newborn are protected against diseases that, a few months later in life, can attack with deadly virulence. Nature gives the tiny, helpless infant protection against diphtheria, smallpox and other equally dangerous diseases.

The six-month-old baby can withstand infections and irritation to the skin that the newborn cannot resist. However, there are many doctors who believe that Nature does protect the skin of the newborn. The baby is born with a natural covering over the skin, and these doctors believe that it should not be washed or oiled during the first week of life. They claim that when this procedure is followed, several of the most serious skin infections common to infants are prevented. The protective covering seems to disappear within seventy-two hours after birth, and the baby's skin appears pink and fresh, as if he had been washed.

When mother bathes the baby it is important that she know that, during the first month, baby's skin is particularly sensitive. She should not rub the little one's skin vigorously. She should be gentle, patting the skin dry with a soft cloth. When the diaper is changed, it may be wise to sponge the buttocks with an alkaline solution made by adding a teaspoonful of salt and a teaspoonful of baking soda to a pint of water. Many doctors recommend a special kind of dusting powder; others use oil.

When the baby is several weeks old, daily bathing with a mild soap and warm water is recommended. The mother should remember to pat the skin dry and not to rub it vigorously. As a general rule, a sponge bath is given the baby until the navel is dry and healed. This usually occurs when the baby is about two or three weeks old.

It is a good idea to bathe the baby at about the same time each day. When giving the bath, all the things needed should be near at hand, and can best be kept on a tray. Before bathing the baby, the mother should be sure that her fingernails are cut short and cleaned, and her hands washed and dried. The bathtub or basin should then be cleaned and rinsed with hot water. Warm water is put into the tub to a depth of about four to six inches. The mother can make sure that the temperature of the water is about right by testing it with her elbow.

The baby can be given a sponge bath either by laying him on a table or on the mother's lap. When giving a tub bath, the tub or basin may be placed on a table or on one or two chairs, depending on size of tub.

If there is no crust or discharge present in the baby's eyes, they will need no special care unless directed by the doctor.

The nostrils can be cleaned with a small piece of cotton rolled between the palms of the hand. The cotton is gently turned in the nostril, using a fresh piece for each nostril. Oil should not be used in the nostril.

The baby's face is washed with a washcloth and clear water, and patted dry. Then

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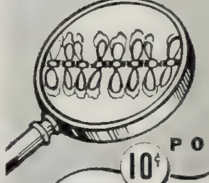
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the hair and scalp are soaped, rinsed and dried.

It is not necessary to clean out the baby's mouth unless this is ordered by the doctor.

The ears can be washed with a soft cloth, wrung out of clear water. Do not try to clean inside the ears with a hard object such as a hairpin or even a cotton-tipped toothpick. This may injure the eardrum.

The chest, back, arms and hands may be soaped with a washcloth or with the mother's hand, rinsed with a washcloth and water, and patted dry with a soft towel.

Just after birth, the baby's scalp is usually covered with some ointment. Then the scalp is washed with soap and water the next day. Thereafter, the baby's hair is combed and brushed daily. This procedure may help to prevent a scalp condition, common to babies, known as cradle cap. When this condition develops, the doctor will suggest an ointment to soften the crust which forms. After softening, washing with soap and water, followed by combing, will gradually remove the crust.

Infantile eczema is one of the most troublesome skin disorders of young children. A physician should study a baby with this disorder. It may be caused by sensitiveness to some food or pollen, or to a drug or other substance. In other words, eczema is an allergy disorder. The doctor can make tests to determine what substances are responsible for the allergy. By elimination of certain foods and providing satisfactory substitutes, much of the common eczema can be treated successfully.

In closing, let me urge mother to use her doctor's time sparingly. Others need him too. Get the information you desire from him. Be sure you understand his instructions clearly, then follow them faithfully.

TAPS FOR PRIVATE TUSSIE

(Continued from Page 20)

my boy. I didn't want to bury some other mother's son and think he was my own."

We reached the schoolhouse and walked inside.

"Poor Kim, he's out there in that coalhouse," Aunt Vittie wailed. "I don't know whether it's Kim or not, either!"

"Don't take it so hard, Vittie," Grandma said, pattin Aunt Vittie on the back. "We must be able to bear up under the things that the Lord sends down on us."

Grandma was sittin beside Aunt Vittie. The hair on Grandma's head was white as Grandpa's beard, only it wasn't stained with terbacker juice. It was clean and white as sheep wool hangin to a cluster of sawbriers where many April rains have washed it clean.

"It's Kim all right," Uncle Mott said.

"How do you know it's Kim?" Vittie asked.

"He's got the gold tooth in front and the finger off," Mott told her.

"I want to see 'im!"

"But you mustn't see 'im," Uncle Mott said. "I warn you, Vittie, not to look at Kim! It's Kim all right—that's all you want to know."

"For two years I aint seen 'im," she wailed. "Kill 'im in a war and send his bones back to me."

"But that's war, Vittie," Grandpa said. "You are lucky if you get Kim's bones back to the mountains! They had a fur piece to bring 'em!"

Everybody in the schoolhouse got quiet when Brother Baggs McMeans got up with a Bible in his hand.

"I aint a-takin long for this sermon," Brother McMeans told us. "I know that Kim Tussie was a fightin man. I know that he was a good soldier. The Lord will forgive Kim fer every man he's kilt. Don't ye doubt it! If we all live right, folks, we'll meet Kim in the starry skies one of these days. We'll walk with 'im on the streets of gold!"

The few old women and Aunt Vittie who had been sheddin tears didn't shed any more tears after Brother Baggs said these words. But I wondered if Uncle Kim would be happy walkin on streets of gold in the starry skies. I remembered Uncle Kim, how he used to come home drunk and break the dishes and winders, and run Aunt Vittie off. She'd come to Grandma's a-cryin. I remember how Uncle Kim used to fight and hunt and drink. I didn't think that heaven with golden streets would suit Uncle Kim.

I sat thinkin about these things while everybody was a-singin We'll Meet You in the Mornin Over There. Soon as the singin was over, we followed Brother Baggs out of the schoolhouse. Grandpa was the last one out, for he had a big auger hole bored through the schoolhouse door and one through the wall. He had a chain through these holes and a big padlock on the chain. He had it locked so the Law couldn't come and throw our furniture out while we were gone.

"B-gad, that'll hold 'em out till we git back," Grandpa said. "They can't get the house plunder out while we're gone to plant Kim on that lonesome mountain."

Six of Uncle Kim's first cousins went inside the coalhouse. There was Sid Tussie, whose big-muscled arms swelled his shirtsleeves tight enough to split them when he contracted his arms; there was Enic Tussie, with big arms and a small red face; Bert Tussie, who could kill a beef with his fist but who never had done a day's work in his life; Mort Tussie; Sebie Tussie; and Mule Tussie, who could pull a plow through new ground beside a mule.

"Take it easy, boys," Sid said as they came through the coalhouse door, with the coffin upon their shoulders. The coffin was covered with a flag.

"Oh, my Kim," Aunt Vittie screamed.

"Now, don't worry, honey," Grandma said as she walked beside Aunt Vittie, with one hand a-hold of her arm.

The great procession of us followed the six men carryin the coffin up the hill. The heat came down hot enough to burn our backs through our shirts as we climbed the mountain path. I wondered what it would be to carry a load up this mountain when it was all I could do to walk up it.

Before we had gone far, Brother Baggs turned around and said, "Brothers and sisters, let us sing Beulah Land!"

If you don't think it's hard to climb a mountain and sing, you try it one of these days. Brother Baggs led the procession, singin with his heavy voice like low thunder that rumbles over the mountain skies before a rain. We marched toward the mountain top with Uncle Kim on the shoulders of his cousins, with Beulah Land on our lips—the great procession of Tussies a-goin to bury one of our dead.

All of a sudden the singin stopped and the Tussie men took the big black coffin from their shoulders. They sat it on the ground by a mound of fresh dirt. Five Tussie men stood with shovels and coal picks in their hands.

(Continued on Page 63)

John Steinbeck at War

THE distinguished author has turned war correspondent. In England and Africa and Italy he has been illuminating the war scene with flashes bright as cordite. All the inner-feeling things about war your own soldier boy never mentions are here. Look for a condensation of John Steinbeck's thrilling war reports

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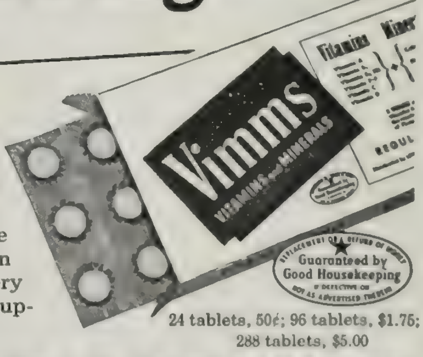
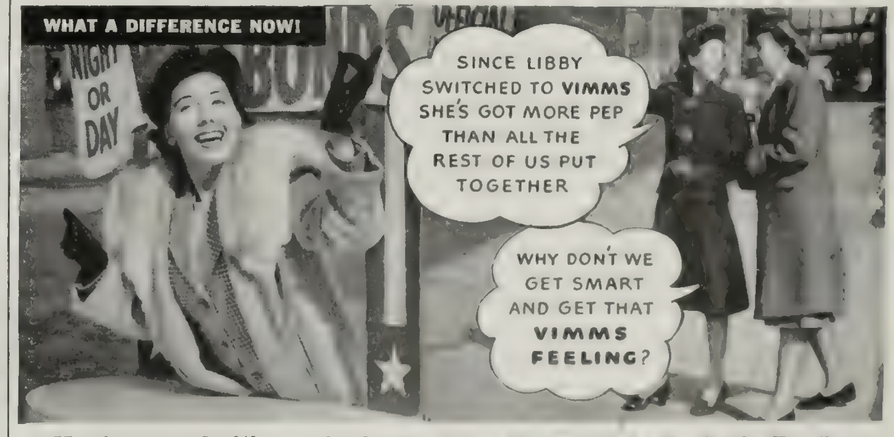
food shortages



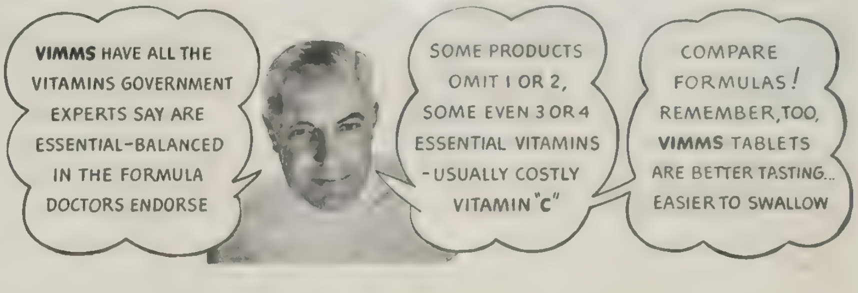
Many people who are "taking vitamins" are not getting the very ones they need most. For vitamin products vary greatly. Some leave out "A and D," some the essential B-Complex vitamins. And *nearly all* omit costly "C". If you're not up to par because your diet is low in vitamins—get Vimms. Vimms have every single vitamin and mineral needed to supplement the average diet.

24 tablets, 50¢; 96 tablets, $1.75; 288 tablets, $5.00


WHAT A DIFFERENCE NOW!
SINCE LIBBY SWITCHED TO VIMMS SHE'S GOT MORE PEP THAN ALL THE REST OF US PUT TOGETHER
WHY DON'T WE GET SMART AND GET THAT VIMMS FEELING?
NIGHT OR DAY

Here's a wonderful rule for buying a vitamin product: Take a minute, see what's in it! Compare the labels. Be sure you get the right vitamins: A, B_1, B_2, C, D, P-P (Niacin). And the right minerals—Calcium, Phosphorus, Iron. Vimms give you *all* of them for less than a nickel a day in the Family Size. Get Vimms from your druggist, the qualified vitamin dealer. Write for a free sample to Lever Brothers Company, Dept. *J-6*, Pharmaceutical Div., Cambridge, Mass. (Offer good in U.S.A. only.)

Here's why YOU should choose Vimms over all other products


VIMMS HAVE ALL THE VITAMINS GOVERNMENT EXPERTS SAY ARE ESSENTIAL-BALANCED IN THE FORMULA DOCTORS ENDORSE
SOME PRODUCTS OMIT 1 OR 2, SOME EVEN 3 OR 4 ESSENTIAL VITAMINS -USUALLY COSTLY VITAMIN "C"
COMPARE FORMULAS! REMEMBER, TOO, VIMMS TABLETS ARE BETTER TASTING... EASIER TO SWALLOW

Frigidaire repeats its wartime suggestions on HOW TO KEEP MEAT

IN these days of smaller civilian supplies, *save* all of meat's goodness, and *use* all of it, too!

Here are helpful hints based on Frigidaire's 25 years' experience in the food-keeping field. All of these meat-keeping facts have been checked and verified by other eminent authorities. Keep them handy!

54 Suggestions for Leftovers

USE IN	BEEF	LAMB	HAM	VEAL	PORK	POULTRY	FISH
Hash	X	X	X			X	
Meat Pie	X	X		X	X	X	
Sliced	X	X	X		X	X	
Soup	X		X			X	
Stuffed Pepper	X		X		X		
Stew	X	X		X		X	
Chili	X						
Croquettes	X	X	X	X		X	X
Creamed		X	X	X		X	X
Meat Loaf	X		X	X	X		
Scalloped	X	X	X			X	X
Sandwich Filling	X	X	X			X	X
Salads			X	X		X	X

General Rules of Meat-Keeping

After purchase, remove meat from market paper. Don't wash or wipe with a damp cloth! Don't cut or chop it until just before using. If your refrigerator has a covered meat compartment, the meat can be stored without wrapping. Otherwise, wrap lightly in waxed paper, leave ends open for free air circulation, and store in defrosting tray or as near freezing unit as possible.

How to Freeze Meats

Wrap well in waxed paper and place in ice tray. (Separate individual portions with waxed paper to prevent freezing together.) To freeze quickly, place tray on bottom shelf of freezer and turn control to fastest freezing point. For continued storage after freezing, reset control to a colder than normal position. Never refreeze meat after thawing. Frozen meat may be thawed before cooking, or cooked directly from the frozen state, but when this is done, more time must be allowed for cooking.

STEAKS, CHOPS AND ROASTS may be kept up to three days in meat tray or loosely wrapped just below freezer. If you buy for later use, wrap and freeze. See how on this page.

FROZEN MEATS will keep for long periods in the freezing unit. After thawing, frozen meat should be cooked as soon as possible. Caution: Never refreeze meat after it has thawed.

POULTRY, unlike meat, should be cleaned and washed *before* refrigeration. Whole birds keep better than disjointed birds. Cut up birds just before using. Freeze chicken like meats.

LEFTOVER COOKED MEATS should be stored in a covered dish to prevent drying. Generally, leftover meat should not be cut or ground until just before using.

GROUND MEAT should be cooked within 24 hours after purchase or frozen when you get home. For convenience, separate ground meats into individual portions before freezing.

FISH should be cooked within 24 hours after purchase. If it is to be kept longer, freeze it immediately. To freeze fish and meats at home, follow directions given in the first column at left.

Free! Get WARTIME SUGGESTIONS from your Frigidaire Dealer

36 pages of helpful, practical ideas like those on this page. Look for your dealer's Frigidaire store sign, or find name in your classified directory under REFRIGERATORS. Or write Frigidaire, 412 Taylor Street, Dayton 1, Ohio.

For Excellence
ARMY E NAVY
in War Production

FRIGIDAIRE
Division of
GENERAL MOTORS

Peacetime builders of Electric Refrigerators,
Ranges, Water Heaters, Home Freezers,
Commercial Refrigeration, and Air Conditioners

Food Fights for Freedom!

Store foods properly as soon as you get them home. *Prepare* foods carefully. Cook and serve no more than is needed. *Use* all of your leftovers. Throw nothing away!

(Continued from Page 61)

They had come early that mornin while it was cool to dig the grave.

"Oh, my Kim," Aunt Vittie screamed as she fell on her knees with her face down on the coffin lid. "I love you, Kim! I couldn't help it. I love you! Kim! Kim!"

"We'd better get 'im buried, Brother Baggs," Grandpa whispered. "Vittie'll take on until she makes herself sick!"

I'd never noticed before that Aunt Vittie was so pretty. Her blue tear-stained eyes looked soft, her long hair was the color of the broom sedge that had ripened high on the mountain. It touched me to hear her weep; maybe that was why I thought she was so pretty.

"All right now, honey," Grandma said, a-pattin Aunt Vittie on the shoulder, "you're a-takin it too hard! Come, Mott, hep me lift her up."

Grandma and Uncle Mott lifted Aunt Vittie up while Fiddis and Add Tussie brought two pairs of leather check lines and slipped them under the coffin. They lowered Uncle Kim down into the mountain earth. Then Brother Baggs crumbled a clod of clay into the grave and said, "Ashes to ashes and dust to dust." Grandma and Uncle Mott had to lead Aunt Vittie away while the men started shovelin the lumpy clay over Uncle Kim.

Now the great procession of people moved down the mountain faster than they had climbed it. I wondered how Aunt Vittie could love Uncle Kim the way she did after the way he used to run her outten her own house. But she did love him; they were real tears that she had shed.

Before we had reached the schoolhouse at the foot of the mountain, I noticed that Uncle Mott walked real close to Aunt Vittie, with his right hand a-hold of her right hand and his left arm around her back. That was because she had climbed the mountain and had wept a lot and was tired. Grandma walked on the other side of Aunt Vittie. I walked beside Grandpa. Many sang songs as we walked down the mountain.

A man hurried to a quick-lunch counter and called to the waiter: "Give me a ham sandwich."

"Yes, sir," said the waiter. "Will you eat it here or take it with you?"

"Both," said the man.

—RODGERS' GRINAGRAMS.
(Vestal Printing Co.)

"I see 'em," Grandpa said to Grandma. "It's a good thing I padlocked the house!"

I looked down at the schoolhouse, where I saw four men a-waitin for us.

"We're a-goin to haf to get out of that schoolhouse, Press," Grandma said. "School begins next week."

When we reached the schoolyard there was a lot of hand-shakin among the Tussies before they parted. I saw Tussies a-shakin hands that wouldn't speak to each other before Uncle Kim's death. I wondered what Uncle Kim's gettin killed had to do with it. They had never liked Uncle Kim. Why would they come now and be so friendly?

"You remember me, don't you, Press Tussie?" a big man with a pistol in his hip holster said to Grandpa.

"Yep, I remember you, Sheriff Whiteapple," Grandpa said. "I ought to remember you. I hepped elect you!"

"But you didn't heed me," Sheriff Whiteapple said. "That's why I brought my deputies along. Why aint you outten that schoolhouse?"

"I aint found a place to go."

"You'd better find a place and find one quick."

"Guess I could've found a place this week," Grandpa said, lookin the sheriff squarely in the eyes with his soft blue eyes, "but my son Kim has been shipped back here and we buried 'im today! He died for his country. How many boys did you have to die for our country?"

Sheriff Whiteapple didn't speak.

"I lost one in the last war," Grandpa said, "and I've lost one in this war!"

"Now, Mr. Tussie," Sheriff Whiteapple pleaded, "can't you clear outten this schoolhouse before next week? You've been a-promisin me that you'd clear out but you won't do it. I've lost confidence in you!"

"Atter tonight I'll know more about when I can get outten this schoolhouse. I've got a little business to talk over with my daughter-in-law."

"Business or no business, Press Tussie," Sheriff Whiteapple demanded, "we've got to have this schoolhouse! Superintendent Ott Rashburn said he wouldn't place an indictment against you for burnin the school's coal, if you'd only vacate. It will save you a fine if you'll go now."

"I don't dread the fine," Grandpa said, his lips partin his fine beard when he laughed. "You could fine me ten dollars or ten thousand dollars and it would be the same to me. I couldn't pay the fine; I'd be fed and clothed in jail. You tell Superintendent Ott Rashburn to do as he pleases."

"I'm a-goin to give you until Wednesday," Sheriff Whiteapple said. "If you aint out, I'm a-goin to throw your house plunder outten the schoolhouse. I've fooled with you long enough!" Sheriff Whiteapple walked away, his three deputies that hadn't spoken a word walked away with their high sheriff.

"He didn't want to arrest me," Grandpa said. "He didn't want to haf to feed me. He knows I didn't care. I'd about as soon eat jail grub as relief grub. One's about as good as the other!"

I'd seen people come and ask Grandpa to work; but he'd always tell them that he was down in his back. He'd tell them that he'd never be able to work. And Grandpa wouldn't work for anybody. Uncle Mott wouldn't work either. Uncle Mott was a good banjer picker, so everybody said when he played at the square dances. But everybody said he ought to be a good banjer picker since he hadn't done a day's work in his life. He was just too old, the reason the draft didn't get him.

But I guess it was all right that the draft didn't get him, since Grandpa needed help to carry our relief grub home. Uncle Mott didn't mind goin to town and carryin a sack load of relief grub home atter he'd traded the prunes for a couple of beers. I used to go along with Uncle Mott. By the time we got home Aunt Vittie, Grandpa and Grandma would be a-gettin a little hungry.

I remember the time we lived in the rock cliff. That's the first house I ever remember. It was in Eif McCallister's pasture field. Eif had let his cattle stand under this cliff until Grandpa took it over. Then Grandpa whipped the cattle out. Grandpa and Grandma carried some loose planks they'd found and set them up against the side of the cliff to keep the winter wind out. But it was good and warm back under the cliff. We lived there a long time. Eif McCallister hated to run Grandpa outten the cliff, though we knew he wanted it for his cattle.

"Better the cattle sleep out under the pines than people," Grandpa said.

So we stayed under the cliff for a long time. Then Grandpa rented a house and some land to farm. But Uncle Mott wouldn't plow. Grandpa said he was too old to use a hoe. Grandma said it wasn't a woman's place to do the farmin. So the weeds took the corn we planted and Mr. York made us leave. Then Grandpa went over the mountain where no one had heard of us. He rented another house. He told Mr. Snodgrass that he was a good farmer.

And while we lived there, Aunt Vittie came to stay with us. Uncle Kim was drafted into the Army. Aunt Vittie would work and I would work with her, but we couldn't do enough farmin to please Mr. Snodgrass. Uncle Mott and Grandpa laid in the shade.

"I don't haf to work," Grandpa said, "long as the Governmint feeds me. Why should I work?"

LI'L ABNER by AL CAPP
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
EFFEN THIS MEAT SHORTAGE DON'T END SOON—ALL US DOGPATCHERS IS ※SOB※ DOOMED!!
AH IS SO HONGRY—AH COULD ALMOST EAT MAH RASHUN BOOK!
HO-HUM—AH REFOOZES T'BE DEE-STURBED—BUT EF SOMEBODY HAN'S ME MAH BOW AN' ARRY—AH'LL SHOOT THET THERE DEER OUTSIDE TH' WINDER.
COPR. 1943, UNITED FEATURE SYNDICATE, INC.
ONLY A GEE-NEE-YUSS COULD HIT THET DEER FUM THET POSITION, LI'L ABNER!!
NATCHERLY!!
YO' DONE IT, LI'L ABNER!!
NATCHERLY! —AN' NOW, DAISY MAE—YO' JEST SLICE IT UP AN' FRY IT TILL IT'S JUICY, TENDER AN' TANTALIZIN'—
CLANK!
LAWN DEER MADE BY GIBRALTAR BRONZE WORKS.
AH CAINT EVEN DENT THIS @✲!9※ STEAK!!
IT D-DID COME OUT DISAPPOINTIN' ※SOB※ BUT FORTCHNUTLY WE HAS A GOOD SUPPLY OF CREAM OF WHEAT. SERVED WIF MILK, IT GIVES YO' MUCH TH' SAME KIND OF PROTEIN THAT MEAT DOES!
THET "ENRICHED 5 MINUTE" CREAM OF WHEAT SHO IS SMOOTH TASTIN'!!
THASS RIGHT, NEYBOR, AN' IT COOKS TO FULL DIGESTIBILITY—EVEN FOR BABIES—IN ONLY 5 MINUTES!
DELICIOUS—RICH IN FOOD ENERGY—EASY TO DIGEST
ENRICHED 5 MINUTE CREAM OF WHEAT
CREAM OF WHEAT
Enriched 5 MINUTE and REGULAR
CREAM OF WHEAT
The Great American Family Cereal

LOOK WHAT YOU GET
IN ONE ONE-OUNCE SERVING OF "ENRICHED 5 MINUTE" CREAM OF WHEAT ...IN ADDITION TO VALUABLE PROTEIN!

1 As much iron as in 4 eggs
2 As much calcium and phosphorus as in half a glass of milk
3 As much Vitamin B1 and Niacin as in an equal amount of whole wheat

NO OTHER CEREAL SUPPLIES SO MUCH OF THESE HEALTH BUILDERS FOR LESS THAN 1¢ A SERVING

"CREAM OF WHEAT" AND CHEF TRADEMARKS REG U S PAT OFF

Share and Share Alike. Save some for mother...she deserves an unrationed treat! She's been working on her ration-point budget... and she makes *it* work because she knows rationing means an equal share for all. So watch her smile when you pour her a sparkly delicious glass of cool Canada Dry Ginger Ale. There's pleasure to share and pleasure to spare in that breezy refreshment...it's invigorating!

Please don't blame your dealer for temporary shortages of Canada Dry Ginger Ale. Wartime restrictions limit the supply. Just keep asking for it. There's no substitute for "the Champagne of Ginger Ales."

FOOD FIGHTS for freedom

CANADA DRY "THE CHAMPAGNE OF GINGER ALES"

Sheriff Whiteapple came and set our house plunder out in the road. That's when we saw an empty schoolhouse and carried our house plunder to it. Grandpa said it was the best house he had ever lived in.

Soon as we'd had supper, I pulled off my overalls and crawled in bed in my shirttail. My bed was in the corner of the schoolhouse by the winder. I couldn't go to sleep, for I thought somethin was a-goin to happen. I saw Uncle Mott, Aunt Vittie, Grandpa and Grandma all sittin around the stove. Grandpa and Uncle Mott were chewin terbacker and spittin on the stove. And Grandma sat a-smokin her pipe.

"Now you stay right with us, honey," Grandpa said. "We'll take care of you just like you was our own daughter."

"Honey, you can't leave us now," Grandma said.

Uncle Mott said, "You and Pa talk like Vittie's a-goin to leave us. She's never had that kind of a thought. Have you, Vittie?"

"No, Mott, I aint," Aunt Vittie said.

"That's fine, honey," Grandma said. "Kim was our boy same as he was your husband. I know who felt the pangs of birth for 'im. That's why I feel that somethin's a-comin to us!"

"I know somethin's a-comin to you, Ma Tussie," Aunt Vittie said.

"But not if you marry agin," Grandpa said.

"Oh, don't say that to me, Pa Tussie," Aunt Vittie said. "You know that I'm not a-tryin to get married again after the way I loved Kim. I'm a-stayin right with you."

"Then it means we can rent a house and pay our rent," Grandpa said.

"And it means we don't haf to eat relief grub no longer," Uncle Mott said.

"And we can vote any ticket we want to," Grandpa said. "B-gad, I's allus a Republican until this relief thing come along. It looked like too good a thing to pass up. I didn't mind to cross over to the other side and to make my cross!"

"It means we'll get outten this schoolhouse," Grandma grunted. "Let old Whiteapple have the schoolhouse!"

Soon as Grandpa had swallowed his last sup of coffee, he pushed his seat back from the table. "We'd better be on our way to Greenwood," Grandpa said. "Want to get there while the mornin's cool."

"You'd better be on your way, Press," Grandma said with soft words.

I'D NEVER heard Grandma talk like this to Grandpa before. She had always fussed when he went to Greenwood on relief days. Grandpa had often come home stewed to the gills on rotgut whiskey; then he raised a fuss with Grandma or tried to fight Uncle Mott. Never but once did he try to bother me. I thought it was in fun until he pulled his terbacker knife from his pocket and made at me with the blade open. "You damned little woods colt," he yelled, "I'll cut your throat." I took to the bushes and waited for Grandpa to sober. I knew he'd be all right then; I went back to the rock cliff and he didn't even remember what he had said to me.

"Are you ready, Vittie?" Grandma asked.

"All but my hat." Aunt Vittie got up from the table and went after her hat.

Grandma gave Grandpa the sack; then she tiptoed and kissed his beardy mouth. I'd never seen Grandma do this before. I could tell she was as happy as a hen redbird in the spring.

Grandpa, Uncle Mott, Aunt Vittie and I started to Greenwood. From the schoolhouse it was seven miles.

"It's a fur piece to haf to walk after your grub," Grandpa said. "If a man votes for it, b-gad, they ought to deliver it to his door."

"You're right, Pap," Uncle Mott said.

"But it won't be this way long," Grandpa said. "We'll soon be livin like other people. You've got the papers, ain't ye, Vittie?"

"I sure have," Aunt Vittie said.

We passed the clean cornfields along the county road. I liked the smell of wilted corn; I liked to hear the wind rustle in the corn blades. And I thought that I would like to plow corn, to hoe corn, to raise it. It looked so pretty in tall straight rows with tassels a-noddin to one another. Every time we passed a cornfield, I whiffed the wind from it into my nostrils. I never liked the stare men gave us as we walked home a-past these cornfields with our sacks of relief grub on our backs. Men and boys looked at us with hard mean eyes. They never bothered about speakin to us. Many times I heard 'em a-cussin somethin; maybe it was their mules 'r their hoes. I didn't stop to listen, but hurried toward home.

It was nine o'clock when we reached Greenwood. "I'd better go to the post office first," Grandpa said. "Our checks are there."

WE WAITED while Grandpa went into the post office. He came out a-wavin a long envelope. Grandpa ripped the end from the envelope and pulled out his check.

"Get it cashed now," Uncle Mott said.

We went to the bank with Grandpa. I watched him hold the tip end of a pencil while the young banker wrote Grandpa's name. Then he had another man to sign as a witness. The banker shoved a ten-dollar bill and a one through the little winder. Grandpa gave Uncle Mott the one dollar and put the ten in his overall pocket.

Uncle Mott said, "I got some business to tend to down the street."

"Listen, son," Grandpa said, "we've got a lot of grub to tote home."

"I'll be able to hep," Uncle Mott said. "Don't worry about me."

We watched Uncle Mott go down the street, turn the corner.

"He's gone," Grandpa said. "Couldn't put off drinks on a day like this. I'd be ashamed of myself if I's Mott!"

We climbed the courthouse steps where there was a tall pole with a big flag on it. I looked up at the flag to watch the wind unfold its wrinkles. I watched it flutter in the wind—the broad red and white stripes and the blue corner filled with white stars. Honest, it was a pretty sight, but it hurt me to watch it—I thought about the big flag that we'd spread over Uncle Kim's fresh mound of dirt. The flag above this courthouse seemed so much alive, blowin in the wind, and the flag that covered Uncle Kim's grave would soon be splattered with rain, tugged at by the wind—it would be a dead flag. Uncle Kim had died for the flag and the flag would die over his grave.

"Come on, Sid," Grandpa yelled.

Grandpa and Aunt Vittie were on the top steps ready to go inside the courthouse. I hurried up the steps. We walked to the far end of the courthouse to the last door on our right.

"There's the lawyer to see about our papers," Grandpa said. "I hepped elect 'im."

Aunt Vittie walked in first; we followed.

"Lawyer Landgraves," Grandpa said to a young man sittin behind a smooth polished table. "I've brought my daughter-in-law to see you about some papers. We want to know how to go about gettin some money."

"You're Mr. Tussie, aren't you?"

"Yep, I'm him. And this is Vittie Tussie. She married my son Kim that was kilt over yander."

"Too bad he was killed," Lawyer Landgraves said softly.

I thought the reason Mr. Landgraves was so kind to Grandpa was that he was wantin the Tussie vote. It was the biggest vote in our county. Every man that ran for office came to see Grandpa, since he was the oldest livin Tussie and what he said among the majority of Tussies was law. If a Tussie wanted relief, Grandpa got it for him. If he didn't get it, that Tussie was mad at Grandpa. Relief had split the Tussie family miles apart. Our branch of the family was known as the Relief Tussies. Grandpa headed the Relief Tussies and Uncle George, on the other side of the county, was head of the Tussies. He still voted the way his people had voted before him.

(Continued on Page 66)

MEET THE MOST CRITICAL DEL MONTE CUSTOMER IN THE COUNTRY !

And if you did any home canning last summer, you'll be just as keen a judge of quality as she is. Every time you use any Del Monte Fruit or Vegetable, you'll know you're getting mighty fine value for your points.

Probably you've used Del Monte Foods for years without asking yourself why they are all so good, every season. Along with millions of women, you knew and trusted this label—and that was that!

But when *you* undertook to can fruit, you certainly found out that quality isn't so easy to come by. Pears, peaches and plums, for example—you couldn't treat them all alike. You had to prepare them differently—then cook each fruit by the clock for best texture and flavor.

And—the more you canned, the more expert you became!

It's exactly the same with Del Monte. We've had more than fifty years' experience, and it *shows.* For instance, take a good look at that jar of Del Monte Fruit Cocktail on your shelf. Did you ever see five more tempting fruits? Or, take Del Monte Whole Kernel Corn—grown from our own special strain, packed so the flavor stays sweet and natural.

Of course, you'll want Del Monte Foods—all your points will allow. We're doing our best to distribute fairly the percentage allowed civilians. So, whenever you shop, check up and make sure you don't miss out on the varieties your grocer may have.

ABOVE ALL—BE SURE YOU'RE NOT WASTING FOOD! CHECK YOURSELF AGAINST THESE 9 POINTS.

"Enough food is wasted annually in the home to feed the larger part of our armed forces at home and abroad." That's what the War Food Administration says. All this wasted food isn't left uneaten, of course. Some isn't bought right—some isn't stored or prepared right—some just isn't used up.

To be sure you're not wasting food, check below:

☐ Do you plan your buying ahead?
☐ Do you buy only what you need?
☐ Do you buy brands you know?
☐ Do you store foods correctly?
☐ Do you serve healthful meals?
☐ Do you prepare foods carefully?
☐ Do you "lick the platter clean"?
☐ Do you use up all leftovers?
☐ Do you turn in waste fats?

Save tin cans! The need is more urgent than ever before!

FULL VALUE FOR EVERY POINT

Del Monte Foods

**CANS OR GLASS—
Enjoy the ones
your grocer has!**

PRODUCE AND CONSERVE
SHARE AND PLAY SQUARE
FOOD
FIGHTS
for freedom

BURLINGAME
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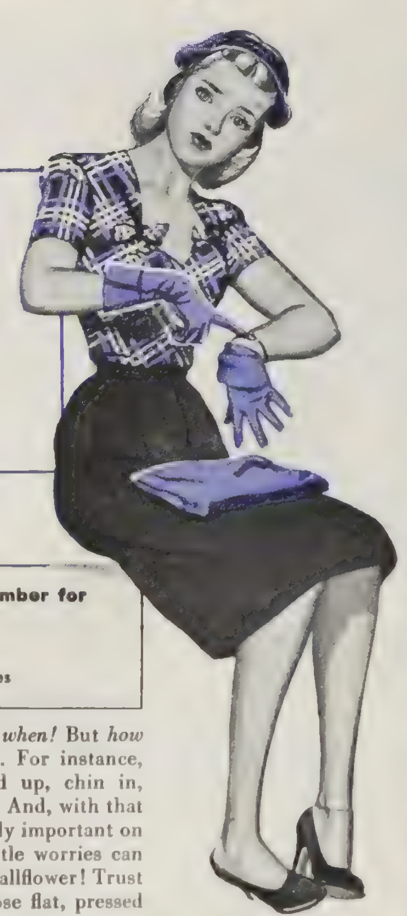
Are You in the Know?



Would you wear this number for
☐ School
☐ Dating
☐ Ping Pong Parties

Know what's what to wear for *when!* But *how* you wear your clothes is *vital.* For instance, with the proper posture: head up, chin in, shoulders flat, tummy pulled in. And, with that utterly-at-ease look . . . especially important on "those" days, when nagging little worries can change a girl from a wow to a wallflower! Trust to Kotex sanitary napkins. Those flat, pressed ends of Kotex don't show. So relax in the *dating* number (above). No outlines spoil your style.

WON'T YOU TELL ME WHEN WE WILL MEET AGAIN*

The name of this song is . . .
☐ You'll Never Know
☐ Day in—Day Out
☐ Sunday, Monday, or Always

A tune they swoon to—when gals are crooned to—"Sunday, Monday, or Always". A good tune, too, for a juke session—and you're there forgetting you ever flirted with the thought of missing the fun (because of "that certain time"). You're *sure* of yourself, for you're sure of Kotex, with its special double-duty safety center that *really* protects you . . . sends doubt scurrying eight-to-the-bar! *Copr. Mayfair Music Corp.

Did this girl score . . .
☐ A hit
☐ An ace
☐ A strike

You're up on your pins if you got this one! You're in on America's No. 1 sport. And if *you're* a good sport, you'll bowl *regularly*, for that's what keeps your team scoring. It keeps you scoring for Uncle Sam, too, by helping you stay fit. So don't let down on trying days. Remember, Kotex stays soft while wearing . . . doesn't just feel soft at first touch. You can rule chafing right out of your game. (We almost forgot—she scored a *strike!*)

Girls in the know choose KOTEX*

Yes, more girls choose KOTEX than all other brands of pads put together.

IT'S A WISE GIRL who knows a *powder* deodorant is best for sanitary napkins. Quest Powder, the Kotex deodorant, *destroys* odors. Safe, *sure* protection. (*T. M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.)

STOP GUESSING! Every teen-age girl should read the *free* newly edited booklet, "As One Girl To Another"! Gives do's and don'ts for difficult days . . . the lowdown on grooming, sports, social contacts. Mail your name and address to P. O. Box 3434, Dept. J-1, Chicago 54, Illinois.

WAR WORKERS will want the new *free* booklet, "That Day Is Here Again"! It tells how to stay on the job, even on problem days. Facts on diet, cramps, exercise, lifting. Send your name and address to P. O. Box 3434, Dept. J-1, Chicago 54, Illinois.

(Continued from Page 64)

"It ain't so bad that Kim died," Grandpa said, "since he died a-fightin for the Stars and Stripes. They are back yander on his grave on top of the mountain."

"Let me see your papers, Mrs. Tussie," Lawyer Landgraves said.

Aunt Vittie reached him the paper, took her handkerchief from her pocketbook and wiped her eyes.

"All you have to do to get this money," Lawyer Landgraves said, "is to show your marriage license and have someone with you to identify you as Vittie Tussie."

"I've got my marriage license right here in my pocketbook," she said. "I don't know anybody here in Greenwood."

"I'll go over to the bank with you," Lawyer Landgraves said.

When we reached the bank again, Lawyer Landgraves whispered to the banker and told him who Aunt Vittie was.

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Tussie," he asked, "what do you want to do with this money?"

"Want to take a hundred dollars with me," Aunt Vittie said. "I want to leave the rest in the bank."

"Do you want it on savins or a checkin account?"

"Checkin account," Aunt Vittie said.

The banker counted out a hundred dollars to Aunt Vittie. "That leaves you nine thousand and nine hundred dollars in the bank," the banker said.

We left Lawyer Landgraves a-talkin to the banker. I think they were whisperin about Aunt Vittie.

"Will we get relief now, Pa Tussie?" Aunt Vittie asked.

"B-gad, the relief grub is free and we'll get it. Been a-gettin it ten years and I'll get it ten more if I can." Grandpa waved the dirty sack into the air as we went down the street toward the relief office.

I had never seen as many people before, and I had been comin to the relief office with Grandpa ever since I was big enough to tote a sack of apples. It was an army of people. Some of the men were afflicted, lame, one-eyed—but they were very few. I saw young strong men with big arms and bull necks. I saw Mort, Enic, Thad, Fiddis, Cy, Boliver, Add, Wade, Sebie, Sid, Bert and Mule Tussie in the crowd. They were powerful men. I'd seen them carry Uncle Kim in his big black coffin to the top of the mountain.

> There is no man so friendless but what he can find a friend sincere enough to tell him disagreeable truths.
>
> —LORD LYTTON.

It was an hour before we got inside the relief office. Grandpa didn't stop at the referral agent's desk, since he already had our card that listed six people in our family while there were only four. "Relief for two extras takes care of our company," Grandpa said. We walked slowly, in line with the other reliefers, into the vast storeroom.

"Just a minute, Uncle Press," Gilbert Tussie said. "I'll be right over to hep serve you."

"Take your time, Gilbert," Grandpa cackled.

BEFORE Uncle Gilbert Tussie could finish waitin on Eif Patton and get over to us, Tim Snodgrass, who had married my Aunt Belle Tussie, had hurried over to wait on Grandpa. I'd never been in but a few grocery stores; then I hadn't gone in to buy anything. We'd always come to the relief office. It was the place where we'd done our tradin. But I'd never seen friendlier clerks than our kinfolks in this relief office.

"You're a-goin to have a load, Uncle Press," Uncle Tim told Grandpa. "I'll get you a sack for Sid and one for Vittie."

"Can you tote a load home, Vittie?" Grandpa asked.

"Sure I can," she said.

He didn't ask me; he just loaded it into the sack and told me to swing it across my shoulder. I had salt pork, raisins, lard, cheese, fresh peaches and pears. Aunt Vittie had the fresh eggs, cans of milk, beans, oatmeal and dried fruit. Grandpa had flour, apples, oranges, cabbage, more cans of milk,
more cheese—he had his sack loaded
people stood in the warehouse to watch
shoulder his sack. Grandpa grunted a
times and swung the sack onto his shou
with ease.

My load was all I could carry. I di
think I'd ever go seven miles with it
wondered where Uncle Mott could be.
wasn't he here to help us?

We crossed Main Street, where the fa
ers come to town and park their cars w
they trade at the grocery stores.

"There's Alvin Pennington's c
Grandpa said. "Come on. Let's lay
loads in."

"Won't he care, Grandpa?" I asked.

"NO, HE hides out to dodge me, but I
'im. This is what I call good luck." Gran
opened the unlocked door and threw his l
upon the back seat. I laid my load be
Grandpa's, for I was glad to get it off
shoulder. Aunt Vittie laid her load ins
the car and wiped the sweat from her
face with her handkerchief. The heat
flushed Aunt Vittie's cheeks pale pink,
color of early wild-plum petals.

We waited until Alvin Pennington ca
to his car. He was a short red-faced m
wearin overalls, a overall jumper,
striped cap and brogan shoes.

"We're a-waitin on you, Alvin," Gran
chuckled, tryin to be friendly.

"I see you are," Alvin said. "Get in a
we'll be a-goin."

Grandpa got in the front seat with Alv
I got in the back seat with Aunt Vittie.
were off over the dusty turnpike tow
home. We passed men leavin their cornfie
and terbacker fields. They looked tir
dirty and sweaty. Many we passed st
gerin on the turnpike with full sacks of re
grub over their shoulders. Many of the m
were staggerin under these loads—not fr
the weight of them. Th
had sold their fresh e
for less than the groc
stores sold them
bought beer or rotgut.

I kept lookin out to
if I could see Uncle Mo
I thought he may be w
some of this crowd.
rolled along and pass
everybody up until we were nearly to
schoolhouse. There was Uncle Mott plain
us to see in front of the car, pitchin headlo
into the dust, gettin up again and takin
both sides of the turnpike. We passed h
up, got our sacks out so fast that we forg
to thank Alvin Pennington for the ride.
wanted to beat Uncle Mott home so
wouldn't have trouble with 'im.

While Uncle Mott laid on the schoolhou
floor and snored in his drunken sleep, Au
Vittie showed Grandma the hundred dolla
she had in her purse.

"Let me have my hands on a hundr
dollars once in my lifetime, honey," Grandr
said. Grandma fondled the money like
thought she'd fondled Uncle Mott when
was a baby. "Kim money," she called
feelin of it like it was silk. "It means we
leave the schoolhouse, won't it, honey?"

"Yes," Aunt Vittie said.

"Wonderful," Grandma said. "I've
ready got the house picked out."

"Where?"

"That big Rayburn house about thr
miles this side of town."

"It will cost something to rent th
house," Grandpa said. "Doubt George Ra
burn would let clodhoppers like us have it

"He'll rent it for fifty dollars a month
Grandma said. "Don't you think that's t
kind of a house we want, Vittie?"

"It will be better than this schoolhous
Sheriff Whiteapple won't be after us there

"That's the right place to move," Grand
said suddenly. "Daylight will find me on m
way to see George Rayburn."

That night I couldn't go to sleep. I hea
the wind in the dry-leafed hickories arou
the schoolhouse. Their sounds made me thi
of Kim and why we were a-movin from th
schoolhouse. It was the money that we
got from Uncle Kim that was a-takin us

ısion. It may not have been a man-
ome people, but it was to me. And it
ansion to Grandpa and Grandma.
ıght about the days when I used to
ross the mountain from Grandpa's
ff to the two-room shack where
im and Aunt Vittie lived. I'd want
o Uncle Kim, but he never had much
ne. I don't know why.
Vittie was afraid of Uncle Kim, but
d him. I think she was afraid when
to bed with her and sleep with two
under his pillow every night. And
ople would come from town and try
t money Uncle Kim owed them, she
aid that he would shoot them, for
from the house to the hills and shoot
er the house. The men that had
collect money would leave almost as
hey'd come. Then Uncle Kim would
ack a-laughin. Uncle Kim was so
en, so big and strong, and his hawk-
es could almost look holes through
never seen a man like him. He was
ou couldn't forget.
dpa had gone to see about the George
n house before I got outten bed.
Mott was a-drinkin coffee when I
my face and sat down for breakfast.
Mott's eyes were bloodshot.
er up, Mott," Grandma said. "We'll
n to our new home tomorrow."
be glad to leave here," Uncle Mott
'm tireder of it than I was that rock
is schoolhouse is the closest to eddi-
hat I've ever come!"
Uncle Mott looked at Aunt Vittie
led. I'd never seen Uncle Mott look
y people and smile before. "More
ittie," Uncle Mott said.
Vittie poured hot
nto Uncle Mott's
ıen Uncle Mott
at her and smiled

e I'd finished my
st Grandpa bolted
the schoolhouse.
George Rayburn
rented, b-gad. I've
he deal. Fifty dol-
sed it."
t means Vittie and
af to go to Green-
nd buy new furniture," Grandma
aint a-takin any of this old plunder
fine mansion!"
s after four o'clock when Aunt Vittie
ndma came stealin up the turnpike
own, covered with yellow dust.
ıa was tired, but she was happy.
sed Grandpa again.
Vittie told Uncle Mott, "Ma Tussie
ot a lot of pretty furniture."
rything new-fangdangled," Grandpa
3-gad, I aint so sure that I'll like it.
ave no place to spit!"

you will," Grandma said. "We
you some flowered spittoons! Furni-
ll be hauled to our new house in the
"
it cost a lot?" Uncle Mott asked.
g slice of money," Aunt Vittie said.
you buy furniture to furnish sixteen
t amounts to big money."
Mott brought the ax into the school-
He knocked the beds down after
na and Aunt Vittie had taken the
icks offen 'em. He busted 'em to
n the schoolhouse floor.
've moved this old plunder around
's got the rickets," Grandma said.
God we won't haf to move it again.
everything destroyed before we leave

night we burned the cupboard and
d kindlin in the stove and cooked our
. We slept on our shuck bedticks on
oolhouse floor. The floor was a leetle
ut that didn't matter. Next mornin
rn the bedticks anyway.
worked by the light of an oil lamp
rnin a-carryin bedticks, dirty quilts,
pillowcases, old clothes out into the
ard, where Grandpa struck a match
heap. Uncle Mott and I carried
pots, pans, a coffeepot and kettles down to the edge of the schoolyard and threw them into a gulley.

We carried out so much old junk, I wondered what we'd have left. But soon I found out. Grandpa had all our relief grub in the same sacks that Uncle Tim had sacked it in. And we had the same sacks to carry. Uncle Mott had a load of guns and huntin knives. It was good daylight when we were ready to go.

WE REACHED the house an hour before the first truckload of furniture came. Grandma and Aunt Vittie had the truck driver and his helper to help Uncle Mott and Grandpa carry the furniture into the rooms where they wanted it. It was pretty new furniture—clean and bright—the like of fine furniture I had never seen before.

The house was clean as a pin, the floors varnished, the walls papered with a pretty wallpaper. I had never seen a house like it. There was even a privy inside the house.

All day the truck driver rolled the furniture to us and helped us carry it in. Aunt Vittie had told the man at the furniture store she wanted him to furnish the house for her. And that's what he'd done.

At the end of the day, after the last truck had gone, we were sittin around in the new chairs in the front room a-feelin of the new leather and whiffin the good smell of it. Grandpa missed one of the flowered spittoons and spit on the carpet. Aunt Vittie ran out and brought a cloth and wiped it up.

"Don't bother about doin that, Vittie," Grandpa said. "It'll get dirty anyhow!"

"Oh, I don't mind, Pa Tussie."

"But I don't want ye a-cleanin spit up for me after all ye've given us," Grandpa said.

That night I went to the inside privy first. And after I'd finished I didn't know what to do until I pulled a little lever; then there was a great roar and water flushed the place clean—the great roar of water inside a house. Then I went to a room that was all my own, and Aunt Vittie had a room of her own and Uncle Mott had a room of his own. Grandpa and Grandma had a room of their own. And the big beds with mattresses that had springs in the middle of them were soft to sleep on. It was wonderful to put my naked body between those cool clean sheets. It was a great feelin and I loved it.

Before I could close my eyes in sleep, I wondered if this good life would go on forever. If somethin happened to it, how hard it would be to go back to the old life after a taste of this. I wondered why Uncle Mott smiled so pleasantly when he spoke to Aunt Vittie. He couldn't have love in his mind when Aunt Vittie was his dead brother's wife. I wondered if he wanted money from Aunt Vittie to buy beer. He had never been so kind to her before. I wondered about these things as I slipped into the darkness of sleep.

When I awoke my first mornin in the new house, I couldn't believe that I was Sid Tussie. But I looked in the lookin glass and I was myself all right. I went to the privy and turned on hot and cold water and washed my face and combed my hair. Then I went downstairs. It was hard for me to find the "dinin room," but I heard Grandpa swearin at Grandma, then I knew that I was a-goin in the right direction.

"These clothes are good enough for me," Grandpa said. "B-gad if I'll be cornswaggled into anything more."

"Not for this house," Grandma said. "I'll leave it to Vittie."

"Do I need new clothes, Vittie?" Grandpa asked.

"Yes, you do, Pa Tussie."

"Then I'll get new clothes," Grandpa said.

"I need new clothes too," I said as I entered the dinin room.

That day we walked to town and Aunt Vittie got more money outten the bank. She bought Grandpa, Uncle Mott and me two suits of clothes apiece. She bought us

What They Say About War Bonds

We do not really deserve any medals for buying War Bonds. We are entitled to a dunce cap if we do not buy them. —WALTER LIPPMANN.

"How come, Mrs. Walker?"

"Your wash is so WHITE—mine *never* looks that way! And what's more, you're *always* through a half-hour before I am. How do you do it?"

"IT'S SIMPLE, Mrs. Monks. La France *blues* clothes white—right while you wash them! It dissolves with your soap and saves all the work of an extra bluing job.*

"EVEN IF you dry clothes indoors, they turn out a wonderful, snowy white—no bluing streaks or spots. Honestly, La France is a *life-saver*—try it!"

*La France saves 37 minutes of hard work—no hauling heavy, wet clothes through a separate bluing!

La France
Blues right in the suds!

1. WON'T STICK! Add *Satina* to your starch . . . thick or thin . . . and see how your iron just whizzes along! Satina gives your clothes a beautiful finish—crisp, glossy.

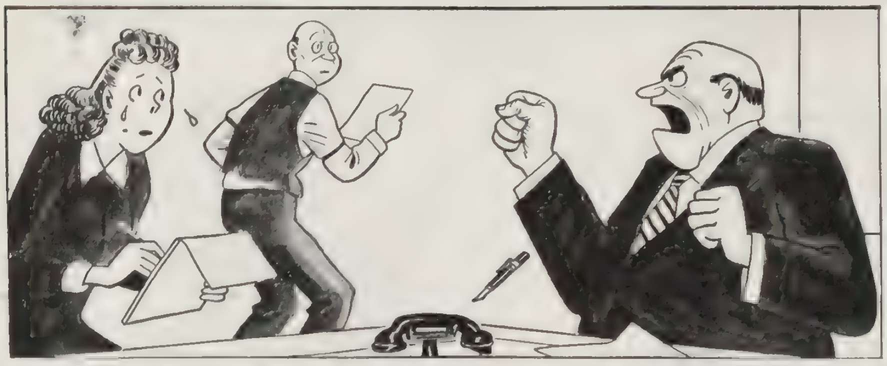
2. BEAUTIFUL! Spick and span, too! Satina's extra-slick finish makes clothes slower to soil, easier to get clean next washing.

3. AND FRAGRANT! You'll love the way Satina adds a nice, clean, well-laundered fragrance to your starched things. All this for a few pennies a month—yes, that's all Satina costs! Try some! Today!

SATINA
FOR FRESHER CLOTHES, EASIER IRONING!

How to be Calm & Serene *though less than 400 years old!*

1. Your old friend Mona Lisa has been through dozens of wars, plagues, invasions, thefts—but she's still smiling. *Nothing* bothers Mona. She has no nerves. She doesn't need sleep. And she doesn't drink coffee.



2. But you have nerves and need plenty of sleep. If you're one of those people who are affected by caffein, maybe that's why you lie awake nights and . . .

3. Act like (excuse us!) a sourpuss all day. You *don't* have to give up coffee—not if you switch to Sanka, the grand, delicious coffee that's *97% caffein-free.*

4. Sanka can't jangle nerves or prevent sleep. It enables you to enjoy the luxury of superb coffee and avoid the effects of caffein. Because *only* the caffein is removed.

5. When you drink Sanka, you'll sleep nights, soundly and restfully, with a look on your face that says "sweet dreams." And don't be surprised if . . .

6. Your wife (or husband) asks you next morning, "Who was that lady (or man) you smiled at in your sleep last night?"

Try Sanka Coffee—this very day. Sanka is vacuum-packed – *fresh* as it is *good.* You'll love it.

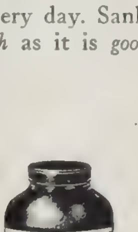
SANKA COFFEE

FOOD FIGHTS for freedom

SLEEP ISN'T A LUXURY; IT'S A NECESSITY
DRINK SANKA AND SLEEP!

Make caffein-free Sanka strong. Use a heaping tablespoon per cup. If you use a percolator, "perk" Sanka a little longer than usual.

A Product of General Foods



two pairs of shoes apiece. And she bought us shirts, socks, underwear, neckties and handkerchiefs. She bought dresses and coats for her and Grandma and she bought them a hat apiece. Uncle Mott stayed with us and helped carry the load of clothes.

"Mott, you've acted real nice today," Grandma said soon as we got home.

"Have I, Vittie?" Uncle Mott asked.

"Yes, you've been real nice, Mott."

All that week we helped Aunt Vittie and Grandma in the house. We didn't work hard, but we helped 'em put up window curtains. And we mowed the yard and did things around the house. We worked all but one day. That was Thursday—relief day. And Uncle Mott and I went with Grandpa to the relief office and carried out a big load. Not a one in the office questioned our gettin relief. I knew that they'd heard about our gettin all the Uncle Kim money and movin into the George Rayburn house. Grandpa was more pleased than ever. He talked about it all the way home.

Uncle Mott was a-pickin the banjer; Grandpa, Grandma, Aunt Vittie were a-talkin and I was a-listenin. Grandpa was a-talkin about the Tussies that were his friends and the Tussies that weren't. "I wish I could compromise with 'em," Grandpa said.

"But they'll never compromise with you, Press," Grandma told him. "You've sold your party out. They aint."

"But they would have sold the party out if I hadn't a-beat 'em to it," Grandpa said. Then he laughed. "Yep, I beat Brother George. Look where we are today. Look where Brother George is!"

"Where is he, Grandpa?" I asked.

"The last time I saw 'im," Grandpa said, "I heerd George was in a bad fix. I walked a whole half a day to get to his shack upon Lost Creek. Before I went inside I heard a pistol a-barkin. I waited until the shootin was over and went inside to see what the racket was about."

"What was it about, Pap?" Uncle Mott asked.

"Brother George was a-layin flat of his back in bed with his pistol out, a-shootin rats. I saw 'im kill two rats. I said, 'George, why don't you put rat pizen out? It would be a lot cheaper than cartridges.' He said, 'I'm a-practicin for the fellow that stole Lucinda.'"

"Who was Lucinda?" Aunt Vittie asked.

"She was his fifth wife." Grandpa said.

I REMEMBER it was Uncle George that I had heard Grandpa talk about before. I had heard him tell about his brother that left the mountains when he was a boy. After fifteen years Uncle George got somebody to write a letter back home from New Mexico and tell my Great-Grandpa Tussie that he was well, that he was married and had five sons. After another ten years my Great-Grandpa Tussie got another letter from Uncle George and he said that his wife in New Mexico had turned out bad and he was now in Oklahoma, that he had been married to his second wife nine years and that he had four sons by her. Said that Oklahoma was a great country and that he loved it. Twelve more years passed before Great-Grandpa Tussie got another letter from Uncle George, and this time it came from Idaho. Uncle George said that his second wife, who was a righteous and good woman, was dead and that he had moved to Idaho, and had been married eleven years to another woman and that he had seven boys by her.

Great-Grandpa Tussie never got to see Uncle George while he was alive. He had been dead and in his grave five years when the last letter came from Uncle George. He had divorced his wife in Idaho and married a woman in South Dakota. They didn't have any children. If they had any, Uncle George didn't mention it. But he told Great-Grandpa Tussie that he was a-gettin homesick for the mountains of Kentucky. Uncle George got home in October, but didn't bring his South Dakota wife. When Uncle George came home he married Lucinda Abrahams, widow of Tom Abrahams. He sold the t
ber from her farm—everything from a
handle to a saw log. He spent every do
that she had saved. And he tried to sell
farm, but it was in her name, and to get
of Uncle George, she had run away w
Enic Crabtree and left Uncle George a-l
on her farm.

GRANDPA looked sad as he spoke ab
how Lucinda had treated Uncle Geo
Aunt Vittie started laughin. "Why are
a-laughin?" Grandpa asked.

"At your brother George," Aunt Vi
said.

"You won't laugh if you ever see Bro
George. Women take to George. He's a
fine-lookin man and he can make a fi
cry 'r laugh."

"I have a feelin that we'll be a-seein
one of these days," Grandma said.

"What makes you think that, Arimith

"He'll starve out since he don't hav
wife to make 'im a livin," Grandma sai

"It was wrong for me not to get r
for Brother George," Grandpa said. "
always hated it. But all his youngins
some'ers in the West. He don't have
influence here. If all his youngins had b
here to vote, Brother George's life woul
a different story."

There was a big rap on our door.

"Somebody a-knockin," Grandma sa

"It's Brother George, I'll bet," Gran
said. "I just felt that he'd be here ton
all the time I was a-talkin about 'im."

Grandpa went to the door. He swit
on a porch light over Uncle George's h
I could tell it scared Uncle George.

"Does Press Tussie live here?" we h
him ask.

"This is Press Tussie," Grandpa said

"I'm yer brother George. I heard a
you a-gettin all that money. I wond
you'd let an old tramp like me come in
fine house and bring his fiddle."

"Come in, Brother George."

Uncle George could barely walk under
door, he was so tall. He pulled off his sl
black hat as he entered with his fiddle u
his arm. His hair was white and he had
like Grandpa. His overalls were rag
His blue, faded work shirt was worn.

"Arimithy, this is Brother Geor
Grandpa said.

"I've heard about you, George," Gran
said, "but this is the first time I've ever
eyes on you."

"Vittie, this is my brother Geor
Grandpa introduced him to Aunt Vittie

"Howdy, Uncle George."

"She's my boy Kim's wife," Gran
said.

"Kim was your boy that was kilt?" U
George said.

"That's right," Grandpa said. "Th
my boy, Mott."

"Glad to know you, Mott," Uncle Ge
said, shakin Uncle Mott's hand.

Uncle Mott didn't seem pleased to
Uncle George's hand. He dropped it
you'd drop a hot tater.

Uncle George said, "I've never been
finer home in my life. Look what pr
furniture! I'll bet you selected that." U
George looked at Aunt Vittie.

"I helped her," Grandma said.

"Oh, to live in a house like this o
Uncle George said. "I'd like to spend a
of my old days here, since I can't get the
age pension—not even relief—and I
able to work."

"George, have you been to supp
Grandma asked.

"I'm so hungry I could eat shoe leath

"Then I'll set you up some supp
Grandma said.

"No, I'll fix Uncle George some supp
Aunt Vittie said. "You're tired, Ma Tu
Sit down and talk with Uncle George."

After Uncle George had eaten a big sup
he played his fiddle. Grandpa was r
when he said that Uncle George could n
a fiddle cry and laugh. Uncle George c
almost make it talk. He would pet his fi
like it was the dearest thing on earth to
And you didn't have to ask him but
to play a piece.

Uncle George even played the Mockin ird for me. I asked him to play it—and ncle Mott looked funny. I could tell Uncle lott didn't like it. Now there was some- ody in our house who could play music esides Uncle Mott, and he didn't like it. ncle Mott didn't know half as many tunes ; Uncle George.

When I awoke next mornin I heard the dbirds in the locust trees. I dressed and ent downstairs. There was Uncle Mott whangin away on his banjer strings.

"Where's everybody?" I asked.

"Gone to town to buy Uncle George othes."

"I wanted to hear 'im play his fiddle gain this mornin," I said.

"He can't play a fiddle," Uncle Mott said. He just goes around a-bluffin his way with at old fiddle. I don't see why Pap ever t 'im come here."

I could tell that Uncle Mott didn't like ncle George. I could have told Uncle Mott at it was just as fair for Aunt Vittie's oney to help keep Uncle George as it was keep Uncle Mott. And I could have told ncle Mott that Uncle George was a kinder an than he was. But it wouldn't do for me tell Uncle Mott this. I knew why Uncle ott felt the way he did toward Uncle eorge. I'd seen Uncle Mott smile pleas- tly upon Aunt Vittie—and he didn't do at until she got her money. When Uncle eorge came, Aunt Vittie fixed his supper d she smiled at Uncle George and asked m to play her favorite nes. I thought that was e reason that Uncle Mott dn't like Uncle George.

It was noon when randpa, Grandma, Uncle eorge and Aunt Vittie t back. There was a big ile on Uncle George's ce. He carried a big ndle under his arm. nt Vittie carried a small ndle.

"I never thought there s a Santa Claus before," cle George said, "but w I know there is." e opened his bundle and ok out three suits of thes. He was as proud his clothes as I had en of mine. "Now I want get these rags off and sh my body clean," cle George said, "and t on these new clothes d know how fine they'll l against my skin."

"Wait until after dinner," Grandma said. t's too near dinnertime now."

Soon as we had finished dinner Uncle orge got up from the table and went up- irs. We hadn't left the table when Uncle orge came back.

'That bathtub looks too much like a ite coffin," Uncle George said. "I couldn't ar to get into it. Is there a hole of water ep enough for a tall man to take a bath in ound here someplace?"

KNOW where one is, Uncle George," I d. "It's where Uncle Mott and I go in immin."

Uncle George said, "Will ye show me ere that hole is, Sid?"

'I'll be glad to go with you, Uncle orge," I said.

I jumped up from the table and followed cle George outten the house. He had a ndle of new clothes under his arm and a r of soap and a towel. We walked across field that lay between our house and a nbered hill.

'It's not a half mile," I told Uncle George.

'I don't care if it's five miles," Uncle orge said. "I'd break the ice in the win- time and take a bath in Shackle Run be- e I'd scrouch down in one of them new- gled bathtubs. It didn't look like the ht kind of a place for an old codger like to wash the dirt from his body."

I thought Uncle George was right after reached the Shackle Run swimmin hole. He pulled off his overalls and waded out into the water, slappin the water with his hands and then rubbin his hands over his body. In one hand he carried a bar of soap. While Uncle George bathed, I swam up and down the length of the swimmin hole. When Uncle George had finished bathin, I was tired of swimmin. I walked out on the sand and watched Uncle George rub the towel over his body. The sun would soon dry me.

"WHOSE boy are you, Sid?" Uncle George asked.

"Grandpa and Grandma's boy."

"You aint a brother to Mott, are you?"

"I guess I am," I said. I'd never known anyone but Grandma and Grandpa. I could remember them from the first time I could remember that I was alive and there was a world about me.

"You don't look like a Tussie," Uncle George said. "You've got more sense than any Tussie youngin I ever saw!" Then Uncle George laughed. I could tell, by the way Uncle George laughed, he liked me. I knew that I liked Uncle George.

"Our good times won't go on forever, Press," I heard Grandma tell Grandpa one day.

"Why won't they go on?" Grandpa asked.

"More Tussies will come. You know the nature of the Tussies. When one family has plenty, the kinfolks come to live with 'em until everything is gone."

"Don't think so," Grandpa said.

"See if my words ain't true, Press. They will come like locusts come in their seasons and eat up the trees."

It was an evenin in early August when Uncle George sat in our front room with his beardy face against his fiddle and with one hand drew his bow slowly across the resined strings. Every evenin Uncle George played for us; he played us the old songs, the dance songs, the love songs, and he played his fiddle like he'd heard the wind among the willers and the pine-tree fingers.

While Uncle George sat playin his fiddle, there was a knock on our door. I opened the door.

"Does Press Tussie live here?" a tall man asked. Beside him stood a woman a-holdin the hands of two small children.

"Yes, Grandpa Tussie lives here," I said. Grandpa walked nervously to the door.

"Uncle Press," the voice said, "I'm Ben Tussie, your brother Ben Tussie's oldest boy. I wondered if you could keep us all night. I aint a relief Tussie, but I heard about your good fortune so I've come to share a little of it with you."

"Well, it aint exactly mine," Grandpa said. "I aint got no money; my daughter-in-law's got a little."

"But you've got Uncle George Tussie," Ben Tussie said. "You are a-keepin 'im and I thought that I might as well come and share your riches for a night."

I had heard Grandma say that when the Tussies went to stay with one of their kinfolks who had raised a good crop they told 'im they were a-comin for one night only; but after they'd spent that night, they'd spend another night and another. Grandma said that to stay a night for a Tussie meant that he stayed with you until all your grub was gone.

"Yes, Brother George is with us," Grandpa said. "He's an old man without a home."

"He's got a home on Lost Creek," Ben Tussie said. "I'm entitled to as much as Uncle George!"

"Oh, yes, yes," Grandpa said softly, as if he didn't know what to do.

"Then we'll come in," Ben Tussie said.

Children

"Pa, what does it mean when it says that a man has arrived at years of discretion?"

"It means, my son, that he's too young to die and too old to have any fun."

Little Myra Lee had been in school but a few days when her mother had occasion to write a note to the teacher and signed herself, "Mrs. Kent." Thinking she might have mistaken the child's name, the teacher asked an explanation.

"Oh," said Myra, with a charmingly confused air, "you see, my mamma got married again, but I didn't."

—RODGERS' GRINAGRAMS:
(Vestal Printing Co.)

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What's the secret of smoother make-up?

"a 1-Minute Mask!"

—says
KATHARINE MELLON
New York society favorite whose clear amber eyes and creamy complexion are charming accents to her warm personality.

Even a pretty complexion may go into a slump at the end of a hectic day. Little imbedded specks of dirt give it a dingy look. Bits of chapped skin ruffle up—snag your make-up.

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"I love the fresh, softer feel of my face after a 1-Minute Mask," Mrs. Mellon says. "My skin has just the smooth, dewy finish that takes make-up evenly and easily. And my coloring seems so much brighter and clearer!"

"My best-loved powder base, too!"

Mrs. Mellon uses Pond's Vanishing Cream two ways—"For a 1-Minute Mask beauty pick-up 3 or 4 times a week. And then every day, before every make-up I use a very light film of this same cream for powder base. It's light, greaseless—and so easy to smooth on!"

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Westinghouse
ELECTRIC HOME APPLIANCES

Grandpa introduced Ben Tussie and his wife to Grandma, Aunt Vittie and Uncle Mott.

"Have you been to supper?" Grandma asked.

"Aint had a bite since mornin," Ben Tussie said. "We're awful hungry."

Grandma got up and started toward the kitchen.

"I'll fix their suppers, Ma Tussie," Aunt Vittie said.

"I'll fix this supper," Grandma said. "You can fix the next one."

It was exactly two days after Ben Tussie and his family had come to spend the night with us, Dee Tussie, a brother to Ben, and his wife came, bringin their four youngins. Aunt Vittie didn't buy them clothes. Ben asked Aunt Vittie to clothe him and his wife, but Aunt Vittie wouldn't listen to 'im.

"You'll do well to get your grub and a bed to sleep on, Ben," she told him. "You came to stay one night but you are still here."

Next day after Dee Tussie came, Uncle Ben Tussie and his wife, Aunt Vie, came. Uncle Ben was Grandpa's youngest brother.

Now it was hard to get into the bathroom when you wanted to go. There was always Dee's or young Ben Tussie's youngins in the bathroom a-playin with the gadgets and levers. It kept Grandma and Aunt Vittie busy a-tryin to keep the furniture in place after the youngins ran through the house.

"A body just can't keep the place clean," Grandma said. "Shucks, we's happier back yander in the schoolhouse than we are here a-tryin to pertect our new furniture."

There were nineteen in our family now. Grandpa made young Ben Tussie and Dee Tussie go to the relief office with 'im and help 'im carry relief grub home. They didn't want to do it, but Grandpa told them if they didn't he'd see they didn't get a bite to eat. "Them that don't work, can't eat," Grandpa told them. But it took more than the relief grub to feed nineteen people. Aunt Vittie had to go to Perk Marcum's grocery store and open an account. The truck came every mornin a-bringin store-bought groceries.

Two days after Uncle Ben and Aunt Vie came to spend the night with us, Starkie Tussie and his family came.

"They're a-comin so fast it's hard to get acquainted with 'em," Aunt Vittie said.

In the evenins our front room was packed. We gathered to hear Uncle George play his fiddle. All the Tussies would pat their feet and clap their hands.

"We've got enough here for a square dance," Grandpa said. "Let's get to the dance hall upstairs."

Uncle Mott and Grandpa played for the dance. I've never seen sich a dancin in all my life. Grandpa danced with Grandma. I didn't see anything wrong with his back when he started dancin. He was one of the most active men on the floor.

WHEN we coupled off to dance, every man with his wife, there wasn't anybody to dance with Aunt Vittie. Uncle George would let Uncle Mott pick a dance tune on the banjer while he danced a couple of sets with Aunt Vittie. Then Uncle George would play dance pieces on his fiddle while Uncle Mott danced with Aunt Vittie. I often wondered what would happen if somebody else had played the music. I wondered which uncle she would have danced with.

Sebie Tussie came to spend the night with us and brought his wife and two youngins. Two days after Sebie came with his family, Sebie's father, Abe, and his wife, Thursday, came. Then Abe's brother, Felix, came and brought his wife, Claradore. The house was about full. There was only one empty room.

"One thing about it," Grandpa told Grandma, "we haint a-goin to have anybody a-livin in the dance hall. That room aint to be occupied."

"We'll haf to turn 'em away then. Ye'll haf to larn to say no, Press!"

"I can do it, Arimithy. B-gad, I can say no when it comes to a-fillin up that dance hall."

Dave Tussie came with his wife and three youngins to occupy the last room. Dave Tussie was only a distant cousin—sixth, seventh or eighth. But he said he felt closer kinship now than he had ever felt before.

Pert Tussie came that night with his wife and four youngins.

"House is full up," Grandpa told 'im. "You'll haf to go away."

"But we can sleep on the floor," Pert said. "We've walked a long way and we're tired and hungry."

"Can't help that. Can't take another person."

Pert Tussie went down the road a-cussin Grandpa every breath.

Grandpa's sixth and seventh cousins came and brought their families. His first cousins, nephews, nieces, a brother Tim, his sisters' youngins—great crowds came to stay with us. But Grandpa told them the house was full, that it wouldn't hold another person. Many of them quarreled with Grandpa and called him bad names; many wanted to fight him right in our yard, while many were very nice about it. Grandma had said the locusts would come and devour. The locusts had come, if you wanted to call Tussies "locusts."

The Tussie wimmen kept their rooms cleaned; they helped Grandma and Aunt Vittie with the cookin. There wasn't much for the men to do but get kindlin and carry relief grub from town. Soon strange men came to our back yard and the Tussie men met them. They were a few of the twenty-eight men that sold bootleg whisky in town. When Toodle Powell came, he drove up the lane in a rattletrap car. And when we had our dances, many of the Tussie men swayed over the floor. I've never seen anything like the dances we had. Many nights we danced all night.

July and August passed. September had come. Uncle George sat in our back yard a-playin one of his tunes for us. It was the tune of the dyin grass, the leaves and the flowers and the chirrupy notes of the grasshoppers, the September wind in the dyin grass. It was a tune that would almost make you cry when Uncle George snapped the scissory notes of the grasshoppers.

It's the way you play your fiddle, Uncle George, I thought, *is the reason I love you. I've never heard anything like it in this world. If you never work a lick, Uncle George, I would still love you. You've earned your keeps and your good clothes. And if one of you are to marry Aunt Vittie,* I thought, *I hope it is you, Uncle George, instead of Uncle Mott.*

But before Uncle George had finished, a well-dressed man walked around our house "Is this where Press Tussie lives?" he asked

"Yes, it is," Grandpa said. "You're a-talkin to Press Tussie right now."

"I'm a relief investigator, Mr. Tussie I've had reports that you are still gettin your relief. Is that true?"

"It's the God Almighty's truth," Grandpa told him.

"A man that lives in a fine house as this one is not entitled to relief."

"But, mister, I don't own it; I don't fur nish the grub. My daughter-in-law, Vittie Tussie, who got the money for her dead hus band, who was my son, is a-doin it."

"But she's keepin you."

"That's right."

"You're not entitled to any more relief I shall leave instructions at the office tha you are not to get any more."

There was a lot of talkin among the Tus sies. There was so much commotion couldn't hear the last words he said t Grandpa before he turned to walk away.

"Somebody has reported me," Grandp said. "That feller was riled."

"It's been more than one," Grandma said "You turned away too many Tussies, Press.

I GUESS none of us will ever know who re ported Grandpa. But I remember, whe Grandpa asked Ben Tussie and Dee Tussi to help him carry sacks of relief grub fror town, they didn't like it. They were mad a hornets because they had to help carry th grub that went into their mouths, the wives' mouths and their youngins' mouth I know that when the stranger started talki to Grandpa I happened to be lookin a young Ben Tussie, and I saw him wink a Dee Tussie. And when the relief investigato told Grandpa his relief would be stopped Dee smiled at Ben. I'd say they were th men that reported Grandpa.

"I guess every man must have h Judas," Grandpa said with a laugh. Bu Grandpa's laugh was a forced laugh. I kne it hurt Grandpa to take his relief away fror him. It was something that seemed to hi would go on forever and forever.

We had just finished breakfast that Sep tember mornin when a man walked up t our front door. He didn't wait for us to as him in; he walked inside as if he owned th place. "Howdy, Mr. Tussie," the man sai to Grandpa.

"Howdy, George," Grandpa said.

"Might as well state my business George Rayburn said. "I rented this hous to you, your wife, son and grandson. No you've made a hotel outten it! Repor have been reachin me about how you all a a-carryin on. Neighbors said there was much noise at night they couldn't sleep."

"We've just had a few square dances."

"You've had a dance here every night f the past three weeks, and you've danced u til daylight many mornings."

Grandpa didn't deny the truth. H looked at us; then he looked at George Ra burn.

"I want to look over this house," Geor Rayburn said.

"All right," Grandpa said.

George Rayburn knew every room in th house, since he had helped build it with h own hands. He went into every room th he could get into. When he came out of D Tussie's room, I heard Grandpa tell 'im, " didn't know that Dee's youngins had buste the winder glasses; honest I didn't."

"Looks like one took a hammer ar busted 'em out to hear the glass shatter George Rayburn said. "I've never see floors treated like these. I had these floo varnished and waxed. Now they look wor than the floors in my granary and smok house. Had new wallpaper put on the walls. Now it looks like it's been on te years! Must have a lot of pencils in th house, 'r it is charcoal smeared on."

"We didn't have it in the contract ho many people would live in this house Grandpa told him. "I know I told yo there'd only be five of us."

(Continued on Page 72)

The Haven

By Glenn Ward Dresbach

All day his courage faced the
growing odds;
His reason, firm and resolute,
withstood
Fear's blustering; vain prophets and
false gods
He had discarded for the lasting
good.
He turned the slow, grim challenge
of his smile
To friends who doubted in
adversity;
And weary, he stood upright all the
while,
And hurt, he would not let the
foemen see.

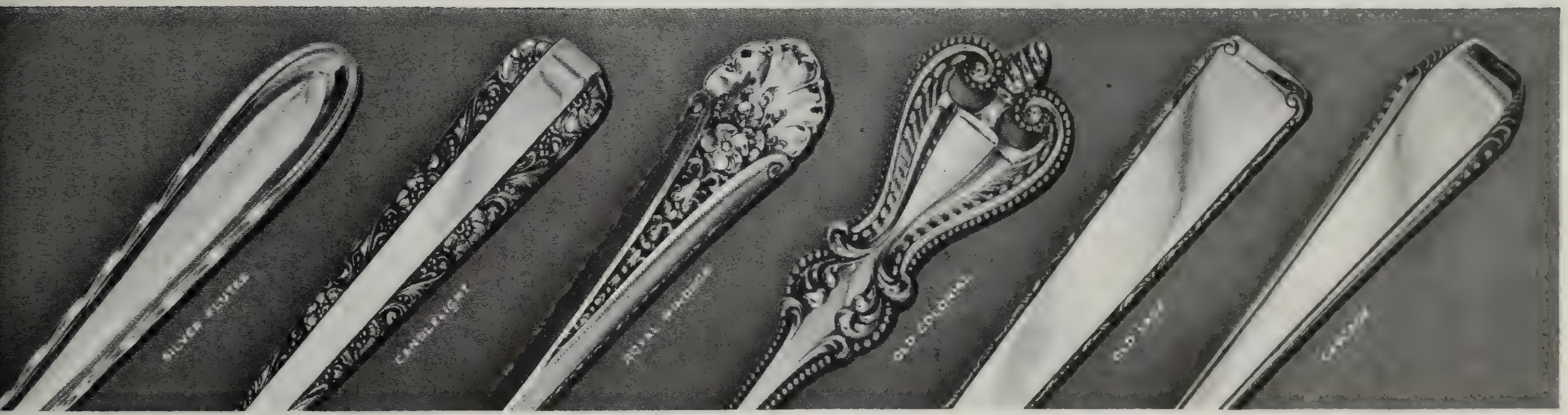
At night he tried to shield her from
the sense
Of tumult—it was she who
shielded him!
With her was beauty, peace and
confidence,
And love discarded that dark
interim. . . .
With victory enough, his bowed
head pressed
Upon the quiet haven of her breast.

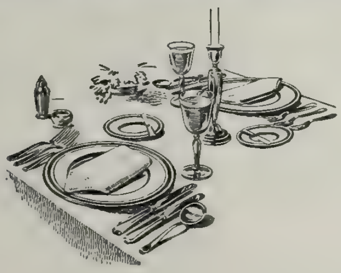
These things mean home

The old round-topped trunk . . . packed, repacked, a new address on a clean white card . . . Virginia to Colorado to Oregon . . . still holding your possessions sturdily . . . that trunk means home.

The model of a white-winged clipper serenely sailing . . . the ageless clock with the tiny moving men . . . the silver bowl with fresh flowers always floating on its surface . . . the fragrant old tobacco jar brought from China long ago . . . these things mean home.

Your precious silver . . . chosen for its grace, its lasting beauty . . . unpacked, polished, in each new stopping place . . . to set a table for two . . . to make new friends and greet old along the way . . . your silver means home.





Yet even Towle Sterling — precious solid silver fashioned in craft traditions that began in 1690 — for all its grace and beauty is not expensive . . . a Place Setting of six essential pieces costs as little as $20.25, including Federal Tax. Of course, Towle's part in war production means fewer patterns and fewer pieces. If you can't get what you want now, ask your jeweler about the Towle War Bond Plan which gives a "priority" on your favorite Towle pattern.

Write for a free copy of "The Bride in Wartime — and her Towle Sterling" . . . a new booklet written to help you select your pattern and care for your Sterling. Just address: THE TOWLE SILVERSMITHS, Dept. J-1, Newburyport, Massachusetts.

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STERLING

"He Proposed last night! –how lucky that I wore my lovely Evening in Paris Face Powder"

TO CREATE a dreamy, tender beauty in the sweet face of a girl . . . that is the prime purpose of Evening in Paris face powder. That is why it is made with such a sheer velvet texture . . . why the shades of Evening in Paris seem to lie on the skin in such a soft bloom of color.

Choose smooth, colorful Evening in Paris face powder, so enchantingly yours for Romance. See in HIS eyes why it is said, "to make a lovely lady even lovelier . . . Evening in Paris face powder!"

Face Powder $1.00
Perfume $1.25 to $10.00
(*All prices plus tax*)

Tune in "Here's to Romance," starring Dick Haymes, with Jim Ameche and Ray Bloch's Orchestra—Thursday evenings, Columbia Network.

Evening in Paris face powder
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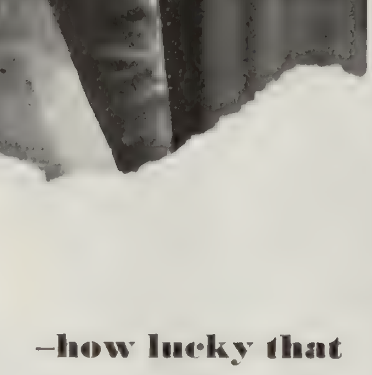

(Continued from Page 70)

"How many people do you have in my house, Mr. Tussie?"

"Forty-six."

Grandpa and George Rayburn did a lot of loud talkin inside the bathroom; then they came out.

"Press Tussie, you know such work as that is uncalled for," George Rayburn said. "They've made a playhouse out of that bathroom. They even smeared the white walls with charcoal. It will cost me something to put this house in order."

"Then you want us to get out?" Grandpa asked.

"That's it," George Rayburn said. "Get out of here and quit makin a hotel and pleasure resort out of my house. I'm bringin a suit for damages over what you've already done! I won't bring the suit if you'll clear out now." Before George Rayburn left he walked over the back yard. He was mad as a hornet. He didn't see the fence posts that we'd taken up for kindlin; he didn't see that the door of the coalhouse and a few of the planks were gone.

Grandpa called us together and told us George Rayburn was a-goin to sue him for damages if we didn't clear out.

"Who do you mean?" Ben Tussie asked.

"I mean everybody that's come here to live with us," Grandpa said. "I rented this house for five people."

"We aint a-clearin out, Uncle Press," Dee Tussie said.

"We aint a-leavin," men and women spoke from the crowded room.

"Then I'll be sued," Grandpa said.

"You'll haf to be sued," Dee Tussie said.

There was a lot of cussin among the Tussie men. They were good to Grandpa as long as he fed them; but the very minute he told them that he couldn't keep them any longer, they turned on Grandpa and started cussin 'im. And it was their faults and the faults of their youngins why he wasn't a-keepin 'em longer. He would've kept them as long as the money held out.

That afternoon, Sheriff Whiteapple came to see us. That's one time that everybody in the house was as quiet as a mouse when a cat is near.

I thought that the reason every Tussie was afraid of the sheriff was that the sheriff was always an enemy to the Tussies, whether he'd ever had to arrest one or not. The reason was, the Tussies never liked the laws. They never liked to be told what to do.

When Sheriff Whiteapple knocked at our door, Grandpa was a-standin by to open it. "Good afternoon, sheriff," Grandpa said. "Won't you come in?"

"No, I aint got the time, Press. I'm a-servin an order on you to leave these premises."

"Oh, that's it," Grandpa said, takin the piece of paper. "I've always thought if I had enough money I could live in any house I wanted. I think the best thing in the world to own is a little piece of land with a shack or a good rock cliff on it."

SOON as Sheriff Whiteapple left, Grandpa and Grandma took a walk out the spur of the road toward the turnpike. I thought they must be a-layin their plans. Grandpa called Aunt Vittie down where they were a-standin, but no one could hear what they were talkin about.

Next mornin Grandpa left the house soon as he had finished breakfast. Grandpa was gone all day. Before the sun had gone down over the black sumacs, Grandpa walked up the road, shufflin like he was tired. Grandma and Aunt Vittie went to meet him.

I tried to hear what they were a-sayin, but when they walked near where I was a-waitin they hushed talkin.

We didn't have as many good things to eat that night as we had been havin. I heard Grandma say we had the last of five hundred pounds of soup beans on the table. She said that our supply of grub was a-dwindlin. No one seemed to care. Everybody ate, talked and seemed happy. Many of the Tussie men were more than happy. And I knew why. They'd swigged Toodle Powell's moonshine to give 'em an appetite.

After supper, soon as the women had washed the dishes, Grandpa called everybody to the dance hall. "Dance tonight, children," Grandpa told them. "I want everybody to have a good time while he is in this house."

I don't know what made it. Maybe Toodle Powell had brought a better kind of moonshine. It must have been his dancin kind. I'd never seen them dance like this before. I'd never heard Uncle Mott pick his banjer and Uncle George bear down on his fiddle like they did on this night. The dust flew up from the floor and dropped down from the ceilin. They made the big house rock from their hard-hitten brogan shoes.

GRANDPA and Grandma only danced until one o'clock in the mornin and then they slipped out and went downstairs to bed. danced with Watt Tussie's oldest girl, Effie

I'd never seen Aunt Vittie look prettie than she did when Uncle George laid down his fiddle to dance with her. Uncle George held her close, and as I watched I tried to hold Effie like Uncle George held Aunt Vittie. I tried to swing Effie like Uncle George swung Aunt Vittie, but I didn't have the strength. Uncle George was a big man and he was powerful with his big arms and his long legs when it come to dancin. I tried to look at Effie's brown eyes like Uncle George looked into Aunt Vittie's blue eyes, but I couldn't do it. I couldn't make love to my girl like Uncle George was a-makin love to Aunt Vittie and a-dancin at the same time.

Before the dance ended in the late-mornin hours everybody was a-lovin one another. I'd never seen as much kissin before. I saw Uncle George a-kissin Aunt Vittie one time and Uncle Mott a-kissin her another time. But Aunt Vittie was a-tryin to get away from Uncle Mott all the time he was a-kissin her.

When I got in bed I couldn't go to sleep for the noise in the house. They were still a-lovin and a-talkin.

It's all because Uncle Kim got killed, thought. *What if Uncle Kim could have come back tonight and danced with us.*

And I thought about Uncle George and Uncle Mott. They didn't like one another And I knew the reason why. It was because of Aunt Vittie. I wondered what would happen to them. I knew that the Tussies would fight at the drop of a hat and they would drop it themselves to start the fight I knew the Tussies would shoot to kill and would knife to kill. I knew that trouble had come between Uncle George and Uncle Mott

When I got out of bed the sun was a-shinin and the sparrows were a-chirrupin in the locust trees behind the house. I went downstairs and Claradore Tussie fixed my breakfast. I asked where Grandma and Aunt Vittie were. She told me that they had gone to town with Grandpa.

Before I had finished breakfast George Rayburn and Sheriff Whiteapple walked into the dinin room.

"Where's Press and Arimithy?" Sheriff Whiteapple said.

"Gone to town," I said.

"I want you to go over my house with me sheriff," George Rayburn said. "I want to show you how they've treated this house."

"But you'll wake everybody up," Claradore said.

"It's time to wake 'em," Sheriff Whiteapple said. "We've come to look over this house and we're a-goin in every room."

I guess I caused the panic, for I went to every room and pounded and told them the sheriff was here. I never heard sich a yawnin and groanin—and a-rollin outten bed. Soon the halls were filled with half dressed men, women and youngins. It was a terrible sight to see them scamperin around a-fallin over one another like they were tryin to find a hidin place while Sheriff Whiteapple and George Rayburn went into the rooms.

They had come at the worst time, for the beds weren't made; the house was dirty and everything looked worse than it really was While Sheriff Whiteapple and George Rayburn went over the rooms upstairs, all the nder the hill and the faces at the winders ouldn't see me.

I found a few saucers, teacups and a pot nd pan. I couldn't find near all the things hat Uncle Mott and I had thrown into this ulley, but I raked around until I found an ld coffeepot.

Then I heard a bell sound and the boys nd girls came out of the schoolhouse. They ad their dinner buckets. I laid flat on the round where I could watch them eat, listen o them talk. And I wanted to watch them play.

Soon as one had finished eatin, he hurried o the schoolhouse with his dinner bucket, dumpin what few pieces of bread he had left upon the ground. The bread looked good to me; it made me hungry. I saw everybody a-gatherin under a big oak at the edge of he yard. I was close to them. I thought every minute that someone would see me, but no one ventured over the bank.

I almost yelled when I saw Grandma's dishes. The girls were a-playin "home" and pretended that they were a-settin the tables. Soon as the bell rang, they walked to the schoolhouse. I climbed around the bluff, lifted dishes, pots, pans, teacups and saucers and put them down into my sack.

Now I wanted the bread that had been thrown under the hickory tree. I shouldered my sack and walked upon the school ground. I loaded the slices of bread, biscuits and corn bread into my sack fast as I could. I saw faces squirmin at the winderpanes as I worked. Then I saw more dishes at another playhouse. I guess it was a mistake, but I got them—and then I shouldered my sack and took over the bank in a run. I didn't more than reach Higgins Hollow until I heard voices a-screamin at me.

"Lay down that sack," one shouted. "You've robbed our playhouses!"

I heard them a-comin like a pack of hounds and I had a good lead on them. I sidestepped into a thick pine grove, hurried under the dark woods, goin around this tree and that one, until I reached a gulley. I laid down in the gulley and tried to hold my breath so they couldn't hear my breathin. I was a-gittin my breath hard. I held my face up where I could see the Higgins Hollow road from the gulley. I saw a crowd of boys run up the road like a pack of hounds after a fox. Then I heard them stop.

"He's got away," one said.

"Who was that boy?" another asked.

"I don't know."

I LAY perfectly still. I watched them turn to their left around the high bank outten sight. I crawled from my hidin place, walked down to the path under the pine grove and hurried along this path for home.

Grandma hugged and kissed me. That was the first time in her life that she had ever kissed me. "My old dishes," Grandma said. "My old coffeepot! Sid, I'm so glad that you found 'em! I thought we put 'em in the big fire at the schoolhouse."

"It's wonderful, Ma Tussie," Aunt Vittie id as she watched Grandma wipe the tears m her eyes with the corner of her apron. Grandpa and Uncle George were tickled to death. "Where'd the bread come from, Sid?" Aunt Vittie asked.

"Youngins dumped it from their dinner buckets."

"Don't think you ought to've brought it," Grandpa said.

"What if your pension check is late?"

"Guess we'd better save it," Grandma said. "Might need it."

Grandma and Aunt Vittie took the bread, dishes, pots, pans, coffeepot, plates, teacups and saucers from the sack.

"Now we have brooms and dishes," Grandpa said.

"I've been a-thinkin about beds," Uncle George said. "If Mott can make brooms, I can make beds!"

THAT afternoon Uncle George went into the woods with an ax. He came back a-carryin a dead chestnut pole. I watched as he worked a-makin beds. He set a post in the corner of the front room and nailed a slab to it and stuck it through a crack in the wall. Then he put another slat to the post and stuck it through a crack in the wall. Then he put another slat to the post and stuck it through a crack in the other wall. He found some rusty spike nails at the barn and pulled them from a half-rotted barn sleeper. He drove the nails through the chestnut slab and fastened them to the post. Then he split bed slats, carried them from the woods and put them across the bed and nailed them. Aunt Vittie sewed sheets together to make a bedtick while Grandma and I gathered broom sage and filled the tick. Grandma put the bedtick on the chestnut bed slats; then she spread a sheet over the tick and then put pillows and quilts over the sheet. It wasn't a bad-lookin bed and it was a lot better than sleepin on the floor.

"Tomorrow we'll put two more beds in this house," Uncle George said.

Aunt Vittie looked at him with her soft blue eyes. "I'll hep you, Uncle George. I'll make the bedticks."

Uncle Mott opened the door and brought in seven rabbits, six quails and two fox squirrels. "Plenty of game here," Uncle Mott said. "I've had myself a time. Shot sixteen times and brought back fifteen pieces of game."

"Good shootin," Grandpa said.

"Who made the bed?" Uncle Mott asked.

"Uncle George made it," I said.

"It's an ugly thing," Uncle Mott said.

Uncle George kept on playin his fiddle as if he didn't hear. But Grandpa looked at Uncle George and then he looked at Uncle Mott.

"Rabbits, birds, squirrels," Grandma said. "We're a-goin to have plenty of wild meat!"

"Better than any store meat you can buy," Grandpa said as he pulled the cooked meat from a rabbit's hind leg at supper. "Better than any relief grub a man can git."

We stood around in the kitchen eatin, since we didn't have a table and chairs.

"You had huntin on your mind, Mott," Grandpa said. "When you live in woods, huntin's the first thing that pops into your mind."

Childbirth

By Alma Robison Higbee

She lay alone with the morning star
And heard her man at his restless pacing,
Her body let down a frail white bar
And sent out a tide of dark pain racing
To sweep her away from things she knew,
And she went on a pointed wave of screaming.
Then she saw that the sky was blue
And the wind went by with long hair streaming;
She was a pine on the highest peak,
She was the mountain above the valley,
The moon was pale and wan and weak,
She counted stars and her heart marked tally.
Then the mountain split with quickening thunder,
And when all was clear, the blue sky smiled;
She lay in her bed in a still white wonder
And heard the cry of an infant child.

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"The first thing that pops into my mind right now," Uncle Mott said, "is a table. If Uncle George can make a bed, I know that I can make a table! I don't like to stand up and eat hot grub."

Next day Uncle Mott cut a post and put it in the corner of the kitchen; then he knocked planks from the smokehouse loft and carried them into the kitchen. He put the end of a plank into a crack and let one end rest on the post. Then he put another plank from the post to the end logs and covered them with planks—the same way that Uncle George had made the bed. Grandma covered the rough planks with papers. And now we had a table.

Uncle Mott must have thought the table wouldn't be much good unless we had somethin to sit on. He went into the woods and cut a saplin. He scored and hewed one side until it was as smooth as if it had been sawed. Then Uncle Mott chiseled holes into the unhewed side with the double-bitted ax and cut four legs from a smaller saplin and wedged them into the grooves. Grandpa and I helped him carry the bench into the kitchen and put it beside the table. Then Uncle Mott made a smaller bench to be placed at the end of the table.

"I'm proud of you, Mott," Grandpa said. "I didn't know that you was so handy with an ax. Soon as dinner is put on the table today we can put our feet under the table and eat from dishes again. We can use spoons, knives and forks instead of eatin with our fingers."

"And we can drink our coffee from teacups," Uncle George said.

"It's more like livin," Aunt Vittie said.

"I'm a-livin just the way I like to live," Grandpa said.

Aunt Vittie wouldn't stay in the kitchen to help Grandma with the dishes. Just as soon as Uncle George got the ax on his shoulder and started to the woods, Aunt Vittie went with him. Grandma watched them through the kitchen winder.

"Let 'im spark," Grandpa said. "Sparkin's a natural thing. Guess George is lonesome without a wife!"

I went down to the old barn and pulled nails from the half-rotted planks. I knew Uncle George would need them when he started makin beds. I hunted for nails while Uncle George and Aunt Vittie hunted for dead chestnut saplins.

While they were gone Uncle Mott took his double-barrel shotgun to the woods. He didn't go the way they went; he took the opposite direction. Uncle George and Aunt Vittie weren't gone an hour until they came back. Uncle George was a-carryin a long chestnut saplin; Aunt Vittie followed 'im with a tiny pole across her shoulder.

THAT afternoon Uncle George made a small bed in the front-room corner across from Grandpa and Grandma's bed. He took a lot of pains with the bed, for he knew that Aunt Vittie would sleep on it. And he made two beds upstairs. Grandma and I gathered broom sage to fill the bedticks.

Uncle Mott returned at sundown with sixteen rabbits and fourteen steel traps.

"Where did you get the traps?" Grandpa asked.

"Found 'em, Pap."

"B-gad, you're a good finder, Mott."

"Thought I'd give 'em to Sid."

"But I never set a trap," I said.

"I'll show you how to set 'em. You can catch you some fur-bearin animals. You can make yourself some money."

"Thank you, Uncle Mott," I said. "That's wonderful!"

After supper we carried the benches from the kitchen and placed 'em before the fire while Aunt Vittie and Grandma washed the dishes. Uncle Mott tuned his banjer and Uncle George tuned his fiddle. They never spoke to each other, but it was understood that Uncle Mott would pick one tune and then Uncle George would play a tune.

"Let's have a good banjer piece, Mott," Grandpa said.

"I'm a-goin to play and sing Careless Love," Uncle Mott said.

"Love, oh, love, oh, careless love,
Love, oh, love, how can it be,
Love, oh, love, oh, careless love,
To love somebody that don't love me."

I'd never seen Uncle Mott play his banjer better or sing prettier. *He thinks he's a-losin Aunt Vittie,* I thought. *He thinks Uncle George is a-goin to get her.*

As soon as Uncle Mott had finished, Uncle George started a mournful song on his fiddle. He sang the words as his long arm moved gently with his fiddle bow.

"Oh, carry me back to the mountains,
Beneath the Southern skies;
Oh, carry me back to the mountains,
There's where my sweetheart lies.
I get so lonesome without her.
Why did I ever roam?
Oh, carry me back to the mountains,
Back to my home, sweet home."

While Uncle George played his fiddle and sang, I saw Aunt Vittie wipe the tears from her eyes. And I saw Grandma wipe the tears from her eyes with the corner of her apron. Even Grandpa was deeply moved, the way he twisted on the bench and pulled at his whiskers.

"Sure was a pretty song," Grandpa said. "Made me think o' my young days."

"Brought back memories of the past to me," Grandma said.

UNCLE MOTT didn't say anything, but I wondered if Uncle Mott didn't want to say somethin to Uncle George. I wondered if he didn't want to tell him that he liked the song, but he couldn't do it.

One afternoon Uncle Mott took me along the ridge top not far from where Uncle Kim was buried. "Here's the best place to trap in this county, Sid," Uncle Mott said.

Uncle Mott showed me how to set a steel trap and how to hide it so a coon, fox, possum, mink or a polecat would walk into it.

"I'm a good hunter, Sid," Uncle Mott said. "I'm a good trapper. But I'm not a good lover. And my banjer won't come up to Uncle George's fiddle. Take that fiddle away from 'im and I'd stand a chance with the woman we love. It's that fiddle of Uncle George's that's opened up the hearts of women to 'im."

In the afternoons while we hunted, Uncle George chopped stovewood for the cookstove. And Grandpa sat before the fire and told Grandma the great things that he had done, while they were a-waitin for the fifteenth of October so they could go to town and git his pension check.

On the fourteenth of October a well-dressed man walked around the path toward our house. "Does Press Tussie live here?" the stranger asked.

"Yep, he does," Grandpa said. "I'm Press Tussie."

"I'm Eddie McConnell," the stranger said. "I'm the county attendance officer."

"What's that?" Grandpa asked.

"I'm to see that children in this county go to school. It's been reported to me that you have a boy here of school age that is not enrolled in this county and has never gone to school a day in his life."

"Who reported that?" Grandpa asked.

"I'm not to tell you, Mr. Tussie," Eddie McConnell said. "I just want to know if this is a fact. How old is your boy?"

"Don't know exactly," Grandpa said. "Spect he's in the neighborhood of thirteen, fourteen, maybe fifteen."

"And he's never gone to school a day in his life?"

"Nope."

"Is this the boy?" he asked, pointin to me.

"Yep, that's Sid."

"Now, Mr. Tussie, there's a law in Kentucky that compels you to send your children to school. If you don't send your children to school you can be brought before the county judge and fined!"

"A law," Grandpa said. "Shucks, I didn't know that."

"You'll find out about this law if you don't have this boy in school by Monday."

I'll have 'im there before Monday, if 's the law," Grandpa said.

He's in the Six Hickories School," Eddie Connell said. "Do you know where it is, ng man?"

Yes, I know where it's at," I said.

Then this will be all," Eddie McConnell . "I'll expect 'im in school by Monday. he's not there, you can see the county ge."

He'll be there," Grandpa said.

Good day, Mr. Tussie," Mr. McConnell l as he turned to go away.

ext mornin Grandpa dressed in his best . Grandma wore the best dress she had, ng gingham dress that came to the tops her black shoes. All the time Grandma a-gittin dressed Grandpa was a-hurryin

ncle Mott was in a big way too. I knew Uncle Mott wanted to go to town. cle Mott hadn't had a drink for a long e.

We'll be back, Vittie," Grandma said, on as we can git back."

No use to rush, Ma Tussie," Aunt Vittie . "It's a fur piece to walk."

unt Vittie and Uncle George wanted them et away, I thought as I stood a-watchin ndpa, Uncle Mott and Grandma followin path outten sight. *They want 'em to get y so they can have the house to themselves. y want to do some sparkin.*

Don't you want to take your Uncle tt's gun and go a-huntin?" Uncle George ed me.

I'd be afraid."

Aint you never hunted with a gun?"

Nope."

It's time you's a-larnin."

I'm afraid Uncle Mott l care."

He'd be proud of you you'd kill five or six bits," Uncle George .

Then I will take his n and go into the ods," I said. I'd always nted to take a gun into woods since I could member, but Uncle Mott Grandpa wouldn't let . They said that I had tter wait until I got ler.

Uncle George lifted cle Mott's double-rrel twelve-gauge from the front-room st where the trigger guard was hooked er a nail and the barrels rested over a big ke. He showed me how to break it down, reload it and how to use the safety. And found enough of Uncle Mott's shells to both of my pockets. Now I was a hunter to the woods. I hadn't got outten sight the house until a rabbit jumped from a er cluster; I aimed and fired both barrels. e rabbit went end over end. I was glad at Uncle George had told me to take Uncle ott's gun into the woods. Never did I en- anything more than this.

EFORE noon the last mist clouds of melted st had gone up toward the blue skies and e leaves and grass got crispy dry beneath feet until I scared the rabbits out before got near them. I had shot twelve times d I had killed ten rabbits. I went through e dark pine woods toward the shack with rabbits tied to my belt. When I went into e house, Uncle George laughed and called nt Vittie.

"Look at the young hunter. He'll make a tter hunter than his Uncle Mott."

"Skin a couple now, Uncle George," Aunt ttie said. "We need meat to go with our ead."

After we'd eaten until we were stuffed, ncle George said, "Since you've killed the bbits, Sid, I think it's time for you to go the front room and rest before the fire hile I help Vittie wash the dishes."

"All right, Uncle George."

I heard them a-talkin in the kitchen while laid on the floor flat on my back before the e. I heard Uncle George a-callin Aunt ittie his "wild pigeon" and his "pretty little percoon blossom." I heard 'im a-callin her all the names of wild flowers and birds and I'd hear 'em kiss.

I must've gone to sleep for Uncle George woke me a-pullin at my coat collar. "Sid," he said, "somethin you fergot."

"What did I ferget?" I asked, a-rubbin my eyes.

"Your traps."

"That's right," I said. I jumped up and hurried outten the shack to the line of traps that Uncle Mott had helped me set. I got two possums outten my traps and reset the traps. I carried my possums with a tail in each hand. I hurried back to the shack.

"Two hides and a change of meat," Uncle George said.

"What must I do with 'em?" I asked.

"Put 'em in a sack until Press and Mott get back," Uncle George said.

I went into the kitchen, got a sack and put my possums in it. When I had finished a-tyin my possum sack, I went into the yard. I saw Grandpa's head pop up far out the path. And then I saw Uncle Mott's head and then Grandma's hat. I stood waitin for them to reach the shack.

"Grandpa," I said.

"I couldn't fetch you anything, Sid," he said as he hurried into the house. He didn't have any load and Uncle Mott wasn't a-carrying anything. Grandma was a-puffin her pipe like she was riled.

"I'm ruint, George," Grandpa said soon as he entered the front room. "Somebody's turned me up for ownin land. When I got my letter outten the post office there wasn't a check in it. We went straight to Lawyer Landgraves' office and he read the letter to us. The letter explained that when you owned land you couldn't get old-age pension. Said if I were able to buy a farm, as it had been reported, then I wasn't entitled to a pension. I tell you, I'm ruint and winter is a-comin on. I went down to the relief office and tried to get relief again and everybody thought I was a rich man. A-movin in that big house has nigh finished us!"

"Don't mention that house any more, Press," Grandma said. "I love to sit before the fire and think about a-livin there. I'll always remember it and love it to my dyin day."

"Taters are the nearest thing to bread, aint they, Pap?" Uncle Mott asked.

"Yes, they are, Mott."

"Taters and wild game will tide us over," Uncle Mott said.

"We can't manage on 'em until spring, Mott," Grandpa said. "Lord, I wish I's back on relief!"

"Give the farm to Vittie," Uncle George said. "Then you can get your relief back."

"No, we won't give the farm back to Vittie," Grandma said. "Kim was our boy. We worked and raised 'im. Vittie just married 'im."

I knew that Uncle George had said the wrong thing to Grandma. And I knew why Uncle George had said it. He was in love with Aunt Vittie and he wanted her to have the farm.

"First time I ever had a deed for land in my life," Grandpa said. "I'm not a-givin it away."

"But I thought you wanted relief."

"I do want relief," Grandpa said, "but I want to keep my land."

"Ye can't have both."

"I'll keep the land," Grandpa said.

I put on a white shirt and a necktie and my best suit of clothes. Grandma fixed my dinner; she put the last pieces of bread that I'd picked up on the school ground with a few pieces of rabbit and wrapped them in a newspaper.

"First boy I ever sent to school," Grandpa said. "I want you to be a good boy and larn a lot."

➧ **Robust Old Gentleman (to sick woman just arrived at health resort): "When I first came here I hadn't strength to utter a word, I had scarcely a hair on my head, I couldn't walk across the room, and I had to be lifted from my bed."**

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—WILLIAM H. DIXON: Sunshine and Song.

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"When you leave school this afternoon," Uncle Mott said, "see about your traps. I'll kill and skin your possums today and stretch the hides for you. You'll be needin money to buy paper and pencils."

"All right," I said as I left for Six Hickories School.

I'd been a-dreadin this day. And now I dreaded it more than ever. I was scared to death to go back to this schoolhouse. I wondered if anyone would remember me as the one that robbed the playhouse. When I went down the Higgins Hollow road I heard the school bell ring. Everything was quiet when I reached the schoolhouse.

I opened the door and walked up the aisle toward the table we used to eat offen. A well-dressed woman sat there; she wore glasses and she looked straight at me. "What do you want?" she asked.

"I've come to school," I said.

"Where did you go to school last?"

"Never went to school," I said.

All the boys and girls in the schoolhouse laughed and hit their desks with their hands.

"No more of that laughin, children," the teacher said. "This isn't anything to laugh about." Then she turned to me. "What is your father's name?"

"Grandpa," I said.

Everybody started laughin again.

"Your Grandpa is not your father," she said.

"He's mine."

"Grandpa who?" she asked.

"Grandpa Tussie."

"Oh, Tussie," she said. "Who's your mother?"

"Grandma Tussie, Arimithy Tussie."

Now the boys and girls whispered to one another. I knew they were a-whisperin about me, for they looked right at me.

The teacher put me on a front seat. I was a-sittin here a-lookin the schoolhouse over when the teacher called for the primer class. "You come up with this class, Sid," she said.

They were little boys and girls and I was big as three of 'em put together. When I went up with them everybody laughed.

"Miss Clark, let me count first," a little girl said.

"Let Sid count first," Miss Clark said. She turned to me. "Stand up and see if you can count to ten for us."

I stood up beside the long bench and counted a hundred.

"Who taught you to count, Sid?" Miss Clark asked.

"Aunt Vittie larned me."

"Can you write your name?"

"Nope."

"Can you make figures with chalk on the blackboard?"

"I can make them up to ten."

"Go to the blackboard and make figures up to ten."

Miss Clark didn't believe me, but I showed her.

"That's fine," she said. Then she turned to the A B C's and she couldn't show me one I didn't know. Then she had me to read. I read everything there was on the chart. "You say you've never been to school before?" she asked.

"Not until today."

"YOU'RE doin well," she said. "You won't stay with this class very long. Let's see if you can read in this first reader."

I didn't know that I could read in a book, but I could.

"That will do," Miss Clark said, after I'd read the first page.

It was fun to read and I liked it.

I sat on my seat and listened to the boys and girls come up to the long benches in front when their classes were called. I heard them read—a-stumblin over the words and a-havin a time. And I listened to 'em count; I saw 'em make figures above ten on the blackboard and I watched carefully. I wanted to larn more than what was in my class. *Just as well larn it all while I'm here,* I thought.

Soon as I'd reached our shack, I went to the kitchen.

"Did you get a whoppin today, Sid?" Grandpa asked.

"Nope."

"Did you like school?" Aunt Vittie asked.

"Yep, I did."

"Did you larn anything?" Grandma asked.

"Yep."

They seemed real proud of me. Even Uncle George stopped playin his fiddle and looked at me and smiled. I knew that it took somethin to make Uncle George stop playin his fiddle.

"Where did you get all these taters?" I asked, lookin at a full sack of taters leaned against the kitchen wall.

"Your Uncle Mott found 'em in a patch where they weren't dug," Grandpa said.

I started to say that the taters were dry, that they hadn't come outen the ground, but I didn't. I had heard Grandpa say many times that Uncle Mott was a good finder and I knew that we had to have bread. And I could take baked taters and rabbit to school.

Obligation

BY GERALDINE ROSS

I knew a child once who was sure
That I was one to face the world
With flags of bravery unfurled,
And charity that would endure.
She had deep faith that I would
fight
For all that I believed was good,
And never shun the cause of right,
Because I truly understood.
I knew a child once who would
grieve
At just a hint that I would quail
From truth, or that I could
deceive,
Or even think that I could fail.

Betraying her, all dreams would
die. . . .
The child who trusted me was I.

After eight days Miss Clark put me in the second reader. And when I went home to tell everybody about it, I could tell that something had happened at our shack. I talked to everybody and everybody talked to me, but they didn't talk to one another, except Aunt Vittie sat on Uncle George's knee. I'd never seen her do this before and Uncle George was a-callin her his "little violet" and his "buttercup."

After we'd finished supper, we went inside the front room before the fire.

"Ma Tussie, we have the right to stay here," Aunt Vittie said. "I've spent all the money I had here and we have no place to go now. Uncle George aint any more able to work than Pa Tussie."

"You mean you spent my money," Grandma said.

"Let's stop quarrelin on Vittie's weddin night," Grandpa said.

"Weddin night?" I asked.

"Yep, Brother George and Vittie got married today," Grandpa said.

Uncle George and Aunt Vittie got up from the bench with their arms around each other. They went into the kitchen.

"Old men are fools when they take a notion to marry again," Grandma said.

"Uncle George and Aunt Vittie'll hear you," I said.

"Don't care if they do hear me," Grandma said. "I'd say to their faces."

Uncle Mott still looked down at the hearth. He looked to me like he was hurt.

"No use to be so sad about Vittie, Mott," Grandpa said. "If she loved George more than she did you, you'd better be glad she married George."

"I aint a-thinkin about 'er, Pap," Uncle Mott said. "I'm a-thinkin about somethin. I need money. I need to go to town."

"To get drunk and drown your troubles?" Grandma asked.

"If we had money you could have some, Mott," Grandpa said.

"Kim was my brother. You've got this land; I aint got anything."

"But I can't give you my land," Grandpa said.

"But what about the timber?"

"I aint thought about that."

"Then be a-thinkin about it," Uncle Mott said. "If I don't get somethin there'll be trouble. Kim was my brother and the money you got for 'im paid for this land and that makes me entitled to some of it."

"We'll think it over," Grandpa said.

Grandpa and Grandma gave Uncle Mott the timber and the day he sold it to Ben Hinton I went to town with 'im and took seven possum hides, three polecat hides, two coon hides and a mink hide. And Uncle Mott had sold his timber but he hadn't got his first down payment, and all he asked me for was two dollars. I gave Uncle Mott the two dollars. I thought more than that belonged to 'im, for he'd skinned my game and stretched the hides.

With seventeen dollars in my pocket, I stood on the street corner where Uncle Mott told me to wait for 'im. I waited until the moon was up and Uncle Mott hadn't come, so I struck out over the snow-covered turnpike for home with a poke of meal and a poke of flour. I couldn't stand baked taters three times a day any longer.

When I got home Uncle George and Aunt Vittie had gone to bed and Grandpa and Grandma were a-sittin before the fire a-talkin. First thing I did was to show 'em the meal and flour and Grandma was pleased as much as when I found her dishes.

"You're a up and a-comin young man, Sid," Grandpa said. "I'm proud of you."

Grandma asked me, "Where's Mott?"

"He left me on the street corner and told me to wait for 'im," I said. "I waited until the moon was up and he didn't get back. I shouldered my meal and flour and beat it for home."

"Did he get his money for the timber?" Grandpa asked.

"Not yet," I said.

"Did you give 'im any money?"

"Two dollars."

"That's it. It's a bad time for Mott to have money and a winter freeze on like this."

"Vittie's caused it all," Grandma said.

Uncle Mott has got on big toots ever since I could remember, I thought. *Vittie didn't cause 'im to do it then. Grandma is just mad at Aunt Vittie because she married Uncle George.*

The sawmill moved onto our farm in December. Ben Hinton tried to get Uncle George to cut roads for the oxen so they could snake the logs.

"Can't do it," Uncle George said.

"How about you, Mr. Tussie?" he asked Grandpa. "I'm short of men and this would be a good easy job for you."

"Don't need the work," Grandpa told 'im. "You'll haf to get somebody else."

Pine logs lay so close on the ground that you could jump from log to log. And the big cattle, six yokes of them, snaked the big logs down to the sawmill. Nearly all that Uncle Mott got from the timber went down his neck. He would go to town and stay a week at the time. Sometimes Grandma would get a little money from him to buy meal, lard and flour. Once Uncle Mott sent a box of groceries back from town. He did buy Grandma a set of chears and a table. And he bought her some winderpanes for the winders.

In January I could write my name until anybody could read it. I could write letters. Miss Clark had promoted me to the third grade. "I've taught many Tussies in my day," Miss Clark told me, "but I've never taught a Tussie that could learn as fast as you can."

This was the first thing I told Grandpa soon as I got home from school.

"Wonderful," Grandpa said. "You'll make a county jedge 'r a county high sheriff when you grow up to be a man."

It made me wonder why I hadn't gone school before. Now I was mad that hadn't—just to think that I'd larned fas than any of the Tussies. That pleased me

The January sun warmed the winter ear Meltin snow slid from the schoolhouse ro little creeks filled with melted snow wa hurried down the rugged valleys to Lit Sandy River.

I climbed the mountain to my traps; th I crossed a high ridge down into the val below our house.

When I reached the sawmill I saw Grand a-talkin to Ben Hinton. Grandpa had co from the shack to feel the warmth of the s

"I'm glad to see you out, Grandpa,' said. "Are you about ready to go home?'

"Ready any time. I've got my airin ou

Grandpa walked in front and I walk behind him. We were near the shack a Grandpa stopped in the path and cupped hand over his ear to catch the sound.

"Hush," Grandpa said. "I hear lo voices in the house!"

Grandpa hurried to the house; I hurri along behind him.

"Uncle George and I are entitled to son thin same as your drunken Mott," Au Vittie said just as we opened the door.

UNCLE GEORGE and Aunt Vittie were a-sitt on the bench before the fire; Grandma w a-sittin in one of the chears Uncle Mott h bought her.

"But you aint a-gittin nothin," Grandr said. "What is there to give you?"

"Land," Aunt Vittie said. "By the rig of the Law, all this land is mine."

"Take to the Law and see," Grandr snarled.

"Peace, peace," Grandpa said. "I've g somethin to say here."

"Say it then, Press," Grandma said. "Y are the head of this house."

"It won't pay you to get hooked with t Law," Grandpa said. "It brings you a he of misery when you do."

"I want this farm," Aunt Vittie said.

"We'll take it to the Law before we'll l you have it. Will a piece of land big enou for a house and garden do you?"

"That's all we want," Uncle George sai

"With fifty dollars to help us build o house," Aunt Vittie said.

"I'll see Mott," Grandma said. "If l aint spent all his money, I can get that much

"Take five acres anywhere you want i Vittie," Grandpa said.

Aunt Vittie said, "I know where I want now if it's all right with Uncle George."

"Where, honey?" Uncle George asked.

"In that flat above the sawmill."

"That's a fine place," Uncle George sai "We can get lumber from the sawmill t build our house."

When Grandma knew that Uncle Geor and Aunt Vittie were a-goin to leave th house, she seemed pleased. She was friend with Aunt Vittie again. Uncle George choppe wood. He worked as much as he had befo he married Aunt Vittie.

"Not only will I give fifty dollars my timber money to get 'em outten th house," Uncle Mott told Grandma, "bu I'll help 'em build it if Uncle George ju won't bother to speak to me."

"We couldn't let this go to the Law, Grandpa said. "I've always got the wor end of the Law."

Uncle Mott said, "A-lawin over the last remains of Brother Kim would've looked bad.

And it looks bad that Grandpa, Grandma Aunt Vittie and Uncle Mott ran throug with all the Uncle Kim money, too, I thought But they hadn't thought about this.

It took us two days to clear the brush briers and saplins away, to pile 'em an burn 'em. And then we laid the foundation of Uncle George and Aunt Vittie's shac in a day. We carried field rocks and pu down at the corners and we carried sleeper and sills from the culled-lumber pile. Be Hinton told us to help ourselves to whatever would fit into the foundation.

While we worked on the shack Aunt Vitti went to town every day. She'd come bac at night a-carryin a load big enough for

(Continued on Page 80)

"He didn't want to know me, Pap. He had other plans. He didn't shed any tears over me, did he?"

"Come to think about it, I don't think Mott did do a lot of weepin."

"No, he wouldn't do a lot of weepin," Uncle Kim said. "He's got what was a-comin to 'im. When a brother wants your wife I can't shed a lot of tears over his dead body. That's why he died! Look, he even brought her a box of candy, and her married to my uncle."

"I told you everything, Kim," Aunt Vittie said. "Let's don't talk about Mott and Uncle George."

"All right, honey," Uncle Kim said, "I promise you, I won't talk. But it does make me mad. Fightin over the land that was bought with some poor soldier's dead body. Now I wonder whose land this is?"

"It's yourn, Kim," Grandma said. "I've allus told 'im this land was bought with Kim money."

Grandma dried her tears as Uncle Kim talked. I wondered if he's a-goin to treat me like he treated me before he went to war. I looked at the medals pinned on his coat, a sharpshooter's medal and two medals for bravery. I wished that I was as big and as powerful as Uncle Kim was. I had always liked Uncle Kim but he had never seemed to like me. While he talked I walked up closer to him.

"Sid," Uncle Kim said, takin a step toward me, "you're growin up like a bean pole. You're taller than your mother now!"

"My mother, Uncle Kim?" I said. "You mean Grandma?"

"No, I mean your mother."

I didn't say anything, for I didn't know who my mother was.

"Doesn't Sid know who his mother is yet?" Uncle Kim asked.

Neither Grandma, Grandpa nor Aunt Vittie said a word.

"I think it's time we told 'im," Uncle Kim said. "Vittie's your mother, Sid."

While Aunt Vittie and Grandma cooked supper for us, Uncle Kim and I sat before the fire and talked. Uncle Kim had never been so friendly with me before. I told him about goin to school and the good grades that I had made. I told him how I had trapped animals and sold the hides to buy things I needed in school. And Uncle Kim listened to me.

"You've changed a lot, Uncle Kim," I said.

"You mean I look different?"

"No, you talk different. You never would talk to me before. I didn't think you was a-goin to talk to me this time."

"I never treated you right, Sid," Uncle Kim said. "I'll tell you the truth about everything. I never treated you right because you were not my son!"

"But I've always wanted to be your son," I said.

"Your father is a Seagraves," Uncle Kim said. "Your father's father owned the Blue Creek Mountain Coal Mine in Harlan County. He got your mother in trouble when she was fourteen. And I was bummin over the country and got a job at the coal mine. Seagraves wouldn't marry your mother because her pappie was a coal miner and his pappie was a coal operator and it was fixed for me to marry your mother and take you and her away so he could marry another girl. I got paid for it. I didn't care about your mother then; I didn't want to settle down. I didn't care for anybody—least of all you. And Pap and Ma took you when you were a little baby. You're old enough for me to tell you these things now. I'm not your father but I'd love to be."

"He's tellin you the truth, Sid," Grandpa whispered. "I've allus laid off to tell ye but never could do it."

Grandma fed Grandpa while I sat at the table with Uncle Kim and Aunt Vittie. I knew that it would be hard for me to call Aunt Vittie "mother" since I had never used that word in my life. I had never used the word "father."

Uncle Kim didn't seem to mind about Uncle Mott's death. He was hurt over Grandpa, but he looked so deeply in love with Aunt Vittie that nothin else seemed to bother 'im and so happy to be home again that he laughed most of the time. He could hardly stay away from Aunt Vittie while she got supper.

Before we had finished supper there was a knock on our front door. I heard Grandma leave Grandpa's bed and open the door.

"Sorry, Mrs. Tussie, but we've come after Mott," I heard Sheriff Whiteapple say.

"He's here," Grandma said.

"Where is he?" Sheriff Whiteapple asked.

"In bed," Grandma said.

I heard many feet trampin on our floor and many voices a-talkin.

"Is he asleep?" Sheriff Whiteapple said.

"He's asleep to sleep a long time," Grandpa said. "He won't go with ye this time, sheriff. He's dead."

"What happened?"

"You won't need yer guns, Sheriff Whiteapple," Grandma said. "Old George Tussie kilt Mott. Mott is free of all his troubles."

"Where's George Tussie?"

"He went out at the kitchen winder," Grandma said. "He's gone to the rock cliffs upon the mountain. Ye can track 'im in the snow. He's got a pistol on 'im and he's right handy with it! Shoots from the hip."

"But we'll get 'im," Sheriff Whiteapple said. "We've got too many men and too many guns. Come on, men!"

I heard 'em leave the shack and I went over to our kitchen winder to watch them. There was a thin moon in the star-filled sky. With the snow on the ground, the night was almost bright as day. I saw Sheriff Whiteapple and six deputies start up the hill on Uncle George's tracks.

"Uncle George'll get what's a-comin to 'im," Uncle Kim said.

Uncle Kim and Aunt Vittie washed the dishes. I left them alone in the kitchen and went to the front room to be with Grandpa and Grandma.

I sat alone in the flickerin firelight while Grandma sat by Grandpa's bed. And thoughts ran through my mind as they had never run before.

I thought about Uncle Mott, Uncle George, Grandpa, Grandma, Uncle Kim and Aunt Vittie; I thought about Dee and young Ben Tussie and wondered if they would be buried on the mountaintop the same time that we buried Uncle Mott and Grandpa if he died. And I wondered if Uncle George would get killed and be buried with them too. And I wondered what all the Tussies would think when they saw Uncle Kim. I wondered what Uncle Kim would think when he looked at his own grave.

Uncle Kim and Aunt Vittie came from the kitchen with their arms around each other. Uncle Kim sat down in a chair before the fire, lifted Aunt Vittie into his lap. He didn't call her the names of birds and flowers like Uncle George but he called her his "sweet little armful," his "little lump of sugar" and his "long sweetenin." Uncle Mott was dead, Grandpa was dyin and Uncle Kim was lovin, all in the same room. It all seemed so much like a dream to me and made thoughts go through my head and fade like mornin mists for more thoughts to come. It seemed like a dream, but it wasn't a dream for I felt life surge through my body and I felt warmth from the big fire.

(THE END)

Proverbs

➧ **You can hardly make a friend in a year, but you can easily lose one in an hour.**

—CHINESE.

It is the melancholy face gets stung by the bee.

—ORIENTAL.

One hand opened in charity is worth one folded in prayer.

The man who can govern a woman can govern a nation.

—BALZAC.

46 POUNDS gone for good!

Gladys Tuley, of Markham, Texas, finds a thrilling way to beauty and vitality.

Before

After

Gladys Tuley's measurements before and after taking the DuBarry Success Course

	Before	After	Change
Height	5' 6"	5' 6½"	+ ½"
Weight	188 lbs.	142 lbs.	— 46 lbs.
Bust	43⅛"	38"	— 5⅛"
Waist	34¼"	28"	— 6¼"
Hips	44"	38"	— 6"
Thigh	26"	21½"	— 4½"

PLENTY OF PEP NOW FOR WORK AND FUN

"So much of our happiness," says Mrs. Tuley, wisely, "depends on our secret opinion of ourselves. I was so miserably dissatisfied with my figure, skin, carriage and poise, that I avoided the mirror. My 20's had been a whirlwind of college, teaching and art, but when I settled down on a rice farm I gave myself up to all the little ailments of middle age—at 31!

"Then the DuBarry Success Course came into my life. I lost 9 pounds the first week and felt glorious. After losing 16 pounds without becoming wrinkled or flabby, can you blame me for having such faith in the Course? It has brought me such vibrant health and so much vitality that I not only do my own work, but take my place in the Red Cross Motor Corps."

With her housework, farm work, war work and hobbies, surely Mrs. Tuley is one of the busiest women in Texas. But she was not too busy to spend a little time each day making herself over into a glamorous, beautiful woman with a world of energy for wartime living.

It Can Happen to YOU!

No matter how busy you are—at home, in office or war work—you owe it to yourself and your job to feel and look your best. More than 110,000 women and girls of all ages from 16 to 60 have found the DuBarry Success Course a time-saving way to be fit and fair. The Course brings you an analysis of your needs—skin, hair, figure, weight—then shows you how to follow in your own home the same methods taught by Ann Delafield at the Richard Hudnut Salon, New York. And you learn how to *retain* your new beauty, your slender figure through the years.

When the Success Course has meant so much to so many, why not find out what it can do for you? The coupon will quickly bring you full information. Just paste it on a penny postal.

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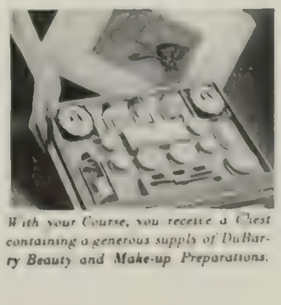
ANN DELAFIELD, *Directing*



With your Course, you receive a Chest containing a generous supply of DuBarry Beauty and Make-up Preparations.

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Please send me the book telling all about the DuBarry Home Success Course.

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I thought Moms was mean to make me wash dishes

UNTIL IVORY SNOW MADE EVERYTHING SUPER!

1 Sure, I'm old enough to help around the house—especially when Moms is so busy with war work. But what bothers me about dishwashing is this bar soap Moms provides. Okay—it's mild and kind to hands. But, creepers, it takes so much time to make suds! No girl can keep her social life waiting like that!

Bar soaps are S-L-O-W —but definitely!

2 So then Moms says, "Use the strong granulated washday soap for dishes, if you want to. It's a quick sudser, but it made my hands rough and red." I'll say she knew the score on that! No foolin'—my hands got so scrubby Bob said they looked a *fright!*

Strong washday soaps can be strictly brutal!

3 I must be Bob's heartbeat all right, because look what he did—convoyed a package of Ivory Snow! "Got the dope on dishwashing from my married sister," he explains. "She says use the same Ivory Snow you use for stockings . . . on account of it's *both safe and fast.* It's Ivory-pure and mild, so you know it's gentle to hands—and it's *granulated* in tiny 'snowdrops,' so it makes suds at the drop of a hat!" That boy's right on the beam!

WONDERFUL **Ivory Snow is as safe for your hands as the mildest bar soap—but far faster. And it's as fast as the strongest granulated soap—but far safer!**

HERE'S THE ONLY SOAP THAT IS IVORY-MILD AND GRANULATED FOR SPEEDY SUDSING!
IVORY SNOW
IVORY SNOW
NEW! Suds in cool water
Safer for silks and woolens
Suds in 3 seconds
99 44/100 % PURE

AVOID WASTE IN WARTIME

Make Ivory Snow go farther. When you wash dishes, use less water and you'll need less soap for abundant suds. Measure the amount of water and soap you are going to use. Saving soap is a wartime duty.

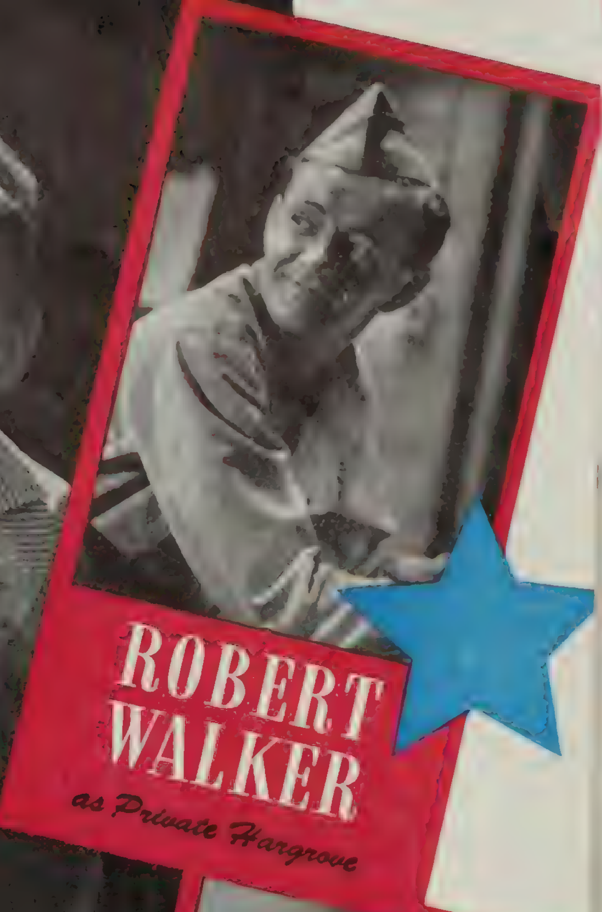
Meantime, if your dealer has no Ivory Snow—don't blame him. We're making it as fast as we can and he'll have it soon again.

IVORY SNOW *For Speedier Dishwashing*

For Snow-White Hands

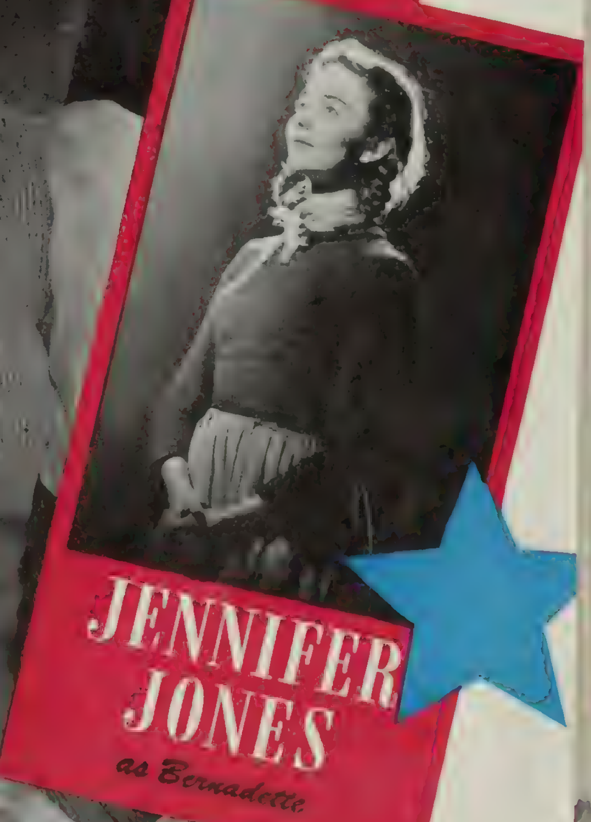
MUNKACSI

hile they posed thus—happy, young (twenty-four), good look-th two handsome sons and a million-dollar future—Hollywood red rumors that the Bob Walkers were "going to bust up." They lling it an amicable separation which might lead to divorce.



ROBERT WALKER

as Private Hargrove



JENNIFER JONES

as Bernadette

MEET TWO RISING STARS

2.3% of American families have incomes of $10,000 a year or more.

WHEN the news buzzed around Hollywood that Jennifer Jones and Bob Walker had split up, parting in an "amicable separation," the film colony settled back with a contented sigh. Its worst fears had been realized! Didn't it just show that the "insiders" and I-told-you-so's had been right all along?

Jennifer and Bob—luck's newest darlings, unknown six months ago, now sky-high with the two fattest name parts of the year, title roles in The Song of Bernadette and See Here, Private Hargrove, respectively—well, this pair was another one to prove the rule. And the rule in movieland is that it is hard for a successful young couple to keep their marriage on an even keel.

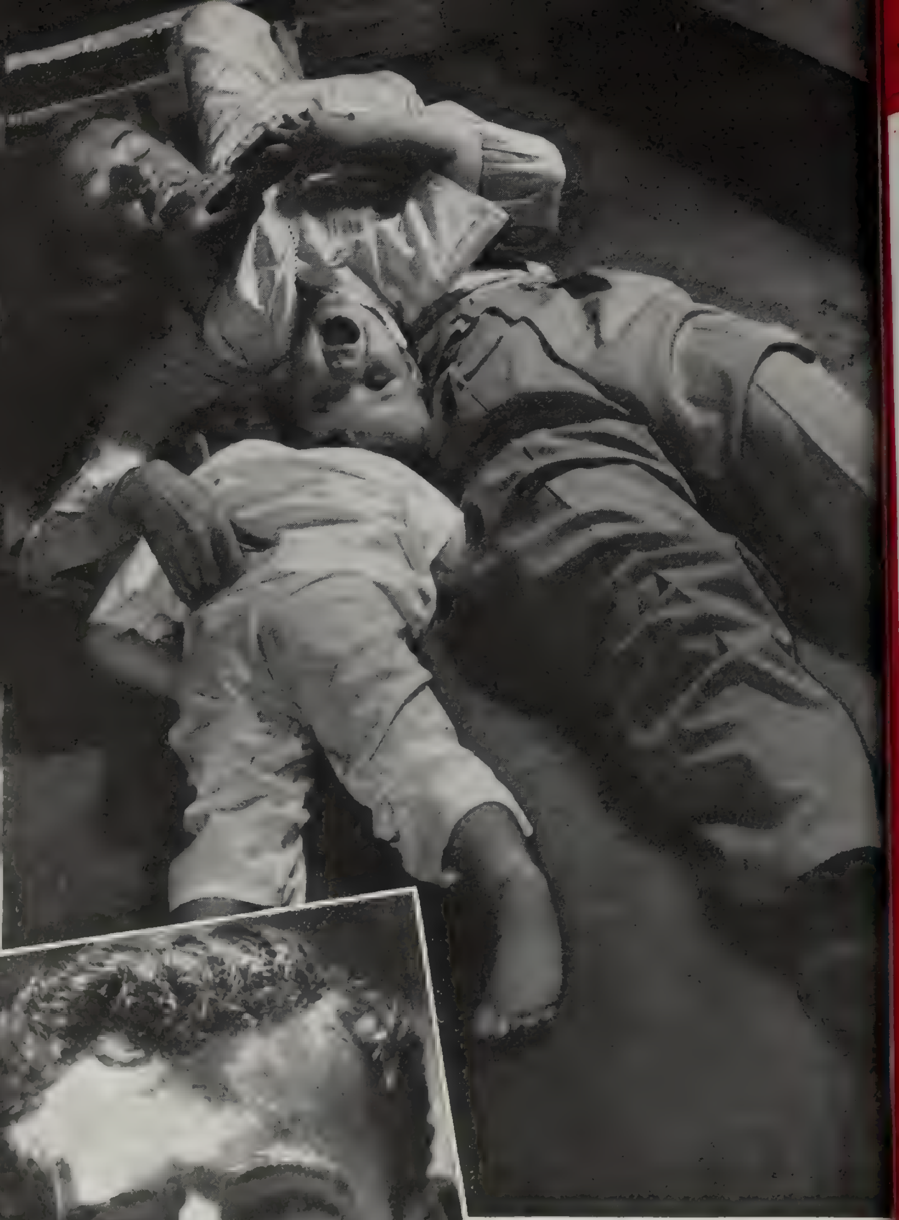
Only a short time before, two JOURNAL editors had watched the lanky Bob Walker help his vivid young wife into their Buick convertible, with a B-card marker, then head off down the sun-white California street. A movie-company executive looked after the disappearing pair prayerfully.

"And there," he said more to himself than to the listeners, "goes all of twenty million bucks!"

They didn't look like twenty million—rather like a young commuting couple from Scarsdale or Alexandria with a couple of youngsters, a mortgage about a third paid off and a membership in the more modest local country club. Nevertheless, twenty million is a shade under the valuation which their several employers put on Jennifer Jones and Bob Walker.

★ ★ ★ *How America Lives* ★ ★ ★

Big grin on Jennifer was strictly for the photographer. "Motorcycles scare me skinny," she confessed. This $400 secondhand model is Bob's great pride. Couple used to have fun together; recently have developed varying interests.

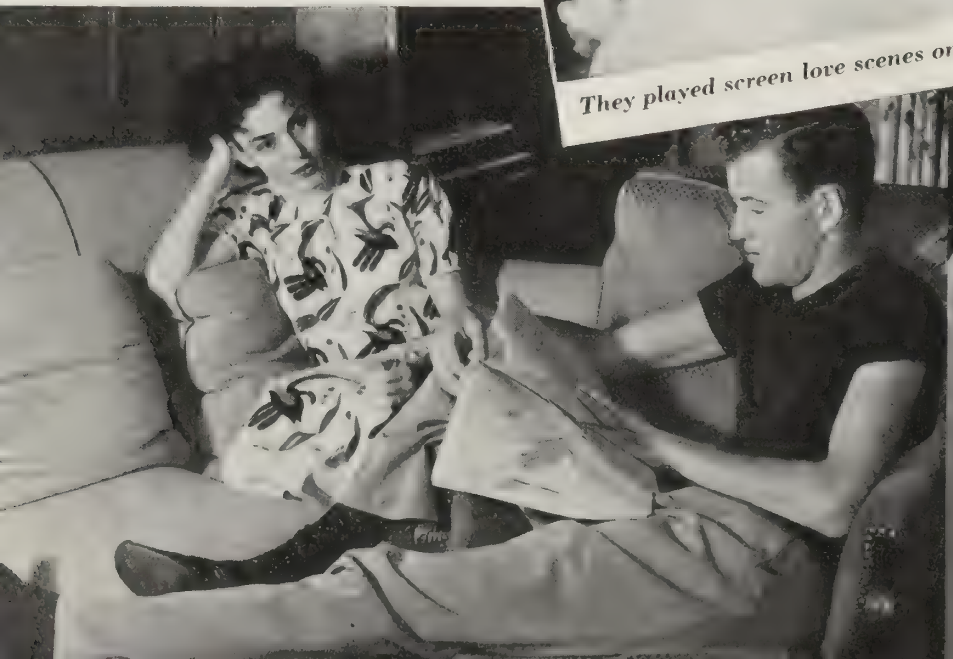


Devoted father, Bob, in agre "friendly separation" from wif it hard not to see small sons, three and a half, and Michael, t quently. Like most fathers, he lusty romp as much as they do. "an able diaper slinger" back days when Walkers—dismal fa lived in a cold-water flat on New Twelfth Street, near Ninth A with two babies, a puppy and rot. Jen modeled hats, he playe in radio "soap operas." Hollyw brought them success—and lit

MUNKACSI

They played screen love scenes on lot, then went home to separate dwellings.

Home life of the screen stars. Can it be real, or must it always be "Hollywood"? Here Bob was "cueing" Jen in lines for their current movie, Since You Went Away, originally published in the JOURNAL. *Walkers, up at 6:30* A.M. *to reach studio, returning at 6:30* P.M. *for 12-hour day, put in long hours memorizing lines. Fragile-looking Jen must get 10 hours' sleep somehow to look her best before camera. Bob, trying to gain weight, was losing instead on tough grind of all work, no play—partial explanation, perhaps, of breakup.*



Michael wails, Bobby protes nurse deftly settles the "trivyvle lem. "She does all the disciplinin plains Jen, "since Bob is away a at the studio working all day si week." Luckily, kids have never b

It has all happened in such an amazingly short time—most of it in less than a year. This fact, together with the good looks of this twenty-four-year-old couple, their background and personal attractiveness, makes the story of how they made their rocket trip to success, what has happened to them on the way up, and in consequence, a really significant facet of the picture of U. S. life in this year of 1944.

For instance, there was that party a few weeks ago, a big gathering with Bob and Jennifer both in the crowd. Just what Bob did, just what Jennifer said, wasn't recorded, but gossip columnists and their informers have a variety of versions. Anyhow, next morning it was being asserted in type for 132,000,000 Americans to read that the Walkers would soon be headed for Reno.

Jennifer immediately denied this, but "confirmed" that Bob was no longer living with her and the children.

When the average young couple, married a few years, have a slight tiff—as who doesn't?—she sheds a few tears, he grabs his hat, slams a door and twenty-four hours later all is forgiven and forgotten!

But where was Jennifer Jones that morning while Hollywood and Broadway—and several million movie fans in between—were discussing this newest domestic titbit over the coffee cups? She was on the Selznick lot, playing a love scene before the cameras. Yes, she was playing a love scene with an actor who happened to be named Bob Walker.

And that evening at 6:30, after the day's work, Jennifer was on her way home to the spacious and gracious white villa in Bel Air where her two sons—lusty, good-natured Bobby, who is three and a half, and Michael, two—were waiting for good-night kisses. Bob Walker, on the other hand, went to a hotel.

What caused the smashup? Who was to blame? Neither Jennifer nor Bob would give an answer. But—since this is a true story of Hollywood and *not* a motion picture—it is important to know that since then Jennifer Jones and Bob Walker have met daily at the studio and continued playing sweethearts before the camera.

Incredible? Heartless? Not at all; that's just the picture business.

THE title of the movie Mr. and Mrs. Walker have been making happens to be Since You Went Away. In this picture Jennifer has the part of Claudette Colbert's daughter and Bob is the shy, very-much-in-love young man who blushes at sight of her. Bob is supposed to be the grandson of a brusque old Army colonel (Monty Woolley) who rents a room in Claudette's home. It is the first time Jennifer and Bob Walker have been cast in the same picture.

Of course untangling their screen roles from their strictly personal and private lives has long been a problem for Hollywood's actors and actresses. And no wonder! For the Walkers, this state of affairs is no more topsy-turvy than the rest of the changes wrought in their daily living, surroundings, work, friends, recreation and financial standing by these few months of zooming screen success.

A few years ago Mr. and Mrs. Robert Walker lived in a cold-water flat on the verge of New York's Hell's Kitchen, and wondered if they would ever get anywhere on stage, screen or radio. Time and again Mrs. Walker fixed dinner against Bob's weary return from looking for breaks and, after contemplating the results, both headed silently for stew, coffee and rolls at the quick-and-dirty on the corner. Even that was luxury.

Today the pair's combined incomes are close to $600 a week and, if they continue to go over well, will unquestionably go up. The elegant and expensive white villa which is their Hollywood address is a long, long way from Hell's Kitchen. The Walkers knew they were in the big money for sure when they signed the lease last spring. The house costs a good $225 a month, and at least another $200 is necessary for servants.

Bob's first break—a radio bit that led to steady work—netted exactly $20. In those days of working hard to wedge out a toe's space on the upward ladder, there is no doubt that Jennifer and Bob were happy, hard-working, completely devoted.

Jennifer's name was Phylis until a few months ago, but Bob usually called her "honey" or "darling." When the studios rechristened her, he took to calling her "Jen" until it almost seemed natural. Jennifer says, "It surprises me nowadays when somebody calls me 'Mrs. Walker' or 'Phylis.' I feel like 'Miss Jones.'"

They were such kids when they met for the first time at the New York Academy for Dramatic Art. Phylis had just arrived from her native Oklahoma, but she was no newcomer to the theater. Until he recently retired to manage movie theaters, her father, Phil R. Isley, was a well-known tent showman. In her late teens Phylis had plenty of rugged trouping with tent outfits, doing Toby shows and Smilin' Through up and down the Texas Panhandle.

BOB'S route to Manhattan was different. This six-footer whose skinniness (130 pounds now) was for a time a handicap in getting screen parts did most of his growing up in Salt Lake City, where he was born. As a youngster he was sent to San Diego Army and Navy Academy and learned spit-and-polish thoroughly. There, too, he caught the eye of the dramatic coach, who encouraged and started him stageward. He managed the jump to New York, enrolling in dramatic school, thanks to a sympathetic brother back in Salt Lake City, who supplied $10 a week. Bob made out through the good luck of finding a Yonkers home for indigent and worthy young men willing to do their own scrubbing and bedmaking as part pay for their board.

The girl from Oklahoma and the boy from Utah palled up in looking for professional experience. They played together at the Cherry Lane Theater in Greenwich Village. Both were ambitious, hard-working, believed in each other.

Some of their classmates at the dramatic academy say Bob seemed "high hat" in those days. Maybe so. Maybe, even then, he had instinctive confidence that he was going to get to the top and couldn't help showing it. Jen felt it, too, and of course her admiration built him up. They used to talk about stardom for her à la Katharine Cornell, with Bob her director à la McClintic.

Phylis went home to Oklahoma in the summer for radio drama work on a local station. When she was hired as leading lady of a radio stock company, she wired Bob to come on as leading man ($25 a week for each). They were married January 2, 1939, at a small church wedding in Tulsa, and the Isleys gave them a car as a wedding present.

There is room now for two cars in the Bel Air garage, a Mercury sedan as well as the Buick. Before their separation, both Jennifer and Bob said driving had become a source of friction between them. "Good-humored friction," they called it. He thought Jennifer took corners too fast. She said he came up too fast behind the car ahead. One reason Bob bought his motorcycle ($400 secondhand) was that they disagreed about the cars. Bob said Jennifer was not economical with gas. When he went to the studio on the motorcycle, she drove the Mercury.

Back in New York, Bob Walker got a chance to work in radio serials, making enough to pay rent on a flat on Twelfth Street near Ninth Avenue and the roaring elevated. Later they moved to a summer cottage at Long Beach, Long Island. It was a ramshackle place and, to help stretch finances, the Walkers moved in two months before the season started, thus saving rent.

Jennifer, awaiting her first-born, forgot about footlights, microphones, cameras—only temporarily, of course. When Bobby came he proved to be a good baby, healthy and easy to care for. His mother got some jobs modeling hats, occasionally worked as a photographer's model through the Powers agency. Of course, Jen did her own housekeeping too—with some help from Bob. She remembers he was "a whiz at changing diapers."

(Continued on Page 98)

Hollywood miracl of Bernadette was unknown Oklahoman bagging lead.

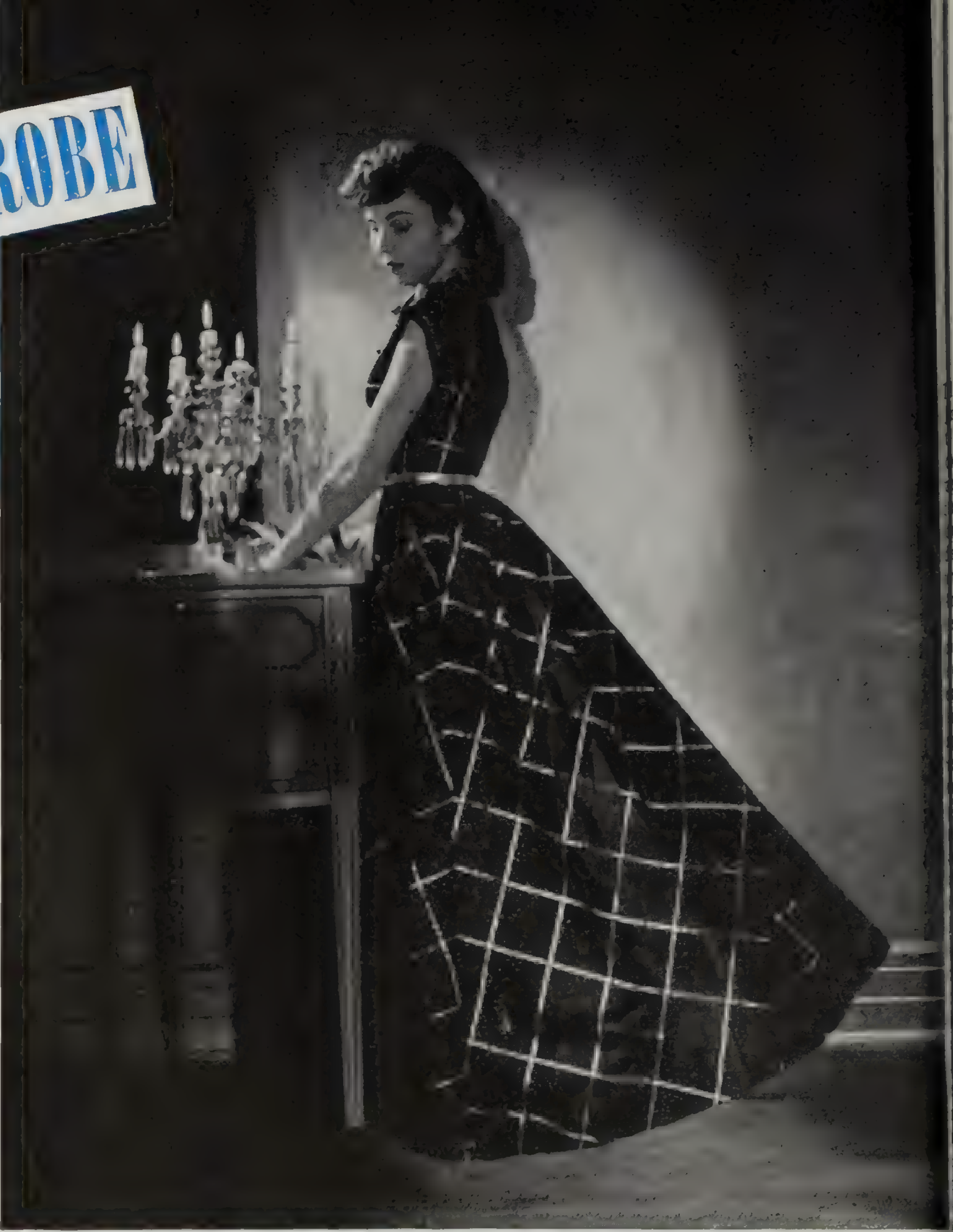
Bob, unforgettable as sailor in Bataan, also in Mme. Curie, plays lead in Pvt. Hargrove.

STAR IN A FIVE-PIECE WARDROBE

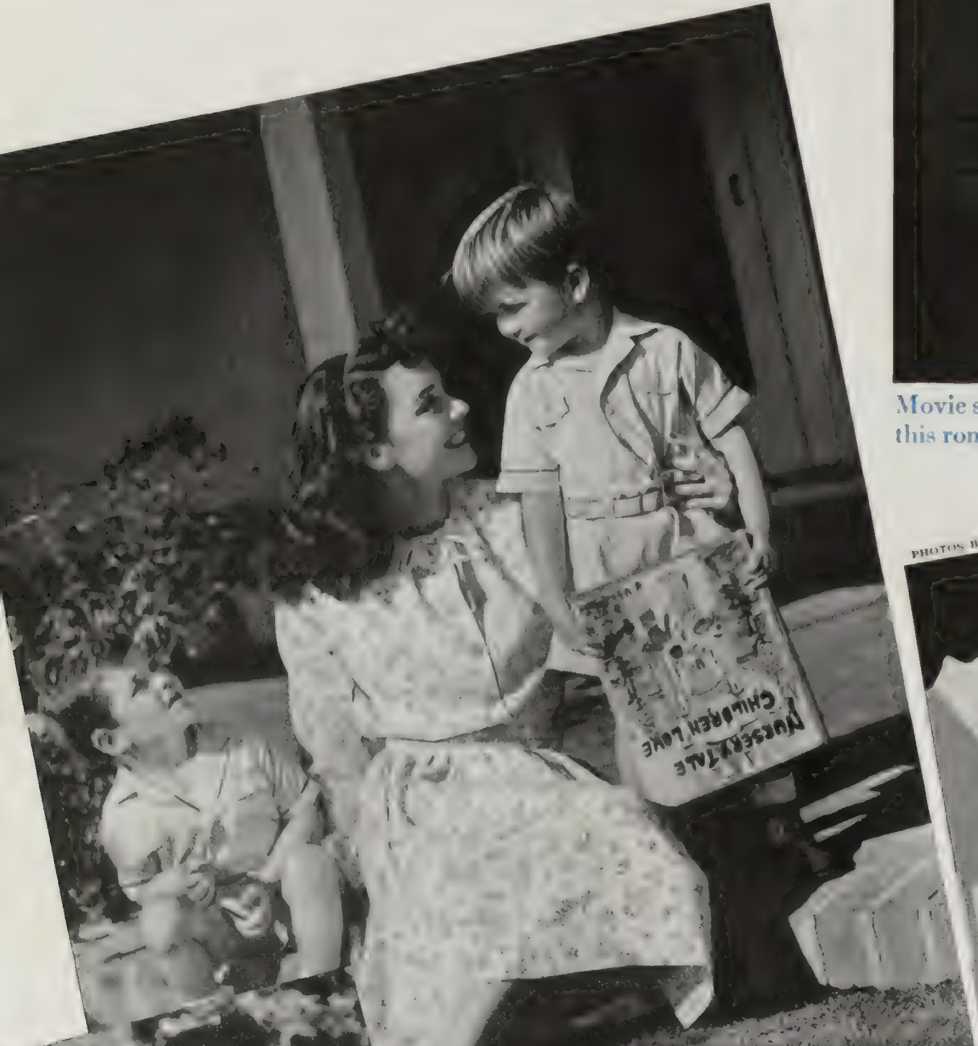
BY RUTH MARY PACKARD

Don't you often wonder what a young movie star wears to work, how she looks at home playing with her children, how she dresses for an evening party? Here's Jennifer Jones, wanting clothes that are young and slim, colorful and practical—even as you and I. Her California wardrobe is about the same the year round, in weight and style.

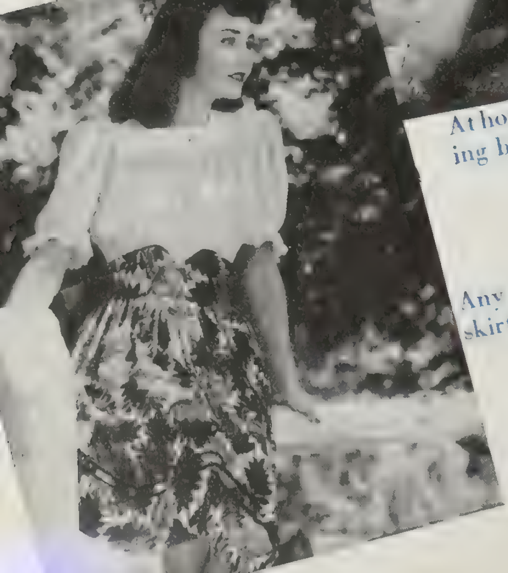
A gray flannel bolero suit—half country, half town, gay as a schoolgirl's. A pin-checked navy skirt and crisp white blouse, perfect with her navy Churchill coat. A two-piece challis, her home-and-garden dress, alternates with a gay flowered skirt and white blouse. For evening, she loves romantic, slim-waisted taffeta—you'll love it too. These clothes happen to belong to a star, but any girl or young mother living in a mild Southern climate could claim them.



Movie stars aren't always wrapped in sables. Jennifer loves simple party clothes like this romantic black taffeta with a silver plaid, right for a small party or a first night.

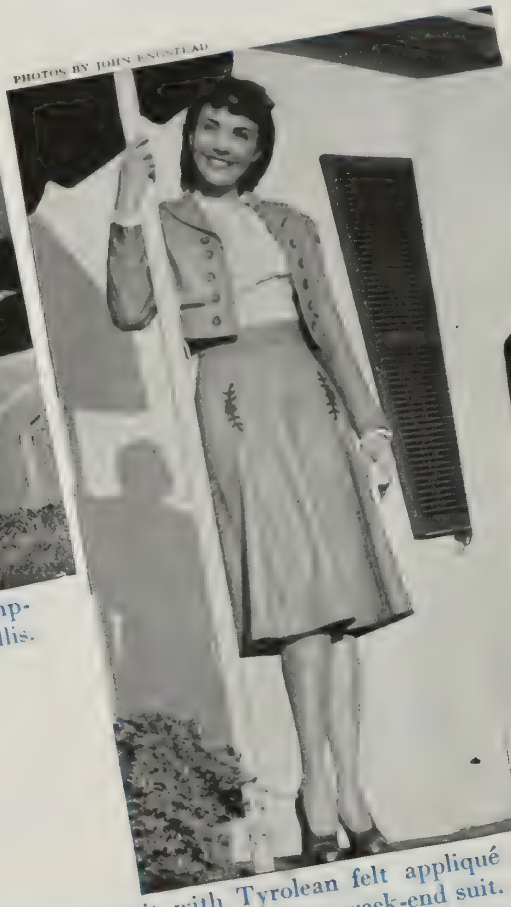


At home for an afternoon with her two romping boys: a two-piece white-ground challis.

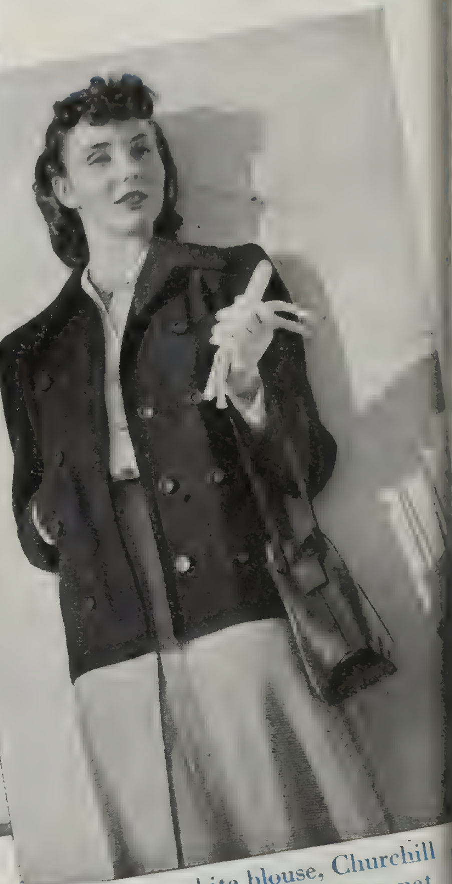


Any sunny day at home: a printed skirt and pretty white blouse.

PHOTOS BY JOHN ENGSTEAD



Gray flannel bolero suit with Tyrolean felt appliqué trimming might be any girl's business or week-end suit.



Off to the studio: checked skirt, white blouse, Churchill coat, short white gloves, navy calot and hair in a net.

You Can't Have a Career and be a Good Wife

BY A SUCCESSFUL CAREER WIFE

not startling to hear that Jennifer
es Walker and Bob Walker have come
a parting of the ways. Always in
ble-career marriages there is terrific
With two strong personalities thrust-
ward to success, not all the pull can be
lly co-operative. There is crowding,
ometimes conflict. It could not be
ise.

arriage that survives twin careers is
ception; one that can *thrive* on a dual
is a miracle. Many marriages, it is
ontinue to be endured under these cir-
ances, for not everyone has the cour-
face the situation as the Walkers are
admitting they no longer have a going
n, and taking steps to rectify matters.
essful career couples," so-called, try to
p a glossy surface, hoping it will not
and expose the disappointing make-
underneath.

at is the matter with this dream of a
nd a woman, both workers out in the
making a solid home together? Why
n't two people, each with an outside
do, unite all the more firmly to build
setting for their private lives? Why
n't such a partnership be unusually
understanding, and mutual respect,
ely ideas—twice as many of the last,
, as when only one partner goes afield
ner them? Why shouldn't the children
h progressive parents, with doubly
orizons, be especially privileged and
?

ortunately, it rarely works out that
The picture of this ideal partnership has
ptive and meretricious brightness. It
after years of observation and experi-
hat one realizes how superficial that
ness is; realizes, too, that the best mar-
do not necessarily glitter on the sur-
t all, but are solid affairs built on time-
foundations. The reasons for this go
far back in human history, and have
en too much changed by household in-
ons or woman's suffrage or nursery
ls or diaper services.

st women want to keep on working
marriage for one of three reasons:
cause they want extra money; 2. Be-
they are lonely and want something to
ir days besides the care of a three-room
ment; 3. Because they feel they have
hing to express and have an honest
oward work they really like.

of these reasons brings its own
ar danger. The woman who works to
ement her husband's income is setting
ancial habits which she will find in-
ngly hard to change. His money pro-
ns, which would be important cause
lebration if he alone were the bread-
r, become less impressive. There is less
incentive to fight ahead. The double
e becomes a pleasantly accepted fact.
baby they were going to have "some-
becomes a more and more distant
ect, involving too much rearrangement
ir lives, too much sacrifice of comfort.
all, who wants to settle down to wash-
dishes—and baby things—when the
money makes it possible to live more
?

e wife who works to defeat loneliness is
postponing, or side-stepping in cowardly
on, the period of adjustment necessary
ake her new life successful. Marriage
home building should bring special in-
s of their own, not be simply an exten-
of the pattern of girlhood. The bride
continues to build her daily living
nd familiar office activities, friends and gossip, instead of starting to develop additional friends and interests compatible with her changed condition, is as shortsighted as the young wife who wants to continue eating at mother's because she doesn't want to learn how to cook. Marriage requires rearrangement of many previous attitudes, and the best possible time to do that is right in the beginning.

Most insidious of all is the danger threatening the girl who really finds her work stimulating. A good job is a demanding job. The young woman who is giving her best to her work cannot give her husband and home all they deserve. As anyone who has fought forward in the world of commerce and careers knows, success comes from ideas, and ideas cannot be turned off and on by the clock. They arrive disturbingly at daybreak, or on Sunday afternoon, or when Aunt Minnie is coming to dinner. Often they call for an audience, or at least a pad, a stub of pencil and a few uninterrupted minutes.

Now every family is the better for *one* person who is throwing off ideas and creative steam in general. And "creative" in this instance applies just as much to schemes for selling plumbing supplies, or an improved system of bookkeeping, as to more colorful efforts in art and literature. It's good to have one partner vigorously emitting ideas and challenging the imagination with plans for the future. And that person needs an audience who is wholeheartedly interested, and who will put everything else aside to give him encouragement in critical moments. Because inside the heart of even the bravest fighter there is always a little loneliness and unsureness, and a great need of warm words. It is fine and sobering, too, for that fighter when he is out in front to know that the welfare of his family unit depends entirely on him and that he is backed by complete faith.

But when the front action is divided? When there are *two* fighters, each needing encouragement; two performers, each demanding an audience? What then?

If they could alternate their needs, that would help, but too often life, with devilish ingenuity, piles everything up at once. Caleb has a row with the boss and comes home to find Sylvia in tears because they have hired a new young woman in the department and given her the very work they promised Sylvia. Even worse is the New Year's when Caleb's raise doesn't come through on schedule and he comes wearily through the front door to be met by a joyful Sylvia shouting over an unexpected bonus. A man wants comfort and someone to share his grousing at the boss at a low moment like that, and no matter how many articles are written to prove it shouldn't be so, it hurts his male pride to have his woman winning, on her own, the business laurels he had hoped to lay at her feet. If this experience is repeated too often, he may become chronically embittered, or he may relax his own effort and become one of those subdued husbands often seen in the wake of successful businesswomen. In either case, the marriage is thrown off balance. An aggressive husband and an apologetic wife do not make a satisfactory couple, but it is even more against nature when the positions are reversed.

The problems of the children of a business couple deserve a whole volume. Presuming that a liberal financial setup, good health and flexible working hours for the mother have assured the arrival of a baby without too desperate a counting of time and pennies,

(Continued on Page 107)

To our many friends
in the battle zones and on the
home front we extend
our sincere wishes for 1944 and
whole-heartedly join you in
the hope that peace will soon be
a reality all over the world.

DOLE
HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE COMPANY

BUY ANOTHER WAR BOND

Mrs. Robert Walker is the mother of two boys and, in addition to a pair of high-powered sons, has her own screen career as lovely Jennifer Jones. She is an outstanding example of a naturally pretty girl who, through intelligent effort, has grown into an even more charming woman. Her self-improvement program, if faithfully carried out, would add luster to any girl.

Being Pretty Isn't Enough

BY LOUISE PAINE BENJAMIN

Beauty Editor of the Journal

A NEAT set of features, a figure that is easy on the eyes and a healthy growth of naturally curly hair would seem like perfectly satisfactory beauty equipment to most girls, especially when there is a supersmile thrown in—the kind that makes friends of everybody.

Which shows that you just don't know the lovely lady of the screen known as Jennifer Jones, who is too intelligent to take her good looks for granted. She knows that no living thing is static, not even beauty, and that if you are too lazy to help yourself forward, you are certainly going to slip backward. So she has taken herself in hand and is fortifying her natural assets through a self-improvement program that is not only making *her* a more attractive person every day, but which, if faithfully carried out, would add luster to any girl.

There are at least three acquirable assets that spell charm for any woman, whatever her features: a well-carried body, radiant health and a warm speaking voice.

Jennifer works as hard for these three glamorous attributes as if she had nothing else to offer the world.

HER BEAUTY PROGRAM MAKES SENSE

After nine—or preferably ten—hours of sound sleep, she rises at seven-thirty, fit as a fiddle. There is time for only a spot of exercise then, for, as in any household where two youngsters share the family life, the early-morning atmosphere is a lively one. Jennifer does a bit of stretching and limbering to the radio, just because she feels so full of healthy bounce, but her regular exercise comes later in the day.

Her breakfast is a vitamin delight. A typical menu is orange juice with the yolk of an egg, an apple and a glass of milk. She loves milk and usually drinks at least twice the adult health quota of a pint a day. She has no food fads, sticks to simple fare—"the same things the children eat"—avoids high seasonings and doesn't care for stimulants. But once in a while, being thoroughly human, she has a chocolate spree—a drippy fudge sundae!

Slim though she is, she keeps her hips thoroughly disciplined, knowing that is where trouble would start, if permitted. A three-mile walk daily is part of Jennifer's health program. She doesn't mind walking alone. It gives her time to relax mentally and think things out. She likes swinging along in the rain, too, in the soft moist air that is fine treatment for any skin.

In addition to her walk, this ambitious girl gets in an hour of other exercise, concentrating on hip workouts and posture. She bicycles, skips rope, does leg swings and makes herself go through the bends, twists and "figure eights" we all know about, but mostly put off doing.

As for posture, she does just what you yourself ought to do every day, as follows: Standing about six inches from the wall, with feet slightly apart, try to flatten your spine against the wall, including the small of your back. Chin in, shoulders flat against wall! Now try raising both arms (palms out) in a wide arc to a position above the head, while keeping them—and your spine—pressed against the wall.

You won't be able to achieve perfection, but if you work at this exercise conscientiously, you will improve that youth line from head to hips. Think "tall," tighten your stomach muscles, tuck in your buttocks. Only old—or lazy—folks slump, and only out-of-date ladies protrude in the back!

WHAT'S IN A VOICE?

Your voice tells everything about you, according to Aristide d'Angelo, who was Jennifer Jones' speech instructor in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, and whose guidance contributed to the lovely fresh quality of her voice. Jennifer was as persistent in her speech studies as in everything else. "Good enough" never suited her, according to her teacher. She always wanted to know "what" and "why" and how she could do even better. Here are the principles Mr. d'Angelo taught her:

The voice changes automatically according to the "sense image." A radio broadcaster, reporting an exciting fight from close range, gets tense, breathless. Sometimes his voice actually cracks, although he is doing none of the fighting. But because the "image" in his mind is one of violence, suspense and tension, all

(Continued on Page 120)

Adult rule is pint of milk daily—so Jen drinks two.

WINS ORDERS FROM HEADQUARTERS
Washington, D. C.

Keep fit for DUTY—as well as beauty. Every day have ample fresh air and exercise, eight hours' sleep, and three balanced meals, as part of your civilian fitness program.

You'll never see their Faces—

¶ **But you'll thank these thousands of women for telling you why they switched to Modess**

¶ **"So soft!" "So comfortable!" "So utterly safe!" say 8 out of 10 letters!**

You'll never know who they are, or where they live.

Yet 10,086 women—from all across the country—have done you one of the best turns in the world. Here's why...

They had the courage to write—frankly and freely—on a most intimate subject, so that other women could benefit by their experience. Simply, and with complete honesty, these women told *why* they're glad they switched to Modess Sanitary Napkins.

During the past few months letters have been coming in from women who had been users of practically every other type and kind of pad. An independent, impartial concern read the letters. And here are the returns:

> *8 out of 10 women said they're glad they switched to Modess because of its wonderful softness and comfort—its absolute safety!*

Read what some of these letters said!

"Modess never chafes. I feel comfortable even after wearing it for hours," writes Miss R.C. Yes! Downy-light Modess adjusts itself to your *own* body without bulky discomfort. No hard tab ends. No telltale outlines.

"Safer than any other brand for me," Mrs. D.C. enthusiastically praises Modess. The triple, full-length shield at the back of every Modess napkin gives full-way protection—not just part-way, as some napkins give.

"Its downy softness guarantees all-day comfort!" says Miss M.A. And no wonder! Thanks to its softspun filler, Modess *is softer*—so different from the close-packed, layer-type pads. Is it any wonder, then, that thousands *more* women are switching to Modess all the time?

Aren't *you* busier than ever before? Wouldn't you welcome *more* softness, *more* protection? If you haven't tried Modess recently why not switch *now*, and see for yourself what a tremendous difference a softer, safer napkin can make?

Discover the Difference!
Switch to

Modess

SANITARY NAPKINS

Modess Regular is for the great majority of women. So highly absorbent it takes care of even above-average needs. Makes bulky oversize napkins unnecessary. In boxes of 12 napkins, or Bargain Box of 56. **Modess Junior** is for those who require a slightly narrower napkin. In boxes of 12.

Shefford
FROM WISCONSIN

LADY—
you haven't a book like this
. . . but it's easy to get
and will help you a lot—it's **FREE!**

Mexican Chevelle Scallop—one of many new ideas in our new booklet, "40 Wartime Cheese Dishes"

40 new ways to make wartime foods go further, taste better, provide more nutrition. Main dishes combining Shefford Chevelle and other Shefford products with meat, fish, poultry, eggs, vegetables. New desserts, salads, sandwiches.

Practical point-saving recipes for easy-to get foods and leftovers. All of them delicious because of the extra-nice flavor that Shefford puts into its products.

SHEFFORD CHEESE CO., INC.
Green Bay, Wisconsin

40 WARTIME CHEESE DISHES by Shefford FROM WISCONSIN
Shefford Chicken Casserole
chevelle
A SMOOTHER · FATTER MELTING CHEE

SEND COUPON TODAY!

Shefford Cheese Co., Inc., Dept. J-1
Green Bay, Wisconsin
Please send me your new free booklet, "40 Wartime Cheese Dishes," to help me plan good new wartime main dishes.

Name..............................
Street..............................
City.................State..........

HOLLYWOOD BOWL

By Louella G. Shouer

A CAPACIOUS bowl of soup or salad—or even a double feature—always plays to an appreciative audience at suppertime. They have a popular appeal and, in this wartime winter, are showing nightly. Stir in the drama, toss in the glamour, and you can produce "bowls" at home that will rate you four stars if not an Oscar.

SALAD BOWLS

ALMOST anything in the refrigerator is casting material for a good salad. It's up to you to make it "theater." Prepare it with care—make your seasoning "inspired." Even if salad is to be tossed, it will show up carelessness in preparation.

EGG-AND-AVOCADO SALAD

Line your wooden bowl with broken pieces of greens—anything you have or can get in the green line. Build your salad with sliced, hard-cooked eggs and a peeled avocado, sliced or diced. Over all crumble a little blue cheese, and season. This salad calls for mustard dressing: add 1 teaspoon prepared mustard and ½ teaspoon each of chopped onion and parsley for each ¼ cup French dressing.

CALIFORNIA SALAD

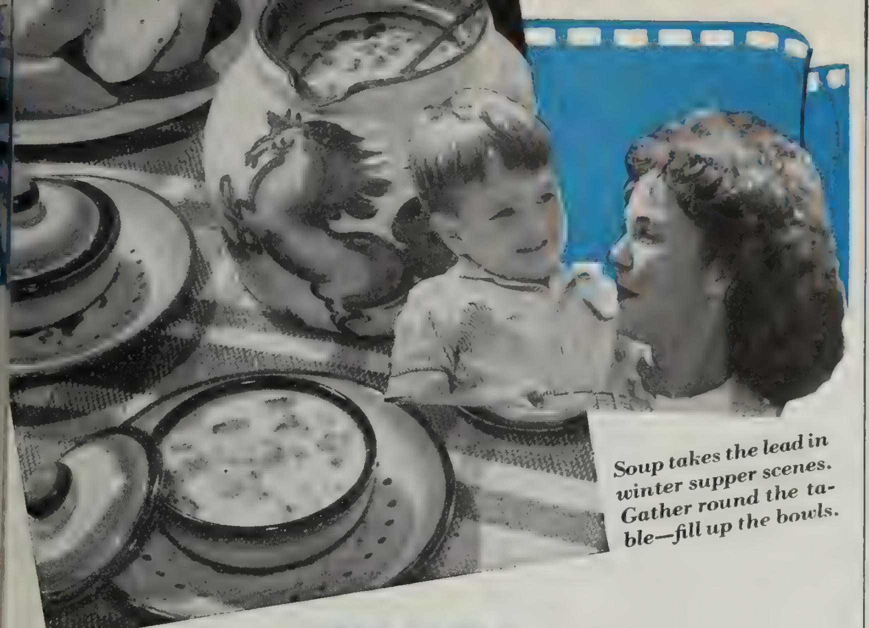
Alternate sections of grapefruit, orange and tangerine, or you might have any one of the three on a bed of greens. Avocado teams with citrus fruits, too, but it's playing in another salad. The dressing is a wonderful mixture of chopped water cress or parsley and chili sauce, 2 tablespoons each for ¼ cup French dressing. Pass a bowl of cottage cheese and a plate of biscuits to eat alongside, as the salad it is proteinless.

WALDORF FISH SALAD

Apple and celery mean "Waldorf" cookbook language, but when you add and pep up the dressing this salad ste the show. Here are the proportions for 2 cups diced apple (leave peel on), 1 minced celery, juice of ½ lemon, 2 cups cooked or canned fish in bigg flaked pieces. (Anything but salmon, does better in another role.) Mix with cup mayonnaise or ½ mayonnaise and boiled salad dressing to which you h added 1 tablespoon horse-radish, ½ te spoon grated onion, 1 teaspoon prepar mustard, salt and pepper. Mix and ser in a china or glass bowl lined with greer (Fish has a way of clinging to a wood bowl longer than you want it to.) Garni with sliced red apples and chopped parsle

Refrigerator Finale. Take a loo You're sure to have some odd amounts leftover cooked vegetables in the refrige ator. Drain off liquid. Marinate in Frenc dressing. Add chopped celery and onion f texture. If you have a stray piece of chicke ham or beef, cut it in strips. It's your sala *du jour*—the smallest bit of this or that ma be just the thing! Use greens for a base an a little more dressing for the toss up.

The stage is set for a salad supper—with hot soup and dessert in the wings.



Soup takes the lead in winter supper scenes. Gather round the table—fill up the bowls.

SOUP BOWLS

NO BETTER time than now for borrowing the French idea of a *pot-au-feu*—which eans "pot on the fire." Save your vegetable nd meat juices, bones, and so on. Draw from em a good stock. Herbs and seasoning help. eat pastes and bouillon cubes are good ock makers. It doesn't take a French chef produce a good soup. Here are a few to ut through their paces.

SUCCOTASH CHOWDER

oak ½ cup white beans overnight. Reove rind and cut a ⅛-pound piece of salt ork or "fat back" into small cubes. Fry. ake out pork when crisp. In the fat, cook large onion, chopped. Add 1 pint water, ne soaked beans, ½ teaspoon salt and ome pepper. When beans are almost ooked, add 1 cup diced potatoes and 1 cup nicken stock. If you haven't any, make stock from meat paste and hot water. hen vegetables are done, add a 12-ounce an of whole-kernel corn or a No. 2 can of ream-style corn. Lastly add 1 quart fresh r diluted evaporated milk. Reseason to aste. Heat but do not boil. Float the risped pieces of salt pork and plenty of oasted croutons on top.

CREOLE SOUP

ash and cook 1 pound shrimp five mintes in 2 cups boiling water with salt, peper, slice of lemon, slice of onion and a ay leaf. Drain shrimp. Remove shells nd black veins. Strain stock and save. lso have ready 1 cup cooked rice. Cook 3 ablespoons chopped onion and ¼ cup ninced green pepper in 3 tablespoons fat—acon drippings are good. Sprinkle with 2 ablespoons flour and blend well. Then add cups of your home-canned tomatoes, 1 easpoon meat paste, a pinch of thyme nd one of marjoram or basil, ¼ bay leaf, rushed, 1 teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon urry powder. Add the 2 cups of shrimp tock and cook until thickened. Shrimps nay be cut into pieces if they are large. dd them now with the rice. Heat all together. Reseason. If you are a curry fan, ou might like to add more of that. Serve n good-sized bowls, as this soup will nonopolize the meal. Serves 6–8.

ONION SOUP AU GRATIN

lice enough onions to make 2 cupfuls. he thinner you slice them, the better. Cook in a skillet in 2 to 3 tablespoons butter or margarine. Now add 6 cups good meat stock, potent in flavor and strength. If you can't make your own stock, use meat paste and water. Season with salt and pepper (about ½ teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper) and 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Bring to a boil. Turn down and simmer for a few minutes. Be sure onions are done. Have ready some hard dinner rolls or slices of French bread, toasted. Sprinkle with any good-flavored cheese and run under broiler. Serve these on top of the hot soup. If you use individual casseroles, put cheese toast on soup and run the whole business under the broiler. Serves 4–6.

CHEESE SOUP

Cook ½ cup chopped onion in 2 tablespoons bacon fat. Stir constantly. Sprinkle with 1 tablespoon flour and blend smooth. Add ½ cup chicken or meat stock. Transfer to double boiler and add 1 quart fresh or diluted evaporated milk. Heat the soup until slightly thickened. Add ¾ cup grated cheese and a pinch of dry mustard. Heat only until cheese melts. Season well with salt, pepper and paprika. Serve with a green salad and crusty rolls.

SOUP SHORTS

To 1 can condensed pea soup add ½ cup water and a 10-ounce can green-turtle soup (unrationed). For real "swoosh" add slices of avocado or fluffs of seasoned sour cream.

Try pea soup with canned salmon. For a more de luxe version, use crab meat. Add 1 can salmon, flaked, to 1 can condensed pea soup along with 3 cups fresh or diluted evaporated milk. Season with grated onion, salt, pepper and a little grated lemon rind.

Use up that one lone meat ball and gravy by breaking it up and adding to 1 can condensed tomato soup. Thin with water. If there are some cooked mushrooms in the refrigerator, add them too.

Soup Roster. Don't forget famous favorites: vegetable soup; bean, split-pea or lentil soup; oyster stew; fish or clam chowder; Italian *minestrone;* potato soups; chicken soups; gumbos made from chicken or fish and vegetables; Scotch broth with rice; and the many "cream of" soups.

WINS

ORDERS FROM HEADQUARTERS
Washington, D. C.

DON'T HAVE GREASY SOUPS. When you brew chicken broth or soups made from meat or bones, cool after cooking. Remove the fat that rises to top and chill until hardened. Use for cooking or add to your salvage jar. When you have a pound, remember to turn it in to your butcher, who sends it on for making glycerin.

One Cereal is Best !
IN GREAT VITALITY ELEMENT

NEEDED TO HELP PROTECT WARTIME GROWTH and STAMINA
For Dads and Kids

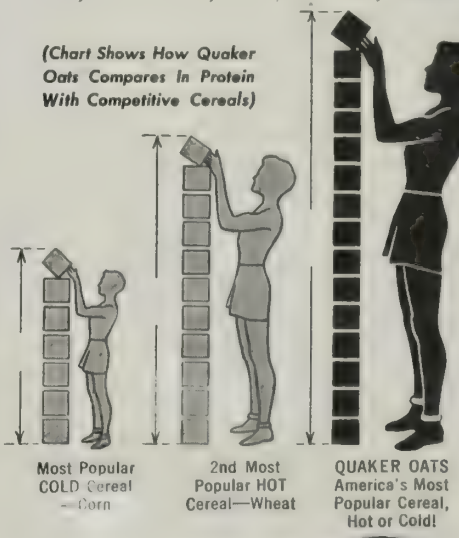
SEE HOW REAL OATMEAL LEADS ALL CEREALS IN MEAT'S GREAT GROWTH AND STAMINA ELEMENT!

There is ONE BEST PROTEIN CEREAL. Authorities agree it is natural, whole-grain oatmeal. No other cereal, hot or cold, restored or not, even if made partly with oats, equals the Protein value of real oatmeal.

Nor does any other natural cereal equal delicious, hot oatmeal in Vitamin B₁, great energy spark!

In everything, there is always one that's best. No other cereal gives your family oatmeal's superiority in these vital shortage elements.

Quick Quaker Oats cooks fast as coffee. Everyone loves the nut-like flavor. Help guard the wartime growth and stamina of your family this day-by-day way. Buy Quaker Oats now, serve it daily.



(Chart Shows How Quaker Oats Compares In Protein With Competitive Cereals)

QUAKER OATS
America's SUPER Breakfast—Not Rationed
"I Make Them Both the Same!"

Just add 1 tablespoon Brer Rabbit Molasses to a glass of cold or warm milk for a delicious, iron-rich drink.

Makes children love their milk—and it's rich in iron, too!

A NEW DRINK! Milk with Brer Rabbit Molasses added. Most children just love it—even those who dislike plain milk. And it adds extra iron to their diet.

Brer Rabbit Molasses is second only to liver as a rich food source of iron the body can use. Iron helps build good red blood.

Why do children need EXTRA IRON? To meet the demands of growth.

How much EXTRA IRON do children need? Children need more iron than adults in proportion to their size. They can't get too much iron.

How much EXTRA IRON can they get from Brer Rabbit Milk Shake? Three milk shakes will supply about one-third of a child's minimum daily iron requirement based on government standards. This makes up the deficiency of iron in the average diet.

Two Flavors:

GOLD LABEL— light-colored, sweet and mild-flavored; delicious on bread, pancakes and waffles; and for a *delicately* flavored milk shake.

GREEN LABEL— dark and full-flavored; recommended for cooking and a *richly* flavored milk shake.

FREE Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc., New Orleans, La., Dept. JF1-4

Send me—free—Brer Rabbit's "Modern Recipes for Modern Living," containing 116 fine molasses recipes. Also pamphlet on children's iron needs.

Name__________________
(Print Name and Address)
Address__________________
City__________State__________

If you are completely isolated, as we are at Stillmeadow so much of this month, you really dig down into your own resources.

Diary of Domesticity

By Gladys Taber

WE HAVE been snowed in for several days after the blizzard that roared in from all directions. When it begins to snow every way at once, I urge my husband to bring in more wood. Invariably he says it is just a flurry. I have known Bob to stick his head out and nearly have it snapped off with swirling sleet and say happily, "It's letting up; I don't think it will last much longer."

Wind and snow and sleet made a white darkness everywhere. I could hardly see the barn from the house, snow piled against doors and windows until they wouldn't open. All night long wild stallions of storm pounded past. When it finally cleared, the drifts were dazzling silver. Under ice-smooth crust the snow was deep and heavy. The sun was white-gold and the sky as pure and serene as lake water. The shadows were cobalt on the snow.

The cockers came out. At every step they fell through the top crust to their ears. Sister's little fat self went plop-plop-plop, and she kept hoisting herself back up, only to fall in again. Star just wallowed when she came out. They all thought it was a fine new game, really. Honey kept testing the surface with one paw, hoping it would act as ground should; and when the crust broke, a look of immense surprise came over her face. Snow is so light she could usually flick along on top. The rest of us plunged around in the high drifts.

The farm boy, George, went on cutting wood all through the storm. I thought of him in the dark deep woods with the snow flailing down and then the sleet hissing, and the ax swinging rhythmically. He was all alone, too—nobody left to help.

The next day George cut ice on shares with another farmer. Thirteen and a half inches thick, he said, and they cut all day long.

SISTER JILL improved the indoor hours by varnishing the kitchen and bathroom linoleum with a new clear varnish that actually dries in somewhere near the time it says it will. Two coats go on after the linoleum is washed, rinsed, wiped with turpentine. The linoleum looked like new and will last years longer. She finished with a coat of paste wax, put on by hand and knee. It was so lovely, I hunted up two rag rugs for the kitchen to protect it a few days from snowy paws. When the dogs came in, they skidded as if they had skis on.

Of course the cats had to walk in it before the varnish dried. Esmé was vastly curious and leaped to the middle to see what this was all about. "Oh, mercy," she said in good Siamese. She got out, lifting and shaking each paw as it was raised. This gave her an odd, stiff-legged, jerking progress like a marionette.

Then Tigger moved his large black bulk out, and when he found that sticky stuff on his feet he sat right down where he was to wash it off.

THIS is the time of year I begin to count the canned things from last summer. I am going to come out even this spring if it kills me. The trick is to hold out until the asparagus comes up. And next summer we shall raise more tomatoes. It is impossible to have too many canned tomatoes; and as for home-canned juice—it is perfect. My tomatoes of this pack come from the jar almost whole enough for salad, and a tomato is such a versatile vegetable. Good plain, stewed, scalloped, wonderful with canned corn or Lima beans or cabbage. Fine with cheese in old-fashioned rinkum tiddy. Some people call it "rinktum tiddy." But mother referred to it as "rinkum," so rinkum it is for me.

I melt 1 tablespoon of fat and brown a small chopped onion in it, add 2 cups of tomatoes, 1 teaspoon of salt, pepper, a dash of sugar to taste. When this is heated well, I add ½ pound of grated American cheese—rat cheese is best—and stir until melted. Then 1 beaten egg goes in and the whole is cooked one minute. Served on toast strips, this makes an elegant supper.

Last Saturday I made Boston brown bread to go with the baked beans. I have Grandmother Raybold's recipe, but I never used it until the war. Canned brown bread was so easy and so good. The recipe calls for 1 cup of yellow corn meal, 1 cup of graham flour, 1 cup of rye flour (2 cups of corn meal if you have no rye flour), ¾ cup of molasses, 1½ cups of sour milk with 1 teaspoon of soda and 1 teaspoon of salt. I mixed and sifted the dry ingredients and stirred the rest in and added, on my own hook, a lot of raisins.

Then I happily poured most of the batter in a coffee tin and covered it tightly and set

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Don't let your Hands tell Your Years
* JANUARY Garnet

Neglected hands can not be beautiful hands...yours need not have that uncared-for, roughened look if you use Sofskin Creme. Rich, velvety Sofskin will make your hands softer, smoother and whiter. It is the preferred hand treatment of millions of women. Ask for courtesy Sofskin application at your Beauty Salon or Cosmetic Counter.

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Aviation Advisor to Women says:

"I've helped scores of women find their place in AVIATION. Will you let me help you?"

Let me tell you of the many branches of Aviation in which trained women are serving vital wartime needs . . . branches in which they will build successful peacetime careers. Let me show you how easily you can get the training you need, here in beautiful Miami. If you really aspire to a bright future in Aviation, by all means let me hear from you. Why not mail the coupon right now?

Embry Riddle

SCHOOL OF AVIATION
MIAMI 30, FLORIDA

Karen Draper, Dept. 20: I'd like to know more about Women's place in wartime and peacetime Aviation.

Name..............................Age.........
Address..
City......................State................

rack in a kettle of boiling water to wo and a half hours. The first time I the kettle, my brown bread had al- aised the lid of the coffee tin and was shooting for the moon.

d I call myself a cook,” I said fiercely.

large mountain of brown bread con- to increase, but it was too late to do ng about it. Grandma never thought ntion that the can should be only irds full. The can lid rode on the top gentleman's opera hat. But when the bread out, it was apparently all It hadn't soaked up like a sponge ll. It had an odd shape, but tasted all

t time it will be easy, and the brown- sandwiches are fine for a war 's lunch. Bob likes them with cream or tart jelly or just plain. For his pail, I use one meat or fish sandwich ne sweet, carrot sticks or celery, cake kies. Chopped bacon is a good meat or bacon and peanut butter. Chopped ooked egg mixed with mayonnaise is a gg variation.

are planning the garden. This year omises to try to raise more eggplant. ummer half the plants died and the rest ush and lovely but with practically no nts. I managed to can two pints for use. I'd like to can more. Spanish nt is a good meat-substitute dish. I onion and seasonings in fat and add oes and the eggplant and let the dish er on the low heat. If the oven is in put the casserole in with buttered os to brown before serving.

daughter Cicely says all my recipes with browning diced onion in fat. I t most of them do. And I throw in a of mixed herbs usually too. A friend me, one Christmas, an assortment of made herb vinegars. They were based d-wine vinegar with the herbs steeped m. They were delicious. Sage vinegar, thyme, garlic, also black-raspberry ar for fruit salads.

king down the Christmas tree and pack- way the ornaments is a task tinged with ncholy. One wonders what the next will bring, and the memories of past tmases come to the heart “sweet gh in sadness.”

d at Stillmeadow, the pine needles fall e cracks between the wide, old oak floor ls and it is weeks before they are gone. there is candle wax on the white win- sill. The scent of pine and bayberry rs on, and a ghost of spice.

SH we had enough bayberries to make own candles. That's another hope for year—maybe we can find a few bushes. particular section of Connecticut seems o have many. I have a wonderful recipe ady. You gather the gray waxy berries cover them with water and boil slowly t an hour. The oil rises to the top and strain it through a cloth to remove s and leaves. When the wax is cold, it ens on top of the water; you remove it eheat. If you have no old candle molds, can fasten wicks or pieces of long twine stick and dip each wick in the hot wax h has been poured in a tall can. Let the hill, then dip again until the candle is as as you like it.

I were a Cape Codder or lived in Maine, ould be bayberrying like mad. The ance of real bayberry is heavenly, and soft gray-green a beautiful color.

eing snowbound gives time to play a of records. We go all the way from ian Anderson singing Brahms songs Opus 91 to the Gershwin album. Gil- and Sullivan are excellent for a gray vy day. There are times in January n César Franck's symphony, or Bee- ven, would inspire me to dig into a snow- and stay there. Or Sibelius. More ring to sing along with, “*Never mind the and wherefore, Love can level ranks and efore, Though his Lordship's station's hty, Though stupendous be his brain ——*” icely's large collection of folk music es a whole evening. And the gay college gs, which I especially love to hear. The cockers enjoy the records too. Snow lies on two pillows on the sofa, with her head on the higher one. Clover and Sister are draped across each other, Honey lies on the floor facing the cabinet. If I put on any Oriental music, Esmé arrives and leaps right on top of the record player. I explain that a phonograph isn't made to accommodate sixteen records and a Siamese cat. If there is any whistling in a record, the whole gang rises and barks madly and rushes about.

Tigger keeps to himself, opening one eye to look scorn at this foolishness. He's a canny cat. He keeps to himself generally. The only time he becomes violently affectionate with me is when I am busily typing, and then he climbs in my lap and lays his front end over the keyboard. He purrs like a motorboat. His face is smug.

BEGINNING the new year is a good time to renew one's faith. To resolve again to live just a little larger life. I like the lines—I think they are Katharine Lee Bates':

That which thou wilt be, thou art.
As the oak, astir in the acorn
The dull earth rendeth apart,
So thou, the seed of thy longing,
Breaketh and waketh the heart.

These are lines to say over, to savor in the mind. No night is so dark as to lack a star, even a January night. That reminds me of more favorite lines:

My night shall be remembered for a star,
That outshone all the suns of all men's days.

It is a good thing to read a few lines of poetry before going to bed, in between letting cats in and dogs out and dogs in and cats out. This year I mean to reread also such books as Walden and the letters of Keats, and Wuthering Heights and all of Katherine Mansfield—I can't read her often enough.

I wish Katherine Mansfield could be a visitor at Stillmeadow. She would feel the beauty of every small branch, she would understand Esmé. Probably our cockers would be too vigorous for her, except for the remote Honey. I would have her tea absolutely boiling. Imagine sitting by the fire with Katherine Mansfield, while her bright delicate wit enchanted the household.

Sometimes I play a game with myself on these snow-deep days when even the mailman comes only as far as the corner. I choose an imaginary companion, and how real and close they come! My friends range from Charlotte Brontë to Keats. I'd love to have Emily, but she wouldn't come. Charlotte is easier, though shy and retiring. Keats goes right down to the fruit cellar to see the “lucent syrops, tinct with cinnamon,” the jams and jellies. Keats had such a zest for life, a rich and deep perception of beauty.

I don't feel so much at home with Shelley. Any minute he might turn that dazzling gaze on me and say, “Let's try the great adventure now,” and set the house on fire. He was slightly notional. Byron, I admit, I'd rather meet at someone else's house. But Byron would be horribly bored with me. Not being either dark or slim or beautiful, never being able to “walk in beauty, like the night,” I wouldn't get any attention from Byron and I wouldn't have the kind of small talk to carry it off.

Now in the deep heart of winter, the heart turns in on itself for content. Imaginary companions, music, poetry, whatever the wind cannot assail nor the snow bury, have their season. If you are completely isolated, as we are so much of this month, you really dig down into your own resources.

Gibran said, “Sadness is a wall between two gardens.”

And astir in the frozen earth is the life which will come again in spring. Winter is but a wall between the flaming beauty of harvest and the tender flowering of spring. But when the snow ceases and the cold stars burn in the cold sky, even January has her beauty. I dare say I should be homesick for the white darkness of a blizzard if I were without it forever.

But I never pretended to be consistent about anything.

WHAT'S A BITE FOR SUNDAY NIGHT?
SPAMWICHES WOULD BE JUST RIGHT!

SPAMWICHES

To a foundation of hearty slices of Spam on bread and butter, add lettuce, tomato, dressing. Or spread with relish, ketchup or chili sauce. Or invent your own Spamwiches.

SPAM 'N' EGGS

Lightly brown thick slices of Spam in cooking fat to go with a cheerful platter of fried eggs—perfect breakfast team! Spam goes great with pancakes or waffles, too.

DON'T BLAME YOUR GROCER! Uncle Sam takes lots of SPAM. If your grocer is “out”, please be patient—ask for it next time.

COLD OR HOT . . . SPAM HITS THE SPOT!

HORMEL GOOD FOODS

“SPAM” is a registered trademark. It describes the meat product packed only in 12-ounce tins and made exclusively by Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.

FACT—There's not as much food as everybody wants. What we have must be shared, through rationing. When you buy food without stamps, you take someone else's share.

CONSERVE, SHARE AND PLAY SQUARE!

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Calif.

Is your baby building a well-shaped head?

There's one way you can help him build not only a well-shaped head, but also a fine, full chest, straight legs, sound teeth, and a straight, strong back! See that your baby gets Squibb Cod Liver Oil regularly. It provides the extra Vitamin D your baby needs every single day throughout the year in order to build sound bones and teeth. Today, ask your druggist for Squibb's.

4 teeth at 7 months!

Before baby was born, he had begun to form his teeth. Right now, below the teeth you see, he's building the permanent set — teeth he will start to cut when he's six years old. Now is the time to provide plenty of Vitamin D so that he'll build teeth soundly. Give Squibb Cod Liver Oil!

Sucks his thumb?

The old idea that it was bad for baby to suck his thumb is disappearing. So have such notions as "trusting to luck" that a baby will build straight legs and a strong back. Make *sure* he gets enough Vitamin D to help develop a sound framework. Give him Squibb Cod Liver Oil every day.

STOP! LOOK! COMPARE! Cod liver oils which supply 85 units of Vitamin D per gram, the required minimum, have less than half the Vitamin D value of *Squibb* Cod Liver Oil (180 units per gram). Because you must give two teaspoonfuls of these other oils daily compared with only *one* teaspoonful of Squibb's, they often cost considerably more. Buy Squibb Cod Liver Oil for your baby and save money.

SQUIBB COD LIVER OIL

MEET TWO RISING STARS

(Continued from Page 87)

At the Bel Air place there is a gardener who clips shrubbery and trims lawns. There is a starched, efficient nurse to ride herd on Bobby and Michael. To plan meals, as well as cook them, there is an elderly, pleasant-faced expert.

Arrival of the second child interrupted Jennifer's modeling and posing for photographers, but both parents thoroughly enjoyed their beautiful, sturdy boys. They had fun with them. Bobby and Michael both are the lucky possessors of their mother's outgoing charm and their father's openly terrierish face. The children have nice dispositions too. Besides the two babies, there were a puppy and a parrot to keep things lively.

In Hollywood it's been almost impossible for the Walkers to see much of their children. Up at 6:30, back for a late evening dinner, the fatiguing alternation of give-it-all-you've-got and wait-for-the-other-shoe-to-drop—that is the six-days-a-week schedule of a star who is working, and Bob and Jennifer have both worked almost steadily since arriving in California. Jennifer says she would like to look after the babies herself between pictures, but you have to hang on to a nurse, once you have her, to make sure she'll be on hand when needed. And to keep in trim for star roles, Jennifer is supposed to sleep ten hours a night. She must study and memorize parts, and she is taking dancing and diction lessons. The Walkers did have a pet dog in the Bel Air house, but they had to give it away—with great sorrowing—because the current nurse didn't like it.

The abrupt change in the young Walkers' fortunes came last January when Jennifer was "discovered" by a theatrical agent and signed by Twentieth Century-Fox to play the prize role of the year, the title part in The Song of Bernadette. She set off for Hollywood. In an amazingly short time Bob was West Coast bound, picked from a job lot of screen tests to be the sailor in Bataan. He has since worked in Madame Curie and the Hargrove lead. Meanwhile—and together for the first time before the camera—Mr. and Mrs. Walker began work in Since You Went Away.

Compared with those days on Twelfth Street when the couple used to wonder if they would ever have more than a spare dime, the money has certainly been rol in. Neither has to worry about finances n though they never see their pay che Their financial agent, who does all tha so close a part of their picture that Bobby Michael named the family goldfish Cha in his honor. Charley—the businessman, the fish—makes his living out of collect disbursing and inv ing for movie peopl 3 per cent commissi Checks which Walkers write th selves must have countersignature to valid. He pays the bi and each month d out pocket money each. Balances left o are carefully inves in life insurance a securities, includi War Bonds.

What with Charle 3 per cent, the tal agent's 10 per c Uncle Sam's 20 per c withholding tax heavy supplement income tax above that, said savings b ances hardly amo to 20 per cent of gr income. Just the sa annual savings of per cent of the young Walkers' pay ai hay where the average American comes fro The kids have come a long way!

It all adds up to one of the swiftest succ stories the screen colony has ever seen. F Jennifer and Bob Walker it certainly has been easy; it's been hard, demanding, co tinuous work.

Perhaps both of them have been wor ing a little too hard. Perhaps easing a bit, as Jennifer hopes to do after the sho ing of her current film, will smooth personal problems. Bob will be busy some time on final scenes of See Here, Pr vate Hargrove.

The Walkers are big names now in a pr fession where working hours are spent befo cameras, where rumor is a recognized ma ketable commodity, and a whisper at private gathering resounds on transcont nental air waves within twenty-four hour There are plenty of statistics to show t mortality of movie stars' marriages.

Nevertheless, there's a chance that t temporary separation these two have agre on will supply what is needed to clear the and mend their domestic fences. Maybe very good chance. For Jennifer and Bo Walker have weathered rough going befo They came up the hard way. A few da from now—January 2, 1944—will see the fifth wedding anniversary.

"HONORABLY DISCHARGED"

How does it feel to be decorated for extraordinary heroism, then shipped back home, a disabled veteran of twenty-three? How does a war casualty feel toward the girl he used to love? Who can help him find a job? How should his family treat him? Just what are his chances of finding refuge and contentment in a normal life? This could be any boy's story today—even yours. Next in our How America Lives series.

In the February JOURNAL

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Can Hollywood Marriages Last?

Headlined divorces and remarriages—often in twos, threes and even more times—of some of the biggest stars have given the movie colony a reputation for loose marriage ties, impermanent homes.

All the following box-office favorites are either first, second or third time trippers to the divorce courts:

Ginger Rogers: married 1929, divorced 1931, remarried 1934, divorced 1940, remarried 1943. Paulette Goddard: married 1927, divorced 1932, remarried 1936, divorced 1942. Rita Hayworth: married 1936, divorced 1943, remarried 1943. Lana Turner: married 1940, divorced 1940, remarried 1942, marriage annulled 1943, remarried (to husband No. II) 1943. Bette Davis: married 1932, divorced 1939, remarried 1941. Veronica Lake: married 1940, sued for divorce 1943. Deanna Durbin: married 1941, divorce proceedings pending. Joan Crawford: married 1929, divorced 1934, remarried 1935, divorced 1939, remarried 1942. Betty Grable: married 1937, divorced 1939, remarried 1943. Mickey Rooney: married 1942, divorced 1943. Clark Gable: married 1924, divorced 193 remarried, 1931, divorced 1939, remarried 193 Errol Flynn: married 1935, divorced 1943. Ors Welles: married 1934, divorced 1940, remarri 1943.

And here are a few who stayed married. Inte estingly, in all these long-lasting marriages the act or actress chose a partner who either was not in pi tures or gave them up immediately:

James Cagney has been married to the sam wife for 22 years; Spencer Tracy, 21 years; E ward G. Robinson, 18 years; Pat O'Brien, years; Bing Crosby, 13 years; Gary Cooper, years; Bob Hope, 9 years. Irene Dunne has bee married to her doctor husband 15 years. Ingr Bergman's one and only marriage (also to a do tor) has lasted 6 years.

TAFFY, THE HORSE

(Continued from Page 6)

nds? Business dishonesty? Lack of co- :ration? What's the matter with a lot of senators and labor leaders and bankers 1 intellectuals and anyone else who sud- ly appears as a marplot or a spearhead some vicious or reactionary move? The ier I grow the more I am convinced that s not the love of money that is the root of evil, but an inferiority complex developed o a sense of superiority, or a sense of periority turned back upon itself.

Even multimillionaires can be decent folk, they're decent folk—and many of them e. I have yet to meet a beggar or a bor- wer who hasn't in him, or her, somewhere sense of superiority which prevents the aring of the common lot, of work, of love struggle. Only by being caught up in me great and worthy enterprise can any an or woman achieve even temporary sat- action or the feeling that he, or she, is not erely as the grass, which grows and is cut wn.

It is strange that any American should ffer to any serious degree from an inferior- y or superiority complex, or the uncom- rtable seesaw which is the normal action and reaction between them. We haven't time, for one thing. It is a big business, and we should all be busy about it, being an American. It is also a grave business, although an exciting and a magnificent one. We should all grow up. But even more—we should all be aware of this business, know about it; for unlike most nations, we've been instructed. We have a chart. A tradition. A blueprint. A compass. A lodestar. An obligation more compelling than any mankind has ever known.

What do we want to be? Children, or grown men and women? What do we want to become? Reasonably happy and reasonably at peace, each man and woman within himself or herself; or the dissatisfied, bewildered, rudderless, disloyal manikins too many of us are? Why, starting for the most part as nice and exceptionally intelligent horses, do we want to end up by being gored by a bull? The bull of circumstances. The bull of the secret estimation of our friends. The bull of history, which, as Lincoln says, always catches up with us. The bull of life.

We don't have to be gored.

And That Can Be America.

THE SISTERS

(Continued from Page 29)

"Oh, everything." He shrugged. "It'd be isier to name what she didn't think she had, t one time or another. Lately she stopped oming to me. So I thought that she'd :opped being such a fool about symptoms nd about herself. But now I—well, now I 'onder if by any chance she still believed nat she had something and if she wanted he record destroyed. I'm going away, and he may have thought it a dangerous thing o have about."

"You had made records of everything?" sked Anderson.

"Of course. They didn't mean anything; did it to impress Leda with the seriousness f my tests. So she'd believe me and feel ettled in her mind. I don't know whether or iot there's any significance in what I've just old you, Anderson, but it seemed to me hat you might want to give it some consid- ration before you take any"—he hesitated ind said—"any drastic steps."

"Exactly what significance do you think t has?" asked Lossey.

"I don't know that it has any. There are only those facts to go on: the laboratory was destroyed the night before Luisa Condit's death; then Leda was murdered."

"You feel, then, that Luisa Condit's death was murder? Why do you feel that?" asked Lossey quickly.

Dave looked badgered. "I don't know. But it happened as if it were a sequence—as if one thing led to another. Beginning with my laboratory."

Lossey suddenly—and rather unexpectedly, from Serena's viewpoint—said, "It's worth considering." He turned to Serena: "You had just spoken to your sister about a bracelet, Miss March. What bracelet did you refer to—Mrs. Blagden's?"

But before Serena could say anything Amanda moved forward and said composedly, "Oh, I'll tell you about that, Mr. Lossey. It's nothing, really. I had a bracelet—set with a lot of stones; some green ones were among them. It wasn't real. It was fake. But I liked it and I liked to wear it. Then"—she hesitated for the merest breath—"I lost it. I told Serena that I thought somebody must have taken it. I didn't really think that; it wasn't valuable enough for anybody to steal. But that must have been what she meant."

And Lossey said, "You saw the bracelet, Miss March?"

"Yes. The night I came home."

Amanda interposed swiftly, "I wore it at dinner that night. At the Lodge. I had a dinner party. Somebody spoke of it and they—oh, teased me a little about it, as I remember it. They knew, of course, that it was merely junk. I don't have the money for a bracelet like that, of real stones, if that's what you're implying, Mr. Lossey."

"When did the bracelet disappear?" asked Lossey.

Amanda's eyes were wide and appealing. "Why, I don't know," she answered. "Sometime after that, of course. I think it was—oh, perhaps the next night when I missed it." Again with the most fantastic faith she counted on Serena's support. Again it was exactly like Amanda to demand that support—and get it.

Then, quite suddenly, Lossey jerked his shining, bald head toward the telephone. "It wouldn't do any harm, lieutenant," he said, "just to tell Quayle the latest developments."

The hall door closed as Anderson started to the telephone.

They all heard what Anderson said; he did not commit himself; he merely said that, if it was all right with the chief, he'd like to see him before arresting Miss March. Captain Quayle seemed to ask a question or two; Anderson replied with a yes and two no's, and hung up. They went away without warning any of them to remain on the ranch or even in the vicinity.

Serena was still tense, holding herself terribly quiet, staring at the empty doorway through which they'd gone. Jem and Sutton had gone out with them; Dave too. Serena took a long breath.

She looked up and Amanda was looking at her quietly across the hearthrug. Quietly and enigmatically and with great composure. Then Amanda gave a little low laugh. That was disconcerting—it was so low and yet so full of genuine amusement. She leaned forward and linked her white hands around her knee.

"You are really a fool, Sissy. You're soft. Anybody can make a fool of you. So you decided not to tell them that Luisa and I had quarreled and why we quarreled. So you decided not to tell them that Leda knew why. But perhaps Jem *did* murder both of them! Men have done such things—for women. Women they were mad about. Women like me. Sissy, when you like anybody you are disarmed; that's very stupid of you, you know. Thank heaven *I* can be ruthless. Listen; if you know what's good for Jem, you'll do as I say. You're in love with him. But he's in love with me and has been for years. And if the police know that and the motive he had for murder—well, do you see, Sissy?

No. 1 on your Dish Parade

Serve this

LOW POINT Skinless meal

TRADE MARK

FRANKFURTERS WITH MASHED POTATO NESTS AND BUTTERED PEAS (SERVES 4)

Cook 4 medium sized potatoes. Drain. Mash. Beat in 2 tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon white pepper and enough hot milk to give a fluffy consistency. Pipe potato nests on serving plate, using a pastry bag. Fill with buttered fresh, or quick-frozen peas.

Skinless Frankfurters are Easy to Prepare: Fill utensil with enough water to cover frankfurters. Let come to a boil. Turn off flame, and drop in Skinless frankfurters. Cover and let stand 5 to 7 minutes.

WHAT A BREAK...this favorite he-man dish takes so few of your precious ration points! High on the "dish parade" with children, husbands . . . and with smart wives, too, who doubly appreciate the no-waste features of tasty Skinless frankfurters and wieners!

NO SKINS TO PEEL...Skinless frankfurters and wieners won't split open. All the flavorful juices and precious vitamins *stay in!* Skinless frankfurters and wieners are all nourishing food, naturally tender...easy to digest...so delicious!

THAT'S WHY, point for point, pound for pound, penny for penny—Skinless franks are today's outstanding food buy! So, when you ask for frankfurters or wieners—make sure they're Skinless!

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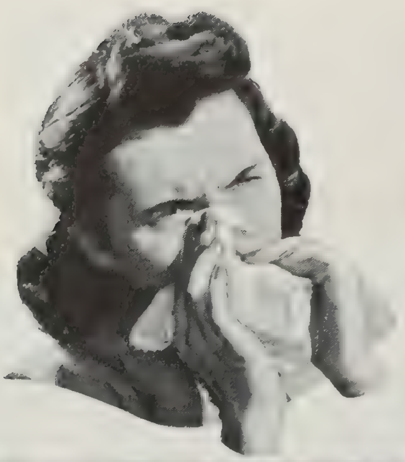
THE NO-WASTE FOOD



Better than a dozen hankies...

to open STUFFY NOSTRILS

You can blow and blow but handkerchiefs won't do anything for that stuffy head-cold misery. Those nostrils are just as clogged as if you had corks in them! Hard blowing only makes your nose more painfully sore and irritated! Oh, if you could only *breathe!*

That's the time when you most appreciate cooling, soothing Mentholatum. Spread it generously inside each nostril and snuff well back . . . what a relief. Soon you can B-R-E-A-T-H-E again!

How Mentholatum's 4 vital actions bring fast relief

Mentholatum gets to work immediately right where your discomforts are concentrated—with 4 important actions:

1. Helps thin out thick clogging mucus—your nose starts to clear.
2. Soothes irritated membranes—nose soreness eases up.
3. Helps reduce swelling, congestion—breathing through the nose becomes easier.
4. Helps Nature heal by increasing circulation in "sick" area.

These 4 actions, valuable in themselves, *also* rouse natural defenses in the nasal passages—to bring *additional* relief!

Don't try to blow your cold away! Don't suffer stuffy congestion without any relief. Use Mentholatum at once to open stopped-up nostrils, cut down on head-cold discomfort. Get a jar today. Jars 30¢.

MENTHOLATUM

WHEN COLDS CAUSE COUGHING

Rub Mentholatum generously on throat, back, chest! It acts speedily to bring blessed relief. Mentholatum *stimulates* the surface circulation—helps relieve soreness—tightness of congestion in chest muscles. Medicinal vapors rise through upper bronchial passages, soothe the irritated mucous membranes of the nose and throat. Coughing spasms ease up. You can rest, sleep better.

So you're going to be a good little girl and tell them what you did with all that money I've been sending you."

XVII

"You gave me no money! That's nonsense! And you know as well as I do that Jem wouldn't have murdered anybody. You *can't* tell the police anything that would make him a suspect."

"Can't I?" said Amanda, and smiled again.

"Amanda, listen! Get this straight in your mind. *I will not tell them* that I took money from you. *I simply will not do it.*"

Amanda waited an instant or two and then said obliquely, "They would never do anything to you, you know, Serena. You're too pretty. I doubt if they really were going to arrest you. And I know perfectly well that they'd never let you stand trial."

"*Amanda*"—Serena forced herself to speak slowly and reasonably as one would to a child—"listen, Amanda: *why?* There's some reason for your saying what you've said about money. The bracelet Leda bought in New York was the bracelet you hid in my room. Did you find it?"

Amanda's eyes shifted; a bare ripple of discomposure seemed to cross her lovely face. "Well—no."

"It was the Cartier bracelet. Wasn't it?"

"Remember, Serena, it's only your word against mine. All of this. I tell you Leda's bracelet and mine were not the same."

"I saw the bracelet, Amanda; it was real. Johnny said he didn't give her the money to buy it. And the police didn't find it among Leda's things. Why did she give it to you?"

"I tell you she didn't!"

"Amanda," said Serena slowly, "you've got to believe that this is serious. *Why* did you tell them that you've been sending money to me?"

Amanda's eyes flickered; then she smiled calmly. "Well, I have to admit that was a mistake. I wish I hadn't said it. But it was the first thing I could think of. So then"—she shrugged—"well, then I had to stick to it. And you are going to stick to it too!"

"That's exactly what I'm not going do."

"Then they're going to know all abo Jem, and how he's been in love with me a how Luisa interfered and —— Oh, by t way, Serena"—she stopped smiling a leaned forward—"I thought I told y hands off about Jem. I meant it."

"Are you in love with him, Amanda?"

Amanda's eyes flickered. "I—certainl And he's terribly in love with me. He's ways been."

Serena ignored that. "Are you going leave Sutton and marry Jem?"

"When I'm ready to. Yes."

"Does Jem want to marry you?"

An ugly look came into Amanda's fac "Listen to me, Serena March! If you thi you're going to have Jem now, you're no Do you think I'm willing to be stuck in th place all my life? Look at me; I'm beau ful—I'm attractive—people like me. I' not going to stay here all my life—seeing t same people, doing the same things! I'm g ing to ——" She broke off and gave Sere a queer, rather crafty look. "Did Jem t you why he's here? Well, I'll tell you! He waiting for an appointment; it's a Gover ment thing, so big that when he tried to g in the Army they asked him not to. He's i portant, Serena. He's going places. And I said Amanda softly, "am going with hi When I'm ready."

Serena wanted to say, childishly, "Do Jem know this?" She wanted to say, almo as childishly, "Jem says he loves me." S wouldn't let herself say either. "Not if he arrested for murder," she said instead.

But Amanda was still sure of hersel "That," she said, smiling, "is up to you. there anything else you'd like to know?"

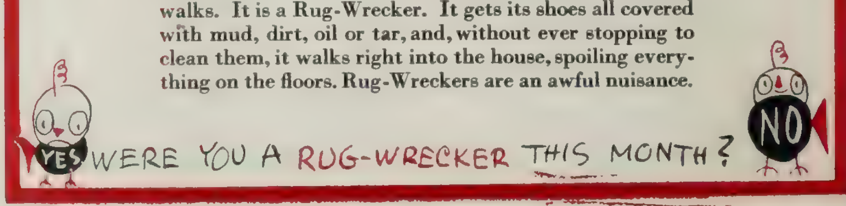
"Yes," said Serena quietly. "Leda sa that you'd had the upper hand a long tin and now she had it. What did she mean?

"I'm not going to tell you. Any mo questions?"

"Who was in the room when I phoned t you from San Francisco? You spoke t someone. You said, 'It's only Sissy. You ca

By Munro Leaf

This is one of the most hopeless, thoughtless things that walks. It is a Rug-Wrecker. It gets its shoes all covered with mud, dirt, oil or tar, and, without ever stopping to clean them, it walks right into the house, spoiling everything on the floors. Rug-Wreckers are an awful nuisance.


YES
WERE YOU A RUG-WRECKER THIS MONTH?
NO

ten if you want to,' and then you said, ut that down.' Who was it?"

The ripple of surprise that had crossed nanda's face was gone; it remained per-ctly blank, but now wary. "I don't know at you're talking about."

"*Amanda, stop lying!*" Anger caught rena like a furious gust of wind, shaking r. "*You've got to tell me the truth ——*"

How are you going to make me say anying I don't wish to say?" asked Amanda. I imagine that you are thinking of telling em what you heard Leda say to me. If u do, remember, it will make them suspect em of murder."

"You imply that you're in love with em," said Serena. "Yet you say you'll give idence against him ——"

Amanda laughed lightly. "Don't be stud, darling. That's what I meant when I id you were soft with people you love. ut I'm not. Remember that. You'll give , and do as I say. And even if you do fort yourself so much as to make them think em murdered her, don't forget that they'll ave only your word for what you heard. ll deny it," said Amanda quite pleasantly. I'll deny everything."

As she spoke, Sutton opened the door and ame into the room. He was alone, standing ere in his tweeds and yellow scarf with his miable face now rather drawn. He didn't ok at Serena, but said, apparently to her:

"Jem and Dave went with the police. hey wanted to talk to Quayle. Will you ome with me, Amanda?"

"Come with you ——" began Amanda in rather startled way. "Why—where?"

"I want to talk to you. Come outside."

After an instant's stare into Sutton's face, manda got up. Without another word, she ent out of the room and Sutton followed.

Sometime later, in her own room, Serena aw them from the window; they were tanding in the fog down near the hedge that eparated the grounds near the house from he corrals and barns. Sutton was talking; ven at that distance Serena could see the et, angry look of Amanda's red mouth. And, as she looked, Sutton caught Amanda's arm and jerked her toward him; the violence of the gesture was unlike Sutton. Serena watched for a moment; was there, under Sutton's pleasant and lazy exterior, another man, one capable of anger and violence? They turned and moved slowly out of sight. Serena moved away from the window.

Lunchtime came, and Amanda and then Sutton returned to the house. Amanda looked angry, but if she had told Sutton anything, he did not tell Serena, and she did not ask him.

There were, that afternoon, things to do; queerly matter-of-fact things. Sutton undertook them: he made a statement to the newspapers about Luisa's death; he telephoned to Johnny Blagden, asking if there were anything they could do. He hung up, looking withered, somehow, again, and older; his eyes were bloodshot.

He said, "He says the police have put him over the jumps. They've searched the house and questioned him and the servants, but, so far as he knows, didn't discover any evidence leading to the murderer."

"What else did Johnny say?" asked Amanda, unperturbed.

"If you want to know, something not very pleasant," said Sutton rather savagely. "He says the police seem to think the murderer had to be somebody who knew her very well; somebody she'd come to Casa Madroña with, and somebody who knew the back door was unlocked. And he says—he thinks so too."

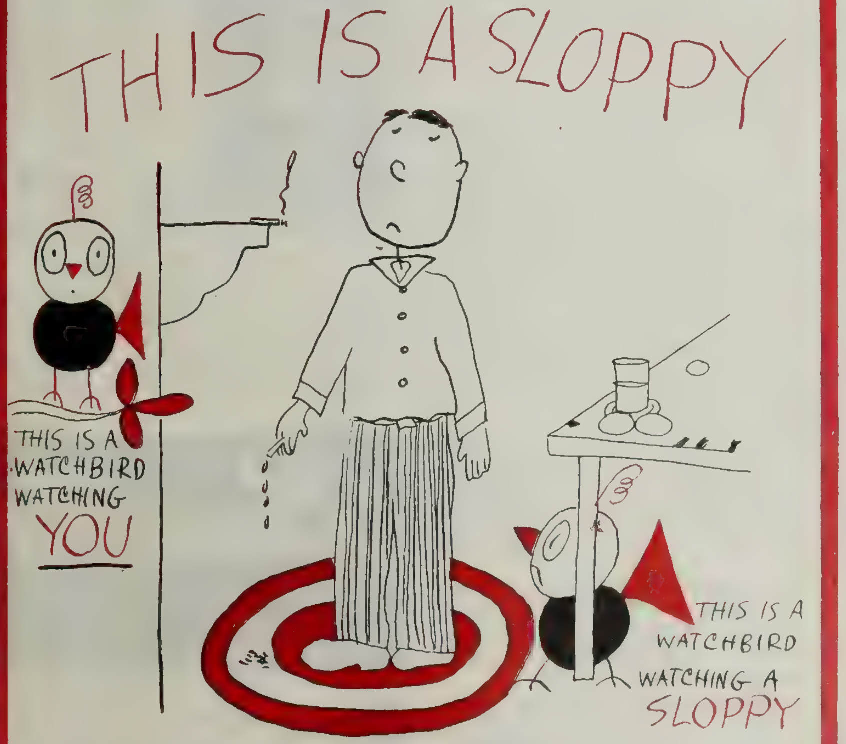
THERE was a silence. Then Amanda cried incredulously, "*Johnny* thinks that?"

And Serena remembered something the police had asked her. "Do you have a key to Casa Madroña?" she asked Amanda.

"Why, I—yes, I think so. Somewhere. I haven't seen it for ages."

Sutton said slowly, "Leda seemed to think that you knew the back door was unlocked."

"Well, I did know it." Amanda looked defiant. "I stop there once in a while just to take a look at the place. I imagine Pedro left it open—I don't know. I bolted it once or twice."


THIS IS A SLOPPY
THIS IS A WATCHBIRD WATCHING YOU
THIS IS A WATCHBIRD WATCHING A SLOPPY

By Munro Leaf

THERE just isn't any other name for this thing but a Sloppy. It drops cigarette ashes all over the place and leaves lighted cigarettes on tables and mantelpieces. Then Sloppies forget about them and they burn big black holes—if they don't set the whole house afire. A Sloppy also seems to like to put wet glasses down on tables where they leave big rings that spoil the finish. Somebody ought to finish Sloppies.

YES WERE YOU A SLOPPY THIS MONTH? NO

"I never met a charming woman who wasn't also a well-groomed woman. An under-arm deodorant is essential to being well groomed.

"I have used Arrid for years and like it immensely . . . and I notice that Arrid is used by many other friends in the stage, screen and radio world."

Grace Moore

NEW...a CREAM DEODORANT
which safely
STOPS *under-arm* **PERSPIRATION**

1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men's shirts.
2. Prevents odor. Safely stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days.
3. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
4. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric. Use Arrid regularly.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

39¢ a jar
(Also in 10¢ and 59¢ jars)
At any store which sells toilet goods

ARRID

THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT

"It was one of those golden, delirious moments . . . impulsively his hands sought mine . . . and together we welcomed the first tender touch of romance."

Give Your Hands More Romance-Appeal

Your hands need the *new*, quick benefits of Campana Cream Balm to help keep them soft, adorable, and tempting to romance.

Lusciously creamy. Instantly soothing. Delightfully softening. Completely free of after-use stickiness. This new lotion with Lanolin is an up-to-the-minute creation of the famous Campana Laboratories.

And—it contains LANOLIN

Scientists know Lanolin as the substance most nearly duplicating the functions of the *natural oils* of the skin. *You* will know Lanolin for the part it plays in Campana Cream Balm, helping you to avoid rough, dry skin no matter how busy your hands, or how unkind the weather.

Use Campana Cream Balm on hands, elbows and on legs that chap and roughen so easily in winter. Its rich, smooth creaminess—like expensive foundation creams—makes it ideal as a powder base, too.

Campana Cream Balm

You can distinguish the new Campana Cream Balm by its pure white color, and distinctive yellow and white carton. Sold by drug, department, and dime stores in 10c, 25c, 50c and $1.00 bottles.
Campana Laboratories also produce the Original CAMPANA BALM in the green and white package.

Sutton said very quietly, "They'll ask Pedro, you know."

Amanda shrugged. "He'll say whatever he wants to say."

The afternoon wore on and there was no news from Jem, nothing from Dave or the police. Later, Slader and another policeman came, asked for Sutton and spent some time in the garage. They had brought molds of the tire tracks found here and there about Casa Madroña and wanted to look at the tires on the two Condit cars. Before the policemen went away they came into the house and, rather apologetically, took not only Serena's and Sutton's and Amanda's fingerprints, but also those of Modeste and Ramon.

After they'd gone Amanda disappeared and came down about five, dressed in the long red house gown again.

Serena made herself change, too, as Amanda had done; she put on a thin white wool dress with a scarlet coat and again pinned a scarlet bow on top of her head—and then, almost hurriedly, her heart thumping, ran down the wet stairs to the patio.

> **Never try to flatter a man. Just act perfectly natural, and he will flatter himself.**
>
> —HELEN ROWLAND: This Married Life. (Dodge Pub. Co.)

It was as she crossed the patio and approached the door to the hall that she discovered the bullet hole. It happened because Pooky, whom she'd almost forgotten, gave a small whimper from the upper veranda. She heard the whimper and remembered the little elderly dog and, happening to be near the right-hand flight of narrow wooden stairs, she turned toward it and called to him, "Pooky—come here, Pooky." He appeared instantly at the top, his red tongue hanging out, his eyes sad and worried. She started up the stairway, her hand on the railing, and then paused to call him again. And was aware of a very faint roughness under her hand—small but sharp enough so she lifted her hand and looked at a round hole in the damp wood, which looked like the hole made by a bullet. There were tiny splinters around it. And it was new, because the wood where those splinters had been made was unweathered and unpainted.

Pooky had tumbled down the steps and was nudging at her ankles. Presently, staring at that small round hole in the wooden railing, she stooped and gathered Pooky up in her arms. After a while she turned and went slowly down the two steps again—across the wet flagstone and in through the hall door.

Amanda and Sutton were in the long living room. She didn't tell them of the curious thing she had discovered. Suddenly Sutton was as strange to her as Amanda. When Jem came she would tell him.

He came at about six o'clock, Dave with him, and they had news. First, Jem said, with a quick look around the room until he found Serena, as if to assure himself that she was all right—first, Captain Quayle was going to hold up any possible arrest "for a day or two."

Serena glanced at Dave, and he replied to the question in her look. "Honestly, Serena, I think they've decided not to make such an important move without more to back them up. Believe me. Besides, there've been some new developments."

Amanda asked sharply, "What's happened?"

Sutton brought a glass to Jem and one to Dave. Dave set down the glass. "Well, plenty, really. We talked to Quayle, explained about the laboratory and Leda. Anderson talked to him too."

Sutton asked, "What are the new developments?"

Dave replied, "Bill Lanier took Leda out the hill gate about two-thirty."

"*Bill!*" Amanda started up excitedly. "*Bill!* I knew it! Does he admit it? Have they arrested him? How did they find out?"

Jem took a long drink; Dave explained: "One of the gatemen identified him. It was at about the time Leda must have gone, we think, to Monterey. All the gatekeepers knew Leda, but none of them remembered seeing her. The one that identified Bill, though, said somebody, a woman, was in the car with him. But he didn't look to see who it was. And when Bill admitted driving through the hill gate at about that time, Quayle asked if Leda was with him and Bill admitted it. But he says he didn't kill her. He says she was walking along the road and he picked her up. She said she wanted to go to Monterey and hoped she'd get a lift; she said she'd ride back with Johnny. So Bill took her into Monterey and left her, he says, at a corner."

"Two blocks from Gregory's," interrupted Jem, with a glance at Serena. "So that helps ——"

"Why was she going to Monterey?" asked Amanda.

"Bill said he didn't know."

"Why didn't he tell them all that in the first place?" Sutton asked.

Dave shrugged. "Didn't want to get mixed up in it. You know Bill. Anyway, why should he murder Leda? There's no motive. However"—he glanced at Jem, who looked at his glass—"well—they've been checking on tire marks ——"

"Yes, I know. They were here," said Sutton.

"There weren't many marks, on account of the gravel. The only tire mark that they didn't already know about matched the tires on a Lanier car. It was found on a muddy patch of the driveway, where the gravel had worn thin."

"But that proves it!" cried Amanda.

"No," said Dave. "It wasn't the car that Bill is using. It was the car that Alice kept for her own use. And she says she left it out in front of the hospital yesterday; that she was on duty all afternoon and can prove it, and that the car was still there at the curb when she left the hospital and drove home late in the afternoon."

There was a little silence. Then Amanda said, "Bill had the keys! There must have been a duplicate set. He picked up Leda, drove to Monterey in the car he'd borrowed from Alice the day before, had the keys, left his own car and took Alice's car from in front of the hospital; then took Leda in that car to Casa Madroña ——"

Dave was shaking his head. Jem said, "The keys were left in the car, or so Alice said. But she didn't think it had been moved; it was in exactly the same place where she'd parked it. She couldn't remember exactly how much gasoline she'd had, so there was no way of checking that. And the police went over the car for fingerprints and found those of Alice and Bill, but Bill had driven her home from here last night, so there was every reason for his fingerprints to be on the door and on the wheel."

"Haven't they arrested him?" asked Amanda incredulously.

"No. Why should Bill murder Leda? Why should he go to the trouble of using Alice's car instead of the one he already had? And, as to that, why should he leave your red-and-white scarf, Amanda, to be found?"

"That's obvious! He did it to give them a false clue. He'd know it was my scarf. And I've remembered that I left it in the pocket of the station wagon. He hates me. He'd love to make them think I did it."

"He doesn't hate Serena," said Dave. "He wouldn't have put the button into Leda's hand for the police to find. Anyway, they were both questioned. Alice and Bill. The police feel that whoever did it had to know about the back door being open."

"So Johnny said." Sutton went to a chair. "But that would limit the suspect to us! Just the people who were at the dinner at the Lodge the night Serena got home. That is preposterous."

"Well," said Dave, "of course one of us could have told somebody—and if any of us did tell anybody, he'd better remember it and say so."

THINGS YOU CAN MAKE

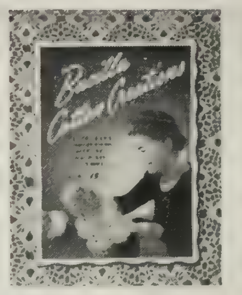
by Ann Bucilla

SMART, PRACTICAL IDEAS FOR NEEDLEWORK

There's a baby boom all right, but there's a rubber pants shortage too, which makes a problem for us mothers. But the new **Bear Brand Yarn** *Soaker Kit* put an end to my troubles. It holds enough pure wool yarn—plus directions—to make an over-the-diaper "Soaker" . . . even better than rubber pants. Warm, comfortable, doesn't bind. Makes a swell gift, and you can knit a soaker in a jiffy . . . inexpensive too!

Bear Brand has the wonderfullest new yarn called Angel-laine. It's a 3-ply all wool yarn—soft as an angel's wing! Works up into marvelous sweaters and adorable children's things. Wait till you see the rainbow-range of colors it comes in. Make it a point to look for **Bear Brand Angel-laine** at your pet needlework counter . . . you'll say it's heavenly.

Everybody's crocheting lacy luncheon sets, bed spreads and chair sets again. For truly "professional" results use **Bucilla Wondersheen** Crochet Cotton. It's super...there's nothing like it...smooth, lustrous, easy to work with. For a wealth of crocheting ideas, with easy-to-follow instructions, get a copy of Bucilla Cotton Creations (Vol. 143) at your favorite store . . . or write to me enclosing 15¢ and I'll send you one.



* * * *

Today, when only the best is good enough, always choose Bucilla and Bear Brand in needlework or yarns. That's assurance of lasting value, unusual beauty. You'll find Bear Brand Yarns and Bucilla needlework in all good stores.

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Give Your Feet An Ice-Mint Treat

Get Happy, Cooling Relief For Burning Callouses—Put Spring In Your Step

Don't groan about tired, burning feet. Don't moan about callouses. Get busy and give them an Ice-Mint treat. Feel the comforting, soothing coolness of Ice-Mint driving out fiery burning . . . aching tiredness. Rub Ice-Mint over those ugly hard old corns and callouses, as directed. See how white, cream-like Ice-Mint helps soften them up. Get foot happy today the Ice-Mint way. Your druggist has Ice-Mint.

Jem put his glass down on the mantel and urned to Serena. "Serena," he said directly, I want to talk to you. Have you been out f the house today? How about a walk?"

"I'd like it." Serena rose.

Nobody spoke as she and Jem walked out f the living room and through the hall. 'hey went out the arched door in the white all. The Pacific was gray and met the sky istantly. They walked on a few steps to a ow rock wall that bordered the open space nd stopped.

Jem stood for a moment tall and solid beide her, his eyes narrow and thoughtful. 'hen he said slowly, "Serena, are you sure uisa didn't scream?"

She wrenched her thoughts back to a ocky, narrow path and Pooky scrambling at ier feet. "Yes. I'm sure I'd have heard it ven above the pounding of the waves."

"When Leda talked to you over the telehone she said she knew how Luisa must ave died, didn't she?"

Serena nodded. "She said it was the only vay Luisa could have been murdered."

"And Luisa didn't scream." Jem paused gain and said, "Serena, before I go any urther I've got to tell you something. It's ot very—pleasant. It's about Amanda and ne. You see"—Jem's whole face seemed to et itself—"she's why I came, you know. Because I—well, I've been in love with her or years."

XVIII

Jem looked down at her quickly and hard, and then back at the sea and valley below them. He said, his voice suddenly uneven, "Let's get away from the house. We can't—all those windows ——" They went through the opening in the hedge and came into a wide, empty space, surrounded with low sheds and barns and the white painted fences of a corral. Jem glanced around and said in an absent way, "The fog's wet. You ought to have on a coat. Let's go in here." It was one of the barns—low and sprawling, with a wide kind of corridor through it; there were no horses there, it was for hay and feed and storage. Jem paused. "Here's the tack room," he said and they entered a small room, redolent of leather and harness oil and old wood. Jem turned over a wooden box and said, "Here, sit down. I—want to look at you." She did so. He leaned against a saddle. "You knew it. Didn't you?"

"Yes."

"I thought so. Well, it's true. I came to the wedding, you know, and ——. I've tried to get away—really, Serena—but every time I've got away I've—come back. That's all, Serena. But I had to tell you."

Serena said in a low voice, watching the toe of her slipper, "Is she in love with you?"

"I—I thought she was; she said she was; I—we even thought of leaving together, the day before her wedding. Oh, I was crazy, of course; I don't think she'd really have done it, or that I would. But we did talk of it, and then came to our senses and—oh, agreed to forget it. All of it. I went away and I've been back three times; she wasn't happy with her marriage, you see, and wrote to me, and she—seemed to need help, although when I got here there was never anything much I could do for her. She didn't want to leave Sutton, and by that time I didn't think she should leave him; he's—a good egg, you know. I wasn't—I'm not particularly proud of—but there's been nothing, Serena ——"

She interrupted. "I know that. Is that why you sold your ranch?"

"Well, yes. She was having a bad go—Sutton had no money ——"

"Jem, did you give her money?" Serena asked.

"Well—yes. I loaned her some; not very much. I don't want it back."

"What did she do with it?"

"Why, I—don't know. Used it about the ranch, she said. I never asked. There were no strings attached, you know."

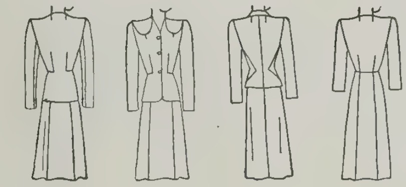
"Jem, is she in love with you now? If you asked her to, would she leave Sutton and marry you?"

"No! To both questions. That's what I'm trying to tell you, Serena. She's not in love with me, but she's—always seemed to need me. Do you see? Oh, I've known I was a fool, but when she needed me, what could I do? I wasn't in love. I know that now, but ——" Again he stopped.

Serena said in a whisper, "Did you love her—the night I came home?"

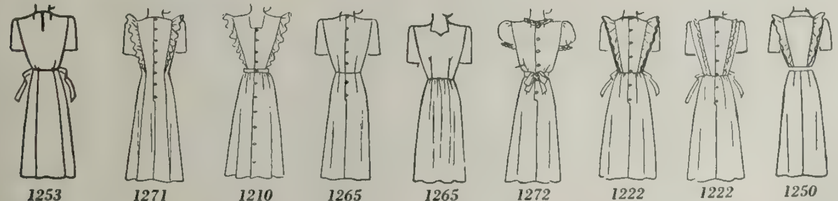
She was looking hard again at the round, white leather tip of her shoe. It was very still, very quiet in the small fragrant tack room. And Jem leaned over and pulled her up from the wooden box; he held her close so he could look into her eyes.

Other views, sizes and prices of Hollywood Patterns on pages 30, 31 and 46.



1286. 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 25¢.
1267. 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 25¢.
1263. 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 15¢.
1270. 12 to 20; 30 to 44. 25¢.
1266. 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 25¢.
1269. 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 25¢.
1261. 12 to 18; 30 to 36. 15¢.
1287. 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 25¢.
1262. 12 to 20; 30 to 44. 15¢.
1264. 12 to 20; 30 to 44. 15¢.
1268. 12 to 18; 30 to 36. 25¢.

Sub-Deb Fashions



1253. 12 to 18; 30 to 36. 25¢.
1271. 10 to 18; 28 to 36. 25¢.
1210. 12 to 20; 30 to 44. 15¢.
1265. 10 to 18; 28 to 36. 15¢.
1272. 10 to 18; 28 to 36. 15¢.
1222. 12 to 18; 30 to 36. 15¢.
1250. 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 25¢.

Postscript to a dream

The letter came one day. And in it you read, "It's all over and I'm being mustered out. I can't say when . . . but any day now you're liable to see me."

You read it again and again. You'd waited so long for those words. Then, in a fever of activity, you began to get out the things you'd put away . . . *his* things . . . his pipes, his slippers, his clothes.

A thousand times you heard footsteps and thought, "That is he!" And sometimes you wakened in the night, and wondered if he were at the door. Then one day, you heard a voice . . . and looked . . . and saw your dream come true. He was home again, *home to stay.*

P.S. *To shorten the days till this bright dream comes true, all of us must work harder and longer and better — deprive ourselves to buy more War Bonds and cheerfully make the sacrifices* TODAY *that will hasten that happier* TOMORROW.

The Clark Grave Vault Company, world's largest manufacturer of metal grave vaults, is now totally engaged in the manufacture of weapons of war to hasten the day of victory . . . and peace.

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CLARK GRAVE VAULTS

SNO SHEEN salutes a very Special Occasion
Pillsbury's SNO SHEEN CAKE FLOUR

It's a cherry-nut masterpiece...

High and Dee-Luscious and Lullaby-Light

Maybe it's a son's furlough—or a daughter home from school . . . something *very* all-out and super-special. All right, here's an *exquisite* greeting—a *glorious* cake—a fitting salute to *any* celebration. Sure . . . it's SNO SHEEN!

Pillsbury's SPECIAL OCCASION Cake

TEMPERATURE: 350° F. Fills 12x8x2-inch loaf pan. TIME: about 45 minutes

- 2½ cups sifted PILLSBURY'S SNO SHEEN CAKE FLOUR
- 3½ teaspoons baking powder (or 2½ teaspoons double-acting)
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ½ cup shortening
- 1¼ cups sugar
- 2 eggs, unbeaten
- 1 cup milk*
- ¾ teaspoon almond extract
- ½ cup finely-chopped maraschino cherries
- ½ cup finely-chopped nut meats

1. Sift flour once, measure; add baking powder and salt; sift twice. **2.** Cream shortening; add sugar gradually, beat until light and fluffy. **3.** Add eggs one at a time, beating about 1 minute after each addition. **4.** Add dry ingredients alternately with milk and flavoring; beat well after each addition. Add cherries and nut meats. **5.** Turn into well-greased loaf pan. Bake in moderate oven. **6.** Open your oven door and there it is! Say what you will about recipes, pay what you will for ingredients—you'll *never* bake a finer cake. Sure—it's SNO SHEEN! **7.** When cool, cut cake in half, crosswise. Frost with your favorite white icing, placing halves one on top of the other. Garnish top with cinnamon candies, in the design shown on the SNO SHEEN beauty above.

*If desired, use cherry syrup plus enough milk to make 1 cup of liquid.

Pillsbury's SNO SHEEN CAKE FLOUR

SUPER-LIGHT... for higher, finer cakes

"I haven't loved her for a long time. I was held to her—I'm trying to be honest, Serena—but I haven't loved her. Now I know that whatever feeling I had, or thought I had four years ago, wasn't real. And even that is all in the past, because—I love you, Serena." His eyes were dark and urgent; his hands on her shoulders hard and sure. "I think—somewhere—I got mixed. I think I have loved you since the night she was married. Only I didn't know it. I might never have known it if you hadn't come back. It's never been Amanda in the same way that it's you. There's something between you and me that—I don't understand it, but it's as if we were—were each other. No barriers. I—I'm not good at words." He pulled her close into his arms. "I love you," he whispered against her face and then moved so his mouth came down hard upon her own.

The small tack room was very shadowy, very still—very far away from the world and barricaded against it. Presently Serena moved, too, in that enchanted, guarded place and put her arms up around him and he bent so his face pressed against her own.

But they weren't really barricaded from the world. For, very remotely at first, a sound came through the fog, and gradually nearer; it was the sound of a car coming up the mountain road. It came nearer, came to the archway in the patio and, with a slurring of wheels, stopped.

Jem listened. "That must be the police. Listen, Serena, there's so much I want you to know—I want to explain and make you see how or why I felt as I did. There isn't time to talk. Serena, will you believe that it's the real me, now? I don't know how to say it."

"I believe you."

He took her in his arms again. And finally laughed a little, unsteadily, and made her sit down on the box. "Sit there again. Away from me. Where I can't reach you. I've got to talk." She sat down on the wooden box and Jem leaned against the saddle. "I love you more than I ever thought anybody could love anything. Sometime I'll make you understand that. Now then." He made a great business suddenly of getting out a cigarette and lighting it. And then began to talk, very quietly and urgently. "I went to Gregory's. Bill admits taking Leda to Monterey; now, if we can prove that she was at Gregory's, it would help to substantiate her telephone call to you. I questioned the clerks. So far, none of them remember having seen Leda; but I wasn't too sure that all of them knew her by sight. Then I tried to find out who it was that Leda saw in the store—but I drew a blank. But *somebody* was in Gregory's and it was somebody Leda knew. And the presence of that person, combined with something Leda saw in the store, gave her the idea as to how Luisa was murdered." He listened, eyes narrowed and dark head turned toward the house, and then went on swiftly. "Serena—Amanda didn't give you any money; why is she insisting that she did?"

"I don't know."

"Has it occurred to you that somewhere, somehow, rather a lot of money must have disappeared?"

"Amanda said Sutton had lost it."

"I know. But Sutton had really a lot. He was careless about money; that's true. Careless and kind; he'd always been used to money and he was generous. But Amanda ——" He broke off. "What was there about the bracelet? You started to talk of it."

She told him all she knew of the bracelet; she told him, too, of Amanda's voice, heard over the telephone from San Francisco: "Put that down," she had said to someone.

"Who was there? Sutton? Luisa? Put what down?"

"I don't know. And then that first night I was here, before you came, someone was in the patio—whispering. It sounded as if there were two people, quarreling."

"I remember. You asked me, but I didn't think —— Go on, Serena."

When she'd finished, she'd told him even about her completely baffling conversation with Amanda that morning after the police had gone. "She offered a silly bargain, Jem. She said they'd suspect you ——"

"Probably would. You get so you suspect everybody. It would shift the blame, though, if Quayle knew that Luisa objected to me and why." He lighted another cigarette.

She cried, "Oh, no, Jem—you mustn't tell them!"

"Better charge me with murder than you. Oh, I'm not going in for heroics, Serena. That's just the truth. And I was at Casa Madroña ——"

"*Jem!*"

"Darling. Darling!" He moved toward her, stopped, laughed a little and went back to lean upon the saddle. "Now then, about yesterday. Quick. Tell me, as quickly as you can, the whole thing again."

So she did that too. And began to remember things she'd forgotten—the faint scent of tobacco as she came into the house; she'd thought someone was already there, smoking. ("That was Leda," said Jem parenthetically. "They found a cigarette, stained with lipstick. She'd been smoking while she waited.") The footsteps on the stairs. *The fifth step!*

Suddenly the significance of that struck her and she told him of it in detail, excitedly. "I'd forgotten that! Does it—why, it must mean that whoever was there knew about that step! Knew that it creaked."

Jem was struck by it too. After a moment he said soberly, "You knew it, and Amanda. She may have mentioned it to someone. But I"—he paused thoughtfully—"no, I don't think that's it. I think ——" Again he stopped. He put out his cigarette carefully and said, "Go on; how about the gates? Were they open or closed?"

The gates had been open, so someone might have gone into the drive. No other car had been there when she came. She'd reached there, she thought, considerably after four. She didn't remember seeing the red-and-white scarf at all.

"Neither did I. I pointed that out to the police ——" He stopped so abruptly that she knew he was keeping something back and asked him:

"Did they believe you?"

"I don't know. They said ——" Again he stopped. But this time because someone entered the barn.

Whoever it was walked heavily and swiftly along the wide, wooden floor of the middle corridor of the barn, and exactly at that instant Serena remembered the one new thing—the one tangible thing she had happened upon, and that was the little splintered hole in a wooden stair railing that looked as if it might be a bullet hole.

"*Jem* ——" The footsteps had stopped; Jem met her eyes and she leaned toward him and whispered, "In the railing—the right-hand stairway of the patio—it looks like a bullet hole; look at it ——"

"Hey there, Jem! Sissy! Where are you?" It was Bill Lanier's voice.

Jem nodded quickly at Serena. "Here we are, Bill," he called. They rose and moved toward the door.

Bill met them. It was so dark that they couldn't see his face, save for a blur of whiteness; his voice was loud and flat. "I've been looking everywhere for you, Jem. Hello, Sissy. Have you heard the news? I'm your suspect."

"Well, at least they didn't arrest you," said Jem.

"They can put their hands on me any time they want to. Fat chance of me getting away!" He laughed raucously and abruptly stopped, and said, "I've got the pictures, Jem. All of them. Alice had them in a scrapbook." He pulled out a sheaf of photographs—snapshots—from his pocket. "Want to see them? It's too dark in here."

They walked toward the wide, open door of the barn. Jem paused, letting Serena and Bill precede him for a few steps, and then she realized he was no longer with them and turned to look back.

Then Bill turned too. "Hurry up, Jem. We've got to see all the clerks tonight—I've got their addresses; the store'll be closed, we'll have to go to their houses ——"

Jem gave a start—as if he'd been thinking
hard that he'd forgotten that Bill was
ere and what they were doing. But he
me immediately. And there in the open
orway they looked at the pictures Bill had
ought.

Snapshots, all of them. Taken in a
ignantly different world—a world where
urder and suspicion and horror hadn't ex-
ed. Amanda with her hat off and the wind
owing her hair. Sutton on a horse. Leda—
ughing, with her blond curls neat and
ining. Dave at the door of his cottage.
e picture of them all together at a picnic.
veryone, that is, except Alice. And, of
urse, Serena, who wasn't there. Jem was,
ough—at Amanda's side.

"Alice took the picture," said Bill. "So
e's not there. But I brought a good clear
cture of her too. I'm going to prove that
e wasn't there," he said with a kind of fury
his voice. "Alice'll be safe; I'll see to that.
manda can't do anything to her."

"But you ——" This time Jem started to
eak and stopped, and Bill whipped the pic-
res together and said:

"*I* didn't want a divorce! I love Alice."
e put the pictures in his pocket.

"But you wanted to marry Amanda ——"
egan Serena again, and Bill's black thick
ebrows drew together.

"Marry Amanda! Listen; I wouldn't
arry her if she was the last woman on
rth. Don't you see what she did to me? I
ve *Alice*. I've always loved her. All I
anted was Alice and marriage with her.
nd if it hadn't been for Amanda, I'd still
ve her." Bill's eyes shifted to Jem; he
id, without animosity and quite simply,
You're another, Jem. I've watched you.
ou've got to be strong enough to get
vay—to shake off her appeals. I did it—
made all sorts of threats, and she believed
e. I didn't mean anything; but I wasn't
ing to have Amanda tie me to her for the
st of my life. That's why I'm here now. I
ant Alice back!"

O THAT was, really, what Bill Lanier felt
out Alice and about Amanda. Yet, even
she thought that, Serena thought of
manda with a queer kind of wrench at her
eart; there was something touchingly de-
nseless and childlike about Amanda's very
indness.

"The point is," said Bill abruptly, "we've
t to find out exactly who was in Gregory's
d who it was that Leda saw. For your
ke, Sissy, and"—he grinned suddenly—
for mine. Come on, Jem."

"Aren't the police here? I thought I heard
eir car."

"That was me. I stopped and talked to
utton. He said that Amanda had gone
to her room with a headache. She saw me coming, is my guess, and ducked. We'd better hurry."

Serena walked with them as far as the arched gate and Bill's car and watched them as they drove out of sight through the fog.

But Amanda's headache apparently was real, for she didn't come to dinner and sent down word by Modeste, who took up a tray, that she didn't want to be disturbed.

No one came and no one telephoned and Serena took a book which she didn't expect to read and went to bed early. And eventually, telling herself that Jem would somehow, someway find a path for them through that dark and terror-ridden forest, she went to sleep.

She awakened quite suddenly. Someone was crying—pitifully, in a small whimpering way. Only it wasn't a person; it was Pooky. Outside—on the veranda, in the patio.

SHE tried to shut out the sound and couldn't. She tried to pretend it didn't matter, that he was all right. She got up finally, groped for her dressing gown, wrapped it around her and went to the door.

Opening it, she found that the night had cleared. The veranda made a double rim of shadow around the walls of the house, but the stars were out and so clear that after a moment, when she went to the veranda railing, she could see down into the patio.

Pooky had stopped whimpering. She started to call him. And stopped because there was something on the stairway at her feet.

Across the patio on the ground floor a door suddenly opened and light blazed out; someone cried sharply, "Pooky! Stop that!" The shaft of light went straight across the patio to the stairway.

She was nearer; she had moved; she was on the stairway, clutching the railing. Just as Sutton called from across the patio, "Amanda—are you out there?" Serena saw what that dark huddle was. Amanda, so beautiful in life, was still beautiful lying there with the starlight on her dark hair and outflung arm.

Sutton came to the railing above and across the patio; there was a sharp stillness and then his voice: "Serena, what are you doing?" There was another pause; then the horror in the night caught him, too, caught his voice, made it high in a womanish scream: "*Serena, what have you done?*"

Nothing moved in the starlit patio; nothing moved against the white wall or through the black, arched doorway, or among the vine-covered pillars, or back into the shadow of the encircling verandas.

(To be Concluded)

EDUCATION IN AMERICA

(Continued from Page 6)

shalt nots" in all their personal and social
eanings. Miles of words have been written
out Nazi paganism, but the fact is that
r a generation American schools have been
rning out not pagans, but heathens—boys
d girls who have never been given any
ndamental moral and ethical education
hatsoever. Boys and girls who could give
account of the leading editorial in the
orning paper, in a course in current events,
ould not recognize the noblest and most
mortal passages of the Book which did
ore than any other to educate Abraham
incoln.

Now, a democracy or a civilized society
annot long endure without a great body of
en who recognize what is or is not civilized,
side some common frames of reference, and
the basis of a commonly shared body of
andards. Without that, society lapses into
narchy. A nation organized to "form a
ore perfect Union, establish justice, insure
omestic tranquillity, provide for the com-
on defense, promote the general welfare,
d secure the blessings of liberty" can ful-
l its purpose only if there is, to start with,
nion in education, basic agreement regard-
g the moral basis of justice, commonly
accepted standards of deportment and behavior, the moral obligation to correlate privilege and duty, a common body of knowledge amongst the national leadership concerning the history and structure of previous societies that have succeeded in making men relatively happy, healthy, wealthy and wise, and, finally, only if there are liberated minds—liberated by knowledge, not by license.

Our education, therefore, must be reunified and reintegrated, or we shall cease to be a society of free men and women and become a conglomeration of trained robots held together by imposed military and industrial disciplines. We cannot return to the medieval curriculum and the theological disciplines of early New England, but we must re-establish integrated education, and create the moral education fitting to the age.

Fortunately, a large part of our college faculties are acutely aware of this necessity. They and they alone can re-create education, with the sympathetic understanding and support of the citizens. But it is growing late. The world is fluid and revolutionary, and democracy must put strong educational foundations under its structure.

New! A Wonderful Taste Thrill for Pancakes—

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"Folks, you've got a real treat coming when you taste my molasses on a batch of pancakes. Grandma's Molasses is so different from any you've ever tried . . . so much *sweeter* and *mellower*, you'll want to use it on the table as well as in your favorite recipes. You see, Grandma's Molasses is made the old-fashioned way and without sulphur dioxide or other preservatives. Just try it, and you'll see what I mean."

GRANDMA'S OLD-TIME PANCAKES

2 cups sifted flour • 2 tsps. baking powder • 1 tsp. salt • 1 egg
2 tbsps. Grandma's Molasses • 1-1 2 cups milk • 2 tbsps. melted shortening

Sift together dry ingredients. Add Grandma's Molasses and milk to beaten egg yolk, pour into dry ingredients and beat until smooth. Stir in shortening and fold in beaten egg white. Bake on ungreased hot griddle. Serve with plenty of Grandma's wonderful tasting Molasses and enjoy the grandest treat you've had in many a month.

When using a regular prepared pancake mix, try adding 2 tbsps. Grandma's Molasses to a batter made with 2 cups of the mix to give your cakes a sweeter flavor, turn them a more golden brown.

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NO, it's NOT TRUE!

THERE ISN'T GOING
TO BE ENOUGH TUNA
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RECENT misleading press dispatches have created the impression that there is going to be an abundance of tuna for civilian use. This is unfortunate, for it is not true. Here are the facts:

1940 was a big tuna year; the pack was over 4 million cases. *You could buy all you wanted.*

In 1941, however, our big tuna clippers came back empty or only half-full, even after cruising thousands of miles in search of the elusive tuna. The pack fell off to slightly over 2 million cases; your grocer frequently had no tuna on his shelves.

Then came the war! Immediately our tuna clippers went into the Navy, leaving us with nothing but small boats, suitable only for "off-shore" fishing. But, by valiant efforts our fishermen have held the average pack to 50% of 1940.

Military requirements come first. We can't promise you how much we can send to your grocer . . . or how often. But, we do promise this, whenever you *can* buy these famous brands, they'll always be the same high quality!

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You are an American
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WORKING WIVES MAKE THE BEST WIVES

(Continued from Page 90)

convince of their need for a broader horizon. Still, it is hard to persuade some of them that they should tie themselves down to a regular paid job or to definitely specified and pledged hours and days of volunteer work for one of the many civic, charitable or service organizations which could use them. They resolve to read more, to visit art galleries, to do some social work, to do any number of splendid things; and nearly always their resolutions fail. The good luck of those who have regular jobs is that they are forced to wake up and keep busy.

In addition to the inner aliveness that is one of the best possible safeguards against unhappiness in middle age, a job supplies two substantial outward advantages. The first is stimulation of pride in personal appearance through the necessity of dressing to go out every day. The second, and most important, is training in remaining likable, being good-natured with associates, not showing irritation over every minor mishap. It would be as ridiculous to insist that the training always performs miracles on looks and temperament as to assert that outside jobs would save all marriages. But rather extensive observation has convinced me that employed wives, as a general rule—far from being tired and irritable invariably at the end of the day—make more successful and sustained efforts on both appearance and disposition than those whose only activities are in their homes.

The most enthusiastic believer in daily outside contacts as a disposition improver whom I happen to know is a husband who once opposed his wife's taking her present office position. He was against it, he admits, because he was a little afraid of the competition of men with whom she would be working. He now recognizes that the gain from filling a place which can be lost by loss of temper far outweighs the possible risks.

Another potent factor which he does not yet recognize fully is also worth serious attention from other husbands who object to their wives' working. Part of the disappearance of his wife's bad temper was unquestionably due to the relief by her added salary of their worry over expenses—a tension which puts a strain on countless marriages in this era of high living costs. Illness, unexpected bills, the thought that a husband may die, perhaps leaving children to support, are not so overwhelming to a woman with proved earning capacity as to one without it. A feeling of financial security makes marriages more secure emotionally.

SINCE the prejudice of husbands against "taking money from a woman" is often based on their interpretation of masculine independence, it is amusing to notice how a wife's earnings can contribute to a husband's manly freedom. I could name several who were able to quit unpromising jobs and take a chance for a better future only because their wives' incomes liberated them from fear of what might happen if the new venture failed. In the lean days in New York when Bob Walker was trying to get started by occasional bit parts in radio, the money earned by Jennifer helped him to hold to his determination to be an actor. Jennifer was a Powers model for hat photographs whenever she could get an assignment, until the approaching arrival of their first son.

Jennifer and Bob were wise, too, in planning, even then when money was extremely scarce, to have their children promptly so that they could continue their careers later. The more usual plan in America of the wife's continuing to work "only until a house is paid for and there is a little something in the bank" ends too often in postponement of babies through the best years of parenthood, and in vain regrets for a childless marriage after it is too late.

My strong belief in regular outside jobs for women is coupled with an equally strong belief that children are among the greatest blessings of marriage. I simply do not see that the admitted difficulties of combining wifehood and motherhood with outside jobs are as insurmountable as they generally are believed to be. Mothers certainly cannot have jobs outside the home during childbearing and their children's infancy. Yet with the increase in nursery schools and the acceptance of children in private and public schools at earlier ages, mothers surely can return to jobs after having several children and starting them well in their training.

FOR those who are firmly determined, some method of solving the combination can always be found. Arrangements can be made to have a relative or a competent neighbor woman care for the children in the hours when the mother is away, for a fee generally commensurate with the financial ability of the family or the neighborhood. I am aware that cases of neglect of children by working mothers have been reported in war-boom areas. In all such cases that I have been able to learn about directly, the fault was in crowded living conditions and the social and economic upheavals of war, rather than the mere fact that the mothers were working. From experience in conducting a nursery school and advising mothers on the training of children in their own homes, I know that, as a rule to which there are few exceptions, the mother who has outside contacts brings home to her children a breadth of vision and a stimulating companionship which frequently are lacked by mothers who have no outside interests, or only such frittering ones as luncheons or afternoon bridge. Deep concern for children and good training of children are far more a question of the quality of the association between them and their parents than of its quantity.

What specific rules can be laid down for avoiding the admitted difficulties of the average working wife in representative American communities?

First, to combat the danger that the job will be permitted to dwarf home considerations, a much more careful and exact budgeting of time and energy is essential for the wife with outside work than for wives who do not have extra demands. Whenever a question arises whether she is pushing herself to excessive fatigue or loss of interest in her marriage, the answer should be dictated invariably by what is best for her marriage.

Second, the husbands of working wives should face the fact that their home responsibilities are increased by their wives' added responsibilities. To do their fair share, they have to give more attention to helping with the housework and with the children. Comments I have heard from wives indicate that, in general, husbands actually do offer to help more when they have no basis for the husbandly idea, unjust or not, that their wives "haven't been doing a thing all day." The more help husbands give at home, the more their home interest will grow. Wives, children, homes, and the husbands themselves, will be the gainers.

A third rule is that a definite charting of expenses is necessary if the wife works. The rule should be emphasized for the very reason that budgeting usually is relaxed when the wife makes money. It is easy to look upon her salary as so much extra mileage and speed up the standard of living accordingly. Instead of saving against the possibility of illness or unexpected misfortunes and adding financial security to the marriage, habits of extravagance can be acquired which are a threat to plans to have children or even to marriage happiness. Jennifer and Bob, like many Hollywood stars, have been spared the details of budgeting by having a financial agent who managed all their affairs. They have not been freed, however, from such universal problems as, "How much of the show of success do we want?"

Because family expenditures which exceed too greatly the typical American husband's income are likely to give him a feeling of failure, our third rule leads directly into our fourth—which is that there should be an emotional charting along with a charting of

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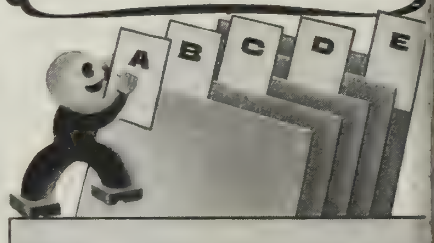

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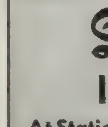

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ti e, energy and finances. No matter how si the idea is intellectually, the average A erican's sense of importance may be end gered if his wife rivals him, not to menti surpasses him, in career achievement or ir ome. To offset this competitive danger, w king women must deliberately keep in m d the truth that marriage success is not m asured in dollars, but in intangibles of a ction, evidences of thoughtfulness and c fidences shared. Vast numbers of wives w o don't work fail here, too, but the prev ling sensitiveness of husbands demands t greatest effort from working wives. As a exact suggestion, indicative of others too n nerous to list, the working wife should be p ticularly careful to consult her husband's o nion on business and financial problems. S e should avoid like poison, which they are, s h remarks as "my house," "my money," "y children." One of the symbols of a thentic partnership in marriage is the frequency with which the word "our" is used by the partners.

If the rules of success seem difficult, remember that the necessity of more conscious planning is made easier because outside work tends to build—and force—a more conscious way of living. In a word, the employed woman is often more efficient. She has a gauge of her efficiency in the income she earns. As to the threat of increased personal vanity from any job except a glittering career position, if she knows the difficulties she will be less inclined to underestimate her husband, or even to nag him, because he doesn't make more money. By keeping alert and interesting to herself and to her husband, and by contributing financially to marriage security, she can help to establish a partnership of deep love and understanding which will endure long after the first romantic glow of the engagement and honeymoon.

OU CAN'T HAVE A CAREER AND BE A GOOD WIFE

(Continued from Page 91)

e home life still takes on an incredible in cacy. Even the steadiest marriages, in lving only a couple of adults, can be full the unexpected; and when a baby—or ore—is added to a household run by a rking wife, things really begin to happen!

In spite of competent nurses, housekeepers d kindly relatives, there will be crises, sing from illness, minor accidents or the llapse of household personnel. In no time all the career mother finds herself trying be at least two people: an efficient, smartly rned out professional woman, and a de ted and conscientious mother. There is viously little time left for being a wife.

There are inevitable penalties for this. usbands become discontented as they feel emselves neglected; for no matter how uch a business wife may be contributing to mutual household in the way of an alert ind, an enriched personality and a wider rcle of interests—quite apart from mere oney—the husband who can't find his ean laundry considers himself abused and uts it all down to his unnatural home setup. is of no use to point out to him that clean llars have been known to get mislaid by ll-time wives. The real trouble, of course, is at in his heart, whether he himself knows or not, he has an age-old male resentment the fact that his woman is out in the world bout her own business instead of staying afely in the cave he provides for her.

Conscious of her husband's feeling of not aving an entirely normal home, his wife edoubles her efforts, tries to be a satisfac ory mate as well as a harassed young other and ambitious career girl. Some ing gives: nerves fray, health gives way. he tired businessman is merely suffering om mild fatigue compared with the tired usiness wife and mother. If her income is onsiderable, she can hire secretaries, cooks, urses and maids, but the whole staff put ogether cannot take over the fundamental ob of being the heart of her household, with he responsibilities of emotion and imagina ion which belong to a wife and mother. Was here ever a husband in the world who would refer a hard-driven professional "success woman" to a relaxed, laughter-loving wife?

Yes, home wives work hard too. But they do not work at a stiff, competitive pace, with someone else calling the turn. They are their own directors. They are in business for themselves, and it doesn't take a psychologist to tell you that you can do twice the work, happily, under your own steam that you can be driven to do by outside forces.

Why, then, do women have this suicidal hunger for success outside the home? Why do they crave so deeply to "go out to business," instead of making a business of their homes? This does not apply to those women with rare abilities who will forge ahead and express themselves, and should, no matter what their environment. Most of the career-hungry girls would do much better as wives and mothers than as businesswomen. Arriving at middle age, and stopping to count the cost, they themselves wonder what they have attained that seemed so worth struggling for at twenty. Even the old argument that women in business stay more alert and hold youth longer is not true now—if it ever was. The modern happy wife and mother in her forties is apt to look like a better-adjusted and younger woman than her successful professional contemporary in thirty-dollar hat!

Who, then, is to blame for this exodus of women from the home? Mostly, *the men themselves*. The very men who would prefer to have their women stay by their own firesides have been extraordinarily inept in selling them the idea. And this in a nation of supersalesmen!

Take that heavy-handed, man-made phrase, "Woman's place is in the home," which men have kept repeating for generations. In that repetition, indeed, lies the trouble. It is not the lack of truth in the statement, but its terrible monotony. It sounds like a sentence, as though the woman—any woman—were going to be locked in a safe, and completely dull, place for life. You can almost hear the key turning in the lock. Any woman with spunk resents this attitude. Why should any man, even her beloved husband, assume the right to shackle her to a spot, or to a set of obligations? Even though he promises to treat her kindly, if she pleases him!

Oh, what a poor selling job the males have done all these years! They, whose selling ability has become legendary, have fallen down on the biggest job of all, the job of making the little woman feel that she is so extraordinarily lucky just to be a woman, and a potential wife and mother, that she really ought to hug the knowledge to her heart in a kind of secret joy lest she be accused of vulgar boasting.

Instead, the obtuse male sets about destroying his own future peace of mind, as far as marriage is concerned, while he is still short-trousered. The first time he growls patronizingly to a feminine schoolmate, "Aw, you're just a girl. Whadda *you* know anyway?" he is planting seeds of discontent. At that instant there may be born in his pig-tailed mate a determination to "show him someday." The *why* of that determination will vanish, but the feeling of resenting male belittlement may be carried on and translated into powerful activity ten years later.

There is no perfect solution, of course, but if the men who are complaining about what seems to them a topsy-turvy arrangement today, and the younger men who are worrying about an even greater invasion of women in business tomorrow, will *stop scolding and start selling*—well, women have always been a responsive buying audience!

In the meantime, in spite of the serious handicaps involved, some couples will make a good job of double-career marriages by being willing to work extra hard and to learn the great law of compromise. But it takes an exceptional woman—and an even more exceptional husband.

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what this cream does for your skin!

★

When thousands and thousands of folks take the trouble to write and tell us what this cream has done for them—of the actual results they have seen with their own eyes—then, you'll agree, this must be a truly "effective" cream. What's more, you can *feel* the quick, grand relief it brings, when your skin is red, chapped, irritated. It's so soothing, so cooling—helps heal so many externally-caused skin troubles and blemishes.

Nurses were among the first to discover what a grand all-around skin aid Noxzema is. Today all over the country, in Canada and abroad—in the homes of our civilians and war workers—and among our men in the Army and Navy, this famous cream, Noxzema, is in greater demand than ever before.

Get a jar of Noxzema at any drug counter. See what quick, grateful relief it gives you! 35¢, 50¢ and $1.

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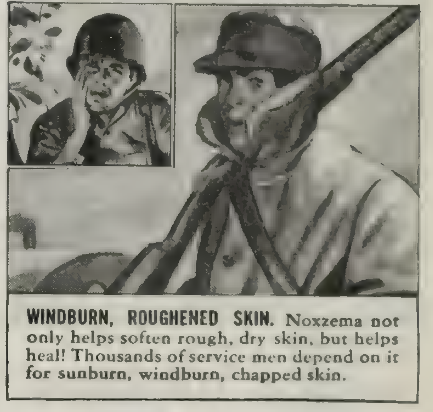

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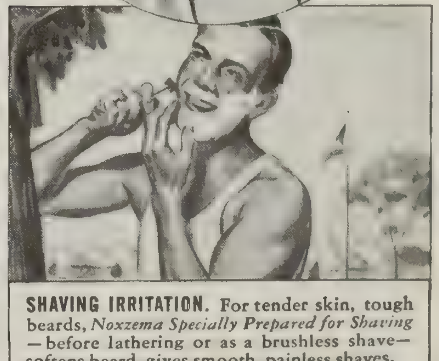

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THE AFTERWARD

(Continued from Page 18)

"The kid," Mike snorted.

"Oh, yeah."

Mike cocked his head thoughtfully, then changed the subject. "What'd Harvey want?"

Ben tried to walk back to his bed without limping. He eased himself down and stretched out his leg. "I can go—any time I want to."

"Swell!" Mike's tired voice was really pleased. "I'll miss you, but I'll try to look you up when they turn me loose. They'll give me a leave. We'll hang on a few, eh?"

"Sure."

Mike lit a cigarette with elaborate casualness. "When you going? This afternoon?"

Ben put his hands under his head and stared at the ceiling. "Oh, in a couple of days, I guess."

Mike popped up on one elbow. "A couple of days! Are you *nuts?*"

Ben didn't answer for a long time. Then he said, "I don't know, Mike. Maybe."

There was a rattle of carts in the hall and the door hissed open as a mess attendant brought in their lunch.

During the night he decided to face it. He'd leave tomorrow. There was no point in lying around the hospital. He'd go to Chicago, first, and see Walter Parry. After that—well, he'd wait until later to decide what to do next.

He'd be leaving the hospital with only the ill-fitting uniform they'd given him. The rest of his stuff—five hundred dollars' worth of snappy uniforms—was still back in that fire-blackened heap in Tunisia. Everything had gone up with the P-38. At that, he was lucky. The squarehead in the Messie 110 hadn't come out of his wreck. He probably had a nice wooden German cross over him, with his scorched flying helmet cocked on it at a jaunty angle.

With daylight he dressed quietly and left a note for Mike, telling him he'd write as soon as he could and keep in touch with him. Colonel Harvey was unexpectedly in his office and offered to get Ben a priority for a plane ride.

"No, thanks, colonel," Ben said. "I'm in no hurry." He studied his discharge papers. It hardly seemed possible he was out of the Air Forces.

Colonel Harvey patted his shoulder. "All right, son. Better wear those glasses, for a time at least."

"I'll wear 'em," Ben replied. He shook hands and limped outside, his cane clicking on the concrete floor, his right hand in his pocket, rubbing the smooth side of a medal.

He went shopping and bought a gray suit. While it was being altered he picked up the other things he would need, and a small bag. When he stood before the mirror to try on a hat it was as if some complete stranger had stepped in front of him. There wasn't anything in that face to remind him of the Ben Larrime he remembered. "I'll take it," he said, watching the strange lips move. He turned away quickly.

When he left the shop he told them to send the uniform back to the hospital. A couple of Air Force sergeants dodged his cane and didn't salute. Ben looked at their backs. He was just one more civilian.

By the time he had finally boarded a train for Chicago he realized he was living in a still stranger world. After the years of Army life and the months of illness, the civilian world seemed chaotic to his numbed mind. The train was crowded and he had to wait in line for his dinner; the porters were hollow-eyed with weariness and the conductor's face was taut with harassment. It all was like a bad dream to Ben and accentuated his loneliness.

He sat up all night and there was so much confusion in the car he couldn't even doze. He got off the train in the I.C. station, tired and dirty, with his leg throbbing. He shared an ancient taxi with two men and a woman and finally got a room in a downtown hotel. When he closed the door after the bellboy, Ben wiped his forehead with a shaking hand. He sat down a moment, waiting for the world to stop swirling. Then he took a hot bath and fell into bed and slept twelve hours.

When he wakened it was just dusk and the clamor from the streets below was slackening. He shaved and had a cold shower and sent down for food. It was good. He glanced at the evening paper and smoked a couple of cigarettes and went back to bed. When he wakened, sunlight was streaming in through the window.

He shaved again and bathed again. He smiled faintly at the unfamiliar face in the mirror. If this kept up, he wouldn't have time for anything but shaving and bathing. Then he remembered his stepfather, and the vague hope of finding something to start on, in Walter Parry, gripped him once more.

He had remembered the insurance office as a busy, exciting place, full of bustling men and women and ringing phones. It wasn't. The noise was gone and it had a faint, stale smell, and there were only two girls in the outer office. And when he went into the partitioned room his stepfather had shared with five other salesmen it, too, was dead. Three of the desks were dusty.

Ben limped toward his stepfather. The bald spot on his head was larger than Ben remembered, and the thin shoulders were more stooped. Ben stopped beside the desk and Walter Parry looked up.

"How do you do?" he said. "Something I can do for you?" There was no sign of recognition on Mr. Parry's face. Ben took off his tinted glasses and Walter frowned a little.

"Look at me, Walter," Ben said slowly. "You should remember me."

His stepfather was obviously perplexed. "I'm afraid I don't. Did you wish to see me about something?" There was absolutely no recognition in his face. It was a shock to Ben.

"Your stepson ——" he said.

Walter Parry straightened. "Something happen to Ben?"

Ben swallowed. There was a lump in his throat. It was difficult to breathe. "*I'm* Ben, Walter," he said, almost imploringly.

Mr. Parry stood up. "Ben? Why, Ben—is that you? Is that *you?*" His eyes went over Ben bewilderedly. "What in the world happened?"

"I crashed," Ben said. He was sweating with discomfort. He wet his lips. "If you can get away now, I'd like to take you to lunch."

"Sure—sure." Walter Parry flushed with embarrassment.

Ben waited in silence while the other seemed to make vast arrangements. He finally put his hat squarely on his round bald head. He was fussier and much older than Ben remembered—and more colorless. He had changed a lot since they had last met at his mother's funeral.

Ben knew before they reached the luncheon table that it was a mistake to come back here. They didn't even have the interest in each other that two strangers would have, trying to get acquainted. They were two people who hadn't known each other before, and now one of them was even changed in features. Ben felt the weirdness of the situation as they ordered and his stepfather talked about his job. He was worried about it. From the day Ben had first seen him, Walter Parry had been worried about The Job. Ben knew *he* would have stepped out the window rather than remain at that tiny desk two days in succession.

But Walter was interested in the war. He jotted down the things Ben said in a tiny notebook. Ben had a mental flash of the importance Walter was going to assume when he got back to his office. He smiled faintly and talked more than he had since he'd been hurt. After all, this was probably the last time he would see this inadequate, timid little man.

Ben told him about the landing in North Africa and the first air battle when he shot

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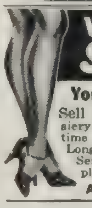

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IN 3 STRENGTHS: Children's Mild, Regular and Extra Strong.

MUSTEROLE

two Italian fighters in a single flaming
e. And about the bomber that blew up
nt of him; and he tried to tell him
the last day, when he was moving
the new base and the Me. 110 jumped
Walter's pale eyes sparkled. He wanted
ar all about that.

e went down in flames," Ben said, try-
ot to see the whole thing again, "and I
o come down too. Didn't realize until
ate that my left leg had got it bad.
't have any strength in it. Over-
olled and wrapped the ship around me.
hours before they found me. Luckily,
n't burn."

lter made more notes, nodding eagerly.
st have been exciting, huh?"

n stared at him. "Yes, Walter," he
dryly, "it was exciting."

nd your face," Walter said eagerly.

n froze. He didn't want to talk any
. He was tight again inside. He called
harply to the waitress. He wanted his
; he wanted to get out of here.

got your note about the wedding,"
er said. "Your wife's a pretty girl, I'll
You always liked 'em pretty, if I re-
ber."

n took money from his pocket and laid
the check. "Yes," he said.

ey shook hands outside the restaurant
Ben watched his stepfather go, bobbing
ly through the other pedestrians, his
on the stories he'd have to tell when
ached the office. That was done. That
another closed chapter.

n turned and walked slowly to the ele-
d. He boarded a North Shore train and
out to Evanston. He walked around
Northwestern campus for a while. It,
left him cold. There were more girls
ever, now, and most of the men left
the uniform of the
l unit. Two of his old
ish profs passed. They
ed at him, but didn't
gnize him. There was
much to explain, he
zed. He didn't want
o through the whole
g again. He didn't
k.

he Delt house was
fortingly familiar. The
lows were open, and
ains and shirts and bathing suits were
ging out. The phone was ringing and
eone was shouting for a freshman to
ver it. He wondered if the food was as
as it had been when old Cal was doing
cooking. Probably not—Cal had been
ething unusual in the way of cooks.

e wandered out to Sheridan Road, past
spot where Patton Gym had stood, now
ipied by a mass of limestone buildings.
went back to Davis Street. The place
ed dingy. He took the car line back to
n.

TER dinner he sat in his window, smok-
watching the crawling night traffic. This
n't getting anywhere. Wandering around
cago wasn't settling anything—it was
increasing the confusion in his mind.
d go mad if he didn't find some peace
. He would have to go to California.
would have to see Joan. He'd have to
the mess he had made and try to
ighten it out.

le stood up and flicked the cigarette
into the darkness. It fell in a long,
ving arc—like that Messerschmitt. Like
t square-headed German. For a fleeting
nent he wondered if the German, in
everlasting peace, hadn't won the battle
r all.

le got the last upper berth on the
ta Fe and crawled into it as soon as it
made up. There was the merry-go-round
is thoughts again: A man can't be selfish
live with himself. Being young; learning
ly; falling in love and getting married—
y were individual things. Up to a certain
nt everything you did was for yourself.
en, suddenly, you found other people
l to be taken into consideration—people
Joan and Doctor Lewis and that other
, Bill Mackensie.

Ben would never be able to forget Bill Mackensie's face when he had come out of the library where Joan had been trying to explain to him why she had eloped. He was a tall, well-built guy with intelligence written all over him, and there had been so much pain and shock in his eyes that Ben gasped every time he thought of it.

But he had shaken Ben's hand. "Congratulations, Larrime. Be good to her."

AFTER Bill had gone, Joan had cried while Ben tried to comfort her. Even then he had felt only elation. It wasn't until he was on the ship, headed for North Africa, that he had begun to realize what he had done to that little group in Santa Monica. Until then he'd just cut some guy out of his girl—as he'd done before, in college. It had been something of a game; but as the trip dragged out he had become aware that it wasn't a game—it was life. Marriage wasn't a contest. Marriage was played for keeps: like a dogfight over Tunisia. It was the transition from youth into the future. It was the door to afterward.

Sleep came. And the nightmares. He was hunched over his stick, swearing. The enemy bomber grew in his sights. The tail gunner shot at him, the tracers coming right into his face, but not touching him. He was almost ready to fire now. He pressed the button. The nose of the P-38 was ringed with flame. It shuddered. There was a gush of flame and debris before him and he was screaming, pulling the stick back into his body. Something jerked his shoulder and he fought it. He opened his eyes. The curtains of the berth were drawn back and the porter was there, shaking him violently. People were in the aisles, or looking out between their berth curtains, staring.

"Hey! Hey, mister! Wake up."

Ben sat up sheepishly. He wiped his dripping face. "Sorry—sorry—I must have been dreaming."

The Negro grinned. "Boss, you got a mighty fine collection of cuss words, but they's ladies on the train."

"Sorry," Ben said helplessly.

> **Only very dangerous people tell the truth about themselves; the wise try to tell it about other people; the discreet avoid it altogether.**
>
> —JOHN OLIVER HOBBES:
> The Tales of John Oliver Hobbes.
> (F. A. Stokes Co.)

The porter chuckled and dropped the curtain. Outside, the indignant muttering died slowly. Ben put his hands beneath his head and stared up into the darkness. He wondered if he'd ever know a peaceful night again.

The rhythm of the clicking wheels made him drowsy and he fell into a drugged, now dreamless sleep. He roused at five. The car was silent and he made his way to the washroom.

The countryside was golden in the early sun. Fields were sprinkled with shocked grain and there were farms that looked content. Life on a farm had to follow a pattern. A man had to decide what he wanted, then stick to it. Ben knew that happiness was what he wanted: you couldn't have happiness *and* something else—money or power or position; you had to decide which.

He really wanted Joan. He wanted a little house and children and a quiet, comfortable life. He wanted to be content inside. It didn't seem possible, considering the selfish way he'd lived, and he knew that he couldn't find that contentment by stepping back into Joan's life. There had been a vague soberness in her last letters—a realization, apparently, that they had been too hasty. After that terrible day above Kasserine Pass he had awakened to the slimness of his chances of returning. He had written to her for the last time, that night, and had tried to hint that he understood.

Few men could put their finger on a date and say, "That's the day I grew up." But Ben could. From that moment he had been convinced that he couldn't go back and take Joan with him simply because she had married him. That was why he hadn't answered her cable. That was why he hadn't written or allowed the hospital to notify her of his whereabouts. She wasn't really his

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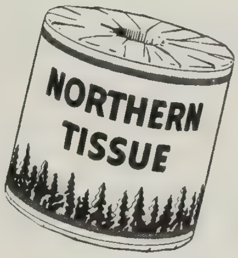
That's what's instrumental
In making each be-whiskered pup
Just about as gentle . . .
as soft, safe



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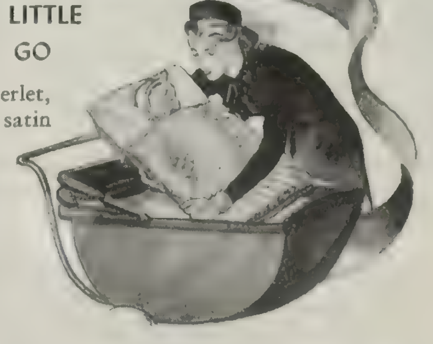

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wife. She couldn't be, unless he was certain she wanted him instead of Bill Mackensie and her father and the way of living she'd always had.

Goose flesh stood out on his arms: he had nothing at all to offer her. He didn't even have a job. He wouldn't marry a girl under those conditions; how could he ask Joan to come back to him now?

"Whooh!"

Ben started and turned around. The porter was staring at the scars on Ben's face.

"Yuh been in a wreck, ain't yuh?"

Ben nodded. "That's right." He rinsed out his razor and washed off his face.

"Yuh sure musta et somethin' didn't agree with yuh, last night."

Ben dried his hands and turned around. The porter picked up his coat quickly to help him on with it, and as he did so a small buff envelope fell from the pocket. Medals spilled across the floor and the porter stooped to pick them up. His big black hand held out the Purple Heart, the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Distinguished Service Cross.

"Holy smoke! Wheah'd yuh git them?"

"Tunisia," Ben said. He slipped into his coat, pocketed the medals and picked up his cane.

"Lawdy—Ah di'n't know yuh was a soldier!"

"I'm not," Ben said. "Not any more."

It was a relief to finally reach Los Angeles. The porter had told his story throughout the train and Ben found difficulty in avoiding people who wanted to talk. He limped slowly up the ramp and out into the bright sunshine. He stood for a time in the pleasant patio, letting the heat soak into his body, resting his leg. Tides of servicemen ebbed and flowed around him. The war was still on—for them. He picked up his bag and moved out to a bus marked "Santa Monica."

As he rode along Wilshire Boulevard his heart beat faster. The memory of Joan—her slimness and wide-set blue eyes, the golden hair and soft, tanned skin—sapped at his resolve to give her up. After all, she was his wife. All he had to do was to call her and she would come to him. It was as simple as that. The bus reached the outskirts of Santa Monica and started down the slope toward the shimmering sea. Panic rose within him. He had to decide now. He had to make up his mind.

> ▶ A critic is a man whose watch is five minutes ahead of other people's. —SAINTE-BEUVE

He got off a block from the ocean and crossed the street to a hotel. There was a room overlooking the ocean, the clerk said. The old man was very proud of it, as if just having a room vacant was wonderful enough. Ben didn't go up. He left his bag at the desk and walked down to Palisades Park.

THERE was comfort in the soft sea air. He limped along the graveled path, pausing often. There were many people down there, browning in the sun—mostly young, tanned women, with shouting children. They moved up and down the path, the women glancing at his pale, drawn face and carefully shooing their youngsters around his cane. Ben felt the warmth of their quick looks of sympathy: having a woman, even a passing stranger, commiserate with him was oddly soothing.

His leg was throbbing now and he decided he'd better get off it. He left the park and went back through the shopping district. He waited on a corner for the light to change and studied the building opposite. He remembered it. Joan's father had his offices there. They had gone there, once, to see him. He crossed the street with the crowd and turned down past the building. A gray open roadster crept from the parking lot.

Two feet from him was a lovely girl. She turned and looked at him casually. It was Joan. His wife. Her gaze rested on his face a moment, then went on past him while his heart stopped beating and the pressure within his head seemed unbearable. His lips moved, but no sound came from them. The roadster slid across the sidewalk, into the street.

Ben turned automatically. "Joan ——" His head cleared suddenly. There had been someone else in the car with her. The driver. Bill Mackensie.

Ben stood immovable on the sidewalk, staring up the street long after the car had disappeared. Joan and Bill Mackensie. That's the way it had been, before he had appeared. That's the way it was now.

A woman carrying two packages jostled him. "Sorry," she said, and hurried on. Ben turned slowly and moved away, the click of his cane echoing faintly along the walk.

He sat in the window of his room, looking out at the sea. The sun had set and the water was a dim sheet of silver. The pier was a dark, blurred finger, pointing southwest. The palms along the palisades gradually lost shape as the darkness increased. The telephone rang. Ben limped across the room to answer it.

"Yes?"

"Evening dimout." The voice was businesslike. "Be sure the curtains are pulled."

"What? Oh—oh, sure. Thank you."

HE WENT back to the window. He didn't want to turn on the lights. In the gloom it wasn't just a hotel room—it was a bit of sanctuary. If he turned on the light he'd be there all alone, with just his thoughts.

What was he doing here? He was angry with himself. He was acting like a boy who, having squabbled with his girl, hangs around her home, vaguely hoping to see her from a distance. The thing to do was to see Joan, get it over with and get out.

Later, he took off his clothes and crawled into bed. His leg hurt and the cool sheets soothed the throbbing. Tomorrow he'd really decide what to do. Tomorrow he'd—*Oh, to blazes with it*, he thought. He couldn't take any more. Leave tomorrow until tomorrow—that was vague, but it somehow helped. He went to sleep.

When he wakened the room was bright with day. He blinked at the ceiling, trying to collect his thoughts. He looked at his watch and sat upright in bed. Ten-thirty! He'd had fourteen hours' sleep. Fourteen hours! Just the thought of it, alone, made him feel good. He swung to the edge of the bed and sat there a moment, wiggling his toes, looking at the red slash on his leg. The spot where the bullet had emerged was puffed and angry. He pressed it gently and winced. He'd have to keep off his feet more. He'd have to watch it.

He shaved and took a hot shower, then topped it off with cold. He dressed and went down to breakfast.

As he sat over his coffee it was easier to think of Joan and Bill Mackensie. He had imagined her as being cut off from everyone, simply because she had married him. Of course she wouldn't be. She would go right on living with her father, seeing the same people. It was just that she was Mrs. Ben Larrime now. If he wanted to, he could walk out of Santa Monica today.

He found himself staring at a red-lettered poster beside the cash register. It said simply "DOUGLAS NEEDS YOU." Below the words a tight formation of A-20's banked for the kill. Ben studied it. What trim, beautiful weapons they were. What satisfaction there would be in helping to make them—yes, and on the other hand, he could hide in Santa Monica. He could get a room near the plant and work and maybe build a new life. He put a tip beside his plate, picked up his hat and cane and paid his bill. There was an address on the poster—just a block away. He limped along the busy street, watching the building numbers.

The furniture in the hiring office was being reshuffled, and Ben had to stand with a crowd of applicants awaiting an interview. Elderly men tried to work at their desks while bustling, giggling girls hurried back and forth with papers or pushed filing cases on casters around the room. Finally a lean, white-haired man beckoned Ben to him.

"IT'S GOOD TO HAVE YOU BACK, MR. JENKINS. YOU LOOK AS PEPPY AS THE DAY YOU RETIRED."
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PACKERS TAR SOAP

"I'm Doctor Lewis' daughter—Joan. I saw you at the office this morning."

Ben nodded—and swallowed at the lump in his throat.

"This is Mr. Mackensie. Mr. Parry, Bill."

They shook hands for the second time in their lives, but only Ben knew that. Bill grinned cheerfully and there was a fine sincerity in his grip.

"You can't help but get well," he said. "You've got the best in the profession working on you now."

"I'm glad to hear it," Ben answered. It was difficult to make the effort, but he had to. "Thanks very much for the magazines, Miss—Lewis."

She smiled. "Mrs. Larrime," she said. "My husband's a flier too. Somewhere in North Africa—I guess."

The way she said it tore something loose within Ben's body. It was a quiet statement of fact. There was nothing defiant or apologetic about it and it was freely offered, as if it had been repeated often. Ben started to reach for a cigarette, but his hands shook so he picked up one of the magazines instead. He could hardly hold it, but it gave him an excuse to keep his eyes down for a moment.

"I'm one of the birds the Army doesn't want," Mackensie offered cheerfully. "One of the wolves who stay home so you poor guys will have something to worry about."

Ben tried to smile, but couldn't quite make it.

"Bill invented and manufactures something very secret," Joan explained.

Ben looked at Mackensie. "Anyone can carry a gun," he said, "but somebody had to invent it first."

There was gratitude on Bill Mackensie's handsome face. "Thanks," he said gruffly. "But nobody's shooting at me."

> **If you have only two or three things that you can enjoy, and they are things which time and decay may remove from you, what are you going to do in old age?**
>
> —HENRY WARD BEECHER: The Beecher Book of Days. (Cassell & Co., Ltd.)

"If you'll feel happier," Joan said, "why don't you hire somebody to take a pot shot at you?"

Bill chuckled, and after a moment Joan laughed with him. Ben forced a smile. There was real companionship between them—an easiness which he could never have hoped to achieve. Seeing them together beside his bed was torture, because he knew that was the way they should be—together. It was agony to lie there, conscious of the fact that he was the thing that kept them apart and that they weren't aware of it. Yet he couldn't do anything about it—just now. Each time he looked at Joan, the same fierce longing for her welled up within him. It killed effectively the conscience that prodded him, when he was alone, to give her up.

She dropped her hand on Bill's arm. "Stay here a minute, Bill, while I run an errand for dad. Be right back." She ducked out into the hall and they both listened to the click of her departing heels.

Bill pulled a pipe from his pocket, filled it and helped himself to Ben's matches. "Pretty tough babies, those Japs, eh?"

Here it was again. Did all these people think the Germans were fed on pap? Anger rose within him, but Ben knew his anonymity lay in their misplacing his field of action.

"Very tough," he said.

Bill sucked at his pipe and cocked his eye toward the screened door. "Joan's husband was shot down in the last push in Tunisia," he said. "She hasn't heard from him since."

Ben followed a crack across the ceiling. "Dead?"

BILL shrugged. "She doesn't know. They just heard he'd been wounded. They can't seem to get in touch with him—maybe he was captured. You see, they were married just a couple of days before he went over and there probably was a mix-up with papers."

Ben took a long drag on his cigarette and then looked at the end of it. "That was a fine thing to do."

Bill looked up sharply. "Getting married, you mean?" He waited, but when Ben didn't answer he went on, "No, I guess not." He spoke carefully, as if he had thought this over countless times. "That's what they wanted, and no outsider has a right to say anything, one way or another. But it's awful tough on her—this waiting."

Ben crushed out his cigarette. He looked at Bill. It was cruel, but he had to say it. "And tough on you."

Bill jerked up his head and his gray eyes looked straight into Ben's glasses. "Yeah," he said. His voice was flat. "It's tough on me. But Joan loved Ben Larrime. And if that's the way it is, it has to be all right with me." His voice trailed to a whisper as Joan's steps sounded in the doorway and she came around the screen.

"We'd better be going, Bill. It's eight o'clock."

Bill stood up and shook Ben's hand. "Take care of yourself, Parry."

Ben nodded. "Good luck."

JOAN'S smile flooded him once more with the feeling of helplessness. "We'll drop in again. 'Night."

He heard them go down the hall—together. Then he turned and buried his face in the pillow. *Oh, God!* he thought, *what a nice, nice guy!*

The head nurse looked in with the sleeping tablet and saw his shoulders heaving. She pursed her lips thoughtfully, then backed out and quietly closed the door.

"Ah, I suspected as much." There was satisfaction in Doctor Lewis' voice as he bent over Ben's leg the next morning. Sunlight slanted across the room and the sweet smell of the sea came in through the open windows. Ben lay on his back, his hands under his head. He winced, involuntarily, and Doctor Lewis chuckled. "I forgot to tell you. This is going to hurt a bit."

"Go ahead," Ben said. He set himself, but the pain wasn't at all bad. And as Doctor Lewis straightened up, a sensation of relief flowed through his leg.

The doctor lifted his forceps. "There's your troublemaker, son. A bone sliver. If that's all, you'll be on your feet in a couple of days. It ought to really heal, this time."

"Good," Ben said. It couldn't happen too soon. Lying in bed, he was trapped; he couldn't avoid visitors.

"I'll just make certain," Joan's father said, bending over the leg again. "Hang on."

When he was through probing, beads of perspiration stood out on Ben's forehead. The nurse wiped them away and winked. He wondered if they were given courses in the proper attitude to take toward patients. They never seemed to show pity—just the exact amount of commiseration and cheerfulness that did the most good.

He grinned up at her. "You know, there's only one thing I'd rather be than a flier."

"What's that?" she asked.

"A doctor's doctor. I'd like to make 'em squirm."

The nurse was startled, but Doctor Lewis chuckled appreciatively. "That's why so many doctors let their own illnesses go," he admitted, wrapping a bandage around Ben's leg. "They're afraid of their own medicine." He dropped the covers and rolled down his sleeve. "You're going to be dancing on that leg in a couple of weeks."

"A bit off center, I'm afraid."

"A little limp will only keep you out of trouble. Whoever patched you up did a fine job. You're lucky to have that leg at all."

"I know it," Ben admitted sheepishly. "I just get sorry for myself once in a while."

Doctor Lewis patted his toes. "You're okay, son." He turned to the nurse. "He can have anything he wants—except rum." Doctor Lewis picked up his bag. "Because I'm very fond of rum and there's not much left on the market." He smiled and went out.

"A nice guy," Ben said to the nurse. He waggled his toes experimentally and the leg felt immensely improved.

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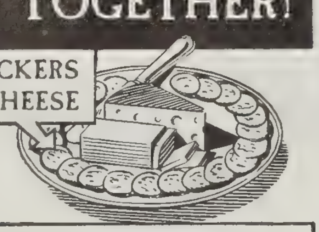

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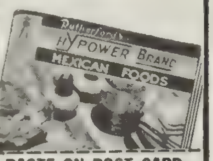

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"He works too hard," she said. She tucked in the sheets and put aside the morning papers. "Anything I can get you?"

"I'd like to write a letter," Ben admitted.

She brought him pen and paper and cranked his bed up. After she had left he wrote to Mike Fentrice, back in Washington. He explained that he was in the hospital again, but hoped to be out soon—cured, this time. It was good, having someone to talk to, and he wrote at length:

> It's a strange world, Mike, in case you don't remember. There are a lot of good folks in it. From Doctor Lewis on down everyone has been swell to me. I'm trying to get into Douglas, and I hope I'll get a chance to work on the A-20 you want. The first stick you lay on the Krauts is for me, remember. I don't know what my address will be when I leave here, but I'll drop you a line before you're turned loose. Chin up.

He signed it, then grinned and added:

> People are fascinated by my ears. I hope that beautiful nose of yours doesn't miss the cartilage you gave me.

He sealed the envelope and put it on the bedstand. Then he remembered his hotel and called up to explain that he'd be around in a day or so; that he hadn't run out on them. He recalled in time that he was registered there as Ben Larrime. Two days of being B. J. Parry almost tripped him up.

The nurses' aide had just removed his lunch dishes when there was a knock on his door. "Decent?" Joan's voice caught him unprepared and seemed to push against his chest.

"Come in," he said.

She was in a white uniform and carried a big bunch of sweet peas. She was pink and white and her hair was golden and the room seemed filled with sunlight and perfume.

"My own garden," she said. "I noticed last night that you didn't have any flowers, and what's a sickroom without flowers?"

"I'm not sick," Ben said, "but thanks a million."

She set the vase on the bedstand and he caught the warmth of her body, close to his face. His stomach crawled with her nearness.

"It isn't visiting hours," she went on cheerfully, arranging the sweet peas to her satisfaction, "but dad's a big shot here and I'm trading on it."

"It's very good of you to come," he said automatically.

"Dad thinks you'll be out of here soon."

"Your father's been exceptionally kind to me, Miss—Mrs. Larrime."

"You'd better call me Joan," she said. "I think dad's going to adopt you. He's talked about you enough."

Ben looked back at the flowers. "I don't see why he should."

"We've had returned heroes before, but you're the first one he's met. He thinks he's got one all to himself now."

She laughed—and the months slid away and it was almost as if it was the morning after their wedding again. Everything had been wonderful then—so unbelievably wonderful. They'd had two whole days of laughter then. The tears came only at the last moment as he turned away from her and walked down the ramp toward his train. Maybe two days of sheer happiness had been his life's quota. Certainly, now, he didn't feel he warranted any more.

"I'm afraid I'm not much of a hero."

"You're modest. Even Bill Mackensie thinks you are."

"Why 'even'?" Ben asked.

Joan sobered. "Bill finds it hard to warm up to fliers." She studied her nails. "You see, I was engaged to Bill before I met Ben—my husband."

You are the complete heel, he told himself. Aloud he said, "He seemed like a fine chap."

"Bill's a darling," she said promptly. "I don't know what I'd do without him now. It's—it's hard waiting, but I'm not the only woman who's waiting these days."

Ben stared hard at the ceiling. "You'll probably hear before long."

"I hope so," she said simply. She stood up and smiled with forced cheerfulness. "I've got to run along. I'll mail this letter for you."

He raised up. "No!" She looked surprised and he sank back again, his heart hammering. He couldn't recall whether he'd put a return on the envelope or not. Then he remembered: he hadn't. "I mean—the nurse will ——"

"I'll be glad to," she said, and dropped it into her purse. "If there's anything you'd like to have, just call the office. Since help got scarce, I'm trying to fill in. I'm not much of an office nurse, but I can run errands like anything."

"Thanks, but I'm fine." His face felt wooden. "The flowers are nice. It was very thoughtful of you."

She smiled and turned away. He raised on one elbow and listened to her quick retreating footsteps. Then he pressed the call button and the nurses' aide came in quickly.

"Find my clothes, will you?" he said. "I'm getting out of here."

The girl hesitated. "Just a minute." She went out into the hall and a moment later the head nurse stalked in purposefully.

"What's the trouble?"

"No trouble. I just want my clothes."

"Ha." She looked at him scornfully. "Lie down there and get well."

"Blame it all, I want my clothes!"

She stepped up, put her hand on his chest and pushed him flat. "Don't you get tough with me, young man. I'm a hard-boiled angel of mercy. You stay right there until Doctor Lewis says you can get up. And just to make sure"—she turned to the closet and jerked his clothes from the hooks—"I'll take your clothes with me." She waggled her finger at him. "And if I catch you running around my halls in that sawed-off nightshirt, I'll snatch those brand-new ears of yours right off your head!"

She marched out of the room, leaving Ben sputtering ineffectually behind her. After a moment he smiled in spite of himself. There was a tough baby—a natural-born top sergeant. He lay back again and sighed. Another day or two really didn't matter. He pushed one pillow to the floor and tried to sleep.

No one bothered him the rest of the day. The fog rolled in toward evening and the windows were closed. He dozed a bit after dinner, and even before the visiting hour was over he had the nurse fix him up for the night and turn out the lights. He lay in the darkness, listening to the palm fronds whispering faintly beyond the window. It sounded like surf.

Doctor Lewis didn't show up until late the next afternoon. He was tired and drawn and not so cheerful as he had been. He inspected the leg and then dressed it again.

"A good, clean wound and healing very fast. By tomorrow night I think you can check out if you want to. Give yourself a chance, son."

Ben smiled sheepishly. "I'm sorry." Obviously the nurses had told of his rebellion.

Doctor Lewis went into the bathroom and washed his hands, and when he came back the friendliness was in his blue eyes again. "I know," he admitted. "The tension's pretty keen these days. The nurse will dress your leg tomorrow, and if it's coming along as fast as it seems to be now, come over to the office and let me take a last look."

"All right. Thanks, doctor."

After he had gone Ben stared at the mirror on the opposite wall. He had no intention of going to the doctor's office. When he left the hospital, he was going to leave the Lewises too. Now was the time to make the break clean. He would call Joan and ask the amount of the bill. Then he'd bury himself in Douglas.

He would write her a letter and tell her to get a divorce. The letter would be brief and to the point. He wouldn't tell her that she would always be the loveliest woman in his life; or that his life could never be complete without her—because he couldn't put down on paper that he knew she was meant for Bill Mackensie and Bill for her. He would break it clean and there would be no shadows to haunt him. He would just say it was over.

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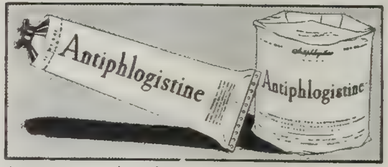

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It awed him a little to be able to think so clearly after the months of confusion. It was almost as if the Army doctors had not only made over his face, but his whole being. Yet the change had come before that—it had come on that day over Kasserine Pass.

Peace seemed to settle over him and he lay there, soaking it up. It was heavenly, after all this uncertainty and despair. It was good to have a plan; it was a comfort.

But it blew up in his face the next afternoon.

The head nurse brought him his clothes herself. The socks had been washed and the slit trouser leg neatly mended. "*Now* you can get out."

Ben grinned. "Thanks, honey."

She sniffed at him, but went out of the room with her eyes twinkling, and Ben began to dress.

Before he finished he called the office. "This is Mr. Parry, in 211. I'm checking out. Will you have my bill ready?"

The cashier was gay. "It's been taken care of, Mr. Parry."

Ben stared at the mouthpiece. "Taken—— But how? Who paid it?"

The girl laughed. "I can't remember."

"Listen," Ben snapped, "I can pay my own bills. Now who paid it and how much was it?"

"I can't remember," she repeated and hung up.

A few minutes later Ben pushed into the office and confronted the cashier. The young lady's plump, pink cheeks lost their dimples before his gaze.

> **Reason often makes mistakes, but conscience never does.**
>
> —JOSH BILLINGS:
> In The Crackerbox Philosophers.
> By Jeanette Tandy.
> (Columbia University Press.)

He said, "How much and who did it?"

"Really, Mr. Parry! I was told not to tell."

Ben pounded the desk and his voice rose. "I want to know!"

A flush swept over the girl and she looked around anxiously. "Well, it was Doctor Lewis."

"Why couldn't you say so?" he shouted. He slapped his hat on and limped out.

From a corner drugstore he telephoned Doctor Lewis.

"Hold on," the doctor said, after he had listened to Ben's tirade for a moment. "Let an old man have his fun, will you? I get a rate over there, anyway."

Ben felt helpless. "But I'm not a charity patient."

"Nobody said you were. Anyway, it was a piece of blackmail. I want you to do something for me."

"Certainly," he said stiffly. He was somewhat mollified. "Anything at all."

"You mean it?"

"Of course."

"All right. I'm program chairman for the Chamber of Commerce. I need a speaker for next Monday noon. You're it."

"But, listen ——"

"Don't back out," broke in the doctor. "All I want is ten or fifteen minutes. We'll throw in the fried chicken and peas. There's practically no pain in it and it'll all be over before you know it."

"I'm no orator," protested Ben.

Doctor Lewis snorted. "Orators are a dime a dozen. I want to give the men something different. Some firsthand stuff. It's only a small group."

"Well ——" Before only a handful of men he could still be B. J. Parry.

"Good boy. Meet me in the lobby of the Ponce de Leon at twelve on Monday. Why don't you come to dinner Sunday?"

"No—no," Ben said quickly, anxious to get away. "I'm—I've got something on for Sunday. I'll see you Monday, at the hotel." He hung up and wiped the perspiration from his face. He wouldn't be free until after Monday, now. Three days. Three whole days.

He bought a paper and went back to his hotel room. He sat forlornly on his bed and looked around. It was just a hotel room, dingy and barren—as dingy and barren as his heart.

Mr. Turkle, at the Douglas agency, was delighted to see him the next morning. Everything was arranged: the Army, the FBI and the Selective Service had all cleared Ben.

"When I told Mr. Masterson that I had a graduate engineer for him," Turkle chuckled, "he almost cried in the phone." He handed Ben a slip. "Take that to the reception gate and they'll fix you up with passes and identification."

When he finally met Masterson, the head of the engineering division, Ben liked the man immediately. He was a huge, bushy-browed man with ponderous fists.

"I'm putting you in radio research, Larrime," he said. "With your technical training and actual battlefield experience, you're a godsend. Your salary suit you?"

"It's more than I expected," Ben told him.

Masterson flipped Ben's file into a basket. "It's only a drop in the bucket if you turn out the way I hope you will." He waved his hand toward the wall, beyond which sprawled the tremendous plant. "This is just in its infancy. We're just off the ground, so to speak. When peace comes, you should be in a position to go to town." He glanced at his desk clock and pursed his lips. "Go along and meet Riley in Department 313. They're just knocking off there and you won't have anything to do until Monday, but he can show you some of the ropes. Take it easy until you're on your feet again."

Ben felt so good he was surprised to learn his illness showed in his face.

"Got a place to stay?" Masterson asked. Ben shook his head and Masterson thrust out his big fist. "I'll get the lodging bureau to find you something. Good luck."

When Ben finally located Department 313 it was empty except for the nervous, thin Mr. Peter Riley. In jerky sentences Riley explained roughly what they were doing and showed Ben the actual progress made. He talked so rapidly that Ben had difficulty following him. After three years away from engineering theory, he found himself rusty. But the work would be interesting. He was pleased far beyond his expectations.

As he rode back in the bus, he kept pinching himself; this was almost too good to be true. He had thought of the job simply as a stopgap, an effort to help the guys who were still out there, throwing lead. But from the way Masterson and Riley talked, it was an opening to a fine vocation. Ben stared out the window. Why, this was a future, opening before him!

He shopped for some more clothes, then walked back through the crowded streets to his hotel, using his cane more as a guard against people than as a support for his leg. He took his key from the clerk and then, instead of going upstairs, he went into the hotel bar. It, too, was crowded. He turned to look out the big windows. There were two men in the booth opposite him and they looked up as he faced them. One of the men was Bill Mackensie. The other he had seen someplace, sometime.

"Come over, Parry," Bill called, and Ben joined them reluctantly.

Bill introduced the other man and Ben remembered him. He was Roger Chase—a fat, pampered-looking young man who wore beautifully fitting clothes. He had been the one person in Joan's group whom Ben hadn't liked, before.

"Roger Chase," Bill grinned. "The seeing eye of the local press." He turned to Roger. "This is the fellow I was telling you about—shot down in the Solomons."

Roger's little black eyes, set deep in the fat face, glinted. "Oh, yes. The hero."

The voice, the eyes and the soft hands were sandpaper across Ben's sensibilities.

"The guys out there in the mud are the heroes," he said.

Bill chuckled. "There you are, Rog. We wouldn't like mud. It's a good thing the Army wouldn't take us, eh?"

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BY BETTY CROCKER

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¼ tsp. Ginger
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Add milk to well beaten eggs. Then add sugar and spices mixed together, molasses and Wheaties. Pour into buttered 8-inch baking dish. Bake 1 to 1¼ hours in slow moderate oven (325°). Serve warm, with cream if desired. 6 servings.

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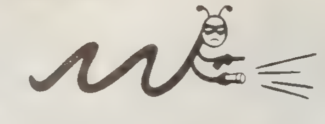

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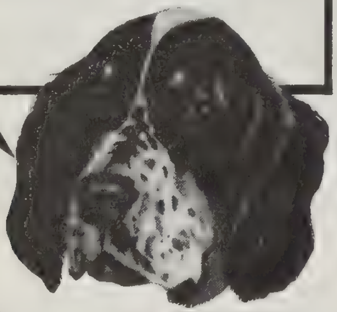

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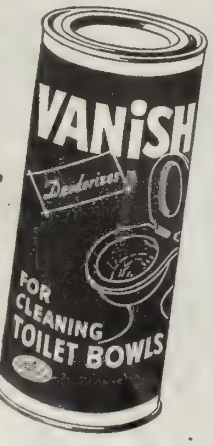

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"Sure," Chase said. His lips didn't move very much when he talked. "I'd rather be whole than a hero, any time."

"That's right," Ben said. He felt Chase's eyes going over him. Instinctively he knew that Chase had taken a sudden dislike to him, and he wondered vaguely why. Not that it bothered him—he was just curious.

"How's the leg?" Bill asked.

"Good," Ben said. "Great man, Doctor Lewis."

"Seen his daughter?" Roger asked.

Ben looked into Chase's black eyes and wanted to snuff out the light he saw there. "Why, yes," he said slowly. "Why?"

"Pretty nice, huh?"

"Very nice," he said pleasantly. He stood up and smiled. "I've got to shove along. See you later."

There was a vague expression of discomfort on Bill Mackensie's face, as if he sensed the tension between Ben and Roger, but couldn't put his finger on it. He finally gave up and grinned.

"So long, Parry. See you again."

The boy in the elevator looked at Ben queerly as he stepped out on his floor, chuckling. It was a curious sensation, to enjoy disliking someone. It rounded out life. A slug like Roger Chase gave you a yard-stick against which to measure your friends.

The next morning, Sunday, he looked out at the ocean as he dressed and suddenly had a desire to feel his toes in the white sand. He went down, ate breakfast and then joined the people making their way on foot down the auto ramp.

Walking in the sand was painful, but he kept going until he found a spot near an embankment which cut closely toward the water. He sat down, took off his coat and then his shoes and socks. He wriggled his toes in the soft warm sand and the sensation was exactly what he wanted. He smiled and poured a handful of sand on his instep. It was strange how much satisfaction you could get out of little things. Last year at this time he'd had to have a dinner, a dance and a mild love affair before he would believe he'd had a good time. Now, a cool drink before dinner or a night's dreamless sleep—or his toes in the sand—was enough to please him. He stretched out on his back, his arm over his eyes to shield them from the glare.

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Happiness was only a relative thing. If you didn't have much, it didn't take much to make you happy. And conversely, if you had a lot it took a *lot.* It was a simple truth, but he found enjoyment in it. He opened his eyes and stared at the white clouds passing overhead. *Why, he was actually enjoying life again!*

Goose flesh pimpled his forearms. After the months of bitterness, it was as if a new world had opened to him. Reasonably good health and a job were all a man needed. Everything else that was good would come to him, then.

SAND sprayed his face as a little boy ran past his head and a dog jumped over his stomach. Ben sat up quickly.

"Jimmy!" A pretty young woman in slacks called the contrite boy. The dog, a dirty white terrier, stopped and cocked his head to see what the trouble was.

Ben laughed at him. "It's all right, boy. No harm done."

"We're sorry," the woman said. She had soft brown hair and the skin to match it. "Little boys forget pretty easily." Her eyes couldn't hide their pride in the youngster.

"There's plenty of time for remembering."

She glanced at him and saw his cane. "I guess there is," she said. She paused while the boy and the dog moved off toward the water. She watched them closely and Ben noticed there was no ring on her left hand. It somehow cheered him up. "He's my nephew," she went on, ignoring the fact that she'd never seen Ben before in her life. "His daddy's still in the Philippines. Somewhere." She looked at Ben and he saw the stanch hope in her eyes.

"He'll come back," Ben assured her. He felt it to be true.

"He'll have to," the girl said simply. "Jimmy needs him. Children need their fathers."

She seemed to realize she was confiding in a stranger. She smiled briefly and went over to the little boy. Ben watched them moving gaily down the beach. Maybe, sometime, there *would* be another woman. It would be wonderful to have a child, a boy, and watch him grow up from day to day. Everything would be new to him: every taste, every sight, every emotion.

BEN lifted his head, listening. He knew that sound; he would always remember that. He craned his neck. Six P-38's droned overhead on a high patrol. Ben watched them as they passed, slim, hungry sharks. He licked his lips, almost tasting the satisfaction the pilots must be feeling. But he'd never be up there with them again.

It was a very good thing there hadn't been a child. Much as he wanted children, he wanted to have them with a woman he not only loved, but who loved him. If he had come back to find Joan was going to have a baby he really would have been lost. He couldn't have slipped away, then. He would have had to return to her, and then her life would have been irrevocably ruined. Divorce couldn't have cleaned that up—as it might, now.

He put on his shoes and socks and picked up his coat. He struggled through the sand to the highway and then up toward the hotel. His leg was tired, but it felt amazingly better. Perhaps if he took a sun bath each day it would help. He paused at the top of the palisade to look down on the breakers. Those creaming salt bubbles, massaging his leg, would feel fine. Living near the sea was the answer. Living in a little house beside the sea.

The next morning he explained about the luncheon to Mr. Riley.

"Sure—sure. Take what time you need. The days of locked laboratories are gone. Science needs all the help it can get, and public good will is a valuable asset. Take the afternoon." He paused, trying to remember something. Then his face cleared. "Oh, yes. The housing bureau's got a room for you. Better stop there on your way out."

He had to wait for his address at the bureau, and by the time he finally reached the Ponce de Leon it was after noon and the lobby was almost empty. He could see through the open doors into the dining room, however, and it was filled with people already eating.

Doctor Lewis came up. "They've just started. I was getting worried, son."

Ben looked at the gathering with alarm. "You said there'd be only a handful."

Doctor Lewis beamed proudly. "There usually is. It just goes to show that if you'll give 'em something interesting, they'll turn out in droves." He took Ben's arm and led him into the room.

Ben shook hands with half a dozen men at the speaker's table and then sat down, his stomach in knots. He didn't like this. It was more than he had bargained for. He toyed with his food, trying desperately to think of what he would say. He had expected to give a little informal talk to a group around a table. This was a crowd and they were patently expecting a speech. Perspiration dampened his face and his panic increased.

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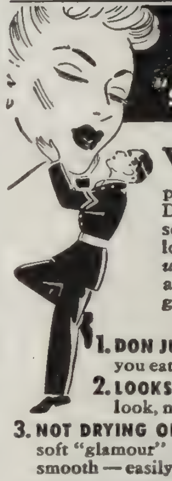

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PIE TAPES

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Then he saw Joan. She was at a table off the right, and when their eyes met she miled. He hadn't expected her to be here, ther. He didn't want to talk about his periences—especially not in front of her. e wanted to get away. He looked longgly at the door and then his eyes went back Joan. She was talking to the man next to er and Ben recognized him. Roger Chase. e hated seeing her with him and it made m angry to watch Chase brush his thick oulders against her.

The waitresses were moving among them, acing the dessert. The secretary pounded s gavel, made a couple of announcements hich Ben didn't hear, and then turned the ogram over to Doctor Lewis. The crowd ttled itself expectantly, and Ben was conious of scores of eyes flitting restlessly from octor Lewis to himself and back again. He et his lips and concentrated on what the octor was saying.

“—— honorably discharged because of ounds. Lieutenant Parry is going to tell us hat our boys are doing down there. And hope he'll tell us what it feels like to knock own Jap Zeros and get shot down himlf. . . . Lieutenant B. J. Parry!”

Ben found himself on his feet in a storm applause. His eyes went helplessly to oan and she smiled and gave a brief nod of ncouragement. There was a half grin on oger Chase's face and he scribbled someing in a notebook. A bombshell burst ithin Ben.

He was in a mess. At Douglas he was Ben arrime, but here, to Joan and Doctor Lewis, Roger Chase and all these people, he was . J. Parry. Chase was on the newspaper—nd that meant a story about the flier B. J. arry. And as far as Ben knew, there wasn't ny Lt. B. J. Parry in the Army Air Forces.

The handclapping died away and Ben just ood there, unable to say nything until Doctor ewis reached up and uched his elbow. “Go head, son.”

The crowd laughed ood-naturedly. It was re of the real stuff, now. oger Chase didn't laugh. en looked into the black ttle eyes and was unerved. He dampened his lips again and rced himself to turn to the gathering.

“I—I'm afraid you'll be disappointed,” e said, apologizing even before he had arted. His voice almost cracked. “As for eing shot down, it happens so quickly you on't realize it until you're headed for the round. As for shooting down an enemy—ell, that's quick too. It's all in the game. ou don't have much time for thinking or eeling. You're too busy—and too scared.”

He was disappointing them; he could see in their faces. He swallowed hard. They anted to hear about Japs, and he'd never een a Jap enemy. He kept wiping his wet alms on his napkin, over and over again.

SOMETIMES you get mad, but mostly ou're scared in a fight. At least I was. As or what your boys are feeling, I can't speak or them, of course, but I think I know pretty ell. They aren't enjoying what they're dong. They'd a lot rather be right here, at ome. You don't know how good your home s—the hamburgers, the fishing trips, the irls—until you've been out there. Then hat's all you can talk about. There's somehing else, though, that I'd like to say. They now what they're fighting for—and it isn't o save the world for democracy. Not this ime. This time they're fighting to get back o see the ruts in Ocean Boulevard, and the rowded beaches and the shaggy palms, over here in Palisades Park. I've never met a lier who wanted an impossible bright new orld to come home to: they want to come ome to the same things they left. And if hings aren't the same when they return—ell, they're going to be pretty sore.”

He had warmed up a little—but the audince hadn't. The audience was confused, and omewhat annoyed.

“Your boys want every weapon you can give them now, and their jobs and their homes and their girls when they get back. That's all. But it had better *be* there.” He sat down, wiping his face with the napkin.

Doctor Lewis stood up amid the scattering of applause and laughed self-consciously. Ben didn't really hear what he said, but he gathered it was something of an apology. He didn't care now. All he wanted to do was to get out of here. When the group began leaving he stood up and smiled sheepishly at Doctor Lewis.

“I warned you,” he said. “I guess I didn't tell them what they wanted to hear.”

THE doctor patted his shoulder. “That's all right, son. They expected blood and glory and you shocked 'em a little.”

Joan came up, smiling cheerfully. “They didn't like it, did they? They were looking for the flag and listening for the band.”

Her understanding hurt him and he lifted his eyes to where Roger Chase stood behind her, faintly smiling. “Don't put this in the paper, will you?” Ben asked.

Chase's pig eyes glinted. “Why not?”

Ben's vague dislike for the guy crystallized. “I'd rather you didn't,” he said stiffly.

“This is a public meeting and you're news, Parry,” Roger replied easily. “We have to carry stories about our local heroes.”

“Don't put it in the paper,” Ben said evenly.

He sensed the sharp looks of Joan and Doctor Lewis, but he held his eyes on Roger's.

Chase was sure of himself in spite of the threat. “Just what squadron *were* you with, lieutenant?”

Ben waited a long time. “Suppose you go to blazes, Chase.”

Roger's face twitched and he laughed. It was a short and ugly laugh. Then he turned and waddled away. Ben had an almost uncontrollable desire to grab the guy's shoulder, swing him around and smash his fist into his plump red face. But he held himself, and after Roger had gone made his good-by's to Joan and her father.

> **When you can't do anything else to a boy, you can make him wash his face.**
>
> —E. W. HOWE:
> Travel Letters From New Zealand, Australia and Africa. (Crane & Co.)

After he had left the hotel he walked the streets, cooling off. He'd have to see Chase again. He'd have to get him to kill any story he might write. He couldn't explain the real reason why the Lewises knew him as B. J. Parry, but he might be able to talk Chase into forgetting the meeting.

He found Chase in a far corner of the paper's city room and tapped him on the back.

Roger looked up. “Hello, hero. I rather thought you'd be around to see me.”

“We can save some time, then,” Ben said sharply. “As a favor to me, don't print the story.”

Chase leaned back, exuding enjoyment. “And why should I do you a favor, hero?” he asked.

“There's no reason, except that I'm asking you to. If you don't, some very decent people are going to be hurt.”

Chase shrugged. “I wouldn't say anything to hurt anyone.”

Ben studied him coldly. “Maybe. The point is, my name isn't Parry.”

Roger's fat face cracked in a smile. “Ah. Now I'll tell *you* something, hero. I had you pegged for a phony the first time I saw you. I'm very good at smelling out phonies. I turned in one who'd been on the town for weeks.” Roger cocked his head and studied Ben's face. “He'd been in a car wreck too.”

Ben let it pass. “That's beside the point. What I'm getting at is the Lewises. I don't want them smeared.”

Chase locked his hands behind his thick neck and swung gleefully back and forth in his chair. “So you don't want the Lewises hurt. Which one? Not the doctor, surely. Or could it be his beautiful daughter?”

“Skip that,” Ben said evenly.

“Maybe you don't know,” Roger went on, “but Joan's married. She's not only married, but there's another guy ahead of you on the list. You wouldn't have a chance, friend.”

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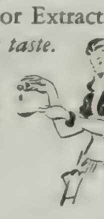

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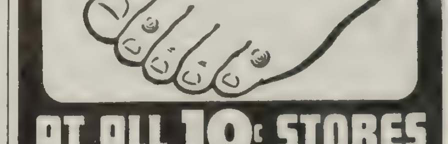

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Ben reached out and took Roger's shirt just below the tie knot. He jerked Chase around in his chair. The fat boy purpled a little, but smiled. "Okay. Don't do it for me. Do it for the Lewises. They seem to be friends of yours."

Roger pried Ben's fingers loose and sat down, adjusting his collar. "Don't get rough," he said easily. "As a matter of fact, I wasn't printing anything about you. The Lewises *are* friends. Joan is a very dear and very old friend of mine, hero."

It caught Ben off balance and Roger laughed at the astonishment in his face.

"Surprised? But I'm glad you admit your name isn't Parry. What is it—really?"

Ben eyed him distrustfully. "What was your idea in baiting me, then?"

Roger leaned forward, his hands on his knees. "Because I don't like you, mister. Or, rather, I didn't like you. I like you now. You're nice now. You're a phony. What I don't like are heroes. They're so wonderful. They're so brave with their wounds and their medals and their stoic calm. When the Lewises and Bill Mackensie began to shout your praise I hated your guts. But I don't now. Now, I know you're just one more phony and I like you. See?"

Ben stared at him. There was a mocking, sadistic glint in the black eyes. *He's very close to being nuts,* Ben thought. "Well, thanks," he said. He tried to make his voice grateful, but he still wanted to smash in that fat face. "I appreciate this, Chase."

Roger waved his hand. "Okay, chum. I'll see you around. But no more speeches, eh?"

Ben nodded soberly. "No more speeches."

Roger's eyes shone. "And where can I find you—in case I want to find you again?"

"Room 313 at the Cleveland."

He went out onto the street with a sharp sense of uneasiness. He walked slowly along the boulevard. He found the slip of paper the housing bureau at the plant had given him, and when he finally located the address it was in Ocean Park, a good two miles from the shopping district in Santa Monica.

Ben stood before the house and inspected it. It was on a quiet street and only a block from the ocean. There were hollyhocks in the front yard, and ivy covered the porch. It was cool on the porch as he waited for his ring to be answered. The old-fashioned swing looked inviting.

A white-haired little woman with a pleasant, motherly smile came to the door and let him in. They went upstairs and the smell in the hall reminded him of his mother's house. He knew he was going to like this place.

THERE were two rooms upstairs, and a remodeled bath. The vacant room was big and old-fashioned, with a fine bay window looking down on a quiet back yard. Ben felt excited over it. The landlady mentioned that the other room was rented, but the occupant was leaving next week for the Army.

"I'd like both rooms," Ben said. "Would you rent them to me?"

The woman smiled. She'd be glad to. She'd never rented rooms before and she'd feel better with only one person in the house. Ben paid her.

"I'd—just like to stay here awhile," he said. "You don't mind?"

She gave him the key and went out. Ben sat on the brass bed and tested the mattress. There were bookshelves under the bay window and an old Morris chair placed where it would get the most light. He went over to it and sat in it and exulted in the comfort. This was perfect. This was like having a home again. He leaned back in the chair and stretched out his leg.

The other chapter was over—definitely and finally. He would go back to the hotel, get his bag and return here for the night. He could be happy here, as happy as he could ever be, anyplace. His obligation to Doctor Lewis was paid and he could make the break complete. He would write Joan tonight and tell her to get the divorce. Mike Fentrice could mail the letter for him from Washington. It was a relief to make the decision and feel, this time, that he could keep it.

Ben stood up and went out into the hall and down the stairs. He stopped again on the cool porch and his landlady looked up from her crocheting as she sat in the swing.

"I'll be back with my stuff in a little while," Ben said. "After dinner."

"There's a nice patio in the back," she said. "And the alley gate will let you onto a path that goes right down to the beach."

Ben smiled at her. "I'm going to like it here, Mrs. Parker."

She swung comfortably. "I think I'm going to like having you too."

There was a message for him at the hotel desk. Mr. Chase had called and wanted the man in 313 to come to his apartment at eight-thirty that evening. The address given was that of the new modernistic apartment just around the corner. Ben stuffed the note in his pocket and went up to his room. He couldn't surmise what Roger wanted, but there wasn't anything for him to do except submit. He stood before his window and rubbed his right fist thoughtfully into his left palm. Before he left Santa Monica there was just one more thing to be done. That was to see if Roger's big stomach was as soft as it looked. Even if it wasn't, there would be immense satisfaction in finding out.

IT WAS just eight-thirty when Ben stepped out of the elevator onto the top floor of Chase's building. Apparently Roger's was the only apartment here, a penthouse. Ben was tense inside as he rang the doorbell.

A dapper Filipino in a white jacket let him in and motioned him along the hall toward the living room beyond. This was a magnificent place. The living room was sunk two steps below the hall and furnished with deep, expensive chairs and low, shining tables. Across the sea side was a heavy curtain—obviously the whole wall was window.

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"Why would I?" Ben said. He didn't offer to shake hands. "Good evening," he said to the others.

Joan was in blue the color of her eyes, and her hair was ringed with light. He forced himself to look away from her and turned back to Chase.

"What d'you want?" he demanded.

Roger lifted his eyebrows. "Sit down—sit down."

They moved around the room and Ben found himself sharing the davenport with Joan. He felt awkward and his collar was suddenly tight. He tried to regain control by opening a fresh pack of cigarettes.

"There's cigarettes in the box," Chase purred.

"I'll smoke my own," Ben said. Then he felt a little ridiculous because he couldn't find a match in his pockets and had to use one from the table.

"You missed something, Bill," Roger said. "You should have heard Mr."—he paused a long time—"Parry's speech today. It was stimulating."

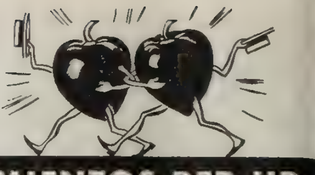
"Rog was disappointed," Joan said quickly. "He expected something sensational. I thought it was good, myself."

She turned to smile at Ben and he felt lost. Would that room of his do, after all? Could he avoid her, being so near? Hadn't he better go to another city, in another part of the country? He looked at Bill Mackensie and saw discomfort on his face. Apparently Bill didn't like this either. Ben took heart. It wasn't a conspiracy, then. It was just the machination of Roger Chase's distorted mind. Ben sighed expansively. If a fight was coming, he'd make it a good one.

"It's good living like this that makes you fat, Chase," he said, opening the battle.

The smile left Roger's face and his little eyes glinted—but the doorbell chimed at that moment and he leaned back in his chair again, pleased. "Ah, here are the others."

Bill stirred in his chair. "I didn't know this was to be a party."



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Dept. D-9, New York 10, N. Y.

Oh, it isn't a party. This is business."

ger twisted in his chair as Juan appeared the living-room steps, followed by two ht, bright-looking young men.

Ben had had enough contact with bright- king young men in business suits to ognize these. They were the FBI. He k a deep breath and stood up as Roger ssed to shake hands with them.

'Glad to see you. Have a drink?"

The blond young man shook his head. No, thanks."

Roger smiled. "Mr. Curtis," he said, in- ating the blond man, "and Mr. Petersen. is is Miss Joan Lewis."

"Mrs. Larrime," Joan said clearly.

Roger grinned. "I keep forgetting, Joan. d this is Mr. Mackensie."

Bill bowed slightly and the men nodded

"And this," said Roger, turning, "is our od friend and magnificent hero, B. J. rry. Late of the Army Air Forces—or is it e Marines? I get so confused."

"The Army," Ben said evenly.

"That's right, the Army. Mr. Parry—or I have that wrong too?"—Roger didn't ait to see if Ben would reply—"Mr. Parry is shot down ever so many Japs. He's e hero of the Solomons. He has the scars prove it—and the medals, too, no doubt."

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The FBI men

"I thought yo
Roger snapped.

Ben grinned. " hat's what you all *thought*. We've got other enemies besides the Japs. There was a battle in Tunisia too. Or don't you read the papers?"

"All right," Curtis said sharply. He looked directly at Ben. "Let's finish this up. There isn't any B. J. Parry in the Army Air Forces. You'd better come clean."

"Let's step out in the hall," Ben suggested. "The air's pretty stuffy in here." He walked ahead and the Federal men followed closely.

They stopped Roger from joining them. "We can handle this now, Mr. Chase."

In the hall Ben leaned against the wall in resignation.

"Let's see your identification," Petersen said, "and don't move fast."

BEN gave them everything he had. His medical discharge, his citation notices and his references. Both men studied them and looked up, displeased.

"What is this? Are you Parry or Larrime?"

"I'm Ben Larrime."

"Well, give us the story." Curtis suddenly remembered. "That's your wife?"

"That's right. That's my wife."

"Give," Petersen said.

Ben began to explain, slowly. He couldn hope to make them understand why he h done this, but he tried. He gave them ever thing, as straight as he could remember it.

Petersen became so human he scratch his head. "You must be wingy," he said. ' she was my wife I'd come a-running."

"That's the point," Ben said weari "That's why I couldn't come back. Y don't understand."

CURTIS looked at his companion a shrugged. "It's *hard* to understand." glanced at the credentials once more a handed them back. "But you're all ri with us. Just go back to the name of L rime, will you? We've got enough trou with real phonies, without guys like y giving us the run-around."

Ben smiled at them and they both grinn "I didn't call you out," he said.

"That's right. What's he got agai you?"

"He doesn't like heroes."

The young men looked sharp again a Petersen nodded. "I thought so. Incid tally, it might make you feel bett that he was rejected because and because the Arm

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"Ben! Ben Larrime, you ol on of a gun!" It was Mike Fentrice. He came on, grinning like a kid, oblivious of the consternation he had caused. "Your letter arrived just as I was checking out and I had a plenty tough time locating you. Finally got hold of Doctor Lewis through the hospital and ——" He ran down. The grin on his face faded slowly. "Did I interrupt something?"

Ben was watching Joan. She sat on the davenport, scarcely breathing, her face white, her eyes fixed on him. She seemed to have turned to marble, except for the pain and questioning in her eyes.

"What's this all about?" Bill Mackensie's voice demanded.

"Yes, son." It was Doctor Lewis, speaking from a great distance. "Let's have the explanation."

Ben didn't turn from Joan. He couldn't. He had to make her understand now, no matter what he did. "Glad to see you, Mike," he said, his lips hardly moving. The pain in Joan's eyes was stabbing through him, numbing him. "You've upset the applecart, in a way. But it's probably better in the long run." Then he spoke to Joan as if

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Ben reached out and took Roger's shirt just below the tie knot. He jerked Chase around in his chair. The fat boy purpled a little, but smiled. "Okay. Don't do it for me. Do it for the Lewises. They seem to be friends of yours."

Roger pried Ben's fingers loose and sat down, adjusting his collar. "Don't get rough," he said easily. "As a matter of fact, I wasn't printing anything about you. The Lewises *are* friends. Joan is a very dear and very old friend of mine, hero."

It caught Ben off balance and Roger laughed at the astonishment in his face.

"Surprised? But I'm glad you admit your name isn't Parry. What is it—really?"

Ben eyed him distrustfully. "What was your idea in baiting me, then?"

Roger leaned forward, his hands on his knees. "Because I don't like you, mister. Or, rather, I didn't like you. I like you now. You're nice now. You're a phony. What I don't like are heroes. They're so wonderful. They're so brave with their wounds and their medals and their stoic calm. When the Lewises and Bill Mackensie began to shout your praise I hated your guts. But I don't now. Now, I know you're just one more phony and I like you. See?"

Ben stared at him. There was a mocking, sadistic glint in the black eyes. *He's very close to being nuts,* Ben thought. "Well, thanks," he said. He tried to make his voice grateful, but he still wanted to smash in that fat face. "I appreciate this, Chase."

Roger waved his hand. "Okay, chum. I'll see you around. But no more speeches, eh?"

Ben nodded soberly. "No more speeches."

Roger's eyes shone. "And where can I find you—in case I want to find you again?"

"Room 313 at the Cleveland."

He went out onto the street with a sharp sense of uneasiness. He walked slowly along the boulevard. He found the slip of paper the housing bureau at the plant had given him, and when he finally located the address it was in Ocean Park, a good two miles from the shopping district in Santa Monica.

Ben stood before the house and inspected it. It was on a quiet street and only a block from the ocean. There were hollyhocks in the front yard, and ivy covered the porch. It was cool on the porch as he waited for his ring to be answered. The old-fashioned swing looked inviting.

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he were the only one in the room. "I'll y to make you understand, Joan."

There was a movement behind him and ill's voice said brokenly, "Let's go out on e balcony, Rog. Let's all go out on the lcony. Rog!"

Ben sensed them cross the room and go t through the balcony door. He was lost Joan's eyes, floundering. The door shut d clicked—and it seemed to release both them from the trance. Joan stood up tomatically.

"Joan ——" For a moment he couldn't ntinue.

"I don't understand," she said. The hurt her voice stabbed him.

"Sit down—will you, please?"

They sat shoulder to shoulder on the venport. Ben rubbed his hands on his ees and didn't look at her.

"I've done some shabby things in my life, an, but nothing to compare with marrying u. On the way across to Africa, I began see that. I had broken Bill Mackensie's art, and your father's, and made a mess for u. You grow up quickly, fighting over re. After that terrible day at Kasserine

IT WAS JUS[illegible] what I had done. I tried to write out of the ele[illegible] after that, I didn't answer Chase's building. [illegible] right. After I the only apartment here, a pent[illegible] was tense inside as he rang the doorbell.

A dapper Filipino in a white jacket let him in and motioned him along the hall toward the living room beyond. This was a magnificent place. The living room was sunk two steps below the hall and furnished with deep, expensive chairs and low, shining tables. Across the sea side was a heavy curtain—obviously the whole wall was window.

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She raised her head and he was lost in h shining eyes. "You *do* love me?" When didn't answer she said, "I know you d *You* don't understand, Ben. You didr marry me. We married each other. In a wa I do love Bill—but I could have married hi long ago, and I didn't. I was waiting, Be I was waiting for you. If you had asked n to marry you the first night we met, I wou have done it. When you did ask me, ni days later, I wasn't any more sure then th I had been at first. You were the man wanted, and you were the man I got. Yo hurt leg and your face and your eyes on make you that much more dear to me. Th don't take anything away. Even if you ha never come back, the twelve days we ha had together would have been enough f me. I was your wife. I was Mrs. Be Larrime, and I was so proud."

Her hands slid over his shoulders and h cool fingers touched his scars.

"You poor darling. Thousands and tho sands of young people are getting marri as we did—after only a few days' acquain anceship. Wartime only sharpens yo awareness of each other. It makes you s in hours what would take weeks and montl under other conditions. The night we to dad I was as sure as you wer[illegible] the futur

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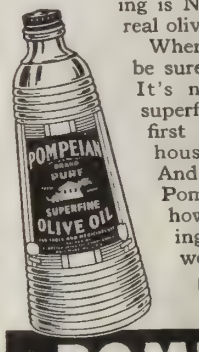
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(Continued from Page 92)

those qualities are transferred to his vocal cords. If, instead, he were describing a mother gently crooning her baby to sleep, his voice would automatically drop, he would breathe easily and a note of tenderness would creep in. Even though we are not professionally trained, we react in the same way—become shrill with excitement, hoarse with fear, and warm and pleasant only when our minds (and hearts!) are supplying sympathetic vibrations.

For that reason there is no possibility of acquiring a good speaking voice through imitation alone. Listen to the sound of agreeable voices, *yes:* but more than that, "listen" to the personality back of them. Bored, faultfinding individuals are known by their voices. The best voices come from people with the livest sensibilities, provided they have learned the twin lessons of relaxation and control. Most American women are too nervously eager. Their high voices are crisp with tension.

Physical relaxation is the first step. Try this: Sit on an ordinary chair, feet flat on floor, hands at ease in lap, head up, with eye closed to avoid distraction. Now permit th head to fall slowly forward and let the jav drop loosely, with the tongue lolling on th lower lip. Just as you have seen old mer dozing off to sleep on park benches! Whe the head has come to rest near the chest start rotating it loosely, up over the shoulder, around the back and down the othe side. Think slowly too. Unhook your min from its high-powered motor and dwell o the thought: *rhythm comes from relaxation*

Breathing all the way down inside you ribs is another talent you want to cultivate if you want a rich, lovely voice. Babie breathe that way, but it is a lost art wit most adults. Practice until you can feel you midsection swelling as you place your hand on either side, just above your waistline.

But most of all remember the "sens image." Picture in your mind, and then *fee* with every part of you, the kind of perso you want to sound like. The more nearly yo identify yourself with an inspiring image, t' more your voice will reflect harmony.

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The Magazine Women Believe In ★ FEBRUARY, 1944 5 CENTS

JOURNAL

DO NOT CUT, TEAR OR DEFACE
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There is Such Strength

EW SERIAL ★ BY ELSA VALENTINE

★ OVER THERE ★ *Complete in this issue* ★ BY JOHN STEINBECK

★ WHAT I SAW *in the South Seas* BY ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

ELSA VALENTINE, author of THERE IS SUCH STRENGTH, beginning in this issue, was born in Wisconsin to a Swedish mother and a clergyman father from Austria. She spent part of her childhood in Göteborg, Sweden, her mother's native city, and all of her childhood and adolescence absorbed in the study of music, both in America and abroad. Attended a Midwestern sectarian college and, later, a conservatory of music in New York. She didn't begin to write until after her marriage, and then won a first prize for a novelette in 1935. This is her first novel to be printed and the first time she has not written under a pseudonym.

JOHN STEINBECK, writer, observer, reporter, is just back from Italy and his first experience as a war correspondent. A big burly man, ready for anything, he traveled with the American Army in every possible way, from airplane to weapon carrier; ate in general mess with the soldiers whenever he could; and wore a uniform and helmet only when among the troops. He suffered no wounds except to sprain his ankle jumping off a boat, caught no disease except sand-fly fever, and says the toughest jolt he received was not getting any mail for six weeks. He thinks that is one of the worst things that can happen to anybody who is serving overseas—not to get mail from home.

ANN CHIDESTER, author of STUDY IN BLUE, says, "I was born on December seventh, 1919, in Stillwater, Minnesota, which is a very nice town on a river. I started writing about the second day I was in the first grade, and I've been working at it ever since. I've traveled all over the country and think the West is the best place on earth. I like swing music, skiing and redheaded little children. Every summer I go home and take a long canoe trip on the river, cut my hair short and do not wear shoes. Right now I'm working on my third novel."

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Fare-
ith a FLAIR!

these Party Rations are as EASY
IS as they are on POINTS!

Crisco makes cakes *lighter*, easy-digesting. Pure, *all-vegetable* Crisco does more than any other shortening. For frying, baking —it makes *all* your cooking better-tasting —*digestible!*

CHICKEN TETRAZZINI—*Serves 6-8*

Party look—party flavor! Chicken and mushrooms in a creamy Crisco cheese sauce served over "pink" spaghetti.

1 box spaghetti (9 oz.)
2 cups tomato juice
1 cup sliced mushrooms
2 tbsps. Crisco
3 tbsps. flour
2 tbsps. melted Crisco
3 cups milk, or chicken gravy
½ cup grated cheese
1 egg yolk
2 cups cold chicken, cut in cubes

Boil spaghetti in salted water till tender. Drain, and simmer in tomato juice 10 min. Sauté mushrooms in 2 tbsps. of hot digestible Crisco. Make cream sauce by blending flour and melted Crisco. (Pure, snowy Crisco makes satin-smooth sauces!) Stir in 3 cups liquid. Season; add cheese. Cook till thickened. Stir in beaten egg yolk. Add mushrooms and chicken to cream sauce and heat. Serve on large plate with spaghetti. All Measurements Level.

SAY:

CRISCO is the only shortening you need—BEST buy for ALL your cooking!

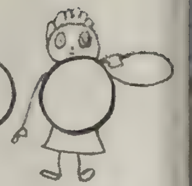
OXYDOL WASHES
WHITE
WITHOUT BLEACHING

rials—so don't waste it! These 3
p when doing laundry and dishes.

thes until you
ash at a time.

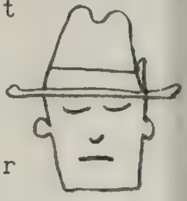
3. Scrape dishes well before washing. This way you need less soap.

ONE OF 50,000,000 INCOME-TAX PAYERS



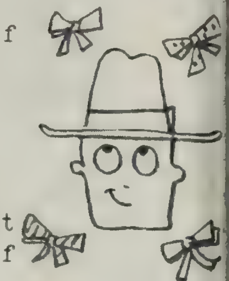
By Nell Giles

The train for Washington was uncomfortably full when Congressman May stepped aboard, loaded down with gifts from his constituents and fresh from the kisses of all the new babies. The congressman was tired. But when the talk got around to the ladies on Capitol Hill, he roused himself to answer a question.



Clare Boothe Luce? Of course he knew her. She was on one of his committees. No, he didn't notice what she wore. Never paid a mite of attention to what she wore, and neither did his fellow congressmen.

Some fifty conversational miles later, the congressman was innocently asked if Clare Boothe Luce ever wore a hat to Congress.



Clare Luce wear a hat to Congress? Of course not! The congressman went into great detail as to what she did wear. "Little bows in her hair — prettiest little things you ever saw; different little bows to match every dress!"

And what does that prove? Why — that you can never underestimate the power of a woman.

And now this month there's going to be another way to estimate the power of a woman. You are the woman — one of 50,000,000 income-tax payers; 10,000,000 of them (mostly women) have never paid an income tax before, and the other 40,000,000 (many of them women) have never struck anything that seemed so complicated as this. Because this year, as long before March fifteenth as possible, the Government wants three things from us:

1 at least one half of our uncanceled taxes.

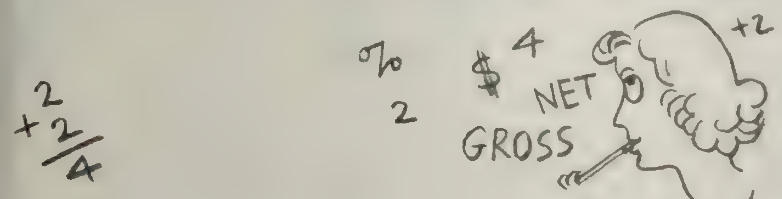
When the pay-as-you-go plan started last July, we already owed our 1942 taxes. But to relieve us from paying both years' taxes in one year, Congress decided to "forgive" a part of one year's taxes — 1942 or 1943, whichever is lower. But you know how it is when a man "forgives" you something. Sooner or later, you must pay up. It happens to us on March fifteenth.

2 the unpaid balance of our 1943 taxes.

During 1943, after the pay-as-you-go plan went into effect, part of every honest dollar we made was socked away by our employers for the Government. This is called the "withholding tax." In addition, we estimated our 1943 net incomes and paid the tax on the balance of that estimate. Now that we know what we made last year and are not guessing, we pay or are paid the difference. This is really much more technical than it sounds, but we'll leave that to your income-tax-blank instructions.

3 the first installment of 1944 estimated taxes.

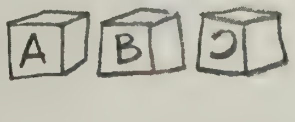
And now, on a current basis, we begin paying our taxes on a pay-as-you-go plan. But remember — in addition to the withholding tax which is taken from your regular salary, you must fill out and file a regular income and Victory tax form, and pay the remainder due, if there is any.



The gentlemen in Washington are holding their ¢ eads in pain. They say the millions of women ho've never seen an income-tax blank before will ever be able to file a return.

What's the matter with these gentlemen in Washing-on? Have they never seen a woman do arithmetic? omen are born with the mathematical gift, and let othing us dismay. All we need is a simple set of ules, a few definitions, pencil and paper and an ncome-tax blank.

IT'S AS EASY AS



HAT IS AN INCOME TAX?

That used to be easy, because there was only one ind. If you made a salary of $2000, or if you and our spouse could pile up $2600 a year between you, ou filled out a form and paid an income tax. It et you apart like a sable coat. Rich kids. Not so ow. Today every single person who made $500 and very married couple who together made $1200 last ear (and who didn't?) pays an income tax. What's ore —

THERE ARE TWO KINDS!

But before we go into that, there is the pay-as-ou-go (officially, the Current Tax Payment Act of 943) — a sensible, strait-laced method f paying taxes which says, "Tut-tut, no harge accounts!" And firmly gets him-elf deducted from your wages every pay-ay. However, there are people besides lsa Maxwell who live by their wits. very time you sell a dozen eggs to your eighbor down the road, or whip up a neat iece of art work or writing or custard pie and sell t, you are living by your wits, and you must make n estimate of how much you think you're going to et this way in 1944, provided you get at least as ar as $100. And you must make the first install-ent of that estimate of 1944 taxes on March ifteenth. If you have regular wages from which axes are withheld and have this "extra gravy" epartment on the side, you must pay both types of he pay-as-you-go tax.

First, there is the Victory tax. Now this is very imple, really. If you use the longer form, 1040, ll you have to do is get out those old figures ou've jotted down through the year and stuffed back n the jelly closet or in a hatbox. (You do resolve hat in 1944 you'll keep regular tax records every eek in a book.) Now let's sit down for a bit of eduction. If the picket fence which

(Continued on Page 46)

Company Fare—with a FLAIR!

Made with CRISCO, these Party Rations are as EASY on DIGESTIONS as they are on POINTS!

Crisco turns low-point foods into delicious, digestible dishes you'll be proud to serve!

Take those Barbecue Burgers! Fried in Crisco, foods not only taste better, they're *digestible*—even for children. And see what Crisco does for that Chocolate Cake!

Crisco makes cakes *lighter*, easy-digesting. Pure, *all-vegetable* Crisco does more than any other shortening. For frying, baking—it makes *all* your cooking better-tasting—*digestible!*

BARBECUE BURGERS—*Serves 6-8*

For a "help-yourself" supper—Crisco turns a little hamburger into good eating for a lot of people.

2 tbsps. Crisco
1 lb. hamburger
2 large onions, chopped
½ cup diced celery
1 cup sliced mushrooms
¼ cup catsup
1 cup tomatoes
1 cup water
1 tsp. chili powder
Salt—Pepper
2 tbsps. tapioca
Soft rolls

Fry hamburger, onions, celery and mushrooms in hot Crisco till brown. (It's a joy to fry with Crisco. No heavy smoke or smell—no off-taste. And Crisco-fried foods are *digestible*—even for youngsters.) Add catsup, tomatoes, water and seasonings. Cover; simmer 15 min. Add tapioca; cook till slightly thick. Split rolls; brown in frying pan in a little hot Crisco. (A grand trick for saving butter!) To serve, surround bowl of "burger" mixture with pan-toasted rolls. All Measurements Level.

CHICKEN TETRAZZINI—*Serves 6-8*

Party look—party flavor! Chicken and mushrooms in a creamy Crisco cheese sauce served over "pink" spaghetti.

1 box spaghetti (9 oz.)
2 cups tomato juice
1 cup sliced mushrooms
2 tbsps. Crisco
3 tbsps. flour
2 tbsps. melted Crisco
3 cups milk, or chicken gravy
½ cup grated cheese
1 egg yolk
2 cups cold chicken, cut in cubes

Boil spaghetti in salted water till tender Drain, and simmer in tomato juice 10 min. Sauté mushrooms in 2 tbsps. of hot digestible Crisco. Make cream sauce by blending flour and melted Crisco. (Pure, snowy Crisco makes satin-smooth sauces!) Stir in 3 cups liquid. Season, add cheese. Cook till thickened. Stir in beaten egg yolk. Add mushrooms and chicken to cream sauce and heat. Serve on large plate with spaghetti. All Measurements Level.

CHOCOLATE CARAMEL CAKE

This velvety-textured, light-as-a-feather Crisco chocolate layer cake will do you proud when company comes!

½ cup Crisco
1¼ cups sugar
½ tsp. salt
1 tsp. vanilla
2 eggs
1¾ cups sifted cake flour
1 tsp. soda
⅓ cup cocoa
1 cup sour milk or buttermilk

Blend Crisco, sugar, salt, vanilla and eggs. (No call for expensive shortening! Crisco makes cakes lighter, higher, so digestible!) Sift flour with soda and cocoa and add alternately with sour milk. Bake in two "Criscoed" 8-inch layer pans in moderate oven (350° F.) 30-35 min. Cool and frost with rich *Caramel Fudge Icing:* Boil together 1⅓ cups brown sugar, 2 tsps. Crisco, 2 tsps. corn syrup and ⅓ cup milk to 238° F. or till soft ball forms when dropped in cold water. Combine ¼ cup Crisco, 1⅔ cups confectioners sugar and 2 tbsps. hot milk; beat till smooth. Pour hot syrup over Crisco mixture; beat till creamy-thick. (If icing gets hard, add a little hot milk.) Ice between layers and on top of cake. Top with pecans. All Measurements Level.

Crisco

9 OUT OF 10 DOCTORS SAY:

"It's Digestible!"

CRISCO is the only shortening you need—BEST buy for ALL your cooking!

LADIES' HOME
Journal

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BEATRICE BLACKMAR GOULD
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This Can Be America

By Struthers Burt

STOP, LOOK AND LISTEN!

NOT long ago there died in England, at Trinity College, Oxford, a clergyman. His name was Herbert Edward Douglas Blakiston, D.D., and since coming up to Oxford as an undergraduate in 1881, he had been successively a Scholar of Trinity, Fellow, Senior Tutor, Chaplain, Junior Bursar and finally, from 1907 to 1938, President. He was born in 1862 and died in 1942. He was a man of character and, within the narrow limits of his specialty, accurate, but his chief claim to fame lay in his imperviousness to the opinions of others. He grew to be a symbol of this, and the stories about him are numerous.

His friend, Bishop Gore, of Oxford, said of him, "I am profoundly convinced that Blakiston says his prayers most religiously; I am equally convinced that he would die rather than let anyone know it." In other words, although a clergyman, he refused even to discuss religion.

On one occasion, replying to a correspondent whose handwriting was difficult, he wrote, "*Dear X:* I cannot read a word of your last letter, but the answer is in the negative."

On another occasion, when discussing with a fellow don a question of scholarship, during which the don had interjected, "Well—at all events, don't let's quarrel," he replied, "My dear fellow, we're not quarreling. I never quarrel. I simply point out to people that they are wrong." He was very proud of this remark, and often repeated it.

So much for Herbert Edward Douglas Blakiston, D.D. He lived to be eighty. A long time in which to listen, but he never did.

Six thousand or more miles to the west, there lived my old and dear friend Holiday Menor, prospector, gold miner and, eventually, rancher. Holiday was different. He had a vivid interest in other people, but an even more vivid interest in his own opinions and anecdotes, and he didn't always have time for both interests, although I'll say this for him: he was one of the best storytellers I've ever met.

Holiday had a technique for holding the floor which I recommend to the millions of amateurs who are doing the same. Having completed his statement or recital, he would sweep the listening circle with a bright and steady eye—and keep on sweeping it—and say, "Er—well, er. Well, er ——" until he was ready to start again. To interruptions he paid no attention at all. I have often thought about him, as I listened, or tried to take part in what is politely called "discussion." So far as I can recollect, it has been over thirty years now since I've heard anyone allowed to finish his argument or state accurately his

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ON THE IDEA OF GENIUS

By Dorothy Thompson

NOW that it is perfectly clear that the German nation is in the most awful predicament, where she can neither win a war nor make a peace; now that her lovely cities are a shambles, her proud armies beaten by—of all people—the Russian Reds; now that her banner-waving youth are remembered in obituary notices, it might be well to review the concept of genius.

For Hitler, we were told, was a genius. We weren't told that only by the Germans. We told ourselves that. I vividly remember hearing Senator Wheeler privately and almost rhapsodically express that opinion. I well remember Senator Burke's seduction by the same idea. The Englishmen who discovered and wrote upon this theme were legion. Some thought he was a good genius; some thought he was an evil genius. But it was common opinion that he was a genius.

I therefore regard as a minor, but greatly satisfying, victory in this war the vindication of the idea of genius.

Hitler, it is now apparent, is a blithering idiot. He is a wicked idiot, an evil fool, but his foolishness has injured the world much more than his wickedness. For had he been wicked but not foolish, he would never have unleashed this war. Millions have died in battle; millions have suffered from hunger and starvation; whole populations have been decimated; rose-red cities half as old as time, that have seen the centuries slide past their towers, are rubble and ashes; breath-taking adventures in science, on their way to help liberate mankind, have turned upon us with terrible faces. And all because a people, in many ways great, and in some ways—sometimes—wise, took a fool to be a genius, for reasons worthy of a little thought.

HAD Hitler been wicked, but wise, he would have known, first, that even wickedness must limit itself to be successful. The successful murderers are those who kill only once. Had Hitler stopped with the conquest of Prague and become a respectable citizen, he might have put his successor, twenty years later, in the position successfully to consummate the domination of Europe—and, were his successor a genius, to do it by political means and without war.

But Hitler's Neanderthal intelligence—not just the wickedness of his heart—led him to make every conceivable miscalculation, while walking in his inspired sleep.

Germany has been governed by two fools in succession. At the turn of this century Germany was on the rise to be the most powerful nation in Europe. She had all that it takes: an industrious and highly skilled population living in a stable yet progressive social order; a dynamically expanding industry which was the first in Europe to introduce scientific research and method on a large scale; great resources at home and raw materials in the colonies; and enormous prestige throughout the world, through industrial and cultural contacts—German philosophy, for instance, practically dominated the American and European university faculties. Her political influence was increasing from year to year in every corner of Europe. So for achieving hegemony in Europe, Germany needed only one thing: peace. Even an average intelligence could see that. But the genius of Wilhelm II thought war the better way.

Now look at Hitler. After Munich, Hitler needed one thing: peace. Every sensible person, fearing and detesting Nazism, saw this, and expected that Hitler would be as bright as they. But they erred. For he was a "genius."

WHENCE comes this conception of genius? Is it because if there is enough of anything, even damn-foolishness, people think it great? Is it because genius and madness have been so linked in popular myth? Is it that mankind, having lost all confidence in common sense, confuses it with mediocrity and looks for something abnormal, extravagant, miraculous? There are plenty of signs of this, and not all in Germany.

The woods of all countries are full of prophets proclaiming a new heaven and earth after this war. The assumption is that after the cruelest and bloodiest struggle of history some leader will conjure a miracle and transfigure us from hell into heaven; all colonial peoples will be free and able to govern themselves along modern democratic lines; a wonderful, just and enduring peace will spring full-fledged out of seething hatreds, underground movements and incipient civil wars; the lambs of socialism will lie down in eternal peace beside the lions of capitalism, and every child on earth will have a quart of milk a day and like it.

For personal genius, we have begun to accept the idea of national genius, personified in the AMG and Mr. Adamic's Two-Way Passage. Americans would go into Europe and restore civil liberties and democratic forms, punish the guilty, avoid chaos and prevent revolution, all through well-intentioned young men trained by the United

(Continued on Page 128)

★ ★ ★ ★ BUY MORE WAR BONDS ★ ★ ★ ★

TORY
BUY
UNITED
STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS

oy, That's Tobacco!"

THAT'S **LUCKY STRIKE** TOBACCO

LUCKY STRIKE ***means*** FINE TOBACCO

es, LUCKY STRIKE
neans fine tobacco

L.S./M.F.T.

HAVE A HEART!

"She might at least give us a chance to say we don't want to read it."

JOHNNIE'S your door mat. But he doesn't spell "welcome." In your rogue's gallery, he's the one with the serious pan, the heavy thinker brows, the clumsy feet. But he loves you! You can't imagine why. So you walk on it. Sure, you'll go out with him now and then if he gets you cornered and you run out of excuses. But usually somebody else bobs up so you can have fun and Johnnie can just sit and watch.

You use Johnnie. It's his uncle who can always get tickets for things, so when there's something special you want to see, you talk it up big to Johnnie. He'd never dream of snapping at you, criticizing or smacking you down, so you glow over your last date with Don. You brag about how easy it was to make that new chap, Bart, fall for you. You gurgle about your dream guy and what it takes to make you fall. None of which fits Johnnie.

Lady, you're tough on love. You don't deserve it. It doesn't come at you from all directions, love doesn't. Johnnie's love is precious—to him. He spends it on you. And you kick it around. Have a heart! Johnnie's doing you a favor. Treat him gently. If you can't see Johnnie for sour apples, let his love die quickly before it makes him bitter. 'Twould be better for Johnnie to love someone else. Ease up so it can happen. Or fall for Johnnie yourself!

Sue and Prue and you are chums of the bosom. You tell one another everything. You shop together, and three votes make a purchase. The committee of three decides who dates whom. You're together at school. And after. Off nights and week ends. Every thought is shared three ways. Your trio has a set of bylaws that are mighty hard on the constitution.

You all read one another's mail. And you get miffed if Sue pockets a letter without giving you a peek. Holding out, she is. Breaking a bylaw.

Prue gets the inside dope on which girl won the scholarship medal. She also gets a blast for not letting you and Sue in on it. Nothing sacred, is your rule.

You fall out with Bill. And Sue phones him to see what made him mad. Prue delivers your notes of apology. Both of them sound out his best pal to see what's up. Share the misery, is your motto.

Lady, all three of you are tough on friendship. You toss it carelessly over your shoulder. You bandy it around hitty-missy. It's bound to explode.

Being a best friend is a tightroper's act. It calls for perfect balance. How many personal questions can you ask before your prying nose gets snipped? How often can you unload a crack before having your ears pinned back? How many times can you fob off your chores on them before you're left holding the bag? How many of your thoughts can you tell before you get boring? How many of their woes can you hear before you get tired? So much—and no more. Tread lightly—or bounce on your ear!

Mom won't mind waiting a half hour for you. She'll understand that it was frightfully important for you to stop in at the drug to see Hal about something. She may be standing in the cold with her heels in her throat, but you're so worth waiting for. Besides, it's such fun to buy clothes for you. And this time you'd persuaded her that she didn't need a new hat at all, you needed a new skirt!

Your sister won't mind if you borrow her blue jacket. There it is hanging right in the closet, so she apparently has no immediate plans for it. Of course, she always freezes you for a week if you borrow her things. Which is so silly. Aren't you her sister?

Young Tom won't mind if you tell little Jane how he moons over her. It's his very first moon. And he's so screaming about it. Of course, Jane's the last one he'd want told, but you just couldn't resist. And he'll get over it.

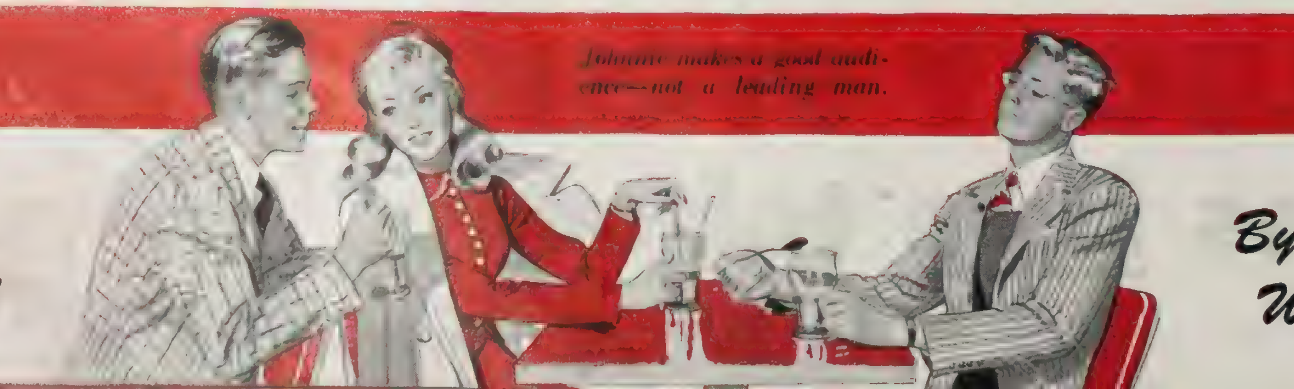
Dad won't mind if you wage your social life on the phone during dinner. It's the only time in the day you see him, but can you help it if all your friends call you between six and seven? Home is as much his kids' as his; you've heard him say it a dozen times. Doesn't that hold for the phone?

They'll all understand and cluck over you if you're sick with being in love. If you vanish to your room to dream at the ceiling. If you sulk at the table and pick at your food. If you grab the phone the minute it rings and hurl it at whoever it's for if it's not for you. If you scurry into a frenzy when he's coming over. Hound Tom into collecting his papers off the floor. Rage at pop's tired old house slippers. Despair over mother's hair. Wail "Can't a girl have any privacy?" They may call in the doctor, the dentist and the shoemaker before they find out what's wrong with you.

Lady, you're tough on your tribe. You don't know your family that well!

Is your heart on your sleeve for all to see that you're crazy for a guy who doesn't love you? A sad, sad thing. How 'bout telling me all about it in a letter? I'll try to help. And take a gander at the Sub-Deb booklets listed for you on page 158. Help yourself! E. W.

Johnnie makes a good audience—not a leading man.



The Sub-Deb

By Elizabeth Woodward

RATIONED FUEL?

Now, more than ever, Listerine Antiseptic may help you guard against colds and sore throat

WHEN the thermostat says 60 degrees as you sit down to play bridge, maybe you had better have a bottle of Listerine Antiseptic handy, o be used at the first sneeze or sniffle.

Many medical authorities consider a chill, a draft, wet or cold feet, and fatigue to be important factors in the production of some of he troublesome symptoms of colds.

In their opinion, these factors may lower body esistance so that a threatening group of germs called the *secondary invaders* can stage a "mass nvasion" of throat tissues.

Much of the discomfort and misery associated with a cold are due, they say, to such 'mass invasions."

Kills Millions of Germs in Tests

The prompt and *early* and repeated use of Listerine Antiseptic may avert this mass attack . . . get the surface germs before they get you. This delightful germicide reaches way back on mouth and throat surfaces to kill millions of bacteria . . . gives Nature a helping hand in its fight to throw off the infection before it gets serious.

This quick, germ-killing action, we believe, explains why Listerine Antiseptic has had such an impressive record against colds in tests conducted over a period of twelve years.

Fewer Colds for
Listerine Antiseptic Users in Tests

These tests showed that regular, twice-a-day users of Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds and fewer sore throats than non-garglers. Moreover, when colds did develop they were generally milder in character.

Just remember, that fifteen minutes after Listerine Antiseptic was gargled germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7% were noted . . . and up to 80% even one hour after the test gargle.

Surely, when you feel a cold coming on, it's just plain common sense to take advantage of the Listerine Antiseptic precaution.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

BECAUSE OF WARTIME restrictions you may not always be able to get Listerine Antiseptic in your favorite size. Most drug counters will, however, have it generally available in *some* size.

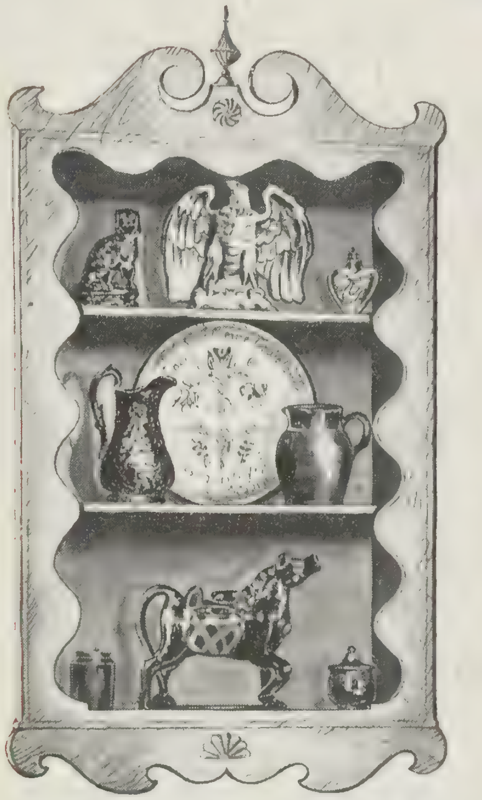
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
for oral hygiene

Touches that tell

YOU'RE "IN THE KNOW"

Often it's just the little touches that make the important difference and lend charm to the home scene—

AN EARLY AMERICAN TEA KETTLE—polished within an inch of its life to become your most cherished flower pot. Fill it with philodendron or another pretty "trailer"—and place it on a sunny window sill to glisten and glow!



A CLEVER WHATNOT SHELF—you'd never dream it had been an unsightly and unneeded window. But show this to your handy home carpenter, and see him run for his tools! A wooden back, shelves and a decorative trim all of your own designing do the trick. Then bring on your treasured pieces of old china, glass and pottery.

GRANDMOTHER'S BUTTER DISH—shined or newly silver-plated, as the case may be, turns into a candy dish to set your friends talking. Of course, you will keep it filled with the chocolates that are just another indication of the knowing way that you always do things. Whitman's Chocolates are so creamy-rich and satin-smooth, so temptingly luscious, they're first choice of discriminating people everywhere. A well-filled candy dish or an opened Whitman's candy box is a charming and sure indication of your hospitality.

Whitman's
CHOCOLATES

Copr. 1944, Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Inc., Philadelphia

Our Readers Write Us

Iver Returns to England

Bedford, England.

Dear Editor: A couple of weeks ago I received your cable telling me that Iver and Lucille's passages had been canceled "owing to Portuguese difficulties." It was a great blow, but gradually I got used to the idea of going on with my war work in London indefinitely. I was glad that I had mentioned to only one or two people there that Iver and Lucille had been expected—because explanations can be grief-ridden things at times and one shrinks from them. I could almost hear what would have been said:

"Oh, well, I expect it is all for the best! After all, you wouldn't like to think of the children stranded in Portugal—now would you!" and my reply: "No! Of course I wouldn't," repeated over and over again. So very reasonable, really—and yet how little comfort there is sometimes in reasonable things!

So I just said to my boss, "The children aren't coming just yet after all. I have received word that they have been delayed." And she *did* say, "Oh, well, I expect it is all for the best! etc., etc."

I began wondering whether I should make myself more comfortable by renting a service flat and doing my own cooking instead of "bed and breakfasting" and eating all my other meals out. I decided to take up a course at one of the educational centers. I have always loved history, and that would take my mind off things after work in the evenings. Somehow the time had to be got through, till the children could return. And then came your welcome cable:

"Have arranged passage for Iver. You will be notified upon his arrival."

Only one child, certainly, but the first one to come back. After him would follow Lucille, Anne and Elizabeth. I realized then, I allowed myself to realize then, how terribly disappointed I'd been before.

I wonder where Iver is as I write this. Whether he has sailed, and if so, by what route and in what steamer. What port of the United Kingdom he will land in and how I will know he has arrived.

Shall I get a telephone message at my work saying, "Please proceed at once to Liverpool where your son awaits you," (or will it be somewhere in Scotland, Ireland or Wales!) or shall we receive word by telegram from the shipping company or air line? And when he does come, what will he be like?

How will he be dressed and what will he say? It isn't every day that one acquires a brand-new American child ten years of age. And now I am wondering how I can wait till that message does come through.

RUTH DRUMMOND.

▶ Arrangements had been made to return Iver and Lucille, after three years in this country with the Editors of the JOURNAL. They were to go to Portugal by Portuguese boat; fly to England.

Lucille remains in this country. She is hopeful of seeing her mother soon, though she has grown fond of the United States.

When Iver returned he was wearing his first pair of long trousers. ED.

Follow Your Husband

San Antonio, Texas.

Dear Editor: It's about time some magazine had the courage to print an article on how the majority of Army wives feel. We are getting tired of reading all these "stay at home" articles. Nine tenths of us are going to follow our husbands anyway, so how about a little encouragement?

Sure, this business of being an Army wife isn't easy, but to us shared hardships are as much a part of marriage as shared happiness. It's the *sharing* of experiences that builds happy marriages. We'd feel we were cheating on our marriage vows—"for better or for worse, till death do us part"—if we didn't do everything possible to see that, "for better or for worse," we were together.

Sincerely yours,
MRS. LLOYD R. STRANG.
MRS. SOL FELZER.
MRS. J. W. PEIL, JR.
MRS. L. J. BOYCE.

Hitler Would Have Burned the Journal

Detroit 1, Michigan.

Dear Editors: My maternal grandfather left Germany as a lad to escape military conscription, and pioneered in Ohio. Mother was born in a log cabin. There were still native Indians living near, and deer and bear came right to their door.

Physically and racially I am of German descent, but mentally Anglo-American, as I think with my mind and not my body. When I entered high school at thirteen, I was introduced to Sir Walter Scott (Ivanhoe), Dickens, George Eliot, and became saturated in the English classics and loved them all. About that same time the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL also entered into my education.

And I mean education. I vividly remembered The Cat That Walked by Itself for years. Many years later I found it among Kipling's Just So Stories. By that time I knew who Kipling was, and was reading his stories and adding them to my library shelves. When I read it in the JOURNAL I only knew that I liked the story. It was a masterpiece, but its author's name hadn't impressed me. I must have been too young.

I cherish our dear Edward Bok's autobiography. I have several scrapbooks full of the reproductions of famous paintings, American paintings and all the serials you ran in those years.

All through these years the JOURNAL has been more than entertaining the American public. It really played, and is playing, a large part in its education. I ought to know. It's my Alma Mater too!

Ten years ago Hitler burned the liberal books. Had Germany been exposed to the kind of magazine literature that we have had the past fifty years, her citizens would not be a danger to a free world,

Sincerely,
ELLA SAALFELD.

▶ The editors are more than rewarded by a letter like this. ED.

Sitting Up With Junior

Detroit, Michigan.

Gentlemen: A young lass down the street, who has been "sponged on" by busy mothers, was recently asked to publish a standard rate for child-watching and washing services. The attached price list is the original response.

The originator is Mary Ruth Ledyard, 810 Hutchins Ave., Ann Arbor, Michigan. She is sixteen years old.

Cordially,
EDWARD SCHAGER.

Kid Kare Fees

Babies:	
Feedings (orne.y babies)	$.10
Feedings (nice babies)	.0
Changings (de luxe)	.1
Changings (ordinary wet)	
Emergency floor walking	.25c per h
Children:	
Undressings (kicking kids)	
Undressings (quiet kids)	
Baths (kids with tar)	
Baths (splashing kids)	
Baths (passive kids)	
Entertainment and discipline	25c

But seriously:
For two or three "sitting at
hours, such as from 8 to 11, in-
volving no particular work . . hey
For evening which begins abo
six and includes giving childre
dinner and putting to bed, an
which ends early, by 10:30 or 11:0
For an evening which does not
begin until about 8 or 8:30 but
which lasts late, after midnight . .
Evening beginning with dinner
around 6 or 6:30 and lasting ex-
tra late . . . .

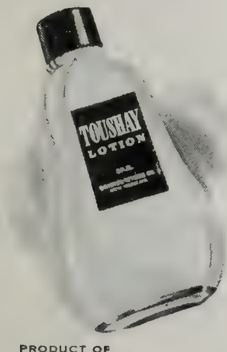
(Continued on Page 12)

Pride-and-joy hands needn't fear wartime jobs!

Before you wash undies — before you do dishes — guard your soft, white hands with Toushay! It's a new idea in lotions—and busy, beautiful women love it! You see, you smooth on Toushay *before* every soap-and-water task. It *guards against* roughness and dryness—helps keep your hands smooth and pretty!

When homework's done, lend a lovely hand to Uncle Sam! (Women are needed in all sorts of war-winning jobs.) But be sure Toushay's on guard. Always use this rich, fragrant lotion *beforehand*. Toushay helps *prevent* soap-and-water damage to smooth, white hands.

And when that "special man" is home on leave, let Toushay help! As a plus to its "beforehand" use, Toushay's a wonder as a powder base—or for sweet-scented, all-over body rubs. Inexpensive—so creamy a few drops are enough. Get Toushay at your druggist's!



PRODUCT OF
BRISTOL-MYERS

TOUSHAY

THE "BEFOREHAND" LOTION that guards hands even in hot, soapy water

Easy Armour Recipes for

3 New Meat Loaves

your family will love

When you have found just the right combination of ingredients, there's nothing more appealing and satisfying than a rich, hearty meat loaf. Made with ground meat, they're grand ration stretchers; you don't have an ounce of waste.

Here are three new, deliciously different loaves from the Armour kitchens. Each is made with a different kind of meat—beef, ham and lamb. And the extender in each is different, chosen to contribute delicious flavors of its own, while spreading the flavor of the meat. The chopped raw vegetables give the beef loaf a moist, tender texture. The cornflakes add a rich, nutty flavor to the ham and pork loaves. And the snowy-white topping of mashed potatoes gives eye-appeal as well as taste-appeal to the richly-seasoned lamb loaf. They're grand for entertaining or a simple family meal. And equally delicious served hot or cold.

Armour and Company suggests these recipes to help you make the most of meat and to make every ration point count.

Individual Star Ham Loaves

1 lb. uncooked Star Ham shank ground fine with
¼ lb. lean pork
1 cup crushed cornflakes or other crisp cereal
½ cup milk
1 Cloverbloom Egg
2 tbsps. brown sugar
¼ tsp. ground cloves
½ cup crushed cornflakes mixed with
1 tbsp. Cloverbloom Butter or margarine

Place 1 cup crushed cereal in milk and beaten egg mixture until soft. Add seasonings and the ground meat. Make into 5 small individual loaves. Roll each in additional buttered cornflakes. Bake in 325° F. oven for 45 minutes. Serve hot or cold with orange slices which have been sprinkled with brown sugar and broiled until heated through. Makes five hearty servings.

Star Beef Vegetable Loaf

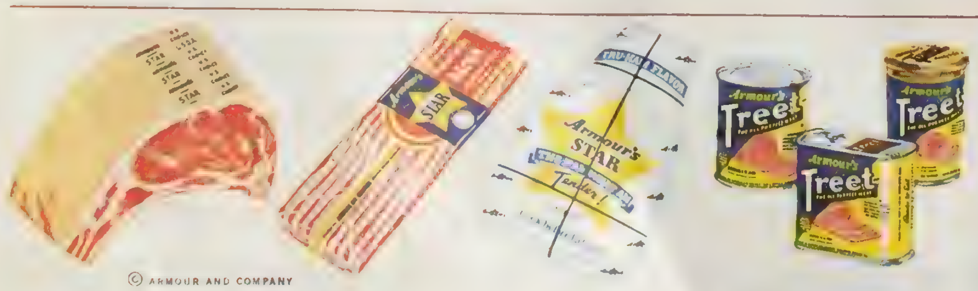
1 lb. ground Star Beef chuck, flank, round or neck
½ cup dry bread crumbs
¾ cup milk
1 Cloverbloom Egg
1¼ tsp. salt
¼ cup chopped green pepper
½ cup chopped onion
½ cup grated raw carrot
⅓ cup catsup

Combine bread crumbs, milk, egg and seasonings. Add green pepper, onions, carrots and ground beef and blend well. Place in an oiled 8-inch ring mold and bake 50 minutes in 350° F. oven. Turn loaf out into flat pan and spread with catsup which has been diluted with 2 tbsps. water. Place under broiler for 10-15 minutes. To serve, place on chop plate and fill center of ring mold with a vegetable. Garnish with parsley. A regular loaf pan may also be used. 6 servings.

Snowy Star Lamb Loaf

1½ lbs. ground Star Lamb shoulder or leg
2 tsps. salt
¼ clove garlic, minced fine, or ⅓ cup chopped onion
1 cup milk
¾ cup cracker crumbs
1 Cloverbloom Egg
3 cups seasoned mashed potatoes

Combine the lamb, salt, garlic or onion, milk, cracker crumbs and egg. Pack in loaf pan and bake in 325° F. oven for 1 hour and 20 minutes. When the loaf is baked, turn out onto a cookie sheet or flat pan and frost with hot mashed potatoes. A pastry tube may be used to ruffle the mashed potatoes over the top. Place under the broiler long enough to brown the potatoes. The loaf may also be left in the loaf pan and potatoes piled on top. 6-7 servings.



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Star Ham and Bacon
Star Beef
Star Lamb and Veal
Star Sausages
Star Canned Meats
Cloverbloom Poultry and Dairy Products

Armour and Company

There is such Strength

BY ELSA VALENTINE

1914

BECAUSE Mrs. Fritzhoff had always been something of a recluse, it was not very difficult for her to hide her pregnancy from the parishioners for several months, and not until the midwinter bazaar—an annual event to which Doctor Fritzhoff insisted his wife must go—did the older women take astounded notice, cautiously nudging one another. It was years now since the obstetrical secrets within St. Luke's parsonage had been of any speculative importance to the good wives of the church.

Fat old Mrs. Schultz whispered to Frau Brinker that the pastor's *gnädige Weib* must be at least forty-four, and each began to make up for lost time by computing upon eagerly upraised fingers.

Not far behind them sat two of the Fritzhoff daughters, too inured to this constant scrutiny to allow it to upset them very deeply. Dark-eyed Octavia, not yet fourteen, merely yawned and looked away, thinking resolutely of other things. But Augusta, the minister's daughter by a former marriage, a twenty-one-year-old who looked an ascetic thirty, was less prone to let personal gossip expire without retaliative comment. Over her long, thin face slowly crawled a deep red, and she leaned to her half sister.

"I can't bear to listen to them. Let's move back."

Octavia frowned at her and shrugged her shoulders. "Why pay any attention to what they say? Or does—does it bother you too much, Augusta, what these provincials think about us?" she asked.

Augusta's fingers on the clay had a sinister strength, swift as her mind. She brooded on Maman's deception.

ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER

Augusta alone guessed her mother's secret. Because of it, she dominated them all—terrified but docile under her touch. Beginning an enthralling new serial.

Augusta, bridling, wondered whether the moment were worth the energy of defense. Always must there be such conflict between her loyalty to her father and Octavia's contempt for his parish? There was small sense, however, in arguing anything out with Octavia, because she had such an exasperating habit of turning deaf ears toward any vehemence.

Both girls sank into silence and watched while the heat and color and noise of the bazaar swirled about them. For two hours they had sat, stiffly and ignored, upon the straight-backed Sunday-school chairs. Dutifully they had made one or two cursory rounds of the ware-laden booths. They had accepted with scant relish plates of ice cream and cake from heaped trays served self-consciously by two of the Brinker girls, dressed in German peasant costumes, Augusta wondering in angry despair why no one ever asked her to do things like that. She would have looked more trim and efficient than the plump and blundering Berta; and how deftly she would have distributed the refreshments, seeing that everyone got some, not just the clamorous younger crowd. Her eyes, brilliant with criticism, followed Berta's flouncing skirts and Louisa's tossing yellow braids.

When she could watch them no longer, she dismissed them from her mind and wondered suddenly where her younger half sister, Febricka, could have disappeared. She murmured anxiously to Octavia.

Octavia, lost in thought, came back to the noisy room with a start. "Perhaps she has gone home."

"It is more likely that she and Julie are at some candy booth, the gluttons! I had better go look for them." Augusta's voice sounded busy and confident, but she made no attempt to stir.

Snail-like, the hands of the big clock above the doorway moved toward ten. Augusta sighed and tapped her foot, her restless eyes searching the room for her stepmother, wondering if her ears were being spared this evening. Not that it would make any difference, for she, like Octavia, cared not a fig what went on about her. There she sat, locked as always within the shell of her disdain and reticence. Augusta's finger tips clawed into her clenched palms and the quickened blood surged hotly through her. Unable to look upon that sight without rage choking her, she turned away, and suddenly her eyes softened. She nudged Octavia, and together they looked past the gossiping women to their father, surrounded as usual by young women who chattered and fluttered about him like so many silly magpies.

AUGUSTA sat up straighter, her lips moving in rapid German, a strange fire upon her face. "Look, Octavia, how he loves attention, and what effortless magnetism is his! He is like a god to them. Whenever he speaks all tongues cease wagging and heads and ears are turned to watch and listen."

Octavia interrupted. "It would be fun to draw him now, wouldn't it, just as he stands over there like a peacock surrounded by all his hens?"

Augusta's interest faded. Her half sister had a way of veiling disparagement behind smiles that was absolutely maddening. Could her father help it that he was so handsome that young women invariably suffered for love of him? Or that such was his gentle personality he found it difficult to discourage all this admiration? Augusta's mouth tightened and she longed for the time when either old age or a distant parish would claim her father and render him immune against the onslaughts of these lovesick Loreleis. There had been quite a number of them throughout the years. Gretchen Bach, it was this time, the soprano soloist, daughter of the organist.

Augusta saw her half sister reach for a hymnal, fish the stub of a pencil from her pocket, then sketch quickly upon the flyleaf their father's smiling, bearded face looking down upon a circle of girls' heads, as though he were standing in the midst of a nosegay. She thought of the years of dreary Sundays when they had all routed boredom in church and Sunday school by just such furtive drawings.

Febby, the third child, finally hove into view, sliding up to her sisters, a plate of cake and melting cream balanced perilously in her hands. She settled into a chair between the girls. Not bothering to look in her father's direction, she observed cryptically:

"Ten years in one place are enough, I guess. We should move."

Octavia closed the hymnal. "That's too good to be true, Febby. Imagine living in a very large city!"

Febby went on eating, not greatly caring one way or the other, but Augusta, frowning, wondered what it would be like actually to realize a dream so often dwelt upon. Certainly they had lived in Laurelwaters long enough. Her father's pioneer interest as the pastor of these unworthy communicants had quite exhausted itself. Anyway, it was not fitting that he continue to save souls by shouting from a pulpit when he could render better and more lasting service with his fluent pen.

But not here, not in this alien country, Augusta thought quickly. They should go back to München, where she was born, or even to Leipzig or Dresden, where all the Fritzhoffs had come from. In Dresden she had lived for a time with Grandmother Fritzhoff, after her mother's death and during the time her father was trying to decide upon his future. He had chosen unwisely. He had made a mistake in thinking he could exchange homeland ties for American citizenship papers and be completely happy. *Ach*, this hated parish and these still more intolerable people. The next time she visited Germany with her father—as she had done twice during the past fifteen years—she would not return to America.

Febby, finished with her ice cream, was now silent, staring longingly at Augusta's half-consumed portion, and she, observing, exchanged plates and the younger girl fell to happily. Augusta folded her hands and sighed, switching from the worry over her father to the exasperating problems of the rest of the family. There was tomorrow and Febby, for instance. With characteristic impulsiveness, Febby had asked two schoolmates over so all three could rehearse their parts for some ridiculous school play. One girl called Sheila and one Rebecca. A Catholic and a Jewess. Augusta shivered, wondering at her sister's utter lack of discrimination. But that was Febby. She did as she wanted, always. It did seem that now and then Febby deliberately planned to antagonize one.

The house of the O'Gradys, next door, had always been one of great fascination to Febby because of Augusta's dark hatred and scorn, forbidding any of the girls to set foot on the other side of the hedge. "Why?" challenged Febby, and immediately had crossed over into *verboten* precincts. She had discovered, she said, nothing so unusual except withered palm leaves stuck behind pictures, small cups of holy water hanging just inside the doors, and candles burning softly before small statues and pictures of Christ. What was so wrong about that? "What was so wrong about *that?*" Augusta had echoed. "But that's just it, don't you see?" And Febby had gently shaken her head, no more enlightened than she had been when she had told her half sister about her visit to Rebecca's house, and Augusta had held up her hands in horror, gasping that if ever such a dreadful sin were repeated a punishment sufficiently drastic would be enforced.

Febby had stared blankly, her blue eyes wide with wonder, her memory trailing back to the hour she had had with Rebecca and music. That was the link that joined them. She played the piano, Rebecca the violin. They had thumbed through volumes of Mozart, Beethoven and Mendelssohn; it had really been quite wonderful and Febby had loved every minute of it. And after they had had tea and a great many sweet cakes which Mrs. Lowenstein served them, Rebecca and her brother, Aaron, had walked home with her. They had talked breathlessly about forming a trio, because Aaron played the cello.

But at this point of the recital Augusta, unable to stand any more, had shaken her small sister in a wild fury and yelled, "But you don't seem to realize what I'm *driving* at! Can't you understand, you little stupid, that those people are *Jewish?*"

Yes, it was going to be hard training Febby. Augusta's eyes rested upon her fondly, even as the familiar and hated jealousy crept into her heart and caused her to draw a deep breath to relieve herself of the pain of it. Unconsciously her fingers curved and she tightened her fists so that the knuckles rose up sharp and white. The thought of Febby's devotion to *maman* and Octavia could do that; her love of freedom and independence could do it too. Naturally all that must be changed. Febby must be taught system and method and, above all, adherence to certain fundamental principles. She was too erratic and impulsive, and that, too, must be curbed. She was rebellious, but Augusta was beginning to realize that if one pounded away with sufficient persistence, the younger girl had a curious and gratifying way of yielding.

SMALL Juliana wandered over, leaving a group of playmates who should have been in bed hours ago. She turned toward Octavia, but it was Augusta who picked her up, thinking that here indeed was the most alien of all the half sisters. A wistful little thing, endeavoring by shy smiles and noiseless play not to disturb her busy elders, wandering disconsolately after her mother or quietly watching the invincible Febby defeat any child in the neighborhood in any game.

Augusta tugged at the child's arm. "Stop sucking your thumb, Julie. You're a big girl now. Only babies do such things."

"*Oui*, 'Gusta, *excusez-moi*, but I am very tired."

"And don't speak French! You're not in the nursery any longer. I see Erna over there in a corner. Go to her now, and perhaps she will let you sleep awhile." Augusta gave Julie a small shove and watched her move off across the room. Juliana was seven.

One heard now and then of a woman dying in childbirth, and *maman* was well along in her forties, was she not? And had she not had a dreadful time with all the others, so much so that Doctor Wendell had forbidden any more children after Julie's birth? Augusta sank into a pleasant trance of daydreams. She and her father alone again, and as companionable as they had been before *she* came along. Of course that would leave all the children for her to manage, including the one as yet unborn, but that would be enormously to one's liking. They could pack up and go back to the *Vaterland*—yes, to München—and never again need any of them see this country or its peculiar people.

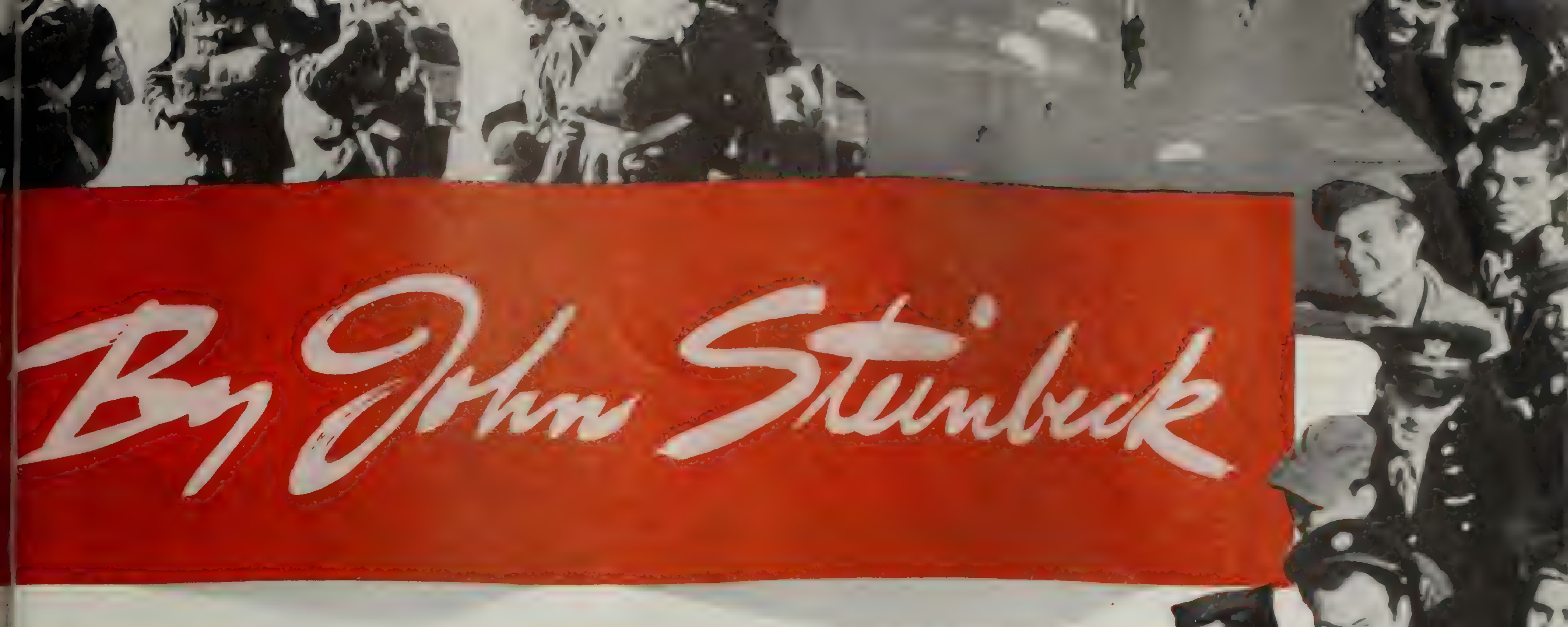
Octavia, her mind on algebra and Latin translations waiting to be done, shifted restlessly and eyed the clock. Augusta looked at her in annoyance. Here, indeed, was another obstacle. Octavia did not conform so readily as the others; she would be apt to question, to remonstrate and, more maddeningly, to ignore altogether. She was, like *maman*, a natural enemy.

Augusta reached over for some angel-food crumbs from Febby's plate and absently rolled them into pellets, her mind suddenly on baking day. How she did love to pour a mound of dough out upon the bread board, knead it and shape it into small figures. Her fingers itched. The feel of anything so plastic was delicious. She dreamed sometimes of mountains of clay and herself calmly cutting away great chunks of it and with the utmost ease shaping the stuff into people, a parade of characters, both familiar and unknown, that grew and grew and moved about but were bound by invisible filaments to her will and fingers.

Gretchen had been asked to sing. There was a gradual cessation of clatter, the parishioners rather unwillingly abandoning food and gossip to settle down and listen. Augusta grudgingly agreed that Gretchen really had a voice. It was not difficult to imagine her as a famous Isolde in the near future, as Gretchen was the sort of girl who usually got what she went after. Struck by another thought, Augusta glanced with a sharp flicker of apprehension toward her father and was relieved to find him, not raptly attentive but smothering a yawn and gazing vacantly off into space. He appeared tired.

It was over finally. People rose from cramped positions and stretched, mothers *(Continued on Page 74)*

Mrs. Fritzhoff bought shoes, hats and dresses for her trip with the abandon of a bride. Augusta watched resentfully, wondering at all this sinful extravagance.



By John Steinbeck

go through all his pockets. It isn't a good thing for a man to lose his medallion. The uneasiness creeps all through the room. It takes the channel of being funny. They tell jokes; they rag one another: "What size shoes you wear, Brown? I get them if you conk out." The thing runs bitterly through the room.

And then the jokes stop. There are many little things you do when you go out on a mission. You leave the things that are to be sent home if you have an accident. You leave them under your pillow—your photographs and the letter you wrote and your ring. And you don't make up your bunk. That must be left unmade so that you can slip right in when you get back. You go out clean-shaven, too, because you are coming back, and you make dates for that night because then you must come back to keep your date. You project your mind into the future and the things you are going to do then.

In the barracks they tell of presentiments they have heard about. There was the radioman who one morning folded his bedding neatly on his cot and put his pillow on top. And he folded his clothing into a neat parcel and cleared his locker. He had never done anything like that before. And sure enough, he was shot down that day.

The tail gunner still hasn't found his medallion. He has gone through his pockets over and over again. The brutal talk goes on until one voice says, "Shut up. It's after midnight. We've got to get some sleep."

The lights are turned out. It is quiet in the room, and then there is a step, and then a great clatter. A new arrival trying to get to his bunk in the dark has stumbled over the gun rack. The room breaks into loud curses. They tell him where he came from and where they hope he will go. It is a fine, noisy outburst, and the tension goes out of the room. The evil thing has gone.

You are conscious, lying in your bunk, of a droning sound that goes on and on. It is the Royal Air Force going out for night bombing again. Hundreds of Lancasters, with hundreds of tons of bombs. And when they come back, you will go out.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

WAR CORRESPONDENT ERNIE PYLE SAYS:

"I'm glad that Steinbeck is at last with the wars. For he carries to them a delicate sympathy for mortal man's transient nobility and beastliness that I believe no other writer possesses.

"Surely we have no other writer so likely to catch on paper the inner things that most people don't know about war—the pitiableness of bravery, the vulgarity, the grotesquely warped values, the childlike tenderness in all of us. The war is better for having him in it."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The barrack room is very silent. From a corner comes a light snore. Someone is talking in his sleep. First a sentence mumbled, and then, "Helen, let's go in the Ferris wheel now."

There is secret sound from the far wall, and then a tiny clink of metal. The tail gunner is still feeling through his pockets for his medallion.

In the barracks, a brilliant white light flashes on, jerking you out of sleep. The crew struggle sleepily out of their bunks and into clothes. It is 2:30 A.M. Outside the daylight is beginning to come. The crew grope their way through sleepiness and the semidarkness to the guarded door, and each goes in as he is recognized by the guard.

Inside there are rows of benches in front of a large white screen, which fills one wall. The lights go out and from a projector an aerial photograph is projected onto the screen. It is remarkably clear. It shows streets and factories and a winding river and docks and submarine pens. An Intelligence officer stands beside the screen and he holds a long pointer in his hand. He begins without preliminary.

"Here is where you are going," he says, and he names a German city. "Now this squadron will come in from this direction"—the pointer traces the road, making a black shadow on the screen. The pointer stops at three long narrow buildings, side by side. "This is your target. They make small engine parts here. Knock it out." He mentions times, and as he does a sergeant marks the times on a blackboard. "Stand-by at such a time, take-off at such a time, rendezvous at such a time. You will be over your target at such a time, and you should be back here by such a time." It is all on the minute—5:32 and 9:43. The incredible job of getting so many ships to a given point at a given time means almost split-second timing. "Good luck and good hunting." The lights flood on. The pictured city disappears.

A chaplain comes to the front of the room. "All Catholics gather at the back of the room," he says.

The crews straggle across the way to the mess hall and fill their plates and their cups, stewed fruit and scrambled eggs and bacon and cereal and coffee.

(Continued on Page 137)

ALL PHOTOS INTERNATIONAL EXCEPT ONE EUROPEAN

Cordelia plays her Cards

BY JOSEPHINE BENTHAM

CORDELIA SHERWOOD was walking home from school with her teacher. There was no hardship involved here for Cordelia, who had always found Miss Bronson a good deal more tolerable than most adults. Miss Bronson was young and pretty. She had a soft voice and gentle hands. She was ready, moreover, to give her entire attention to Cordelia's stories—which were long and complicated and generally of no interest to anyone but Cordelia. They stemmed, as a rule, from a recent session with a comic magazine. Cordelia delivered them with enormous enthusiasm and with little or no pause for breath.

"—— an' this little boy said my father's a G-man an' you just wait an' the man said a G-man ha-ha an' he didn't care an' they were goin' faster an' faster in this airplane the man had an' faster an' faster all the time an' Billy was scared so far from home but he just thought well okay I'll show you, you mean old skunk an' they were goin' faster an' faster an' ——"

"Oh!" said Miss Bronson. "Oh, *my!*"

Cordelia broke off in some astonishment. Her teacher had suddenly begun to walk in such haste that Cordelia had to run a little to keep up with her.

"Look at that tree over there!" Miss Bronson said. "Isn't it pretty, Cordelia! With the leaves turning red and gold like that! Do you know what kind of tree it is?"

Cordelia neither knew nor cared. She was aware, moreover, that not even a schoolteacher would get so agitated about a mere tree. Cordelia's eyes turned thoughtfully to the other side of the street. There was a soldier sitting on the Hastingses' veranda. Cordelia caught just a glimpse of his uniform and of Alva Hastings' pink-and-white dress. Then Miss Bronson, still talking instructively about the Norway maple, had hurried her out of sight.

Cordelia fell silent. She was only seven years old, but she was no fool. She knew perfectly well why Enid Bronson had lost interest in the exciting story about the G-man; why she had suddenly turned so red and started talking so fast about a tree; why she had pretended not even to notice the scene that was taking place on the Hastingses' veranda.

The soldier was Bob Trent, and Enid Bronson wanted to marry him. Cordelia knew all about that little situation, because she had heard her mother and her Aunt Selma discussing it by the hour. Her elders seldom had any idea how interesting their conversations were to Cordelia, who would follow them with a dreamy and faraway expression on her face, giving to any obscure phrase a satisfactory interpretation of her own.

She had a particular interest in the affair of the teacher and the soldier. If Enid Bronson were to marry Bob Trent she would go somewhere, Cordelia thought, and keep house for him. She would not be teaching the first grade any more. Cordelia had simply followed this premise to its logical conclusion. There wouldn't be any more first grade. The education of Cordelia Sherwood would end with a bang.

BUT it was not at all certain that Enid would marry the soldier. In fact, it was not even remotely likely. Cordelia's mother had explained that to Cordelia's aunt. Enid, according to Cordelia's mother, was a quiet little thing with too much pride for her own good. That was often the way with these quiet little things. And now, although she was eating her heart out over Bob Trent, she would never do anything to patch up the foolish quarrel they must have had before he left for camp. Bob was going to fall right into the hands of Alva Hastings, a frivolous young person who would only make him extremely unhappy. It was a great pity, Cordelia's mother said. The whole trouble was, of course, that Enid Bronson didn't know how to play her cards. Cordelia had, here, a picture of Enid Bronson playing her cards the way Grandma Sherwood played Canfield. She must play these cards so well that Bob Trent would admire her greatly and marry her right away. Otherwise Alva Hastings, who had an ulterior motive, would be the one to marry him. Alva, as everybody knew, had her eye on the Trents' money. None of this was confusing to Cordelia. She pictured Alva's ulterior motive as an object that had to be removed. It was something resembling her Aunt Selma's appendix, which had been removed a few months before. Alva needed the Trents' money to pay the doctor for removing her ulterior motive. It was all quite clear to Cordelia.

"There!" Enid said. "You're home now. Run right in and tell your mother." She was winking the tears from her eyes, even as she smiled at Cordelia. She turned quickly away and hurried on down the street, to her own house on the corner.

Cordelia looked after her for a moment with the calm detachment of her years. Then she put the whole thing out of her mind and went into the kitchen for bread and butter and gooseberry jam.

She was finishing her third piece of bread and butter and jam as she ambled out to the back yard. She licked her fingers and wiped them, in careful strokes, on the bodice of her dress. She had no particular plans for the afternoon. Her eye merely happened to fall on a small trowel lying on a patch of sandy ground by the garage. This chance circumstance led to a little desultory digging, which would have been abandoned in no time had not May Beth Rogers come hustling over from the house next door.

May Beth had pale blue eyes and an adenoidal condition. She breathed in noisy curiosity. A child of little imagination, she had tremendous respect for the least of Cordelia's undertakings.

"What you doin'?" she demanded. "What you doin' *now?*"

The answer to this challenge came immediately to Cordelia. She flung May Beth the frowning glance of the woman executive. "Why, I'm digging," she said. "I'm digging maybe a hunderd miles, May Beth. I'm digging myself to China!"

May Beth's mouth dropped open. She believed what she had heard. And suddenly Cordelia herself believed it. She began digging even more frantically than before.

"I'll get to China," she went on, "and play with all the little Chinese children. Get out of my way, May Beth!"

May Beth moved back in awe. "When'll you get there, Cordelia?" she ventured, at last, to inquire. "When'll you get there to play with all those little Chinese children?"

Cordelia sat down on her heels and considered the point. "I bet I'd get there next week," she declared, "if I didn't hafta go to school."

This remark, like most of Cordelia's remarks, had an extraordinarily definite ring. It was convincing, even to the speaker. When the obsequious May Beth was summoned home by her mother, the idea of going to China was becoming more and more plausible. A person had only to dig right through the earth, as her father had explained. Cordelia envisaged a sort of tunnel which became by vague and indefinite steps a beautiful lane through the woods, with all the little Chinese boys and girls running out of their houses to give her milk and bread and jam and after that to show her on her way.

The Army travels on its stomach, and four chocolate cupcakes do help

ILLUSTRATED BY Al Parker

Cordelia peered around the porch pillar. Her teacher and the soldier were really having a fight. "Of course it makes a difference!" Enid cried in a queer, choked voice. "It's humiliating."

;he was sauntering around the side of the house as
sily she embroidered the details of this dream. Then she
ised. The young man Miss Bronson wanted to marry
s still on the Hastingses' veranda. Alva was talking to
1 in a very loud voice and laughing with him and,
asionally, squealing at him. All this, as Cordelia knew
te well, was technique. It was the way Mildred Davies
naved with Cordelia's brother Freddy. If Alva were
mitted to go on like this, Miss Bronson would never in
world have any chance to marry her soldier. She
uld just have to go on teaching the first grade.

)RDELIA became, here, exceedingly thoughtful. Her
ther had said recently that when a girl wanted to
rry a soldier she had to make up her mind in a hurry.
e couldn't fool around with a trousseau and parties and
ngs like that. The world was moving too fast these
ys. And this was an interesting idea for Cordelia to
n around in her mind. If only Miss Bronson could
irry the soldier, she, Cordelia, could get to China next
ek. She could dig all day and not go to school at all.
id May Beth Rogers would certainly be surprised.
rdelia thrust out her underlip. A purposeful glint had
me into her eye. Without any further dillydallying,
e stalked across the street.

Alva greeted her without enthusiasm. The young man
ked her, politely, how she did. Cordelia ignored these
iseless amenities. She continued to stare at Bob Trent,
t at the same time she was absently probing, with her
ngue, the gap between two of her new front teeth. This
tle activity seemed to annoy Alva Hastings.

"Why, for heaven's sake," she said, "you look exactly
e a monkey! Run along, Cordelia!"

But Cordelia did not run along. She watched Alva
uring the soldier another glass of lemonade and offering
n a plate of cookies. No one suggested that Cordelia
ght like any cookies. She abandoned the interesting
etch of blank gum and attempted to touch her nose
th the tip of her tongue. Alva looked at her and shud-
red visibly. But the young man grinned.

Cordelia turned a bland eye upon him. "Miss Bronson
ints you," she said, "over at *her* house."

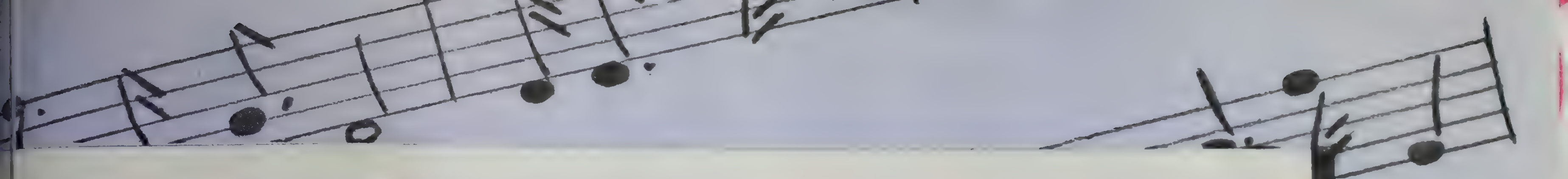
Alva reddened. "Why," she cried, "how simply ridicu-
us!"

But Bob was pleased as well as surprised. "You're sure
u got that message straight?" *(Continued on Page 120)*

ve love along in this case.

Study in Blue

He had to admit that she was a game one. S took what he had to give and never flinch and the boys were all for her from the sta



Tommy and Christy had a love, high, wide and indigo, like their music.

BY ANN CHIDESTER

ONCE in a rare time a swing musician will go out of this world, and then a really smooth piece of music is created—one that collectors would not trade for all the oil in Oklahoma. Benny Goodman's done it, and so have Ellington and John Kirby. Tommy Anders got there once or twice; and it's a funny thing about that record of Bluey Night. It was made at a time when Tommy Anders was almost slipping into obscurity, and then he came back with a solid bang to be right where he is today, king of them all.

And it's a strange record when you look at it from all angles. You can't put your finger on just why it's perfect, but you know it is. Maybe it's because Tommy played it high, wide and indigo. Maybe it's because Christy McCarthy sang it lovingly, fondly, with that wonderful catch and sigh in her voice. Maybe it's because the boys were in there mellow and smooth. In any case, it's one of the best swing records a man can ask for, because it goes deep and picks up all the woe and glory and weaves it in enchantment around you, and you spin down and around in it as if it is water and night and starlight all in one.

Tommy Anders, at that time, was having it tough, and the worst part of it was that he didn't know why. But he was off the beam. Nothing was mellow or straight or keen for him. It was all in confusion. He felt like a watch that had a bad mainspring that was about to break. He felt all tight and unreal.

He worked harder. His boys were with him all the way. None of them said a word when he yelled at them, but he could tell how surprised they were. They all were loyal fellows, and most of them had been with him from the first days in Chicago. They would never leave him, no matter how bad it got. They knew how he wanted the thing played. They understood. They always accepted his word because he had come up the hard way with nothing ever handed to him.

Even from the first, when he was a kid in knickers hanging around the Red Slipper in New Orleans, he knew the bright from the gaudy, the real from the sham. You could never fool him on any piece of music or on any musician.

"I was there when they were born," he would say to the press in the early days when he was not well known, and then the newspapermen would ask, "When *who* was born, Tommy?" and Tommy would lift one eyebrow and say in this smooth, bland manner which made him such a good businessman, "You've heard of the blues, boys—well, I was there when the blues were born."

The thing was that all this was true. He grew up playing with black orchestras until their beat became his beat. His timing was what he had been born with, but all else that he knew he had learned from Sleepy Walker, the trombone master. For years, until Sleepy sent him off across Mason and Dixon's line, he never played with anything but the black bands.

AFTERWARD, in Chicago, he brought what he had to the white bands. He lost a little of his drawl, too, and he learned a lot—how to talk and how to act in a crowd. He had poise, now, and the manner of a cosmopolite, but it didn't fool anyone who was old at the trade. He got to be a good businessman too. He didn't throw his money around wild, and his boys were always kidding him about buying a chicken farm, but he could still name his price anyplace.

The boys liked him, and their wives liked him, and things should have been all right—but they weren't. He worked the boys harder. He didn't ask any questions about their private lives as long as they did as he said when they were on the stands. As for Tommy—he had no private life. His life was his music.

And then he was almost thirty, and this bad time came along. The thing began to kick back on him, and he couldn't figure it out. He was as good a businessman as ever. He had this habit of letting his face go blank, just the dark eyes looking out at you without any expression at all. He was a big man, Tommy, and when he went blank like that it was like arguing with a wall. There was nothing could move him. He knew what he wanted, and he usually got it—that is, until this one day when he knew for certain that the beat was off, the melody was wrong, the tempo and flavor were gone.

"There's something wrong, Boxy," he said to Boxy Flannigan, the pianist. "We've lost the touch," and Boxy just looked away.

The other boys were silent, because they had been feeling the whole thing coming on. They knew when they weren't batting a thousand. It was always in the beat of the thing. A lot of them had already concluded that Tommy was out now—he was dead. The unbelievable thing had happened. Tommy had lost the touch and the beat of it, and when a band leader did that it was like developing a curl in the lip. You lost your lip and you might as well throw your horn out the window. They didn't like to think about it, but they felt that Tommy Anders, the Swing King, was out of a job too.

"Yep, boys," Tommy said, "I don't know what is the matter tonight, but we don't jive. The horns sound brassy, not pagan and black and fiery. The piano sounds like so much tin, not deep and true"—for Tommy was a poet of sorts. He had a feeling. They say some people have it and some people don't—but Tommy had it solid.

"Well, now, Tommy," Boxy said slowly, "I think maybe you need a rest."

It was old talk. When Tommy needed a rest, they all took a vacation and went to Florida or Palm Springs or Sun Valley. Then Tommy came back and was as good as new—sometimes they thought he was better than ever before.

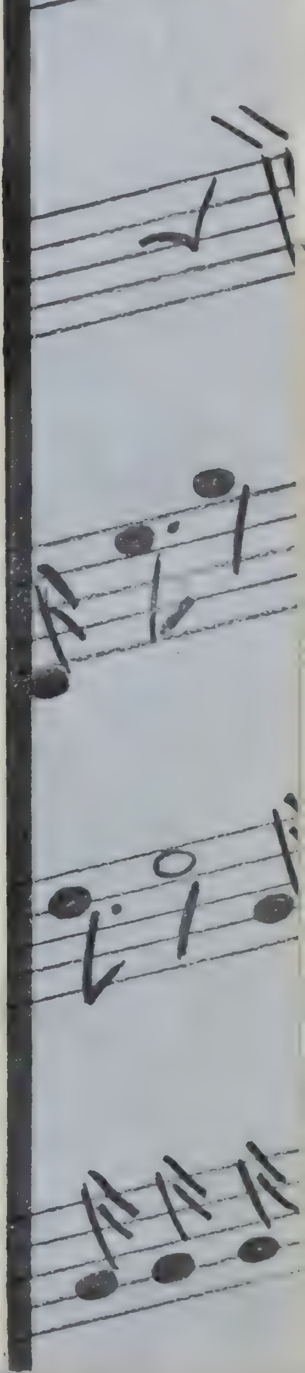
"But this time it's different," Tommy said. He mopped his brow, and the boys began to pack their instruments.

At night the Sepia Room, with its soft lights and mirrors and white and green with just the right spots of red, was perfect. It was swank. Tommy Anders was the envy of the trade, but he had worked himself to death getting there too. You had to be good to be in the Sepia Room, but you had to be more than good to stay there. Tommy had been there ten weeks now, and it was getting time for his contract to be renewed. Of course, Mark Rosen, who owned the place, was Tommy's friend, one of his first backers; but even so, he was a smart businessman, and he might detect something of what was happening. If he got it, he wouldn't renew the contract, and that was bad. When you were up as high as Tommy Anders there was only one choice: you had to stay up there or slide. Tommy Anders was sliding fast.

"Okay, fellows," he said, "go out and grab a cup of coffee. Look at the stars. Maybe you can get an answer, but be here at two sharp tomorrow."

He didn't move, but watched them go out in a strangely silent fashion. He just stood there by the piano, a big guy who might have been a farmer or a professional football player. He was young, and to slip at this stage of the game would hurt. He was proud, too, because he had done

(Continued on Page 159)



"Yes," she said, as if he were no one at all. "I can see you know what work is, Mr. Anders." She walked toward Mark's office.

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"Our men have done a magnificent job of adjusting," writes Mrs. Roosevelt. But in this Aaron Bohrod painting of Magenta Bay, New Caledonia, note the unregimented typical American touch—a pin-up girl, left foreground.

WHAT I SAW in the South Seas

BY ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

HUMAN beings seem to me to have a tendency to meet the demands which circumstances make upon them, but very few among us go beyond the requirements of necessity. Some of the old proverbs tend to prove that this is a trend in human nature which has long been recognized.

Our men in the Southwest Pacific have been doing a magnificent job. Many of them, under ordinary conditions, would not have developed the ingenuity or the determination which has made of them inventors, builders, good fighters in entirely new environments. If this is so of men, it is apt to be doubly true of the women.

I have come back from my trip to the Southwest Pacific with a deeper sense of the obligation which we owe to this generation today than I had in the past, if that is possible. I have a deeper admiration for them, and a surer faith that they can do the job, no matter how hard it is, if we give them the tools and the backing which they need in their tremendous task.

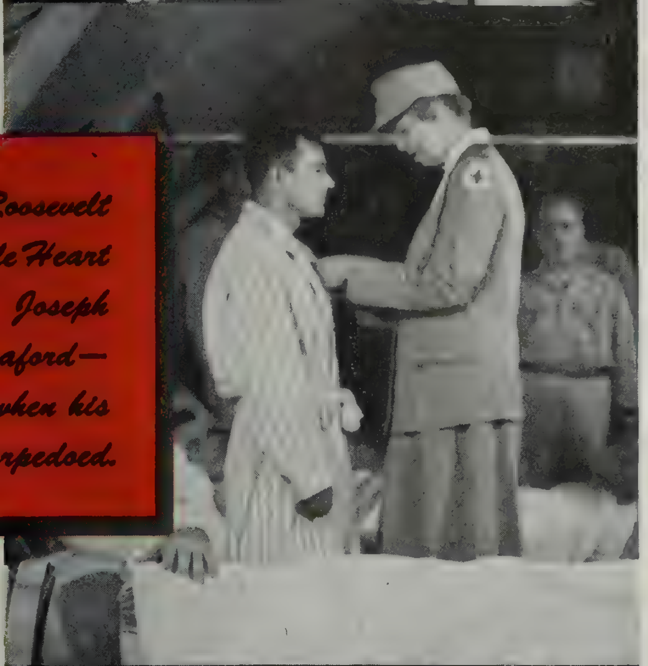
It is quite true that there may be in our Army one third of the boys to whom the standards of cleanliness and personal hygiene, of good food, of some kind of shelter, probably mean a better standard of living than they have known in the past. To the others, however, the lack of privacy, eating from mess kits or tin trays and washing them off outside the mess hall, in clean garbage cans with a fire under them so the water is kept boiling hot, sleeping on Army cots—frequently with only a blanket on it—eating food which, though healthful and plentiful, is rarely appetizing, is a hard and unattractive life. Because of their hard work, the food does taste good; and getting medical and dental care, because they must be in fighting shape, is a great advantage, for they know quite well that their enemy is not only the wily Jap but the ever-present mosquito, and good physical condition is a help against the latter. On the whole, a great many boys are enduring a harder life than they have ever experienced before, and yet they adjust to all of this; they adapt themselves because they must.

In Great Britain the whole population faced a Dunkirk before they woke up to the realization that the situation required of them the mobilization of their entire energies. Out of sheer necessity the men and women in Great Britain, overnight, poured their whole strength into the defense of their country. They went into factories, if that was what was needed. They went into the military services, doing a surprising variety of work. They met home restrictions and home requirements in a truly gallant manner and they stood up under weeks of bombings, of horror and bloodshed, of sorrow, of loss, and never even complained, because they knew it had to be endured to preserve their country and their freedom.

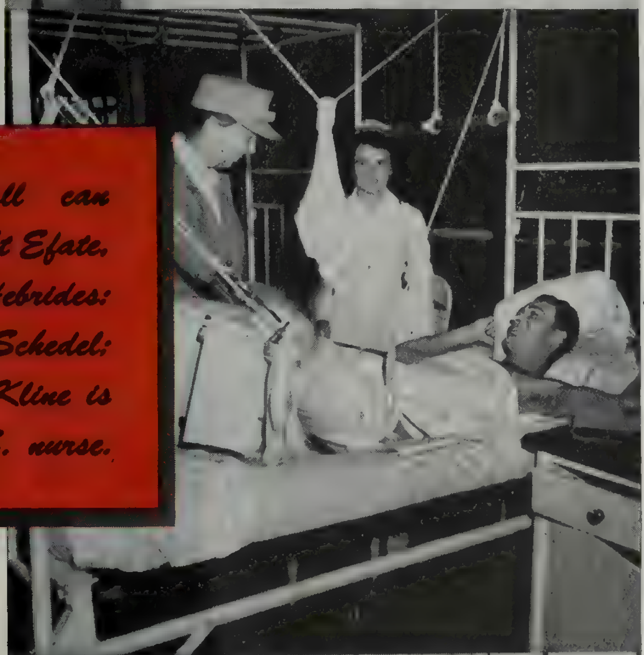
Australia and New Zealand have known the fear of invasion. Owing to a Jap submarine in an Australian harbor, and a Jap air raid which did considerable damage to an Australian city, the war for a time seemed very close to every

"I have come home with admiration for the work our nurses and Red Cross workers are doing overseas."

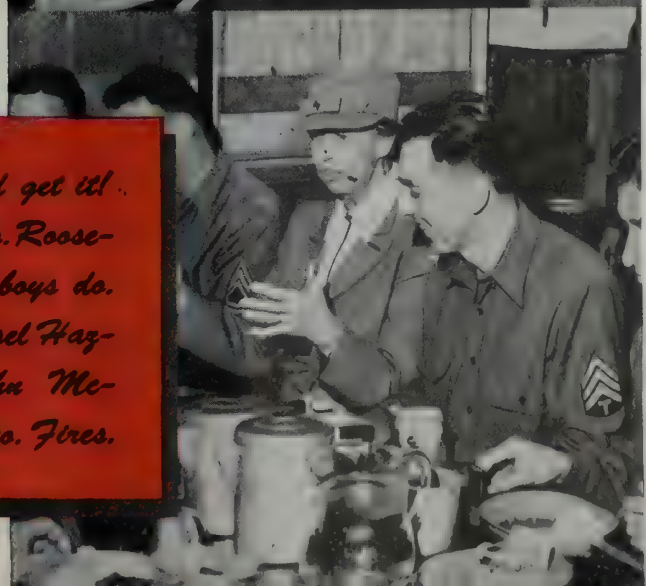
INTERNATIONAL



Mrs. Roosevelt pins Purple Heart medal on Joseph J. Hannaford—wounded when his ship was torpedoed.



"They all can smile." At Efate, in New Hebrides: Lt. Ivan Schedel: Dorothy Kline is the U. S. nurse.



Come and get it! And Mrs. Roosevelt and boys do. Sgts. Edsel Hazzard, John McBride, Geo. Fires.

INTERNATIONAL

Australian home. Both of these countries saw their men go off to fight in North Africa and in the Near East when they were far from certain that their own shores would not be attacked. Australian and New Zealand women who were needed, therefore, went to work and continue at work.

Where absolute necessity is proved, all women do just as the British women have done and accomplish unbelievable things to meet a crisis. In New Zealand they told me that where the men who owned farms had gone to the war, the women were running the farms. Being a dairy country as well as a sheep country, the women now often go back to heavy work with a baby scarcely a week old. It is heavy work to milk a whole herd of cows, and to help in the lambing season. I saw the little wobbly lambs standing by their mothers in the fields, and thought that there must have been some pretty wobbly human mothers to look after them.

In Australia, also, where the big sheep and cattle farms are called "stations," they told me that women, when their men went off to the wars, stuck to the job of running the stations miles away from a city or town, often in a lonely place, doing work which was heavy and unaccustomed, but never shirking, because it had to be done.

In the military services in Australia and New Zealand they do not use women for so great a variety of activities as they do in Great Britain, but neither have we made full use of our women in the military services, and the reason in all three countries is the same: we do not really have to do it. We still have men enough to make the repairs on our PT boats; we still have plenty of men to train for every type of air-force work. Rather grudgingly we allow women to fly the ferry planes within the United States, but they are still on a civilian basis. We do not allow our Waves to go outside the United States, and even our Wacs haven't undertaken to drive as many varieties of vehicles as do the young women in the ATS in Great Britain. There are other differences, of course, but these will serve as examples.

The young women who are in our military services, as well as those in Australia and New Zealand, are doing a good job. Their training is good, they take it seriously, they are smart, well drilled and competent, but they can go only as far as necessity requires.

New Zealand and Australia, up to the present time, have been almost entirely agricultural countries, except for a few rather unimportant industries that derived their being from the processing of what they could raise from the land. In Australia, exports were almost entirely wool, mutton and beef; in New Zealand, dairy products, wool and mutton. Now both countries are producing vegetables, and both countries have established a large number of second-line industries; and since these industries are new and there is a labor shortage, they are taking women in as

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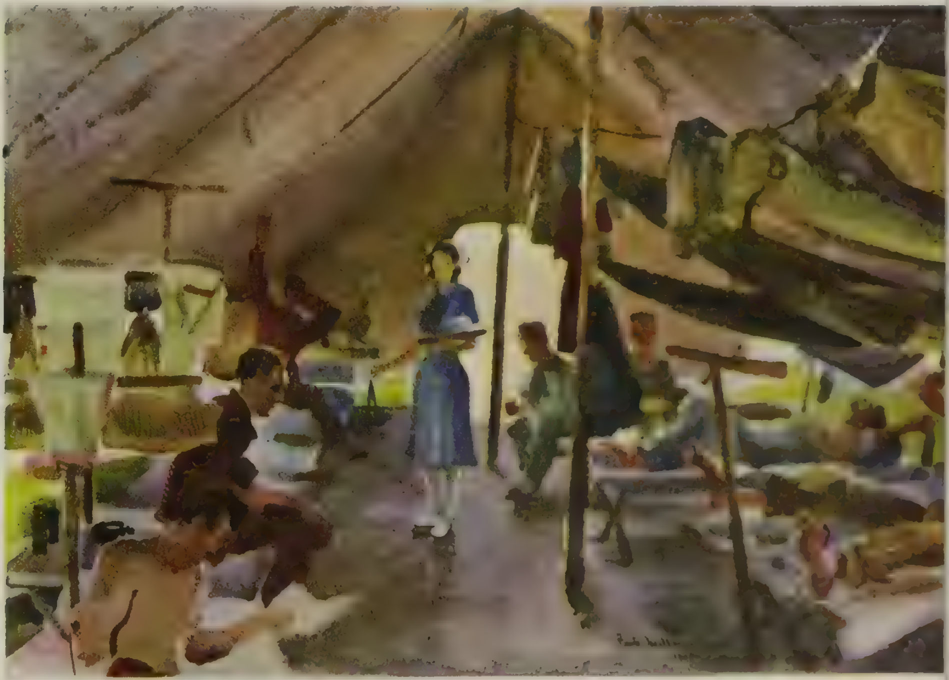
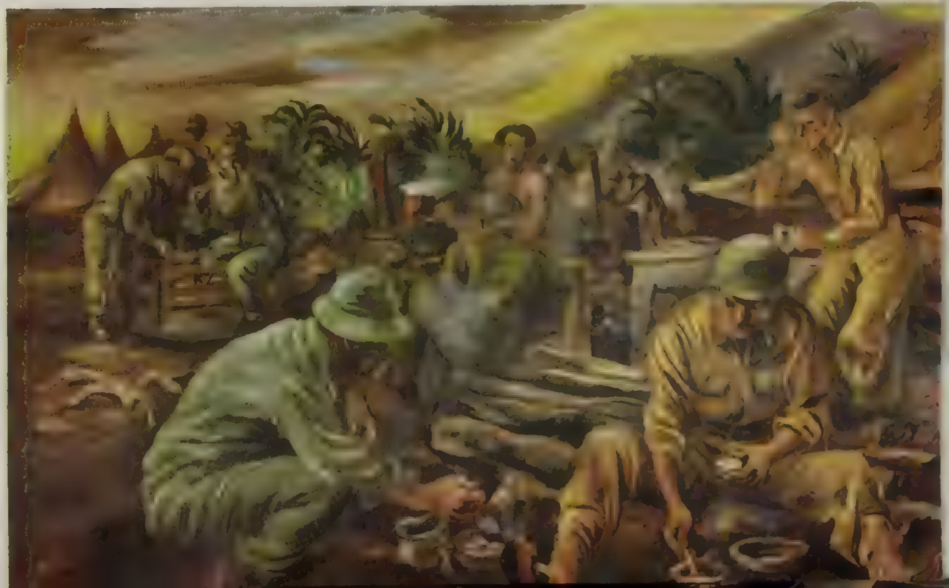


Kids grow into men during those long convalescent months. Endlessly they brag of the valor of their outfit and discuss chances of rejoining the fight against the Japs. They'd even welcome a rough Field Dinner, as painted by Aaron Bohrod while with the U. S. Army in New Caledonia. Above, 18th Station Hospital, Suva Area, Fiji Islands, by Barse Miller.



For a Man
to Remembe

COMES THE BRIDE

By Margaret Weymouth Jackson

EVERYONE felt very sorry and sentimental about the young people who had to break up their homes and store their shiny new bride-and-groom furniture and put the dishes away in a barrel and take the baby and go home to mother—that is, the bride went home to mother and the groom went off to war. They were so brave and fine, so noble and sacrificing about it all! The girls bit back their tears and smiled and waved their handkerchiefs when the bus or train left, and waited until they were at home to cry their eyes out where nobody but mother and daddy could hear them. Mother and father were good and kind, but oh, it was not the same as having your own little place! The old folks had somehow become set in their ways in the brief interval since the girls left home. They wanted to do everything just a certain way.

Luther Johns sat in silence at the end of the long table in the church basement and ate chicken pie and coleslaw and small hot rolls. The supper was good, and it was the regular semimonthly Ladies' Aid chicken-pie supper—a kind of fortnightly food binge for good Methodists. This was to be the last supper for a time, for with food rationing and one thing and another the ladies were finding it difficult to set up successful suppers. They couldn't even get enough ice cream any more. Mr. Johns ate soberly and sensibly, with a silent and grateful appreciation for good food. He listened with half an ear to the talk at the card table behind him. There were four young "war widows," eating supper together. His own daughter was not with them; she would have noticed him and warned them to greater discretion. These young women, the same age and in the same situation as his own daughters, were full of admiration for themselves, he noticed. And a kind of grim feeling came over Mr. Johns, which spoiled a little his sober pleasure in his supper.

He paused and spoke to his wife, Jeanie, who sat beside him. Most of her supper was still on her plate. She was small and thin and bright and quick. Food was something she cooked for other people to eat and enjoy—it was one of the "outward" things about her. Almost everything about her was "outward." Mr. Johns had these little words for her, to describe her to himself.

Now he smiled when she nodded her head and said, without looking at him, "Bessie Oberholtzer's!" He understood that she had identified the maker of the coleslaw on her plate. Each of the Methodist ladies had her own secret superior recipe for which she was locally famous. His own wife was famous, and deservedly so, for her pies.

SITTING there, a little stout, a little bald, with hair gray above his ears and the glasses thick over his kind blue eyes, with the serious self-contained look of the adult who respects himself and others, Mr. Johns felt his heart begin to thump. It beat in him a strong and lively tune, and it was beating with a fresh and renewed feeling of love for his wife! He loved her! He stirred his tea and looked about the room, nothing in his appearance or manner, except a slight increase in the color of his cheeks, to indicate the richness and warmth of his feeling.

There was a singular lack in the crowd in the church basement. There were children enough, and women of all ages and sizes and shapes. And there were men of his own age and older—but between the boys in high school and his own contemporaries, the male population was practically nil. There was a slice gone right out of the middle, and Mr. Johns missed these young men. He missed particularly the cheerful ruddy face of his son-in-law, Kenneth Park, now at Fort Knox. Kenny always came and sat with Mr. Johns, whenever they met out anywhere, and gave Mr. Johns affectionate and courteous attention and asked his advice. Mr. Johns got on well with Kenny. He really got on better with Kenny than he did with his daughter Myra, Kenny's wife.

It was not that Mr. Johns lacked in love for Myra, for he loved her devotedly. But he had never been able to understand her. She had had, almost since infancy, an unexpected and sometimes barbed wit. Often Mr. Johns took her seriously when she was joking. She was so quick; her mind flew away ahead of his, and while he was still arguing she had all the answers ready—even for the arguments he had not yet expounded. Long ago Mr. Johns had given up trying to reason with Myra and had retired behind a device which humiliated him a little. When he was not in agreement with some proposed course of action she had decided upon, he just laid down the law and compelled obedience from her. This was not his choice, not the way he wanted it. But she could talk him right out of his position when he knew he was right. When those times came he was the autocrat—and didn't like the role.

But Kenny was as simple and natural as Mr. Johns himself, and they got on well. Mr. Johns made the little mental gesture—half wish, half prayer—which he made whenever he thought of it: that Kenny would come home safely from the war. It was selfish to pray for one's own, but Kenny was such a good lad, faithful and honorable—they did not come any better. Myra's love for Kenny was, her father thought, the very best thing about her. It had awakened in himself a new respect for her.

But Kenny was not here tonight, of course—he was off in camp and Myra was living at home again, with her little son. Mr. Johns and Myra agreed better now than when she had been a girl at home, going to school. Marriage and the baby and her love for Kenny had mellowed her. At least she did not reveal her impatience with her father so readily. She treated him with more respect. And she had been brave—and the little boy was all a grandfather could ask.

Mr. Johns sighed profoundly and his wife looked at him with a glance both shrewd and sympathetic.

"Why don't we go to the movies?" she asked. "We don't need to stick around here—unless you don't want to go."

"I'd like to go," he said at once. "Myra says it's a good show."

"I'll be as quick as I can be," she said, and went away at once to attend to those duties which were hers in connection with the church supper.

In a moment she was back and placed before him a piece of her own cherry pie. She had robbed the family of sugar to bake it for the church supper and she was determined that Mr. Johns should have a piece. He felt guilty as he ate it—but it was delicious. For a person who ate as little as she did, his wife could certainly cook!

She was back in the kitchen again, bustling about. Mr. Johns could hear her brisk voice. He was always aware of her. He always knew where she was, what she was doing, what her mood might be. He smiled to hear her. If you could not see her, you would think she was a girl, he thought fondly, her step was so light and quick, her voice so bright. She was easily amused and she had a deep unexpected chuckle which warmed him. She had been a shy girl. He had had his difficulties, courting her. But even when she was in flight she would look back at him with this unexpected bubble of mirth and amusement rising in her. She was still a little shy with strangers. She liked familiar things best, and familiar ways. Well, so did he.

He saw her coming toward him now, winding between the crowded tables, speaking to this one and that. She wore her hat and was folding her apron to put it in her basket. He rose and got her coat and held it for her. She was like a quick bright bird, he told himself. Her voice was light and liquid—like a bird's voice when it talks a little, before it begins to sing.

"We made forty dollars," she told him, all business. "And we think instead of giving up the suppers entirely we'll just all concentrate on having one a month. What do you think of that, Luther? The ladies want to know what you think."

"WELL, Jean," he said, "I hate to see you quit entirely. Everyone enjoys the suppers. They serve a purpose. To get together and visit and see one another is surely good for all of us. And if we get our food here instead of at home, what harm does that do? It helps the church—and our morale too."

"I'll tell them what you said—and I think you are right," she said firmly, and she smiled at him with a certain tenderness. "Did you know, Luther, that old Mr. Ginnerty spilled his pie—and cried? Myra gave him hers. Bless his heart!"

He was pleased with Myra. He glanced around for her. She had her little boy, named for him but called Luke—she had Luke standing on a chair and she was buttoning him into his warm brown overcoat. He was three and he looked like his grandmother.

Myra caught her father's eye and smiled and waved at him. She called over, "Leave your basket, mother. I'll take it home."

"No, Luther," Mrs. Johns said below her breath. "My best glass pie dish is in the basket—you carry it. You know how Myra breaks things."

"Yes," he said, and he pretended not to hear Myra and picked the basket up and they went out of the church quickly and a little guiltily. Myra was inclined to be quite firm with them.

They walked along the quiet street in the cold spring evening. There was not a car on the deserted highway. It was uncanny, this vacant pavement. Not so long ago one had to stand on the curbing and wait for a chance to cross. There were only three or four cars outside the theater, but inside there was a good crowd. They sat about halfway down and Mr. Johns held the basket with Jeanie's best pie dish carefully, and she tucked her hand into the fold of his elbow.

The picture was about the difficulties of some young lovers. Mr. Johns looked at it passively. He was just glad to be there in the dark, alone with Jeanie beside him. But the story unfolding on the screen made him think of something. That first year they were married, almost thirty years ago—before their older daughter, Agnes, was born—they had been much at home together. It had been a very cold, snowy winter and Jeanie had not been especially well, although she was not really ill either. Their small house was snug and warm.

He read to her that winter. He, who was often inarticulate, loved to read aloud, and often the words he read expressed his own sentiments better than he could express them. They had read Dickens and Thackeray and, toward spring—it was about this time of the year—he read aloud to her an English translation of Manzoni's The Betrothed. It had taken him weeks and spring was in full

(Continued on Page 73)

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM LOVELL

Garden at Your Door

BY RICHARD PRATT

GARDEN AND PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR

A GARDEN like this is on duty day and night, decorating all arrivals and departures. It leaves the back yard free for the food patch, attracts constant attention and requires practically none. The two-foot strips down either side of the path are made into neat ribbons of loam in the spring, grow fuller and greener through June, and from about the Fourth of July until frost stand on their own as facing ranks of unfailing flowers, no matter how many you pick.

The combination here is the best I know for a summer when there is little time to spare for fussing. You can get just about anything you wish chromatically with zinnias but blue, and a clear blue with all those bright yellows, reds, oranges, pinks, purples and off-whites wouldn't do the trick that the vague deep rosy lavender of ageratum does. Also, ageratum as an edging plant will hold its size, shape and color right on through, and will hide the lower stems of the zinnias, which may turn out to be a welcome function.

My choice in zinnias would be the dahlia-flowered variety, in clear yellows, reds, pinks and white. You can sow the seed in a six-inch double row, as soon as the ground is warm, then thin to get staggered plants about a foot apart. Ageratum is slower starting and, furthermore, does not as a rule grow uniformly as to size from seed; so try to get small plants, of Blue Boy, from cuttings at your local greenhouse, and figure on one to a foot in a single row.

You won't have to worry about weeds, once your plants get well under way; and the only thing to watch is mildew on the zinnias, which can be controlled by dusting the leaves from below with sulphur, if you want to keep everything presentable. Nothing, to my knowledge, has ever bothered ageratum. It isn't much for cutting—its job is in the garden, as a garnish. But zinnias you can cut to your heart's content. Don't try for too long stems, or you will lose the blooms to come on the branches beneath. They are best in a bowl with a stem holder on the bottom, and with most of the leaves stripped off.

And speaking of leaves, you can be starting your lettuce any time now in a sunny window. You can be starting your tomatoes there, too, and be getting a dozen or more six-foot stakes ready on which to train them for a good clean crop. With the space you thereby save in the food garden, you can plan to squeeze in one or two hills of giant straight-neck squash, which takes up very little room, is a beautiful plant with big yellow flowers, and makes a shady nest that keeps filled all summer with succulent golden gourds. Your zinnia path out front won't interfere with anything.

When it comes to size, color range and ease of culture, few annuals can touch the dahlia-flowered zinnia; nor can any other edging annual compare with ageratum.

IF YOU ASK ME

By Eleanor Roosevelt

What does John L. Lewis have on your husband which prevents his stopping wartime strikes?

Your question is curiously phrased. Its implication would be that Mr. John L. Lewis knows something which is detrimental to the President, and that therefore the President gives Mr. Lewis special favors. Phrasing your question in this way seems to me not a question but a suggestion of a supposed fact which you have not quite dared to state openly as a fact. I fear such a statement or question shows great ignorance, for you must know that from time to time every connection between the President of the United States and Mr. John L. Lewis has been broadcast in the papers over and over again.

The President himself does not prevent nor bring on strikes. There is regular machinery for handling labor difficulties. When this machinery is unsuccessful, both sides sometimes appeal to the President, or he may appeal to them if he thinks a labor situation affects the country as a whole. If his good offices are unsuccessful and he thinks the good of the country is at stake, he may order a particular industrial plant or a mine, or a group of activities privately owned and operated, taken over by the Government until such time as the owners and the labor people come to an agreement.

But all this is done under the laws which are passed by Congress and under the protection of the courts, and the President does nothing which is not according to law and open to all who wish to investigate it.

Are German prisoners of war paid $30 a month and allowed to send the money home to their families? If so, what do our boys receive when prisoners of war?

German prisoners of war are *credited* with $40 per month on any grade above and including a major; $30 for a captain; $20 for first and second lieutenants; and enlisted men get $3. If enlisted men desire to work, they make 80 cents a day. This money is *credited* to the prisoners and they may use the credit at canteens, post exchanges, and so on. What is given them when the prisoners are repatriated is still in process of negotiation. This is not done according to the Geneva Convention, but under another agreement and not yet accepted by Germany.

The pay continues all the time for our boys while they are captured. Any allotments made to their families are continued during the time of their capture. If the boys haven't made any allotments previously, they can request the Secretary of War to make allotments in the needed amount and he will do it.

Union workers gain increases by striking, but white-collar workers' wages are frozen. Is this fair?

White-collar workers' wages are not frozen any more than union workers' wages are. It may be that civil-service employees' wages are held down by rules which have been made since the war began, but that does not affect all white-collar workers. Any of these white-collar workers can strike except the people working for the government—city, state and Federal. As far as I can see, the average white-collar workers are able to do exactly what the union workers are able to do—unless, of course, they are not organized, in which case an individual has a limited opportunity to do anything for himself.

Do you think Red Cross certificates, like Navy E's for excellence, to those of us who have knitted a hundred sweaters would stimulate laggard knitters?

I have no idea what is the incentive which makes people knit for the Red Cross, but I should think wearing a Red Cross pin would be something stimulating enough; plus the satisfaction that you are doing something for the men in the services.

Couldn't women do some part-time war work in their homes by manufacturing small parts?

There may be some types of manufacturing which could be carried on in individual homes. I think I was told in Great Britain that they had made use to a very limited extent of homework, but it is not possible where the use of machines is involved. As most of the war work being done today requires machinery, part-time workers are usually used for shorter periods of time in factories.

Are letters to soldiers overseas censored?

Military Intelligence reports that letters to soldiers are subject to censorship. This does not mean that all letters are censored, but they may be.

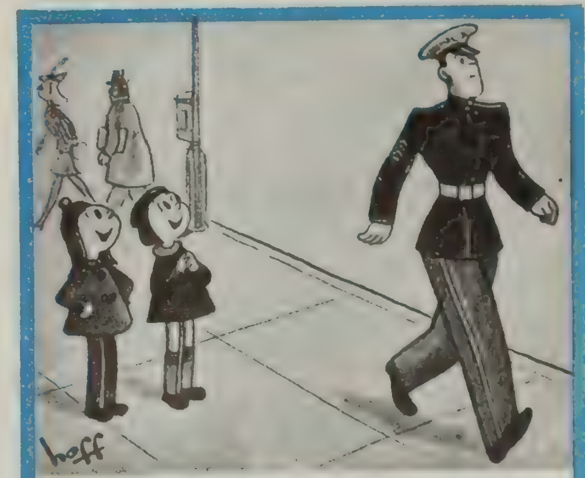
Is there any truth in the report that soldiers overseas for two years will be returned to this country?

There is a rotation plan in the Air Forces and a rotation plan in the Ground Forces, but no definite period is set. The answer to this specific question is *No*.

I am eighteen and madly in love with a soldier. My parents think I am too young to marry; should I obey them?

I think parents are taking a great responsibility if they actually forbid young people to marry. It would seem to me that you are obligated to give every consideration to the reasons which your parents give in opposing your marriage during the war period. I am quite sure that your parents have some very good reasons for asking you not to marry your soldier. The question as to whether you finally obey your parents or not is one that no one can answer for you. That must be decided among you and your parents and your future husband.

REPRINTED COURTESY OF THIS WEEK



"WOW!"

Who—next to Mr. Roosevelt, of course—would you like to see President of the U. S.?

You imply in your question that because Mr Roosevelt is my husband I would like to see him the President of the United States. I am glad that my husband has earned the confidence of the majority of the people of the country three times in the past, but I would always like to see the man elected whom the majority of people in this country felt they wished to have at the head of their Government.

Do the Four Freedoms mean freedom only for white men, or freedom for the yellow, brown and black races as well?

I should think the Four Freedoms meant freedom for all human beings throughout the world. It is obvious that freedom is always conditioned by the amount of ability an individual has to govern himself, but that is a question of time and the opportunity given for development, and the basic freedoms apply to all in exactly the same way.

Why cannot a soldier obtain a divorce while in service?

A soldier *can* get a divorce if he can qualify under the state laws. The Soldiers and Sailors Civil Relief Act provides that in a suit for divorce against a soldier, the suit may be continued by the court for final action until after the soldier gets back.

Can you tell me why a soldier can get a furlough to see his dog, when my husband can't get a furlough, for the first time, to see his fourteen-month-old son?

My dear lady, it just happened that the soldier who went to see his dog was due for a furlough, and someone made a good newspaper story out of it. I am quite sure that no man would be given a furlough unless he was entitled to it and the military needs of the area were such that he could be allowed leave at the particular time when he made application.

The paramount consideration in granting any furloughs is the need of the military services, not the pleasure of the individual involved.

Why can sailors, marines and coast guardsmen receive packages without asking for them, but soldiers must write for things?

The War Department made the regulation in cooperation with the post office in order to try to cut down printed material being sent to the boys overseas. The mails were being swamped with papers and publications of various sorts which the boys didn't read, but which hindered the delivery of the regular and desired mail. This was done under the Postmaster General's Order No. 19687, which was published in the postal bulletin January 8, 1943, and is still in force.

The Navy Department has not made the same ruling, I imagine because there are not the same number of men in the Navy.

Can a soldier make someone other than his wife beneficiary of his insurance policy?

Insurance will be payable only to the widow, widower, child (including stepchild or illegitimate child if designated as beneficiary by the insured), parents (including persons standing *in loco parentis*), brother or sister of the insured.

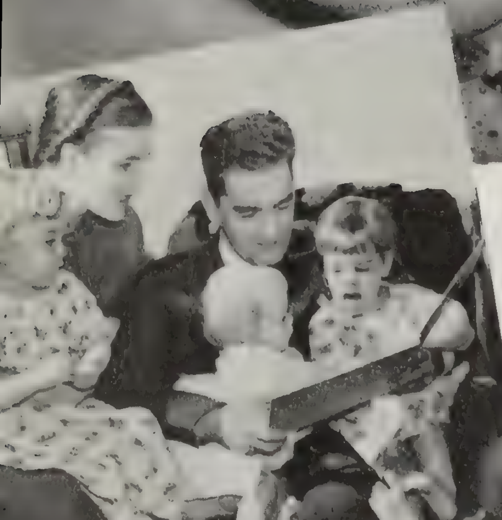
Should a defense worker quit to join the WAVES or WAC?

I am afraid this is a question which you will have to decide for yourself. If in your locality there are people who could do the job as a defense worker which you are now doing, and the quotas are not filled for WAVES or WAC, then I think it would be well to consider whether you would be doing a better service in changing your job. I think, of course, the consideration of your home situation and how it would affect your home responsibilities would have to be weighed.

Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Roosevelt, c/o the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. *No letters for this page sent to the White House will be answered. It should be understood that Mrs. Roosevelt's answers reflect only her own opinions, and are not necessarily the opinions either of the Administration or of the Editors of the* JOURNAL.

THREE'S A CROWD
in Seventeen Months

Six-month-old Joey will take even a scrubbing from the twenty-three-month-old twins, Freddy and Mona, without a whimper. Freddy got her name from bandmaster Fred Waring.



An armful of Freddy for mom, a double armful of Joey and Mona for pop gather round Mother Goose.

BY HILDA COLE ESPY

I HAVE three little daughters who are not yet two years old. The twins, Mona and Freddy, are aged twenty-three months. Joanna, their belated triplet, reached her half-year mark yesterday and went on a three-meals-a-day schedule, or else I would not have any time to write my memoirs this lovely spring morning. For this was the winter schedule:

6:00 A.M.	Joey's bottle.
7:00 A.M.	Twins' breakfast. ("Use your *spoon*, please, darling! No, no, don't throw it on the floor!")
9:30 A.M.	Joey's bath.
10:00 A.M.	Joey's bottle.
10:30 A.M.	Dress twins for morning walk. (Oh, those heavy leggings, those coats, those mittens, those hats!)
10:45 A.M.	Ditto for Joey. Carry downstairs and tuck in carriage.
11:00 A.M.	Twins' walk. They look like elves in the snow. They hop off in opposite directions. I chase.
12:00 Noon.	Twins' dinner. Mop up floor in wide radius around small table.
1:00 P.M.	Make Joey's formula. Tell twins story on piano while bottles boil: ". . . and Mona and Freddy saw a rabbit. It went hippity-hop, hippity-hop."
1:30 P.M.	Tuck twins in for nap, again and again. ("Lie down, Freddy! Down, Mona!")
2:00 P.M.	Joey's lunch.
3:00 P.M.	Dress twins for walk. They fall down in snow. I pick up and dust off. Down again.
4:30 P.M.	Joey's orange juice.
5:00 P.M.	Bathe twins.
5:30 P.M.	Twins' supper. ("Use your *spoon*, please, honey! No, no, don't throw it on the floor!") Mop up floor.
6:00 P.M.	Joey's supper.
6:30 P.M.	Put twins to bed. Duet of shrieks.
6:45 P.M.	Tuck Joey in. Duet becomes trio.
7:00 P.M.	Utter collapse.
10:00 P.M.	Last bottle for Joey.
2:30 A.M.	Freddy kicks covers off. Howls. Tuck in.
3:45 A.M.	Ditto for Mona.

That's the outline. But any mother can read between the lines, visualize the umpteen trips to the "toy-toy," the bric-a-brac that was shattered, the heads that were bumped, the cat that was teased.

The twins' homemaking ideas are fascinating. I have put daisies in a bean pot, but I never thought of putting books in the bathtub, as Mona and Freddy did. (They certainly do take away that over-utilitarian look!) And I have wanted to stretch sugar, but never did it occur to me to put wood ash in it. You know, you can transfer a heap of ashes to the sugar bowl in a twinkling of an eye, if you use both hands.

Two years ago I was a "career girl," although I wouldn't have liked to be described that way. Up to six weeks before the twins were born I was publicity director for Fred Waring, after whom our daughter Freddy was named. I had had the job for six years. As a press agent, I knew all the answers. I really did. There wasn't much that stumped me. Now I get up every day wondering if my wits and my wisdom and my drive will be equal to the demands of my present job.

My three daughters have taught me more about life in two years than I had learned in the preceding twenty-nine. Children call upon and try to the limit one's better qualities. Patience was something which I had never considered a virtue, and mine was a puny thing when they took it over. You should see it now. One's worst qualities are shown up too. I was ever a rusher, and my little teapot was never without its raging tempest. I enjoyed excitement. But these three little sisters give me so much to do that I have had to cut unnecessary motion and steps, and I soon found out that if there was one thing I couldn't afford to do, it was to get excited. Formerly I had no conception of time. The babies taught me that a day can contain just so much; though I still backslide occasionally, I don't make a habit of biting off more than I can chew. They taught me to visualize the consequences of impulse; I no longer invite a great crowd to come out for the week end, for instance, and then kill myself trying to run a hotel and a nursery school at the same time. And if my offspring have forced me to use time as carefully as a piece of rationed beef, they've also shown me the delights of leisure. I've had a lot of fun in the past, but nothing has ever matched the rapture of my present weekly "day off."

My husband, Wede, was pretty excited the night the twins were born; one of the nurses found him apparently absorbed in a mystery story which he was reading upside down. But Fred wasn't much better. When he went on the air that evening he impulsively announced, "You'll be interested to know that one of the Pennsylvanians has just had twins!" As he turned to conduct the band it came over him that the audience might conclude that one of the glamour-girl singers had "just had twins" right before the microphone. So he rushed into further explanans. "It isn't Donna—it isn't Jane!" he hastily bellowed er the music. When we thanked him later for the lug," which had resulted in a shower of bootees from tant cousins from coast to coast, he said, "Plug! was a production!"

Sometimes I remember the good old days at Fred's and ntrast that job with the one I have now. To be sure, as ed's press agent I worked in confusion too. Through one ice wall, as I typed away, came the sound of the glee ıb in rehearsal. Through another I could hear the piano one of the arrangers, going over and over and over a tain phrase. Outside my office door were ensconced e Les Paul Trio, two guitars and a bass fiddle. Their earsals were one tenth jive and nine tenths argument. ove this individual bedlam came the ultimate brassy and of the band itself, from the large rehearsal room two ors away. Now how come the noise made by fifty-five own men was neither so penetrating nor so distracting the voices of the tiny Espy sisters in full cry?

But at Fred's, if I had spring fever, I could bluff through lay. I could make a lot of telephone calls, run down for dmorning coffee with my favorite crony, take two urs for lunch and go home early. I checked that off ainst days when I worked at a grueling pace until midght. When I get spring fever in the company of the py sisters, I take a stiff dose of mental quinine. For I ve found that there is no way of bluffing a toy-strewn or or a pail of diapers.

If I took particular pains over a job at Fred's, or was pecially smart, I was frequently rewarded by a pat on e back. The other day, when Freddy ate the cat's dinr and Mona wrote on the wallpaper with a fountain n, I felt I deserved equal credit when I choked back a itlerian shriek and clapped my hands instead of their hinds, which I was yearning to do. Did anyone say, Nice work, Mrs. Espy, you're going to get along in this m"? No.

Motherhood has fooled me from the start. For years I d come across a phrase in novels which went something e this: "She knew that her time had come." Well, one rly-summer day in 1941 I dropped in on my obstetrin, expecting only a routine checkup. "You had better t along over to the hospital," he said. "You're in or."

Then take the moment in the delivery room when e nurse held up two seven-pounders with owlish eyes. ren't they cute?" I murmured politely. But I was puzd. I wish that people who hesitate to adopt children uld be mailed a photostatic copy of my state of mind that time; for all the kinship I felt to those teeny redced sisters, they might just as well have been left on my orstep.

EXT day I was due for another shock. I certainly dn't expected to be scared into a cold sweat when I ve my first baby its bottle. The nurse brought Mona placed her in my arms, told me how to hold the bottle, d left, shutting the door behind her. I held her rigidly, ightened out of my wits. In a few moments she got hat I now know were hiccups, but what I then took for nvulsions or the death rattle. Clutching Mona to my som, I rang for the nurse. When she didn't appear, my anic increased. I grabbed the telephone and called the ll desk, pleading for immediate assistance. Three nurses me running; and the look they gave me when they zed up the situation is one I would just as soon forget, t never shall. They finished feeding Mona in the rsery and I sank back, thoroughly unnerved.

I had a great big ego, but after my encounter with abies A and B, as the hospital called them, it had shrunk the size of a pea.

Shortly after the hiccup episode, my phone rang. It as the director of scripts at N.B.C. saying that they were nsidering doing a half-hour show entitled Boy Meets and, about the birth and growth of a typical American chestra, and could I see my way clear to writing a trial ript? I might not be able to give a seven-pound infant ree ounces of milk, but, by gosh, writing a script came natural as brushing my teeth. I agreed to try, and had rough draft of the first script—written propped up in d, the tablet against my knees—finished by the time ede dropped in for his visit that evening. We were both ry happy about Boy Meets Band, and this, believe it not, was why: it would give me something to do in my are time when I was at home with the twins! You see, e had a lot to learn.

This naïve hurraying over something to keep mamma usy seems even more incredible when you consider the rcumstances in which we set up housekeeping as a famy. Several weeks before the twins' birth, Wede had ined the staff of the Reader's Digest. We had to look r a home in Westchester within driving distance of the igest building. The doctor forbade me to drive, so Wede did the house hunting himself, while I hastily telephoned for such necessary items as a refrigerator. I left for the hospital from a one-and-a-half-room apartment. From the hospital I drove to a strange ten-room house in Ossining, New York, in the company of a husband with a new job, two babies I scarcely knew, a nurse I had met two times and a cook I had seen just once—when she called on me for an interview in the hospital. The only familiar sight as we drove up to our huge White Elephant in Ossining was our Scotty dog, B Plus. She had joined us on our honeymoon and had assumed the role of an only child. She took one look at the twins and threw up her paws. As for us, we looked at the piled-up packing cases of linen and china. We looked at all the space that was going to have to be filled with secondhand furniture. Mamma and papa were going to be plenty busy settling the house for the next six weeks.

AS DISTRACTED as I was, I lost no time looking up a pediatrician. The fact that the twins were three times as healthy as I was escaped my attention. I rather expected them to come down with whooping cough any minute.

Dr. S. arrived two minutes after I had discovered that B Plus was missing. And so I opened the door, muttered "Hello, doctor," and shot past him down the steps, tearfully calling "B Plus!" While my shouts faded in the distance, the nurse explained to the doctor that I really didn't care more about the dog than about my babies, only B Plus was a city dog and I feared she'd get lost if she strayed in the country. As a matter of fact, mothering B Plus was a habit, and mothering the twins was not, as yet.

I think Dr. S. was never convinced that we were fonder of the twins, for the next time he called Wede mistook him for the vet who had promised to call us back and give us some advice on B Plus. "She's losing her fur," Wede reported, "and I'm beginning to think it's something more serious than worms."

At last it was time for the nurse to depart, and for me to take over the care of the babies. Richard Halliburton, departing on a trip, was never more aware of adventure. When two days had passed in a hectic blur of bottles and diapers and hurried steps, I remembered the poem Lumpy Brannum, comedian with the Waring band, had mailed us when the twins were born:

Oh, double the trouble and double the toys.
Oh, double the shoes and double the pots.

Long before, when it had gotten around that the Espys were expecting twins, friends had said, "Well, you'll get everything over at once—feed them at the same time, walk them together."

My friends, the only time Mona and Freddy ever acted as a unit was during pregnancy, when, if I lost my breakfast, I didn't necessarily lose it twice because there were two of them. They didn't wet their diapers at the same time. And I was a mother so green that the slightest dew on the pants meant whipping upstairs for another diaper which I had forgotten to bring downstairs the last time I was up. Neither did they sleep at the same time. When one woke and cried, she disturbed the other. Result: two prams, parked on either side of the house. They had me coming and going.

One day as I was charging forth with a bottle of orange juice in each hand, fresh diapers over my shoulder and my hair falling down, the telephone rang. It was N.B.C. Boy Meets Band had been auditioned and the show was set. Would I hurry up and start turning out half-hour scripts? I said "Y-y-yes." When we were still a childless young married couple, Wede's salary had seemed large; but our dear old White Elephant, our palace off the Palisades, was eating up a lot of peanuts. The bills astonished us. We could use that radio money. Besides, it seemed too good an opportunity to pass up. But if I had known then what my children have since taught me, my answer would have been as follows: "I'm sorry, but I'm too busy to go on with it."

I went to work on Script 2 that evening, as I had promised, after the six and ten o'clock bottles. I worked until two A.M. I woke up at six next morning with the disposition of a prosecuting attorney. That afternoon I got in a high-school girl to wheel the babies around the house while I wrote. But I didn't write. I spent the entire time remorsefully aware of my babies' crying, and running anxiously from window to window as they circled the house in their pram.

(Continued on Page [illegible])

The twin carriage Fred Waring gave looks a bit crowded as twenty-three-month-old Freddy and Mona make room for Joey.

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Cal.

Menu

Soup as May Be

Onion-Ring Salad

Baked Hash

Peanut-Butter Muffins

Broccoli à l'Américaine

Upside-Down Bread Pudding

Jelly Pears

Coffee

Patchwork

BY ANN BATCHELDER

I DON'T know what set me thinking of patchwork quilts and things that haven't much to do with today, unless it was the blizzard and seeing in the paper about the "tying" up on the ridge, and you know how one thing telescopes along and the first thing you know there's a train started and it isn't any "choo-choo," either. It's a train of thought. And following along, trying to shovel out enough to get to the store, I ran right smack into a rag bag! It beats all.

Well, it makes me think of how we hang on to the odds and ends of life, always figuring that we'll need that old chair bottom or the slats out of Aunt Betsy's sleigh bed one of these days. We can't for the life of us tell how or why or what for we'll need any of the things we've saved up all these years, but then—I've known it to happen dozens of times—it's the old broken-down baby carriage that would have been just what Abner needed for something or other on his model plane. Well, I haven't known that *particular* instance to come up dozens of times, but you know what I mean—it's common enough.

Food's the Same. I guess we can all remember—it was only yesterday—when we didn't save up the odds and ends that we have *now* in our refrigerators. I had to smile the other night when I was up at Dan Hadley's for supper. The way everything was sort of *squared off*, if you get me—not counted exactly, but Mary Hadley knew to a pin's head how much and how many was on that table. And what made me smile was I kept thinking how Dan used to swear he'd never eat a leftover if he starved in his own cornfield! He was eating them *that* night—and liking it, too, if I'm any judge, and I guess I am.

But let me tell you and you'll see what I was driving at when I said something about patchwork. Mary Hadley is one who set a good table when things weren't quite so hard to come by as they are now. You know, she is the kind who used her best china every day. There are two kinds of housekeepers: those who do and those who don't. And the same with the food. You always made a beeline for the table at the church supper where you knew her chicken pies were going to be. And her biscuits too! Oh, well, when things get *real* and normal again, I guess we'll find we haven't forgotten anything we ever knew. Learned something, too, more than likely. Anyway, last week it was my turn to have the girls up to pack the missionary box and stay to supper, and if there's anything in the word "patchwork," we surely did find it out that night. You see, it snowed all day and the day before. I made out to use what I had in the house, for the ridge was too slippery for me, and I wouldn't ask anyone to come lugging anything up that hill if I had to eat cold potatoes without any salt!

Started With Soup. I had a nice jar of vegetable and beef stock on hand, saved up for soup, you know. You can do a lot with vegetable "water," cooking down the leaves and stalks, and adding a few cut-up root *(Continued on Page 74)*

WINS **ORDERS FROM HEADQUARTERS**
Washington, D. C.

Whenever you open food in glass, see if jar and top are reusable. All you can save will be needed when summer canning starts. Store clean where they won't rust. Some screw caps from commercial jars need only new metal sealing disks. Jar rings can't be reused for canning, but save for storing dried foods in glass.

PHOTO BY STUART FOWLER

FROM A VALENTINE, COURTESY OF THE MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

ANN BATCHELDER'S

Line a Day

1 February hath twenty-nine days—and that, my girls, is leap year. Well, leap to it, if you must.

2 A slice of ham is well employed by being covered with cheese sauce (à la rarebit) seasoned with mustard and baked. Perhaps I shouldn't mention it, but it's delicious.

3 *News item:* A new oyster sauce, and not an oyster in a barrelful. But *with* oysters—it has a "meaning all its own." Comes ready.

4 When a meal seems dull or you find yourself at your wit's end, try a prune savory. Split and stone cooked prunes, stuff with chopped parsley and onion, wrap with a bit of bacon, skewer and bake in a hot oven until bacon is crisp. Serve as a garnish for a meat loaf, with a green salad or on toast points for a party appetizer.

5 *From the strange-bedfellows' division:* Grated carrots, cabbage and beets in muffins. No, I didn't make it up.

6 Ripe olives are good, but hot ripe olives are a thousand times better. Heat in their liquor and serve with meat or with egg dishes or as an hors d'oeuvre.

7 A good biscuit dough rolled out thin and wrapped around baked sausages and baked again is delicious. Have baked or fried apples along too.

8 When you bake that lovely bread, pull off (don't cut) pieces in the rough, brush with butter or margarine and bake until brown and crusty. And you have "pulled bread." Soups or salads clamor for it.

9 Flavor a batch of flapjack mixture with lemon. Sweeten a little extra. Bake on the griddle and serve with lemon sauce. A dessert confection.

10 If chicken livers are your dish (probably are), fold them in squares of pastry and fry in deep fat. Talk about something special. But season your dough with a little herb taste—sage, marjoram.

11 *Answer to correspondent:* No, *boula* is not a bomb. It is only turtle and pea soup in a marriage of convenience. Works perfectly too.

12 Simple and elegant is the oyster-and-codfish-flakes pie. Layers, alternately in a deep dish, with highly seasoned cream sauce and covered with the best pastry possible. Bake until done. Serve pronto.

13 A squash soufflé with croutons is easy to make, easier to eat.

14 It's something when a lunch box doubles as a knitting basket. Eat, knit—or vice versa.

15 *Herb note:* Beets were herbs when they began. Isn't it a pity that progress strikes in such funny places?

16 Make up your next spinach assignment into small well-seasoned balls of chopped spinach. Dip them in egg and crumbs and fry. Just as different as a ruby shoe button.

17 *From an old cookbook.:* "Bake your best hams in a heavy blanket of hay. The hay must be well aired first." We'll air it, never you fear.

18 For supper, few things can beat scalloped oysters. Another scallop (different species) is oysters and macaroni. Recommended for blizzardy nights.

19 Those little apple tarts covered with macaroon crumbs and red jelly get me. Got about everything.

20 *Hot-rumor dept.:* Winter pears are extra fine this year, and plenty too. Poached in a brown-sugar sirup, or maple sirup, they're the fringe on the pelisse, all right.

21 Speaking of squash—as we were—I like it baked and like it a lot. Sprinkle with a little mint, nutmeg or savory. Add a touch of cream, brown it in its dish.

22 If you get hold of guinea chicken, cook some whole hominy in milk. Season and serve along with currant jelly. Perfect with guinea.

23 Don't neglect those hominy griddlecakes either. I was afraid you might forget.

24 Frozen red perch adds to that longed-for variety. Roll the fillets in flour and fry in salad oil. Lemon butter or just lemon juice is the dressing.

25 I sometimes think Worcestershire is the father of condiments. What blue is to the delphinium, Worcestershire is to seasoning. Add it to a bread stuffing, a Welsh rabbit or an oyster dish and you'll see what I mean.

26 Parboiled sweetbread, sliced, sautéed with mushrooms, served on a sliver of broiled ham and all on top of fried eggplant is party fare. Also a family affair.

27 Raisins, dates, figs and nuts chopped together, moistened with lemon juice and mixed with cream cheese, are a wonderful spread on darkish bread. Nut, for instance.

28 Wrap up those broiled hamburgers in toasted rolls with a good slice of onion, fried, and mustard pickle on the side—skaters' delight.

29 This is ground-hog month. Hope it's cloudy. Was that a robin I heard?

VALENTINE

HE:

Be to me my Valentine,
As you used to be;
Just the old-time clinging vine,
That's the stuff for me.

SHE:

Now for me another love,
A lover new for you,
But still the same unsavored of—
Soldier, you'd better be true.

Easy as A-B-C

to make nourishing meals out of war-shortened menus

Good soup is the secret—piping hot and substantial—a soup like Campbell's Chicken Gumbo. Savory herb seasoning makes it excitingly different. Rich chicken stock, tomatoes, rice, celery, green okra slices and tender pieces of chicken account for its sound nourishment.

Campbell's CHICKEN GUMBO SOUP

Here's another soup that has a magical way with husky appetites. It's Campbell's Bean with bacon—a hearty, old-fashioned bean soup filled with the tempting taste of bacon along with plenty of plump beans. A main lunch or supper dish the whole family will go for.

Campbell's BEAN with BACON SOUP

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

And don't forget Cream of Mushroom—a favorite of favorites back again on your grocer's shelf. It's extra-thick and extra-rich, blended smooth as velvet with lots of tender hothouse mushrooms. Just the thing to dress up your simplest supper or to make an appetizing lunch out of a sandwich.

Campbell's CREAM of MUSHROOM

Try these Campbell's Soups to add real nourishment to wartime meals...

Asparagus · Bean with bacon · Beef · Black Bean · Bouillon · Chicken · Chicken Gumbo · Chicken Noodle · Clam Chowder · Consommé · Green Pea · Mock Turtle · Cream of Mushroom · Ox Tail · Pepper Pot · Scotch Broth · Tomato · Vegetable · Vegetarian Vegetable · Vegetable-Beef.

The doctor talks to Mrs. Roberts about Rheumatic Fever

THE DOCTOR says Jimmy has rheumatic fever. The boy's anxious mother wants to know all about this illness . . . the most serious disease of childhood years.

Mrs. R.: ***Is rheumatic fever catching, doctor?***

Doctor: No, it isn't catching like measles or chicken-pox, but it seems to run in families. We don't know the exact cause, but children between the ages of 5 and 15 are its chief victims.

The great danger lies in the damage it can do to the heart. Fortunately nowadays the majority of children who receive good medical care are leading normal, useful lives.

Mrs. R.: ***But I didn't notice any unusual symptoms!***

Doctor: That's just the danger! Early rheumatic fever symptoms are sometimes very slight—a sore throat, a slight fever, nosebleed, poor appetite . . . perhaps rapid heart action and fleeting pains in muscles and joints. Any of these may or may not mean the beginning of rheumatic fever.

Mrs. R.: ***How long will Jimmy have to stay in bed?***

Doctor: As long as the disease is active. He may be up in a few weeks, but I have known cases to last for a year or more. The only way to lessen the possibility of damage to Jimmy's heart is *complete rest in bed* until all symptoms and signs disappear.

Mrs. R.: ***How active can he be when he is able to get up?***

Doctor: Children can usually resume normal activity gradually. I don't know why Jimmy should be an exception. Of course, I will want to examine him at regular intervals, even though he appears well.

Mrs. R.: ***Is he likely to have another attack?***

Doctor: It's very possible. In fact, this attack shows Jimmy is susceptible to the disease. You can help prevent recurrence by keeping his general health at a high level. He will need to eat well, dress warmly, and get lots of sleep. And since sore throats, colds, and other respiratory infections frequently precede an attack, you must take *extra* precautions against them. *Protect him from others who have colds!* If he gets a cold, put him to bed immediately . . . and let me know.

Doctors hope that it will not be long before there are surer ways to prevent recurrences. Medical experiments are now being made with small, regular doses of certain drugs for this purpose. These drugs seem to show great promise, but should be used only under the direction of a physician.

For additional information about rheumatic fever and rheumatic heart disease, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, 24-J, entitled, "About Rheumatic Fever."

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Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(*A MUTUAL COMPANY*)

Frederick H. Ecker,
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
Leroy A. Lincoln,
PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
1 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

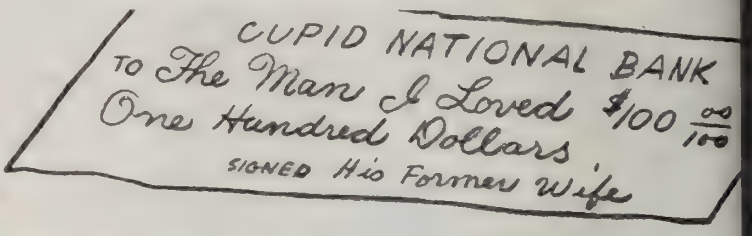
Please send me a copy of your booklet, 24-J, "About Rheumatic Fever."

Name____________________
Street____________________
City__________ State__________

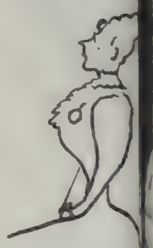
ONE OF 50,000,000 INCOME-TAX PAYERS

(Continued from Page 5)

little Tommy pulled down belongs to the house you live in, you can't deduct the repair cost when figuring your Victory tax. But if it belongs to a hous which you rent to somebody else -- ah, yes. And if you have to hire someone to peddle your eggs, his wages are an expense which contributes toward your business and you list it among the deductions which you take from your Victory Tax Net Income on which you compute your Victory tax. And please note on your tax form that only certain expenses ca be deducted from both Victory tax and income tax. I addition, everybody has a flat deduction of $624, which is nice. If you pay alimony — frankly, Rita Hayworth is the only woman we ever heard of wh paid alimony -- you may subtract that.

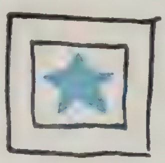


And now we come to the second type of income tax, which is called by the old-fashioned name, Income Tax. The only new twist in it this year is that you have a choice. You pay either the tax computed on your 1943 income, or the actual amount of tax you paid for 1942 — whichever is the greater. Someplace around the house, you have a record of how much your 1942 tax was — if not, don't mind because if you had a tax, the Government is sending you a little slip, telling you how much it was. It was a fairly modest sum, no doubt.



Now we'll figure the 1943 tax on the blank which has been sent to you. You'll notice that Victory tax and regular old-fashioned income tax are to be figured on the same blank. If your income is less than $3000, you have a choice of blanks -- 1040 and 1040A. We've known people who have saved a tidy su by using the more complicated form 1040, and we suggest that you consult one of the helpful tax experts at your local Internal Revenue office, or buy an income-tax book, on sale everywhere for as little as 25 cents or as much as $1.

The 1040A blank has its virtues though: It gives you a break if the amount you gave to charities and paid in state income and other taxes totals less than 6 per cent of your income.



WHAT A SERVICEMAN'S WIFE DOES NOT INCLUDE AS INCOME

If you are the lawfully wedded wife of a man in service, and have a job of your own and are filing an income-tax return on a joint basis, here are some of the non-taxables in your husband's favor: the Government's share of his monthly family allowance; the first $1500 compensation received from the armed forces during the taxable year; benefits paid to your husband for war services under certain Acts of Congress. Exempt, also, are pensions received by widows of ex-servicemen; and gratuity which represents six months' payment to the beneficiary of a deceased officer or enlisted man.

And if your husband is serving abroad, and therefore is not filing a return until

(Continued on Page 48)

BETROTHED TO AIR CORPS OFFICER—*Exquisite Martha Price, another Pond's Bride-to-be, is engaged to Thomas Liston of Chicago, now with the Army Air Force. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Price, of the well-known Cleveland family*

When you see a girl with a complexion as luminous and gossamer-fine as Martha's—you naturally want to know what she does to help keep it that way!

Martha says, "I use Pond's Cold Cream. It's the nicest cream in the world, I think, if you want your face to feel clean-as-can-be, and ever so soft."

Every night, every morning—Martha *beauty-cleans* her lovely face with Pond's, like this . . .

She *smooths* on Pond's snowy-soft Cold Cream, pats quickly all over her face and throat to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off well.

She "*rinses*" with more luscious Pond's, working her cream-tipped fingers round and round in little spiral whirls for *extra* cleansing, extra softening. Tissues off—"and my face *feels gorgeous*," she says.

It's no accident engaged girls like Martha, great society beauties like Mrs. William Rhinelander Stewart and Britain's Lady Kinross are devoted Pond's users. Ask for a lovely *big jar* of Pond's Cold Cream today. Use it night and morning—for daytime clean-ups, too!

Today—many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price

RTHA PRICE has a fair-skinned, golden loveliness. Her wide-apart eyes are deep ethyst blue, her hair a glinting red-gold, and her complexion has that sweet, soft-ooth look you notice about so many girls who care for their faces with Pond's.

HER RING—the handsome diamond has three baguettes either side, all surrounded by smaller diamonds set in platinum.

THIS IS MARTHA'S WAR WORK—As a Child Care Aid she gives a whole day every week at the Child Care Center seeing that little boys and girls are kept happy and healthy while their mothers are working. Workers like Martha—who can give either full time or part time—are badly needed throughout the country. Perhaps *you* could make this *your* war work, too!

She's Engaged! She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

ASK FOR A LUXURIOUS BIG JAR!
It's patriotic to buy large sizes— saves glass and manpower. You may find different color "war caps" on Pond's jars now—but Pond's Cold Cream is *the same lovely quality*.

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

Personally, I'm the 'INDOOR TYPE'... are you?

1. "I ASK YOU! WHY would a girl worry about *weather* and drying clothes outdoors? She can use La France regularly—and be *sure* of getting sparkling white, bright washes—*even drying them indoors!*

2. "IT'S SO EASY! Wonderful La France Bluing Flakes dissolve with your regular soap right in your washing machine or tub—and *blue clothes white* while you're washing!

3. "HANG YOUR CLOTHES INDOORS, if you're like me and hate slush, sleet and cold! With La France you won't find a bluing streak or spot in a tubful! Try it!

4. "SAVES TIME, TOO! . . . 37 minutes on an average-size wash, because I don't have to bother with an extra bluing job! What's more, La France is economical! Buy yours today!"

La France
Blues right in the suds

SING with SATINA

1. So easy! Just add Satina to your starch! Keeps your iron from sticking, dragging. Saves fabrics.

MAKES ME FEEL LIKE A NEW SHIRT!

2. Smooth "like new" finish for shirts, collars, curtains. Helps keep them clean-looking *longer!*

3. Only a few pennies for a whole month's supply! Buy Satina at your grocer's—*see* what it does!

SATINA
FOR EASIER IRONING—FRESHER CLOTHES

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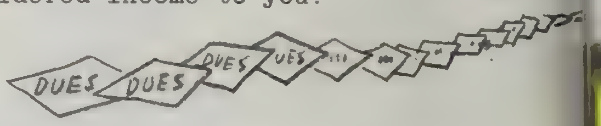
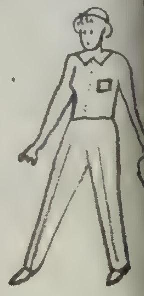


DEDUCTIONS A WAR WORKER MAY TAKE

These expenses go toward maintaining your job an may be deducted from your gross (total) income to help you arrive at the taxable income: dues paid t a labor union; cost of tools and other supplies used on your job; fees paid to employment agencies; cost of subscriptions for technical magazines; entertaining expenses, if they are absolutely necessary in connection with your job and if they are not repaid by your employer; cost of uniforms and other wearing apparel if they're used only at work.



13% of $2,000 and going up

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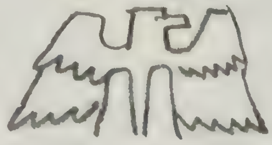
BUY  WAR BONDS

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Well, yes and no. Interest on Savings Bonds issued prior to March 1, 1941, is exempt from tax a principal of $5000 or less. On principal in excess of $5000, the interest is exempt from normal tax but subject to surtax. On Bonds issued after March 1, 1941, this is the word: If you have cashe them in, you must pay tax on the amount of increase value. If you have not cashed them in, you may pa no tax at this time, but at their ten-year maturity date. Our good investment in War Bonds is "clippi coupons" daily on our battle fronts around the world, and it doesn't take the mathematical genius of a woman to tell you they're the best buy -- income tax or no income tax.

Now -- that isn't so hard, is it? We haven't nagged you, have we? (Personally, we'd like to cor gratulate every woman who can figure out an income tax. Our own struggle to get these facts together has been abetted by the patient efforts of several tax experts and the Treasury Department in Washington.)

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HAPPY IDES OF MARCH TO YO

here was a busy soap called SWAN who did 4 jobs at once..

ONE

Swan was in the Nursery
Being mild and pure

—Just as pure as fine castiles! Lucky babies to have gentle Swan! Doctors okay Swan's mildness, too!

TWO

Swan was in the Bathroom, too
Giving Mom allure

Yes, Mom works in a war plant but creamy Swan helps keep her skin angel-fresh! It lathers fast—perks her up!

THREE

Swan sang in the kitchen
whipping up fast suds

Snowy suds to speed up dishwashing for a family on three shifts! And, my, how kind Swan is to pretty hands!

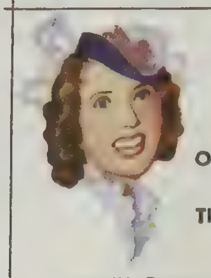
FOUR

While Swan down in the laundry
was washing dainty duds

Dainty silks *have* to last, these days—and pure, mild Swan will help 'em! Swan's firm, too. Lasts and lasts!

So now you know why..
SWAN IS 4
SWELL SOAPS IN ONE

MADE BY LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.



Gracie Allen says:

Oh, lovely Tuesday!
When-I-see-you-sday!
There's fun you're missin'!
If you don't listen!

TUNE IN: George Burns & Gracie Allen
CBS, Tuesday nights.

UNCLE SAM SAYS:
DON'T WASTE SOAP

1. Don't leave soap in water. *2.* Don't make more lather than you need. *3.* Beware of a wet soap dish! Keep it dry.

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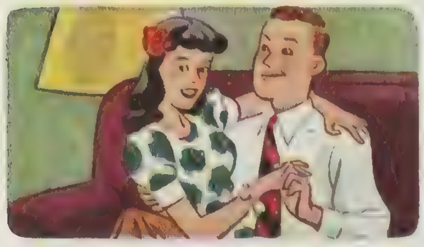

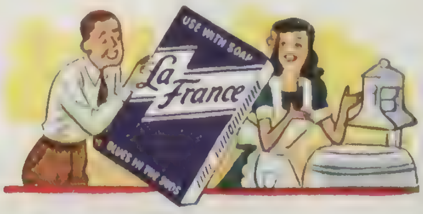

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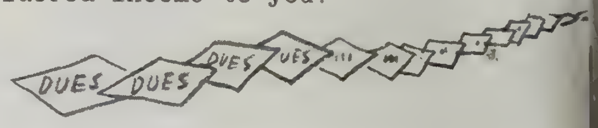

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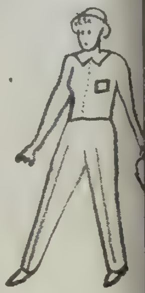

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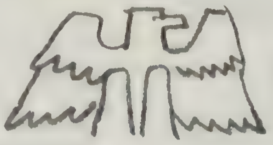

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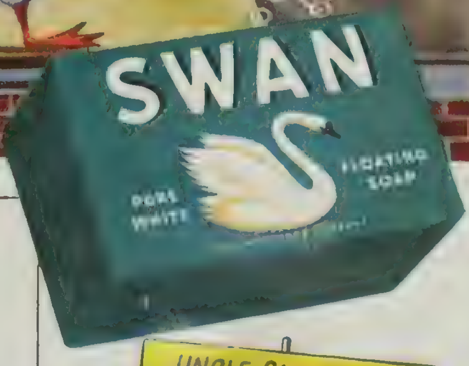

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Moving war freight sure gets clothes dirty . . . but DUZ does 'em easy!

DUZ does Everything

–ALL 3 KINDS OF WARTIME WASH!

1 GET DUZ TO GET GRIMY OVERALLS CLEAN – NO SOAP CAN BEAT IT!

2 TOWELS COME WHIT WITH DUZ ALONE– NO NEED FOR BAR SOAP!
DUZ

3 YET DUZ IS SAFER FOR COLORS–EVEN FOR PRETT RAYON UNDIES! HELPS CLOTHES LAST LONGER!

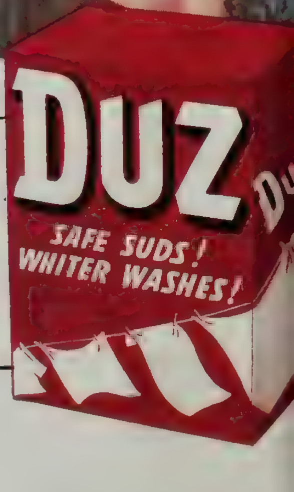
DUZ does MORE!

More real help with your wartime wash in that big red box of DUZ! It's a new kind of soap—you can't beat DUZ for getting things clean and white.

Yet DUZ does more besides. It's safer for colors than any other leading granulated washday soap—safer even for rayon undies. Put this new kind of soap to work for you today—DUZ does everything!

3 EASY WAYS TO MAKE DUZ GO FURTHER!

Measure DUZ in a cup or glass. A little DUZ a lot.
Soak clothes in clear, cool water before washing.
Use the same DUZ suds for several loads of clothes.



(Continued from Page 51)

Dave came in again while she was drinking it. Again he put his hand on her wrist. He was white and drawn and unshaven; he thrust back the lock of black hair. "Let me see your eyes—here, look this way. Now that way."

The door opened and Jem came in; this time it was Jem near and close and natural, not a white, strange figure blurred by an encircling blankness

Dave turned to him. "She's all right. Shock, of course. But she's all right, really; pulse okay."

Jem stood looking down at Serena. "She can't see the police."

"She's all right, but they can't put her through that now. I'll tell them." Dave put his hand for a moment on Serena's shoulder and went away again.

Jem said, "Finish the coffee."

She whispered, "Have they found ——"

He shook his head. "Nobody. They've searched everywhere. Everything. Nobody was around, and so far as I know no clues ——"

"The—knife ——"

He knew that she had to know. "It was a kitchen knife. The kitchen door was unlocked; anybody could have entered and taken it."

Pooky turned over on his back and sighed and snored again. She glanced at him and said to Jem:

"Pooky—was crying ——"

He nodded. "He was tied. To one of the pillars. Quayle figures that's why she came down into the patio. That it was a trap. The murderer thought she would hear the dog and come to investigate and it would give him"—Jem paused and seemed to draw a breath before he said—"his chance." Jem, too, had once loved the Amanda they both had known. She put up her hand toward him and he took it.

All good work is done with abandon, with joyousness, with a certain divine carelessness. —THOMAS DREIER: The Vagabond Trail. (Griffith-Stillings Press.)

He was still there when Alice Lanier arrived. She came in quietly, her red hair pulled up high, faint purple marks below her eyes. "I'll stay with her," she said to Jem. He went away and Alice sat in Sutton's desk chair. Pretending to smoke, pretending not to listen for sounds from the patio.

Once she put her red head down in her hands. "I was furious with Amanda about Bill. I love him. But I had to divorce him—I was furious at him too. But I wouldn't have had Amanda"—her voice died to a whisper—"murdered!" Her head jerked upward. "*Sissy, who killed her?* Who *could* have done it?" She didn't expect an answer. Her green eyes were feverishly bright; she said, "Bill loves me. Really. Do you remember when he came into the room last night and came to me and kissed me? Do you know what he said? He said, 'Shut up. Don't say a word about Leda.' Just like that. He loves me." She lighted another cigarette with shaking white hands. "Not that I had anything to tell anybody! I don't know who killed Leda."

A door banged somewhere; the telephone rang and was answered.

ALICE got up, left the room, came back. She looked at Serena doubtfully. "Do you feel like getting dressed? They've—taken her away, you know. The police are in the living room."

"Yes. Yes, of course."

Alice walked beside her, her high heels clicking. The patio was blazing with sunlight. A car outside cut off the view from the arched doorway and men's voices came from the other side of the wall. Nothing now lay at the foot of the stairway that led to her room.

Alice went into the bathroom and turned on the water. The scent of rose geranium wafted out of it, and Alice's voice: "Leda and Amanda had had a row, you know. Did Amanda tell you? Leda thought Amanda was leading Johnny on. She—well, she would listen at the extension and follow Johnny and all that." Alice came to the door and stood there, her hair flaming against the whiteness of the bathroom beyond. "I told Leda not to be silly; by that time I knew just how much Amanda meant. She'd done that with Bill. But Leda"—she paused, green eyes bright and excited in her paper-white face—"Leda told me that they met—Johnny and Amanda—at Casa Madroña. I suppose that's how she knew that the back door was unlocked. Probably they didn't meet there more than once or twice, and then it wasn't anything for Leda to get upset about. But you know how Leda was. And Amanda"—she paused and thought and said—"Amanda was very childish in some ways. She was so—so indiscreet and daring and yet—well, childish. She couldn't seem to see that other people took her flirtations seriously. I did. Until I knew better; and by that time I'd divorced Bill. And Leda did."

SERENA said slowly, "Yet they were friends."

Alice shrugged. "Of course! We—why, we've always been friends! All of us!" It was as if that settled it. She disappeared, turned off the water and came back. "But Leda telephoned to me the morning after Luisa Condit was killed. She was very pleased and said she'd finally got the upper hand of Amanda. She didn't tell me how; and Leda was always getting excited about something, so I didn't ask. Bill told me yesterday about the bracelet. I knew that it was new—when I saw Amanda wear it. It must be the Cartier bracelet. I wonder what happened to it. It's queer, too, Sissy—Amanda never really liked jewelry very much. I don't think she'd ever buy a bracelet for herself, even if she had the money. Unless she just wanted to have that much money in tangible form—so she could sell it, I mean. And I can't think of anybody who'd buy it for her. Least of all Leda. . . . The bath water's ready."

When Serena came out of the bathroom Alice was standing at the window, watching, her slender figure tense.

"Johnny Blagden's just come," she said over her shoulder. "Somebody came with him. It looked like that detective—Lossey. They went into the house. A whole carful of reporters, I think, came while you were in the bathroom; Anderson went and talked to them and they finally went away." She dropped the curtain and came back. She'd put out clothes for Serena: a white skirt and sweater and blue jacket. She made Serena sit down, and she brushed her hair and helped her dress.

"Leda said 'something' was going to happen," said Serena.

Alice looked at her sharply. "Yes, she said that to me too. But I don't think she meant anything—like this, I mean. I think she was only letting herself go about Johnny."

It was Alice, too, who went to the door when Captain Quayle and Lieutenant Anderson came.

"I'm sorry," said Captain Quayle. He looked tired and very grave; his blue eyes were direct and intelligent. "I'm afraid we'll have to question you now, Miss March." He glanced past her, saw Alice and added, "Suppose we go down into the patio."

There was a bench there, in the bright, warm sunlight. Quayle sat beside her, Anderson stood.

Quayle said quietly, "Just tell me everything that happened last night, Miss March. You can make an official statement later."

She thought for what seemed a very long time, and really thought nothing except that the small shadows in the patio were blue and sharp. "Pooky cried," she began then, slowly. Somehow she told it: the starlight, Amanda—the knife and the wet, dark patch on her light silk negligee.

Quayle questioned her. "Did you touch the knife?"

"No."

"Mr. Condit says when he opened the door you were bending over the body."

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"Yes, I—I must have been."

"You and your sister, Miss March, had a very sharp difference of opinion yesterday. About money. Did you quarrel—later, I mean, after I had gone?"

"We talked. We didn't exactly quarrel."

"Tell me, as nearly as you can remember, what was said."

She did; slowly yet automatically, like a machine set in motion. It was not easy; and somehow she remembered not to tell him of what Amanda had said of Jem. She couldn't, then, think and analyze; she could only skirt around anything that instinct labeled dangerous.

There was a long silence.

Quayle said finally, "Will you tell me, please, the circumstances under which you found the bullet hole over there"—his bare head jerked toward the flight of steps behind them.

Jem must have told him. She explained that too.

When she'd finished, Quayle glanced at Anderson. "Get Condit," he said. "And Blagden."

She watched Anderson cross the patio; he went into the house and in a moment reappeared. Johnny, all color gone from his round face and great hollows under his eyes, followed him.

"Hello, Serena," he said. "Hello, Quayle."

Jem came, too; and Sutton. Jem crossed the patio quickly. "Do you mind ——" he said to Quayle.

"That's all right, Daly. You can stay." Slader appeared in the doorway, too, and Quayle beckoned to him. Johnny pulled up one of the ornamental wrought-iron chairs and sat down. Sutton did likewise; he glanced at her as he did so, but said nothing. He was very pale and his eyes were red-rimmed and hollow. He got out a cigarette, blinking nervously in the sun. And Quayle said quietly, "Mr. Blagden, you were Mrs. Condit's lawyer."

Johnny passed his hand over his bald head nervously. "Yes. You know that."

"You were on very good terms with Mrs. Condit."

> **When a woman really loves a man, he can make her do anything she wants to do.**
> —ANON.

Sutton stared at the path and did not move. Johnny said, "Well—yes."

Quayle's blue eyes were very direct. "Did she take you into her confidence about financial matters?"

"I—well, yes. I suppose so."

Quayle's manner did not accuse; it was merely honest and direct. He said, "Your acquaintance with Mrs. Condit was something more than the usual client-and-lawyer relation, wasn't it?"

JOHNNY'S round face did not change. "I don't like your word 'relation.' I—was a very good friend of Amanda's, but that was all there was to it. Sutton knows this; we've been talking. He knows all about it. I was a fool; my wife—Leda—objected. But I—I did meet Amanda occasionally; once or twice at Sissy's house. That was why Amanda left the door unlocked. Or, before gas rationing, at some place along the coast. Amanda was—was daring. She liked the adventure of it. But that was all."

There was a short silence. Then Quayle said quietly, "I believe you, Mr. Blagden. But I wish you had told ——" He checked himself and glanced at Anderson. And nodded once. Anderson pulled something from his pocket; with a rather awkward gesture he laid it on the white bench beside Serena, where it blazed like a live thing in the sunlight, for it was Amanda's bracelet. The sight of it was as sharp and stinging as iodine in a wound. Quayle said, "Guess you'd better tell us, Mr. Condit."

Sutton, staring at the glittering bracelet, swallowed hard. "Yes. Yes, I suppose so."

"We found it hidden in the radio in your room. You did take it, didn't you? Why?"

Sutton twisted his hands together. "To find out if it was real. She'd said it was just junk, you see. And that she'd had it for some time. But Leda insisted it was new. I saw her—Amanda, I mean—get it out of a drawer in her room and wrap paper around it; that was in the morning—the morning of the day when Luisa was killed. So I—waited, in my study, there in the house. Amanda thought I'd already gone up to the farmhouse, but I hadn't. After Sissy came downstairs I went up to her room—you see, I'd watched and Amanda had gone to Sissy's room and I thought she might have left the bracelet there. Well, I looked and it was in a drawer. And I—took it."

The sun was hot; the patio and everyone in it were perfectly still. Quayle said finally, "You may as well tell us the whole story, Mr. Condit. What did you want to prove to yourself?"

"WHY, whether or not it was real. Of course! And it—is."

"It corresponds to the description of the bracelet Leda Blagden bought at Cartier's," said Quayle rather gently. "Doesn't it, Mr. Condit?"

"I suppose so. Yes." Sutton's eyes touched the bracelet and went quickly back to Quayle. "Yes. It does."

Quayle looked at Johnny. And Johnny said, "I didn't give Leda the money to buy a present for Amanda." He looked at Sutton. "I didn't know about the bracelet, Sutton. I suppose Amanda asked Leda to bring it back with her. But I did know about ——" He stopped. Sutton stared at the path.

Quayle said, "I thought probably you did, Mr. Blagden. . . . I ought to say that Lossey gave me a report on your wife's scarf this morning, Mr. Condit. According to laboratory tests, it does not appear to have been used as a lethal weapon. It does seem to have been a false clue, left there deliberately by the murderer. But in the process of investigation Lossey discovered that Mrs. Condit had ordered the scarf herself."

"She said someone gave it to her," mumbled Sutton, staring at the path.

"She ordered it herself. It was an expensive trifle for anyone who was hard up for money to order. That occurred to Lossey, and to us. Also, it began to seem that, if Mrs. Condit had not sent money to her sister, a rather large sum of money had disappeared somewhere."

Jem had said that too.

Again no one spoke for a moment. And then Quayle asked very quietly:

"Were you on good terms with your wife, Mr. Condit?"

Sutton seemed to control himself, but with an effort. "Yes—I suppose so. Other people could tell you that." He paused and added grimly, "Other people doubtless will."

"Mr. Condit"—Quayle was very grave—"there's a bullet hole in the railing of that stairway. We've found a gun in your room and a gun that Ramon says belongs to you in the room Miss Luisa Condit used. I dug out a bullet from that railing; we haven't had a chance yet to have a ballistics report on it, but it could have been fired, by the looks, from either of those guns, which are alike. And we did some telephoning just now; we found three bank-deposit books in your wife's desk. You'd better tell us the truth, Mr. Condit."

Lossey opened the door of the house; his beady eyes took in the scene and he added himself to it quietly and unobtrusively, so they were scarcely aware of it. And Sutton put his head in his hands; the sun shone on his thinning blond hair. He said between his fingers:

"Oh, all right, all right. I took the bracelet. They'll tell you—somebody—that I quarreled with her yesterday. And I did. But I didn't kill her. And that bullet was fired at Luisa the day Sissy came home."

XX

IT WAS a queer story that Sutton told, queer, and distorted, sad—and in one way illuminating, for it explained much of Amanda that had been till then inexplicable. It did not, however, explain enough. For when he had finished they still did not know who had

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murdered her, or why. He tı
his head in his hands. It wa
he told it, and as it had hap
in substance, it was brief.

Amanda had had mone
from him, she had pressed h
had saved and saved. She
expensive clothing, but that
never a businessman, seeme
he talked.

"She took over the financial
ranch," he said worriedly. "I w
that. But we—we kept gettir
and had less and less mone
dreamed ——" He gave Qua
nervous glance. "She'd borrow
blurted. "From Luisa and"—h
Jem—"and other people. I made
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to Serena and listened and—I m
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with her. Leda was furious w
just then; she thought Amand
leading Johnny on. But she brou
the bracelet all the same. We—
seems odd; but we all"—he sw
comfortably—"we *know* each ot
he finished.

"The Cartier man said cash
it. That's a lot of cash to tru
with," said Lossey.

Sutton shrugged. "Oh, it w
with Leda."

"Mrs. Condit admitted it, the
asked.

"Oh, yes," said Sutton, ag
weary shrug. "She said she'd giv
cash, talked over the telephone
Cartier's and selected it from his
but didn't give her name. She"
helpless gesture with his hands
was like that. She'd decided t
bracelet; it was in New York; Lec
there on a shopping trip and she
Leda get it and bring it to her."

"SHE was trying to cover her
said Lossey. "She wanted to conc
that she had saved so much m

"No," said Sutton. "I th
convenience. I—I guess I
in what I say. But you see
want me to know. She'd a
loans; Luisa had made substa
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it. But I—naturally"—his mout
"naturally I didn't suspect Ama
How could I?"

He, too, thought Serena pai
loved the woman he thought wa
And loved her still.

"Go on, Mr. Condit," said
"What about the attempt upo
life?"

"Amanda told me that, too,"
"Luisa came to her about noo
Sissy got home; Luisa insisted
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showed it to Amanda and
said she'd telephoned
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Jem was very whi
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"Go on, Mr. Cond
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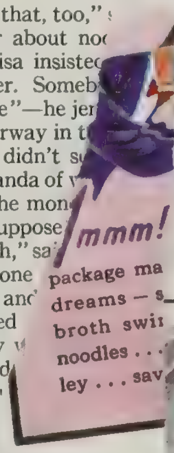

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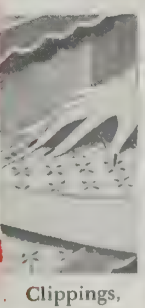

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"Yes, I—I must
"You and your slook Anderson and Quayle
very sharp differen'y said, "So Jem Daly was
About money. Di wife?"
mean, after I had gldenly and very clearly,
"We talked. We ɔve with Amanda—hope-
"Tell me, as near time."
what was said." Jem a queer look, half
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head jerked tMrs. Blagden and Mrs. Condit
hind them. That was Lossey again.
Jem must l quarrels," said Sutton. "They
that too. her so well, you see. Always.
When she'd had been cross about Johnny,
Anderson. "G—I think she liked to tease
Blagden." She didn't ever mean to hurt
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appeared. Joh"
round face and I don't think so. Not par-
followed him.
"Hello, Seres her purpose in getting together
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said to Quayle:yes to Quayle. "She was going
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move. Johnny saiden
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relation, wasıad. "No," he said in a flat voice.
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very good frme to anything important." An
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twice at Sissyn Luisa's hand.
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gas rationing, at " said Anderson suddenly,
Amanda was—wour wife come to any conclu-
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There was a shaid Sutton. "She told me
said quietly, "I bequarreled, of course. She
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the sunlight, for it was wen her. She prom-
The sight of it was as sha had in a joint bank
iodine in a wound. Quaas sorry." Sutton
you'd better tell us, Mr. Cy, that's all."
Sutton, staring at the gce—a queer silence
swallowed hard. "Yes. Yecked with unsaid
"We found it hidden in t
room. You did take it, didn'ıny, "How much
Sutton twisted his hands
find out if it was real. She'd ry red, said, "I
junk, you see. And that she'd for herself. But
time. But Leda insisted it w
her—Amanda, I mean—getly and asked to

"Arrested!" Lossey's voice rose excitedly in the quiet courtyard. "Did you kill her?"

"No! But I know that's what you are all thinking. You're thinking I'd quarreled with her. You're thinking I'd got enough of it at last. Enough of—of flirtations with other men and trouble about money and—and everything. You're thinking the worm turned at last ——"

Jem had gone to him; he put an arm around his shoulders. "Don't—don't."

And Johnny said quickly, "Stop that, Sutton. I'm your lawyer. If you still want me. Stop that."

"Is this a confession?" asked Quayle very gravely.

"No! I didn't kill her!"

THEY didn't arrest him. And someone came from the house just then and called Quayle to the telephone, saying that the medical examiner wanted to speak to him. Quayle took the bracelet in his hand. "I'll return this later," he said to Sutton and went into the house. Lossey followed him.

Anderson said, "Guess that's all for now, Mr. Condit."

Jem came to Serena's side. "You'd better try to rest, Serena. Alice will stay with you." He walked over to the stairway with her.

Alice was standing on the veranda at the top of the steps. "I heard it all," she said. "Come on, Sissy. I'll stay with you."

She stayed almost all afternoon. She made Serena lie down; she had Modeste bring lunch—sandwiches and hot milk. She wouldn't talk and wouldn't let Serena talk; beneath her air of languor Alice had always had a wiry strength and she showed it then. Her red hair flamed; her lips were set firmly; her eyes were almost black and bright with excitement like a cat's, but only once did she speak of Amanda's death.

"Bill didn't do it," she said. "It was Sutton. . . . See if you can sleep, Sissy."

And eventually Serena did sleep. For all at once she awakened and Alice had gone; the sun had set and a star shone in a blue sky outside the window. She lay for a long time looking at it.

She got up at last. The house was quiet. She felt much more like herself; the horror was still there, but the terrifying and numbing sense of blankness was gone. She washed her face and the cold water was refreshing. She walked out on the veranda and Jem was sitting just below her in the patio smoking.

He jumped up as he heard her footsteps and sprang up the stairway. "Serena." He took her hands, his eyes anxious. "All right? Alice said she'd got you to sleep."

"Yes."

He studied her for a moment. "I'll have Modeste bring you something to eat," he told her. "And then I—Serena, I'd like to talk to you."

"What have they done? Do they know who ——"

"No. I'll tell Modeste you're awake." He ran down the stairway.

It was twilight; more stars were beginning to show. There were lights in the guest room on the ground floor across the patio; Sutton must be there. She looked out toward the hazy, dark blue Pacific. The blackout was on already: there were no lights twinkling from the village; no lights anywhere, in fact—it was all a misty, darkening blue. Suddenly Jem was back again, springing up the stairs. He drew her into her room again.

"*Jem, who could have done it?*"

He answered her literally: "I don't know, Serena. When a group of people know each other as well as Amanda's little circle of friends knew her—and each other—many possible motives could exist. Their lives—and my life, too, through Amanda—are interwoven. It's queer, but it's as if Amanda

(Continued on Page 58)

Tossup

BY S. H. DEWHURST

It's a tossup which of the two,
After some twenty years are through,
Knows the other more thoroughly—
Parents or their progeny.

package ma
dreams — s
broth swi
noodles . . .
ley . . . sav

A

LIPTO

A prepared soup m

, Clippings,
ms; Drawer
ms; Coins to
is Notices.

IN TOMORROW'S HOME

To seal it . . . mend it . . . hold it . . . protect it . . . you'll

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PHILIP MORRIS

RECOGNIZED

by medical authorities

PROVED
far less irritating
to the nose and throat

Here's what happened in clinical tests of men and women smokers . . . shown by the findings of distinguished doctors:

WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT —DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER CLEARED UP COMPLETELY, OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!

NOTE: We do not claim curative powers for PHILIP MORRIS. But these findings—reported in an authoritative medical journal—do *prove* PHILIP MORRIS *far less irritating* to the nose and throat. You will find they *taste* far finer, too!

Every day, new thousands CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS!
Call for Philip Morris
all for PHILIP MORRIS

BEFORE ANYTHING ELSE, BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

"Yes, I—I must
"You and your s¹ued from Page 56)
very sharp differen gether. They—we," he cor-
About money. Dather sadly, without bitter-
mean, after I had close to each other. There
"We talked. Vany motives." He got up at
"Tell me, as nrom the veranda and went to
what was said."h, it's you, Modeste," he said.
She did; slo He closed the door and came
machine set in tray and—as he had done an-
somehow she —made her eat. But he talked
what Amand Hurriedly, as if talking against
then, think a
around anyth, as you know, had gone to sleep
gerous. st room on the first floor; somebody
There wasy tied Pooky—you know all this
Quayle son says he heard the dog crying for
please, the ce and finally got up to see what it
found the bunda must have heard it first; and
head jerked say that whoever killed her prob-
hind them. the dog in the hope that Amanda
Jem mustar it before anyone else did, and
that too. investigate. And—if that was the
When sh—it worked. Without much time
Anderson. before you and Sutton came, too,
Blagden." em's face looked very grim and
She watc but enough. Well, as I see it, there
went into of motives."
appeared. illed from his pocket a picture that
round face remembered—as if from another
followed hir it was one of the pictures which
"Hello, Snier had shown Jem and her the
Jem cam fore. It was the group at a picnic,
the patio eryone in it except Alice Lanier and
said to Quaerself.
"That's see," said Jem, looking at the pic-
Slader applmost everybody there could con-
Quayle bec have done this. Killed Amanda, I
one of the I don't know why Luisa was killed
and sat c—" He seemed to check himself so
glanced at y that Serena had an impulse to ques-
He was ven: *Unless what?* Before she could
rimmed ame went on swiftly: "You see—first,
blinking na may have been killed because she
said quiet ho killed Leda. I
den, you hat, because I be-
dit's lawyeAmanda, if she'd
Johnny jor guessed, would
over his bid the police; par-
ously. "Yv if she had any
that." o suspect that the
"You wer *knew* she knew
terms with ng. Johnny, of
Sutton could have killed
move. Joecause he was in love with Amanda and
Quayle' as determined to put a stop to it; but
she take ould he have killed Amanda? Yes, if
financial reatened him, perhaps. But again,
"I—would he kill Luisa? Bill hated Amanda
Quayldamed her—blamed her twice, actually,
merely for himself and once for Alice—for
acquaiaking up his marriage with Alice. But
thing ny would Bill kill Leda? And why would
relatiokill Luisa!"
Ie dropped the small picture on the table
JOHNNh an impatient gesture, as if it could have
don't d him something but obstinately refused
very gdo so, and went across the room and stood
all therthe window.
been ta
a fool; HAT'S been one of the blocks to the
I did ng all along," he said over his shoulder.
twice ay should anyone kill Luisa? What pos-
Amanda motive was there? But if actually all
gas rati were aimed at Amanda—not Luisa and
Amanda Leda, but Amanda—then there's a
adventurent slant to the whole thing."
There turned swiftly and came back; he
said quied up the picture again.
But I wilice conceivably could have killed
himself nda from jealousy—except that Bill
nodded d so publicly that he hated Amanda.
from his why would Alice kill Leda? Also, she
ture he seem to have an alibi for the time when
Serena, must have been killed; although, as
the sunliey says, an alibi isn't always an alibi.
The sigh—if he thought it was Leda who
iodine irked his laboratory—could have killed
you'd berom revenge; I could have killed her
Suttor well, revenge, too, I suppose. From the
swallowee's viewpoint, at any rate. Sutton ——"
"We fem, do they suspect you? Did they
room. Ytion you this afternoon?"
Suttore didn't look up from the picture; his
find out th was a straight line. "Of course they
junk, yostioned me. Of course they suspect me.
time. Ey suspect everyone. But so far have
her—Alle no arrests. Finish your dinner. I've
to go ——"

"I've finished. Jem, where are you going?"

He took her hand and looked at it for a long moment, as if scrutinizing every shape and line of her fingers. And finally said, "God knows whether I'm right or wrong, but—I talked to Johnny this afternoon, Serena. And I saw something—last night, as we came out of the tack room with Bill Lanier. It made me remember ——"

"*What, Jem?*"

He put down her hand gently. "It's a chance. It may be too much of a chance. If I'm wrong—but it's the only way I see it. There's—well, there's a reason why I don't want to tell you, now, what I—what I *think.* I don't *know;* it's merely a—a guess. And I"—he gave a wry half smile—"I'm like Leda. I don't want to tell the police. There's a reason for that too."

From somewhere, impalpable but urgent, there had come a sense of the pressure of time. She felt it then. "What are you going to do? I'm coming with you."

HE CAUGHT her suddenly in his arms as she got up; they stood for a moment holding each other. For a warm, inexpressibly grateful moment, sustaining each other against the world. Then Jem said unevenly, "You're to stay here. I can't let you go."

"Where, Jem? To Monterey? To—to Casa Madroña?"

"You must wait here."

It was Casa Madroña, then. Her heart was throbbing hard in her throat. "I'm going with you."

"But you can't," began Jem. And looked down into her face for a moment and said, "All right. Get your coat."

No one stopped them. Sutton's station wagon was standing in the driveway and they got in. The sound of the engine was loud in the quiet, darkening night. The dimmed lights made a ghostly lane ahead of them; they started slowly down the mountain road.

Jem said, "The police know that, with the military and naval guard as heavy as it is now, none of us would have a chance to escape. They can take their time. They said, though, that they'd keep a policeman out here tonight; he should come soon. It's just as a precautionary measure, I imagine. There's a terrific lot of detail: the checking of alibis; questioning everybody; fingerprints, photographs, a thousand details like that. The medical examiner gave them a report about Leda; she was perfectly well, apparently. They're still trying to find Luisa's body. They thought they had during the afternoon; it's the first clear day since Luisa was drowned and somebody in the blimp radioed, when they went over, that there was something caught on some rocks below the surface of water, near the point where Luisa fell. But it was"—Jem leaned forward to scrutinize the road ahead; they had reached the village, gray and ghostly in the blackout—"it was something else," he finished.

"Did you find out anything last night?" she asked him.

"From the clerks from Gregory's?" There was something grim in his voice; she glanced at him, but he was leaning forward over the wheel again, his profile straight and unrevealing. The road curved and curved again; they left the village behind and started to climb toward Casa Madroña. Jem said, "One of the clerks—the new one—recognized Leda's picture. Or partially recognized it. She said she thought Leda came in for a moment and went right out again; she was hurrying to attend to another customer and when she finished Leda was gone. I told Anderson and Captain Quayle. It does a lot to substantiate your story."

But not enough, thought Serena suddenly, struck again by that grim note in his voice. She said, "Was there anyone else in the pictures—I mean, did any of the clerks recognize anyone else?"

(Continued on Page 61)

◆ **I am not afraid of tomorrow for I have seen yesterday and I love today.**

—WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE:
Encyclopedia of Creative Thought,
Edited by Martha Lupton. (Maxwell Droke.)

Plan of Attack No. 10

... reinforced by Texcel Tape

The jungle is still. Officers and men are tense ... waiting. In a matter of seconds, the attack will begin. There is the map, the plan. It's *safe!*—neither torn nor disfigured—protected, like many vital war documents, with Texcel Tape.

Texcel Tape is your old home-friend, of course. You've used it so many times in your household—beautifully thin, transparent, ever-useful tape. How often you've reached for Texcel to mend a torn page ... to put labels on jelly glasses ... to fix a torn sheet of music ... hold photos in place! And remember how satisfyingly *clean* it looks? ... going on so trimly and firmly ... sticking without water ... holding things straight?

You won't find Texcel Tape at your store today — it's serving in war plants and on many battle fronts. Each day, it's learning new tricks. But soon, we hope, it will be back in your home to help you in countless interesting ways.

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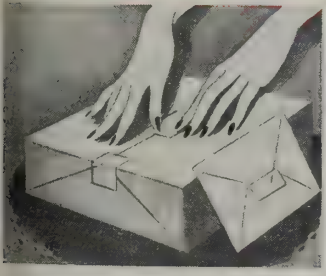

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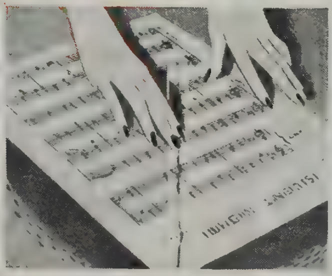

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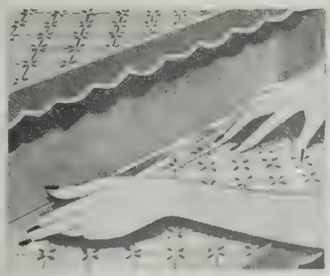


HOLDS: Photos, Clippings, Recipes in Albums; Drawer and Shelf-Linings; Coins to Letters, Posters, Notices.

IN TOMORROW'S HOME

To seal it ... mend it ... hold it protect it ... you'll

Texcel it!

INDUSTRIAL TAPE CORPORATION
NEW BRUNSWICK, NEW JERSEY

PROTECTS: Edges of Telephone Directories; Lantern Slides, Licenses, Identification Cards, Blueprints, Maps.

"Your beautiful Jell-O ads are driving me crazy!"

SUCH friendship for Jell-O warms the cockles of our hearts. But this letter makes us sigh, too.

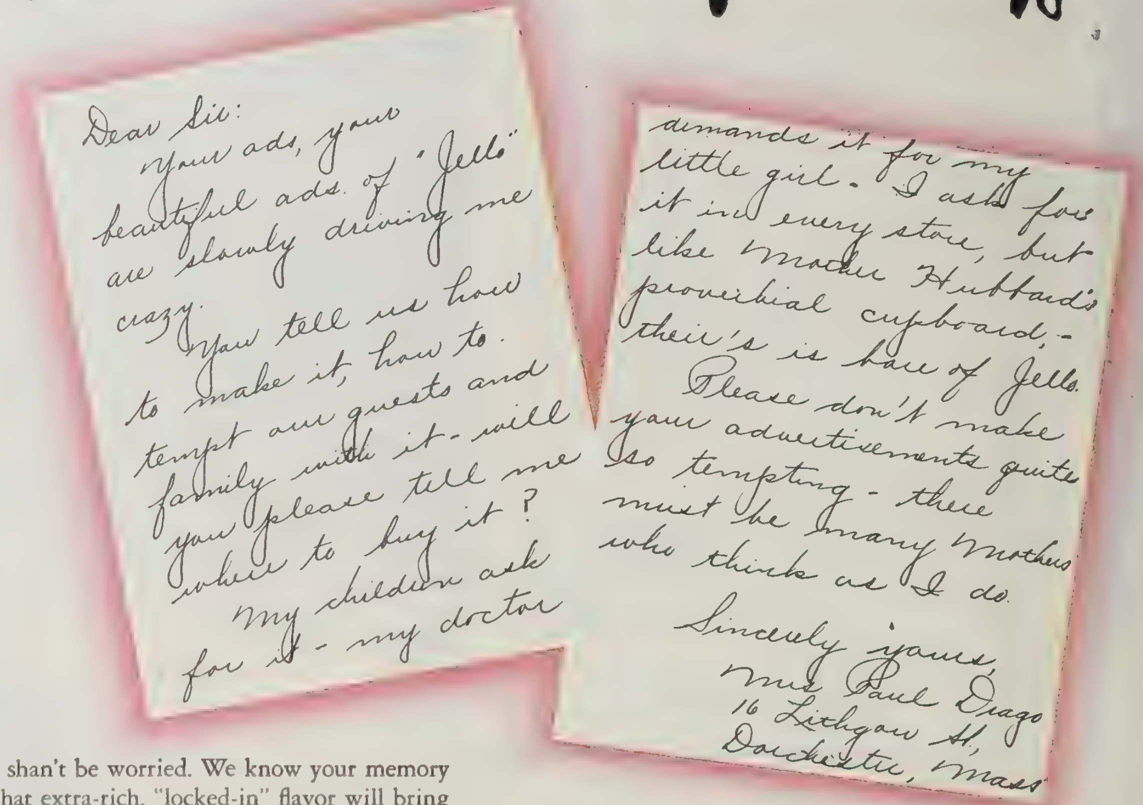
For we know just how scarce Jell-O has been. Under sugar rationing, we haven't been able to make as much Jell-O as we used to. And though we do our best to distribute Jell-O fairly, some people are bound to lose out on it some of the time.

Yet we still feel that most of you wouldn't want us to stop advertising Jell-O recipes. Most of you are able to get *some* Jell-O, and in these times you specially *need* practical ideas for using it to the best advantage.

You know that "Food is a Weapon of War." You're eager to stretch out the country's supply of fruits and vegetables. You want to "conserve" —to make sure that no left-over goes to waste. And, you want to make Jell-O itself . . . a valuable food . . . go further.

So we plan to keep on showing you beautiful and varied and thrifty dishes made with Jell-O.

We're urging grocers to save your share for you. And if you still can't get Jell-O, we even say, "Make these useful wartime dishes with some other brand of gelatin dessert."



Dear Sir:

Your ads, your beautiful ads of "Jello" are slowly driving me crazy.

You tell us how to make it, how to tempt our guests and family with it - will you please tell me where to buy it?

My children ask for it - my doctor demands it for my little girl. I ask for it in every store, but like Mother Hubbard's proverbial cupboard, - their's is bare of Jello.

Please don't make your advertisements so tempting - there must be many mothers who think as I do.

Sincerely yours,
Mrs Paul Drago
16 Lithgow St,
Dorchester, Mass

We shan't be worried. We know your memory of that extra-rich, "locked-in" flavor will bring you back to genuine Jell-O the very first time you have the chance!

Here's a "meatless day" recipe everybody needs now!

TOMATO AND COTTAGE CHEESE ENTRÉE

1 package Lemon Jell-O
1½ cups hot seasoned tomato juice
1 tablespoon vinegar
2 tablespoons cold water
1¼ cups cottage cheese
2 tablespoons minced green pepper
½ cup diced celery
1 cup cooked green vegetable or 2 cups finely shredded cabbage
⅓ cup mayonnaise or salad dressing

Dissolve Jell-O in hot tomato juice; add vinegar. Measure 1½ cup mixture, add cold water, and turn into bottom of ring mold. Chill until firm.

Chill remaining Jell-O until slightly thickened. Combine remaining ingredients and fold into thickened mixture. Salt to taste. Turn into mold over firm Jell-O. Chill until firm. Unmold. Garnish with tomato, hard-cooked egg, and water cress. Serves 8.

For fruit-stretching desserts, try

JELL-O FRUIT REFRESHER

1½ cups fresh or canned fruit or berries
¼ to ½ cup sugar
1 package Jell-O (any flavor)
1½ cups hot water

Combine fruit and sugar and let stand 10 minutes. Drain; measure juice and add water to make 1 cup. Dissolve Jell-O in hot water. Add fruit juice. Chill, stirring occasionally as Jell-O sets to give soft jellied appearance. Then add fruit and serve in sherbet glasses. Or line sherbet glasses with fruit and fill with plain jellied mixture. Garnish with mint or maraschino cherries. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

Jell-O is a trademark owned by General Foods

(Continued from Page 58)

After a moment Jem said, "No. . . . Is this the turn, Serena?"

She leaned forward to look and said, "Yes, turn left; then right again," and then realized that probably Jem had known and merely wanted to divert her questions.

Jem turned suddenly, making a wrong turn, under some trees. "I'm going to leave the station wagon here," he said. "And you!" He stopped behind some thickly growing broom and turned off the engine. It was extraordinarily still—and extraordinarily dark; clouds now covered almost the entire sky.

"But I'm going to the house ——"

"I can't let you go to the house with me. That's final." He was fumbling for something in his pocket. "I got Gregory's to let me look at the bills for the day Leda was killed and I—found one. There wasn't any name. It was a cash purchase. . . . Here, keep this."

She was scarcely aware of the revolver he put in her hand. "Jem, what do you mean? What are you going to do?"

He turned; his face was scarcely perceptible in the gloom of the night and in the car.

"I don't really know," he said slowly. "But you'll be safe here." He reached across her and locked the door beside her. He locked the back doors. And put his hand lightly against her cheek. "Stay here. It's nothing dangerous. I promise you. I'll be back ——"

Perhaps twenty minutes later she thought of that. She was almost at the house then; from the black tunnel of the driveway she could see the dimly lighted open space ahead that was the courtyard. She had Jem's revolver in her hand. She couldn't stay there, waiting, listening. Wondering what was happening to Jem at Casa Madroña. Wondering why he had gone to the dark and empty house.

> **When the other fellow is set in his way, he's obstinate; when you are, it's just firmness.** —ANON.

Somehow she'd got an impression that time was important. She began to think of that as she walked along, quietly as a shadow among all the deeper shadows of the driveway. She wished Jem had explained what he intended to do. There hadn't been time to tell her, of course. Besides, he hadn't wanted to; he hadn't even wanted to tell the police.

She reached the courtyard and stopped beside a madroña tree. The open space was faintly lighter; she could see the dim, gracious outlines of the old Spanish house. There was no sound anywhere. Nothing moved across that open courtyard, nothing seemed alive within the silent house. Yet the black windows seemed to watch. The night, so still, so rimmed with shadow, seemed treacherous and watchful too. *Where was Jem?*

The revolver was cold in her hand. He oughtn't to have it; he ought not to have made her take it. The sense of danger in the night focused itself about the blind yet watchful house. And Jem was there.

BY KEEPING to the line of madroña trees, she kept also within their shadow; there was a grassy space there, too, but once she stepped on the rim of the driveway and the faint rattle of gravel sounded terribly loud and betraying in the night. She waited; but still nothing moved. She went on. She reached the deep shadow of the veranda, and stopped again to listen. The clouds were parting; a white streak of starlight fell upon the courtyard—she watched it swiftly widen until again the shadow under the madroña trees blocked it.

She ought to go back to the car. *Hurry, run through the shadows, escape the night—the treacherous night!*

She caught back her thought; that was nonsense. When the patch of clear starlight reached the edge of the veranda she would walk boldly along the veranda and open the door and call Jem.

She did neither. She moved along close to the wall of the house. Her feet made no sound upon the old stone floor. Her fingers brushed the wall softly, guiding her. And then suddenly met nothing. The door was open.

It was for a moment an invitation—a lure, beckoning her within that empty, silent cavern within the house. But it wasn't empty. Jem must be there. Jem—or someone—was coming down the stairs! She was listening as if even the beating of her heart had stopped.

Listening—and counting. Two steps—three—four. There was a long, strained silence. And then suddenly, yet so lightly, so furtively, another step. Only it didn't creak. So whoever was there had stepped over that fifth step. As Leda's murderer had done.

Around her the deep shadows of the madroña trees seemed to press closer as if they, too, must listen.

Whoever was on the stairway had stopped—again as Leda's murderer had stopped.

She'd been wrong to come; she'd been wrong to wait; she must hurry—creep close to the wall—escape to the madroña trees—hide!

She must have moved; her sleeve caught on the bolt of a shutter near her and jerked the revolver out of her hand and it spun across the stone floor with a loud clatter—terribly loud, like a shriek in the night. She was running; there were sounds behind her in the deep black cavern of the house; a lane of light from a flashlight somewhere shot out across the veranda, across the trees, and caught her so her shadow was in front of her, huge and black.

But another shadow was coming behind; only it wasn't a shadow. It was a voice, running footsteps, someone who caught her and spun her around and turned the flashlight full in her face. And then said out of the gloom behind the flashlight, in the strangest, saddest voice:

"Serena! So you knew! And I liked you, Serena."

XXI

ALL the night was shocked into listening: the night had a thousand eyes—and ears; the night had no breath, no heartbeat, only silence and treachery. She cried against that shocked, incredulous silence, "You!"

"So you did know. How? Did you see me?"

"No—no ——"

"I'm sorry. I liked you. I—you see, I'm crazy, Serena. I've known it for—oh, a week or two. I didn't want to hurt anyone. But I had to."

"Why? Why did you do it?"

"You saw me on the rocks. That's what you knew. You saw me on the rocks. I knew Luisa was coming; she came that way almost every day. I waited and watched. But I didn't know you had come with her. If I'd known that, I'd have waited. I'd tried to frighten her once; she knew it was me—I could tell it in her eyes. And then after I asked her for money and she refused—yet she had plenty of money."

It was all wrong, all of it; it couldn't have been like that. He was mad, she thought frantically: *Well, then, humor him. But reason with him gently, as if he were a child.* "Luisa fell off the rocks. It wasn't you ——"

"Oh, yes, I did it. You see, she saw me looking at Amanda; she saw the way I looked at her. She said to me—pretending to be joking, but she meant it; I knew she meant it—she said, 'You look as if you'd like to kill Amanda.' And so I knew I had to kill Luisa first. But I wouldn't have done it if she'd loaned me some money; I asked her, but she refused. That was my last chance. Everything was washed up then—I talked to her in the patio the night before I killed her. You nearly caught us talking. Yet I was very cautious. I was afraid Amanda would hear; I came up the stairway near your room. We came down that stairway, too, Luisa and I. We passed your door. Did we wake you? I was crazy then; I couldn't think or reason. I asked Luisa for money, but she wouldn't give it to me. I thought she'd be

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FOLKS—MAKE THIS PATRIOT'S BIRTHDAY CAKE—GRAND FOR *ANY* OCCASION!

SAYS AUNT JENNY

Patriot's Birthday Cake

Your Favorite Devil's Food in a new dress

¾ cup cocoa
⅓ cup sugar
1¼ cups scalded milk
⅔ cup Spry
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup sugar
3 eggs, unbeaten
1¼ teaspoons soda
2 cups sifted flour

Mix and sift cocoa with ⅓ cup sugar. Add scalded milk slowly; stir until smooth. Cool.

Blend Spry, salt and vanilla. Add 1 cup sugar gradually and cream well. Add eggs, singly, beating well after each addition. Sift flour with soda 3 times. Add flour to creamed mixture, alternately with cocoa mixture, mixing after each addition until smooth.

Bake in two deep 9-inch Sprycoated layer pans in moderate oven (350° F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Frost with Sugar-Saving Frosting. Decorate with candles, as pictured, for a February holiday or birthday. Or use St. Valentine's decorations. Dressed up or plain, it tastes just grand!

Sugar-Saving Frosting

2 egg whites, unbeaten
4 tablespoons sugar
1 cup light corn sirup
½ teaspoon cream of tartar
Dash of salt
1 tablespoon vanilla

Mix egg whites, sugar, corn sirup, cream of tartar and salt thoroughly in top of double boiler. Place over boiling water and beat constantly with rotary egg beater until mixture holds a peak (about 7 minutes). Remove from fire, add vanilla; beat until cool and thick enough to spread. So fluffy and delicious, yet so easy on sugar!

See how you can have delicious square meals in spite of rationin'!

"WHAT'S a good square meal to most folks? *It's one that ends with a good dessert!* But *can* you still have good desserts—meals they'll rave about? Yes sir, if you learn to be a better cook. It's easy, with purer, creamy, all-vegetable Spry an' tested Spry receipts to help you.

"See for yourself—make this mouth-meltin' Devil's Food Cake. Watch 'em smack their lips over its rich, chocolaty goodness. Purer Spry lets you get the FULL rich taste of the other ingredients. Spry cakes are *lighter*, so tender an' velvety. An' WHAT a savin' in points an' money, compared to butter! Spry mixes so easily, too, stays fresh for months on the kitchen shelf. Use Spry for ALL your bakin' an' fryin'."

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Spry

THE PURER ALL-VEGETABLE SHORTENING

HAVIN' A VALENTINE PARTY?

"Dress up your cake like this. Hear 'em say, 'How pretty!' . . . then, 'U-m-m, u-m-m, how GOOD it tastes!' See how flaky Spry pies an' crispy, golden-brown fried foods start the compliments comin', too."

afraid not to, because that day—the day you came home—she was alone in the house and I saw her. I was—desperate. I had a gun in my pocket, but I didn't know what I was going to do with it. I—saw her and I thought, 'I'll do something that'll terrify her; scare her—not let her know who did it, but make her understand she needs a friend.' It was an impulse—I fired so as to miss her. She didn't see me; at least I didn't think she saw me. But then later, after she'd refused to give me money"—there was a queer note of perplexity about it—"later, I wasn't sure. I thought perhaps she *had* seen me, you know. And didn't tell the police. And then when I'd murdered Amanda she'd come forward and tell it; she'd caught that look in my eyes. So you see, I had to kill Luisa first. It was so easy. Nobody guessed how it was done."

"Wait—wait—you mustn't talk. You don't realize what you're saying."

"Oh, yes, I realize it. I'm crazy, you know. Yet there's another me, the old me—with that one I know what I'm doing and that I'm crazy. You don't understand, do you? It's a relief to talk, of course. But I wouldn't have killed Luisa—I don't think I'd really have killed Amanda, no matter how much I wanted to, if it wasn't for the bracelet."

"Why did you want to kill Amanda?" Yet she didn't believe—she couldn't believe; it hadn't happened like that.

"Because she had ruined my life." It was a simple statement, that somehow carried with it a feeling of truth. "She ruined my life—unnecessarily. But I didn't know how unnecessarily until I saw the bracelet. I knew it was new, of course; I knew she'd just bought it. She didn't need money; she had plenty of money—the bracelet proved that. So that night—well, that night it really happened. I—went over the edge. I'd clung to sanity as long as I could. I got hold of Luisa; it was simple: I went quietly to her door, there on the upper veranda, and knocked and asked her to come down into the patio and talk to me. I'd already paved the way, I thought, that morning. By shooting near her. But she wasn't afraid. She refused me. She said she'd had enough of loaning money. She didn't say anything about what happened that morning, so I didn't know whether she knew I had shot at her or not. She"—there was a long sigh—"I must have been crazy, really, that morning. But it was only after I saw the bracelet on Amanda's wrist, and after Luisa refused me, that I—I did what was done."

What They Say About War Bonds

McGee will just have to keep fixing the old vacuum cleaner until it works, and if it won't work I still have a broom, a clear conscience and another $100 War Bond.

—MOLLY McGEE,
of Fibber McGee and Molly.

"You destroyed the laboratory?" Serena heard herself say that—and recognized belief in her own question and yet could not accept it.

"Yes. Naturally. And then Luisa. To clear the way for Amanda, you see. But then the next day Leda saw me, buying something I had to have, and —— But after that I was still in the house when you came. Only I thought you were Amanda: you had on her red coat; I'd heard the station wagon drive up and looked through the shutters and saw the red coat and thought it was Amanda. So I thought that was my chance; I ran upstairs and waited. I—it was Amanda all along, you see; Amanda I had to kill as she had killed me. But the hall was dark. I thought the lamp in the corner was a person. It was about the same height. I thought the lamp was Amanda." There was a sharp sliver of laughter, which again seemed to shock the listening night. "I'm so sorry you came tonight, Serena. I—but you do see, don't you, that I'm still sane enough to have to preserve my own life? I thought it didn't matter—when I decided to kill Amanda. I was crazy. I'm still crazy—it's a queer thing to watch oneself go mad, you know. But I can see it. I—Serena, what was it you dropped just now?"

Terror was there again, clutching, as if it had cold fingers at her throat. Suddenly she believed.

"N-nothing. Nothing—really ——"

"No, no. I heard something fall. What was it?" The flashlight left her face. It had shone in her eyes all that time, she realized then; it mesmerized her, it blinded her. She could not see now, the darkness was so abrupt. She could only see the little rays of light playing over the stone floor—and shining against the revolver. He swooped down and got it in his hand even as she flung herself forward. "Serena—Serena, I'm sorry. I liked you." There was still an infinite sadness—and terror; terror of itself, she suddenly knew—in that voice.

"But you can't kill me," she whispered.

"No, I DON'T want to. I hate to. But I didn't know that afterward I was going to be afraid. I am, you know, horribly. It's all I can think of now. I've got to save myself if I can. You do understand, don't you?"

Now she believed. Now she could not doubt. But how could they have failed to see outward signs of that inward horror? Yet they were all haggard, worn, nerves strung fine. Madness can and does conceal itself; madness and blood guilt. Yet to conceal what he had done, to plan and carry out that dreadful series of murders, he must be sane!

But that didn't matter now. Nor how sweet life had been to her, and how much the star in that blue sky had promised.

"I'm so very sorry, Serena." It was said sadly. And the light turned full in her face again and the voice in the dusk behind it said incredibly, softly, and with frightful honesty, "Stand very still, will you? I don't want to hurt you."

"No—no——" She thought she screamed. And suddenly the house—the darkness, the madroña trees, everything in the night—rocked and shuddered and rocked, under a blast of sound—and rocked again and again and again ——

The light from the flashlight shot across the driveway. Another blast of sound throbbed against her ears, struck the walls of the house, shook the crowding madroña trees. Something struck the flashlight; it rolled off the veranda and the little lane of light went out. There was nothing but darkness and sounds and two struggling figures, dimly outlined against the white courtyard. And she was alive. Alive and—the sounds ceased.

Jem said loudly, unevenly, "Serena, are you hurt?"

"No. Oh, Jem ——"

"Where's the flashlight?"

"It rolled off onto the drive."

"I'll find it—stay there." She could hear the rattle of the gravel. Presently a ray of light shot out against the gray-and-silver madroña trees and then shifted to her and to the veranda. A man there was struggling to get up. Jem said, "Dave, it's no use. I heard you. All of it."

Dave got up wearily and with a queer unsteadiness; he stood blinking into the light for a moment, and then shuffled unsteadily to a pillar and sat down, leaning against the pillar; his glasses were gone, the black lock of hair lay disheveled across his high white forehead. His dark eyes gleamed blankly in the light. His mouth moved a little, wordlessly.

Jem's voice from behind the light said, "Serena, you're sure none of those shots hit you? I had to grab his hand ——"

"I'm—all right."

Dave's mouth made an intelligible sound: "How long have you known, Jem?"

"Not very long," Jem told him. "I wasn't sure."

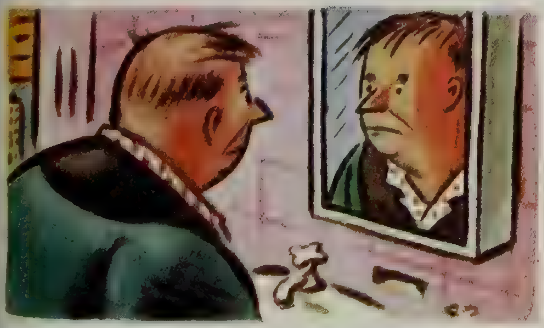
Again that slack mouth mumbled something intelligible: "You trapped me. You told me you thought Serena knew something

(Continued on Page 64)

Meet Stan Jones
(12 o'clock Wolf)

Whitney Darrow, jr.

1 Swell guy, Stan. BUT—poor Stan is a *sip-and-run breakfast-eater*. No wonder he just *crawls* through his morning's work—he's *half-starved!* No wonder at 12 o'clock he wolfs his food like a—well, like a *wolf!*



2 Listen, Stan—get hep! When you wake up in the morning, your stomach's famished. If you want to do a bang-up job, you've got to stoke up! Doctors and dietitians will tell you that you—*everybody*—should get *at least one-quarter of your daily nourishment at breakfast!*

3 Look, Stan, start off with a bowl of nut-brown hot Grape-Nuts Wheat-Meal—that "gee-ain't-it-great-to-be-livin'" cereal! It's a "Basic 7" food, every piping hot spoonful jam-packed with whole-grain nourishment—the kind Uncle Sam urges us all to eat *every* day. Chock-full of B_1, too, for crackling quick energy!

4 Tomorrow, Stan, better have the Little Woman order Grape-Nuts Wheat-Meal in the big new Economy size. She'll save money—and you'll be sure to get *plenty* of this hot breakfast treat that just *sings* with the mellow richness of fresh, roasted wheat. Cooks in *3 zippy minutes*, Stan. So get ready—that wolf in you is going to *purr!*

Grape-Nuts Wheat Meal

A GENERAL FOODS CEREAL

IT'S NEW! IT'S HOT! IT'S DELICIOUS!

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- It cooks in just three minutes!
- Economical too! Costs less than a penny a serving!
- Like all General Foods cereals, Grape-Nuts Wheat-Meal provides whole-grain nourishment.

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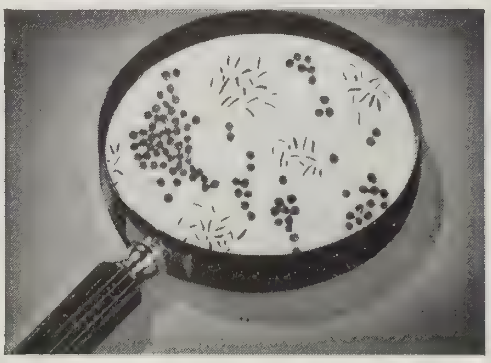
Survey by Molnar Laboratories, New York City



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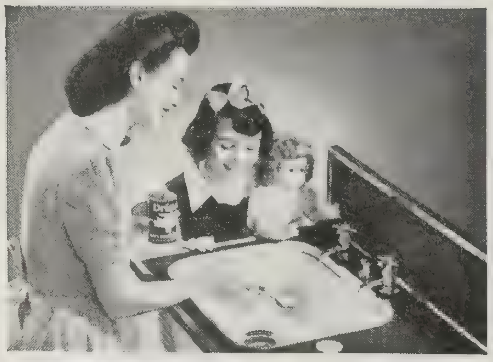
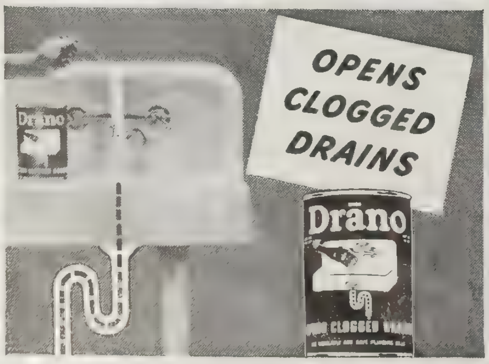


Keep your sink safe, sanitary. Drāno opens clogged drains



Why take health-chances? Get Drāno now-use regularly

Drāno banishes Sewer Germs!

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(Continued from Page 62)

about Leda's murder; you said she was determined to come here tonight alone to—to check up on something. You made it a good story, Jem; circumstantial. You said she wouldn't tell you or the police what it was, and she'd made you promise to let her come alone. I believed you; you see, I'm mad. I—you trapped me. How did you know?"

"The rope, I think. First."

Staring into the flashlight he mouthed, "Rope?"

"The old one you got out of the tool shed when Luisa was drowned. But I knew you'd had a new one only the day before. I asked for it; you said the old one would do. I didn't think of it at the time; but yesterday, when I got to thinking of what Leda had said and how Luisa could have been murdered so she didn't scream and yet went over the rocks, I knew. And I remembered then, just after Leda's death, there was that clatter and clash in the hall, here—as if something had lashed against the wall. So I searched the cottage and tool shed everywhere. I don't know what you did with the rope you used to strangle Leda. But the other new one—the first one—is around Luisa's neck—isn't it, Dave?"

"I suppose so."

"You stood on the rocks; I remembered I had told Serena that Luisa came that way every day, and that you had told me. That's how I knew it. So you knew she'd likely be coming and you waited. With your rope—the new rope; the one that wouldn't break. You'd worked as a boy at the Condit ranch; you still had some skill with a rope. I saw some ropes yesterday, coiled on pegs, there in one of the sheds at the ranch, and remembered that. You didn't see Serena; you wouldn't have taken such a chance if you had. But you stood there and—when Luisa came out on the ledge just below you and looked out over the ocean you dropped a noose around her neck and pulled it so tight and so hard she couldn't scream."

"No ——"

"Yes. But I thought I must be wrong; I thought if that had happened like that—Luisa would have fallen against the rocks, not over the ledge. Then I suddenly saw the picture clearly. As Leda must have seen it when she saw you buying another rope. Luisa whirled around and put both hands up to fight the thing around her neck—and you released it suddenly so she fell backward over the ledge. And was gone. That's the way you did it. Isn't it?"

Blank, animal eyes stared into the light; his mouth moved and said nothing.

"But it was Amanda you really meant to kill. The next day you went to Gregory's and bought another rope; perhaps you could manage somehow to repeat—only with Amanda as your victim this time. And Leda came in and saw you; and you knew she'd seen you."

"No ——"

"Yes. A rope was sold at Gregory's that day—for cash; but when I showed your picture—and other pictures—to the clerk who sold the rope, she said it was like you, except the man to whom she sold it was wearing glasses. In the picture you'd taken off your glasses. That was this afternoon. Dave, there was a bicycle once—where is it now?"

Dave's eyes just stared into the light for another second or two. Then slowly his head dropped forward.

"It was there the day Luisa was killed. I said to you, 'Let's take the bike.' You said it was broken; that it would be quicker over the rocks. That was the way you came back, so you reached the place ahead of Serena."

"Crazy ——" muttered the slack lips.

"Dave," said Jem slowly, "I had your car the day Leda was killed. You thought that was an alibi, later. If the bicycle was broken, you fixed it; you used it to come to Monterey that afternoon. To go to Gregory's for rope. How did Leda get here?"

"In Alice's car."

"Go on. Tell me."

His voice was suddenly clear and his words coherent: "There's not much to tell.

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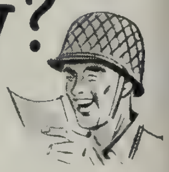

Home-front hint: When you put down this magazine, pick up a pen and write your service man a letter *right away!* Be chatty, optimistic . . . send good news. It's all-important for his morale! Perhaps you will write with a Wearever Zenith pen—ruby-topped, beautiful, an efficient writing tool. But *whatever* pen you use, write him today if you can. Wearever Zenith is made in limited quantities for civilian needs by DAVID KAHN, Inc. (established 1896)

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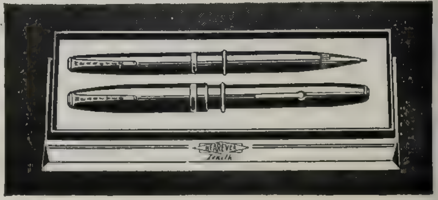

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I saw Leda just as I'd paid for the rope; she didn't think I'd seen her, but I could tell from—oh, something about her, that it had given her an idea. I couldn't let her go, of course, after that. I had to kill Amanda; I couldn't let anything stop me until I had killed Amanda. You—you do see that?"

"You followed Leda?"

"No. First I telephoned to Serena. I didn't know what—what I was going to have to do; that is, I did know what I was going to have to do, but not exactly how. So I thought it'd help make an alibi for me, you know, if I talked to someone over the telephone and said I was in the cottage and you were with the police. You were, you know, Jem, for an hour or so that afternoon; you were there when I left—the station wagon was still in the garage. You thought I was in my laboratory—I knew you wouldn't disturb me; but I'm—that's not what I was talking about. That was when I took the bicycle and went to Monterey. Monterey is larger than Carmel; nobody would remember that I'd bought a rope. Well, then—oh, yes, you know about that; I've told you. Leda. Well, I telephoned to Serena and told her what I told her. But that was a mistake—I was nervous and I wasn't thinking very clearly—you see, when I got to the street again Leda had disappeared."

"What did you do? How did you find out she'd gone to Casa Madroña?"

"Well. It's the way the peninsula is shaped, you see. If she was going home—or to Carmel—she'd have to take either the Seventeen Mile Drive or the direct Monterey-to-Carmel road. I couldn't be sure, of course, that she'd do either; she—but it was my only chance to pick her up. The road from Monterey to Carmel is shorter. I decided on that, got my bicycle and went down to some clumps of broom just at the outskirts of Monterey. I waited, out of sight; I was afraid I'd missed her altogether. But in only a few minutes I saw Alice's car come along. And Leda was driving. So I followed ——"

Advice

If one tells the truth, one is sure sooner or later to be found out. *Oscar Wilde.*

When a woman thinks she can't be flattered, tell her it's true; that flatters her. *Unknown.*

—H. L. MENCKEN:
A New Dictionary of Quotations.
(Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.)

"At four miles an hour?"

Dave's mouth made a queer grimace. "Oh, I was way behind. But you know that long hill up to the hill gate, as you leave Monterey?"

"Of course."

"I could see her ahead. All the way to the top of the hill."

Jem said out of the dusk, "You saw her turn, then?"

"Yes. To the left instead of the right. So I knew she must be coming here. If she'd been going to the Condit ranch, or Carmel, or even my place, she'd have gone straight ahead. If she'd been going home, she'd have turned right. I couldn't be sure, of course, but—I came on to Casa Madroña. It was queer to find Alice's car there in the courtyard ——"

"But it wasn't there ——" began Serena.

DAVE went on as if he hadn't heard it. "Leda had got there long before I came and was in the house, sitting there smoking. I could smell her cigarette when I came in the back door. She didn't hear me, of course. She was waiting for a car—listening for that. I know that now. Serena's car. I'd hid the bicycle back in the shrubs. I—oh, it was simple. She wasn't expecting it and I just dropped the rope around her neck and pulled hard; she—struggled, but I was behind her and braced myself against the chair.

"Then she collapsed, and when I was sure she was dead I removed the rope. I thought I'd better do something about Alice's car; it struck me that Leda was waiting for somebody. I had to move quickly. I ran out the back door and around the house to the front again. I put my bicycle in the back of the car—or as far as it would go; I had to leave the door open." His voice died away. His eyes still looked blank and glassy.

Jem said, "But you came back."

"Yes. I got out to the road and began to think maybe she wasn't really dead. I—so I drove the car off the main road, up under some trees, and hurried back. It wasn't far. But she was dead. And then the station wagon drove up and I thought it was Amanda. So I tried to kill her—oh, I told you that; it was only a lamp. And then I heard voices so I ran down the back stairs and out and around the house, and Amanda's scarf was in the station wagon—I saw it, red and white. It was when I got it that I saw the blue button too; it was on the floor of the car. I thought it was Amanda's too. I took it and the scarf and hid until you both had gone and then went back and put the button in Leda's hand. I wanted to twist the scarf around her throat, but knew you would remember it hadn't been there when you found her. So I put that on a shrub—over there. As if she'd dropped it. I meant to make them think Amanda did it."

"How did you know where to leave Alice's car?"

"OH, THAT was easy. I got to Monterey; stopped at a soft-drink place and telephoned Alice's house. I knew it was Alice's car, of course. The maid said Alice was at the hospital. So I left the bicycle on the street—it's a little side street—and drove to the hospital.

"There was a risk in leaving it; later it seemed horrible to have taken such a risk. But just then I didn't—seem to realize it. I left the car in an empty parking space. It was luck later that Alice thought it was where she'd left it; perhaps it was. Then I got my bicycle again. It was foggy, and getting dark by that time. Nobody saw me go through Carmel. By the time I got home it was dark. But I'd reached there by the time you telephoned to me. So I was safe."

"They saw the bicycle today, Dave. Caught on some rocks."

Dave sighed heavily; he lifted his head to stare blankly again into the light. "That's how you knew. It's all over, then. I had to kill her, you know."

"Why did you have to kill her?"

"Why? The bracelet, of course."

"Dave, Amanda said Sutton was the original sucker. Sutton himself said he used to give money away, loan it ——"

The ravaged face in the light suddenly acquired a terrible dignity. "Sutton believed in me and what I was doing. I had no money. Sutton gave me money. He financed everything. And then Amanda married him. Ever since then, somehow, he's given me enough to keep me going. But she didn't know it until a few months ago. And then she—made Sutton stop. Oh, I can't make you understand."

"I began to wonder how you lived; I knew you didn't practice medicine. Go on."

"Well—Amanda found out. Sutton and I—it had always been a secret between us: Sutton believed in me; he wanted a share, he said, in my work. He's an idealist, you know. But Amanda got hold of the checkbook for his own private account. She didn't tell him; she came to me. She said they were going to lose the ranch. She said it was all over; that she couldn't let Sutton give me any more money—ever. I—begged. It's queer—to think of it; begging Amanda. But it was for time, for all my hopes for saving the lives of other people. I—that was my life, you see, my work. And through it I was going to do so much for the world. I don't suppose you believe me. All I've done is destroy. But I wasn't going to destroy. I was going to save—I was always going to find ways to save human life. And now—because a woman wanted a jewel to wear on her wrist —— You see, when I saw the bracelet I knew how she'd lied to me. About needing the money. She wasn't even afraid of me. She was afraid of Bill because he

by Betty Crocker

OVEN DINNER that pampers points, and appetites! Dreamed-up by my staff:

Braised Lamb Shanks
Salad Greens with French Dressing
Hard-Crusted Rolls or Corn Sticks
Homemade Jelly or Jam
Orange Shortcake (Bisquick)
with Hot Orange Sauce
Coffee Milk

• • •

BRAISED LAMB SHANKS—wizardry with low-point meat.

Brown 4 Lamb Shanks (2 lb. with bones)
in 4 tbsp. Fat
Add 1 tsp. Salt
¼ tsp. Pepper
2 cups Water

Simmer, covered, 1½ hr. Or bake 1½ hr. in mod. oven (350°). Add more water if necessary. Add 1 cup each cut-up carrots and potatoes; ½ cup each cut-up celery and onion. Continue cooking until tender (30 min. to 1 hr.). Thicken juice before serving. Serves 4. Savory, satisfying.

• • •

● **ORANGE SHORTCAKE with hot orange sauce.** Sounds delicious—and is! Easy to make, thanks to Bisquick . . . For your shortcake biscuits:

2 cups Bisquick
½ to ⅔ cup Liquid (about half each of orange juice and milk)

Mix according to biscuit directions on Bisquick package. Cut with 2-inch cutter. Split. Serve warm, with orange slice and hot orange sauce between layers and on top. 6 to 8 servings. Hot orange sauce:

Combine **3 tbsp. Gold Medal Flour**
6 tbsp. Sugar
(¼ cup + 2 tbsp.)
¼ tsp. Salt
1 tbsp. Grated Orange Rind
Add **1 cup Orange Juice gradually**

Stir until smooth. Cook slowly until thickened (about 5 min.), stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Add 1 tbsp. lemon juice.

• • •

JUST ADD LIQUID to Bisquick for biscuits! Use milk for regular biscuits. Also dumplings, meat pie toppings. Quick 'n easy directions on package. Also for pancakes, waffles, muffins, cobblers, etc. And Bisquick is calamity-proof! You'll see.

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● **SHORTENING in Bisquick. Pure vegetable shortening. Also baking powder, Gold Medal Enriched Flour, salt, sugar, powdered milk. Six ingredients! We mix all six to save you work. I hope you're using Bisquick. So handy.**

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Lots of protein!

Small point cost!

TRY THIS DELICIOUS MAIN DISH, SO EASILY MADE WITH VELVEETA. It's a real winter special—this Velveeta Pudding with Spanish Sauce. Kraft's cheese food, Velveeta, puts in licking-good Cheddar flavor . . . so rich, yet mild. And it *also* puts in complete, high-quality protein plus other valuable milk nutrients. A hearty main dish that saves you ration points!

In the top of a double boiler cook 1 pint of milk, ½ cup farina, 1 tablespoon butter or Parkay Margarine, ½ teaspoon salt. When well cooked and thick, add ½ pound of Velveeta, sliced, and stir until melted. Remove from the heat and add 1 beaten egg. Pour into greased pan to depth of 1 inch. When cold, cut in squares; place in greased baking dish. Add Spanish or tomato sauce and heat in 350° oven.

WHAT A SANDWICH . . . FOR FLAVOR . . . FOR NUTRITION! Here's a he-man combination for lunch at home or on the job. Spread one slice of bread with peanut butter (point-free!) . . . And the other with golden Velveeta, to *double* the goodness and add vitally important nutrients from milk. Velveeta's protein is *complete, high-quality* protein. It's rich in the milk minerals, calcium and phosphorus. Provides energy, too. And this cheese food is a good source of vitamins A and G (the riboflavin of the vitamin B-Complex.) When you put Velveeta in the lunch box you're putting in a real *mainstay!*

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threatened her. But she wasn't even afraid of me." Dave blinked slowly in the light. "She gave me a farewell party! And for me it *was* farewell! For me everything was washed up. My draft number had come up; if I'd had the money for experiment I'd have got deferred—I'm sure I could have got deferred. But I didn't have any money; there was nowhere in a war year to get it. I was on the borderline, Jem, all that day—the day Serena came home. That was when I was up at the Condit place and shot at Luisa and —— Oh, no, I wasn't sane. But I'd pulled myself together; I hadn't much time to do anything; I'd had my notice; I knew I had only two more weeks. And then that night—Amanda wore the bracelet. I've read. I'm a doctor. But nothing you read and nothing you know with your mind prepares you for what your own mind can do. I went crazy that night, Jem; I knew it when I crept out of the cottage, quietly so you wouldn't hear me, and made a last attempt to get money from Luisa. As I left the Condit patio you came; I heard you along the road and waited until you'd passed. And came home and—by the time you got back to the cottage, Jem, the laboratory was in a shambles. Everything I'd done—everything I hoped to do. My whole life. Yes," said Dave simply, "I was mad. It was the bracelet—and ——" His voice, which had been strained and monotonous, changed; dignity came back into his face. He said very clearly, very quietly, "Yes. I'm a doctor. And I know there's not much more time. Thank you, Jem. You knew one of those shots got me. Mercifully. I might not stay mad." He got up, wavering, his face eerily white and drained of feeling, and he lurched off the veranda.

"WAIT—I'll help you," said Jem. Serena made a motion forward and checked it. "I'll take him to the car. Will you come, Serena, or ——"

The house no longer held terror; there was only sorrow now in the night and a wasted life. "I'll stay here."

"Right. I'll be back."

By the time they reached the dark tunnel of the driveway Jem's tall, solid figure, black in the night, was supporting Dave's slighter one.

It was not long, really, before Jem came back. The clouds had gone out toward the sea; the night was clear. "Serena," he called as he crossed the courtyard, light and clear now in the starlight.

"I'm here, Jem."

He came to her and sat beside her on the low veranda. The shadow of the house fell softly now upon them both; as if he needed it, he reached for her hand and held it for a moment against his face. "He's gone. A long way."

"It's better like that. Was he mad?"

"I think so. For a while. I think that's madness."

"How did he know about the step? Only Amanda and I could have known."

"Because he'd gone up that stairway when he heard you arrive in the station wagon. Which meant almost certainly that he had murdered Leda. The pity of it is that the remedy was in his own hands; if he'd put away his experiments, gone to war, given his services as best he could, he might have saved himself. He couldn't see that; to him there was only his way to serve humanity—to him the end of his work was really the end of everything. . . . Well, we'd better go."

They paused to close the door of Casa Madroña. Their hands touched upon the worn old latch there in the gentle darkness. Perhaps their hands would meet there many times, when peace came, when sadness was a thing forgotten, when sunshine and love lay within the old house again.

Jem said, low in the dusk, "I'll be leaving next week, Serena. Orders came today. I called you just now; you said, 'I'm here, Jem.' I'd like to remember that and—and hold to it while I'm gone. And always."

She turned her hand upward within his. "I'll be here, Jem. When you want me. Always."

(THE END)

BEE

REAL BEEF FLAVO
FOR MEAT-SCANT MEAL

It's quick—it's delicious—and *so* important these meat-scant days. Just dissolve one STEERO cube in a cup of boiling water—and, presto! you have a steaming bowl of tasty BEEFY soup. Try it today!

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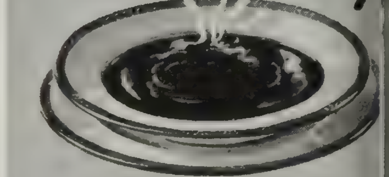


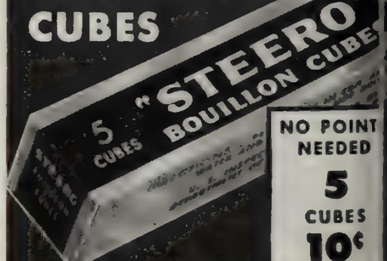
BEEFY Grav

GRAND FOR GRAVIES, TOO

Want your gravies smoother—richer—*meatier?* Add STEERO and see how much extra goodness its *real* BEEF flavor puts into even your very best gravies. Perfect, too, for enriching vegetables and glorifying meatless dishes. Stock up on STEERO at your grocer's.

MADE WITH REAL BEEF EXTRACT

STEERO
BOUILLON CUBES



A CUBE MAKES A CU

here will be a certain day when the air comes in over the hills ith a different feeling. It's an intangible thing, known only to lks who have had hard winters, and it is exciting and wonderful.

Diary of Domesticity

By Gladys Taber

a long time, in my childhood, I in- ently spelled this month "Febru- ." I wish it were so spelled; it has a sant rolling sound. Even now, if I out it solemnly a long while, I have the calendar up to be sure that nice included. Words in childhood have h personality. "The Lord makes s and redeems us" was part of my urch singing, and I wondered what preserves.

nd of mine had quite a bout with the misled." She was reading aloud in She read "and he was mizzeled."

at?" asked the teacher.

was mizzeled," she said firmly.

if you look at it thoughtfully, why ersonally, I think "mizzeled" has arm than "mis-led."

a wow at reading aloud. My hand ays the first one raised. This habit per- ight on through Shakespeare. I was persuading my friends to sit and eat hes while I read stories to them.

morized most of Romeo and Juliet ed it out, heaven help me, for a group ds and parents. I gave it my all, I er that. There was a golden-oak e in the hall, and I addressed the ate love scenes to the upper rail. vas a large carved knob on the land- an still see that knob.

wonderful parents and friends. They t through to the death. When it was nd I sank down exhausted in the costume I had arranged from old curtains and gym shoes, I heard one say, "She has a wonderful memory, she? Learning all that by heart!"

ught of this when my daughter Cicely me for vacation. She is "doing" peare at Ann Arbor, and she said ild surprise that the professor was d with her about Romeo.

y?" I said, thinking of the lovely eauty of Romeo.

aid Romeo was a weak and over- ate man," she said in her cool voice, "and he said men always acted that way in those times."

I gasped. I said timidly, "What made you think he was weak? That fighting and sword thrusting and killing and poison taking never sounded weak to me."

"Oh," she said airily, "all that falling on his face and weeping just because Juliet died!"

Times have changed, I thought. Times have certainly changed.

Valentine Day is not the same sentimental holiday either. It's a lovely and pleasant holiday; I am sorry it falls into disuse. When the world is at peace again, I hope it will become the happy, gay time it was. It is such a sentimental day, and what fun to let your hair down and be sentimental, no matter what age you are!

NOTHING could compare with the thrill of a valentine from a boy you simply adored and who had never yet asked you for a date. Then the envelope and the lace paper and violets and the message and his name at the bottom. A diamond bracelet had nothing on that valentine. I had mumps one Valentine Day and a boy brought his offering to the house. I have forgotten all about my miserably swollen jaws and the isolation of being a mump case, but I remember the ring of the bell and mother's voice: "No, you can't see her, but I'll give it to her." Wonderful valentine!

Mother loved Valentine Day too. She always had red candles and frilled paper around hearts for place cards, and people in for a party—and nobody could give a party like mother. Money had nothing to do with it; her spirit made the occasion. When she really went all out and gave a dinner—well, that was something. She was a creative cook. She could turn around the kitchen twice and invent four new dishes out of what was in the icebox.

It didn't matter whether she had what we called "help" or not. Mother was a gentlewoman in the best sense of the word. If she

ORANGE JUICE CAKE
(2 eggs)

2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
2 teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
¾ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons grated orange rind
1 teaspoon vanilla
½ cup lard or other shortening
1¼ cups sugar
2 egg yolks, unbeaten
⅔ cup orange juice
2 egg whites, unbeaten

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Add orange rind and vanilla to shortening and cream well; add 1 cup of the sugar gradually and cream together until light and fluffy. Add ¼ of the flour and mix well. Add egg yolks to orange juice and beat slightly to break up yolks; add to creamed mixture, alternately with remaining flour, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Beat egg whites until foamy; add remaining ¼ cup sugar gradually, and continue beating until stiff. Add to batter and beat very thoroughly. Turn into two 8-inch layer pans, which have been greased and lightly floured. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 25 minutes, or until done. Spread Quick Orange Frosting (you'll find the recipe in the new ration recipe book offered below) between layers and on top of cake. (All measurements are level.)

At the time this delicious Orange Juice Cake has its picture taken, butter was 16 points a pound and lard was 5. So you'd save more than 3 points on the ½ pound in this cake.

Who says a cake can't keep a secret?

SO SOFT AND RICH—with such a delicious flavor! You'd think this lovely Orange Juice Cake *must* be made with butter and a lavish amount, too!

But no—it's made with lard—inexpensive, plentiful *lard!* (Maybe you're lucky enough to have your own good, home-rendered kind to use in baking.)

Of course, you can't expect to get this wonderful result with lard and *ordinary* flour. It takes Swans Down's fineness and tenderness—and as you see below, it takes certain little changes in mixing, too.

So remember to bake the *Swans Down way* . . . and you'll have a proud and enviable cake for wartime—and anytime!

Tune in: Kate Smith Speaks—CBS Network

But be sure to add part of your flour to your creamed shortening and sugar. (See the recipe.) That's to keep your mixture from getting thin and separating. And the flour must be fine, delicate Swans Down.

And be sure to beat part of your sugar into your egg whites—again this helps to keep the mixture from thinning out, and gives a very fine texture. And never forget—you can't get Swans Down results with ordinary flour!

Swans Down makes wonderful cakes—even with ration recipes!

MAIL THIS COUPON

Send 6¢ for helpful new wartime recipe booklet!

GENERAL FOODS, Dept. L.H.J. 2-44, BATTLE CREEK, MICH.
Please send me "How to Bake by the Ration Book"—new Swans Down recipes to help me do my patriotic duty in saving war-scarce ingredients in cake, quick breads, etc. I enclose 6¢ in stamps.

*Name*__________
*Street*__________
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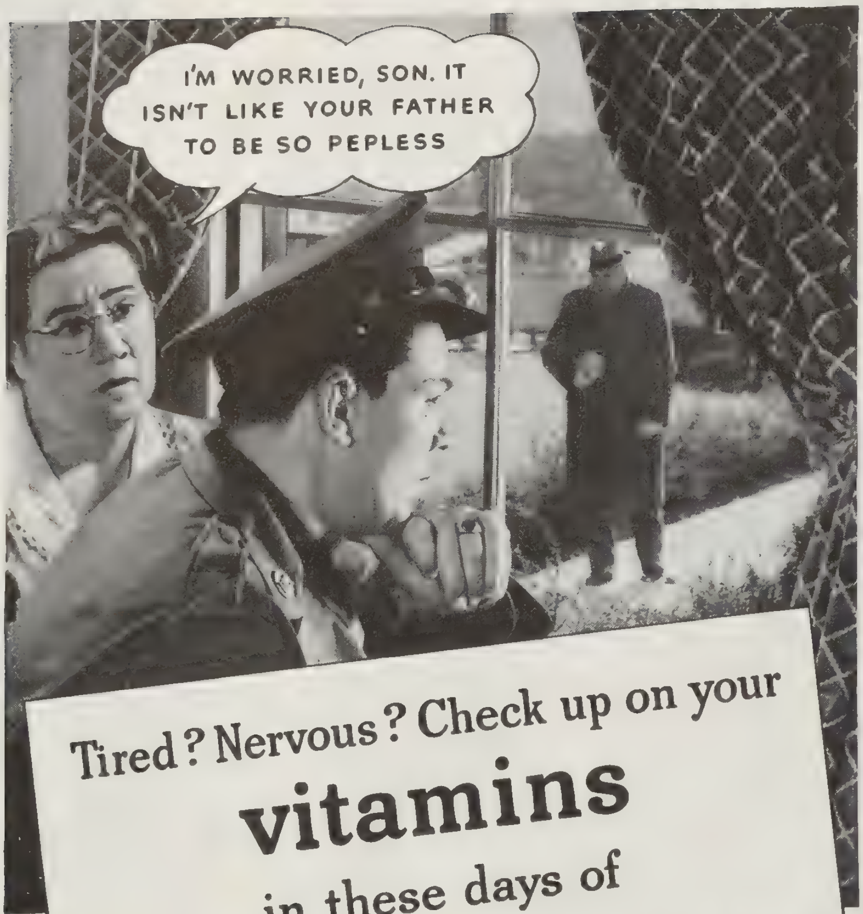
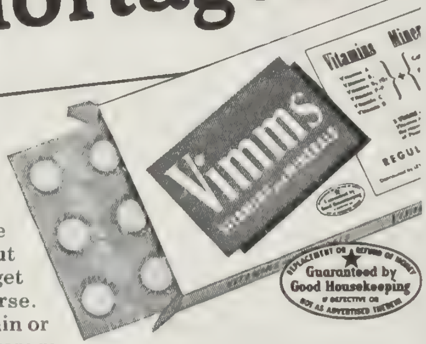
(Good in U.S.A. only) *Offer expires September 30, 1944*

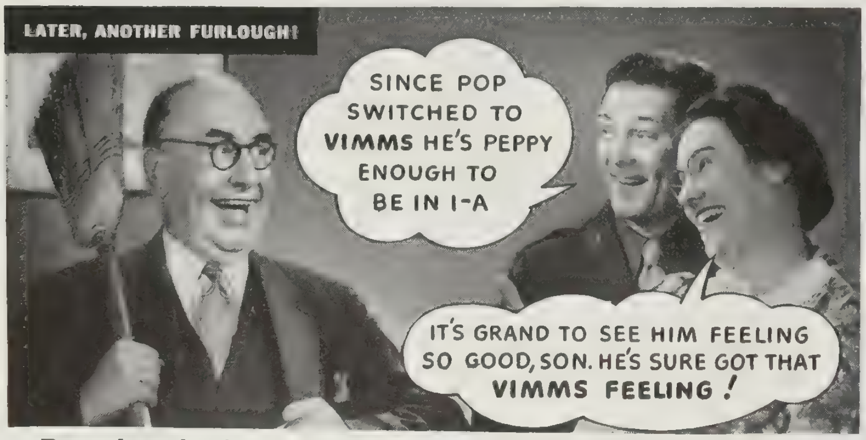

I'M WORRIED, SON. IT ISN'T LIKE YOUR FATHER TO BE SO PEPLESS

Tired? Nervous? Check up on your **vitamins** in these days of **food shortages**



Even if you're "taking vitamins" you may be missing the very ones you need most. For many products leave out the entire B Complex, and most leave out costly Vitamin "C"! Get Vimms, and get the vitamin formula doctors endorse. Vimms do not leave out a *single* vitamin or mineral needed to supplement the average diet. Get Vimms—and get that Vimms feeling!

24 tablets, 50¢; 96 tablets, $1.75; 288 tablets, $5.00


LATER, ANOTHER FURLOUGH!
SINCE POP SWITCHED TO VIMMS HE'S PEPPY ENOUGH TO BE IN I-A
IT'S GRAND TO SEE HIM FEELING SO GOOD, SON. HE'S SURE GOT THAT VIMMS FEELING!

Remember—there's one way to make *sure* you get all the vitamins you may need. Look at the label. Look for the Vimms vitamins: A, B_1, B_2, C, D, and P-P! And the Vimms minerals: Calcium, Phosphorus, Iron! Remember, Vimms cost less than a nickel a day in the Family Size—that's more for your money. Ask your druggist—the qualified vitamin dealer. For a free sample write to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. J-7, Pharm. Div., Cambridge, Mass.

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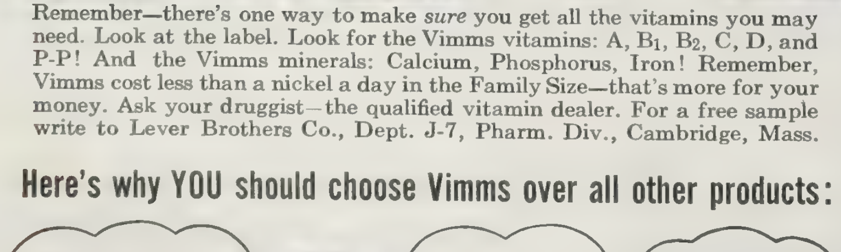
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SOME PRODUCTS OMIT 1 OR 2, SOME EVEN 3 OR 4 ESSENTIAL VITAMINS -USUALLY COSTLY VITAMIN "C"
COMPARE FORMULAS! REMEMBER, TOO, VIMMS TABLETS ARE BETTER TASTING.. EASIER TO SWALLOW

had help, the help loved her; if she didn't, she rolled up her sleeves and went ahead just the same. Nobody ever worked for her and quarreled with her and departed. When I think of her now, with my adult point of view, I am amazed all over again at her. After she died, I remember going to the dry-goods store and a clerk came up and said in an odd voice, "We miss your mother. We were always glad to see her come in. Everybody wanted to wait on her." Perhaps no one could have a finer epitaph. "Everybody wanted to wait on her."

When you see women scrambling and fighting for things in stores these days, it is good to remember that it isn't important, really, what we carry home in our parcels. What we leave behind is important. I should like to think, after I am gone, that the clerks in the stores would say, "Everybody wanted to wait on her."

Little things are the important things, after all. I was having one of those dark hours which everyone has when I had a letter from the minister's wife; the minister of fifteen years ago, twenty years—well, a long time, anyway. She wrote to tell me that when she came to the little town, a stranger and lonely, mother brought an angel-food cake, the center filled with fresh flowers. She had never forgotten it. Mother had them for dinner and warmed their first strangeness. I cried heartily over the letter and felt better for it. That angel-food cake, eaten years ago, still had more reality than a cake baked yesterday.

Things such as this give life meaning, importance. The simple kindness of man will rise again. As long as we do not abandon ourselves to hate, the world will get along in the end. Women will carry baskets of fresh bread to neighbors and make broth for sick folk and sit up with the stricken. Men will stop their cars and pick up stray puppies. The world has plenty of kindness, plenty of love. All we have to do is be sure not to let our spirits freeze in any hate. Intolerance will wither anything, and first of all ourselves.

After Valentine Day we can really feel winter is on the downgrade. A few more blizzards, perhaps. But definitely March will arrive. There will be a certain day when the air comes in over the hills with a different feeling. It's an intangible thing, known only to folks who have had hard winters, and it is exciting and wonderful. One morning you poke your nose out and you know all of a sudden that there will be another spring. You smell it in the air; and no matter how deep the snow is, you think nothing of it. You dash out without your arctics and Mackinaw and you catch a raging cold, but no matter—spring is coming! Tallyho!

Honey and I went to a neighbor's today. The snow was soft and fine, the air was sweet. Honey ran in the track, the lazy creature. She moved swiftly and lightly, making me feel like a clod. Every little while she turned and eyed me, to be sure I was still around. Funny I was so slow. When we came back it was night and the stars were cool and immaculate in a quiet sky. There was no sound at all except the squshing of my rubbers in the snow. The woods on either side of the road were dark and silent. It seemed as if Honey and I were the sole inhabitants of the universe. Her paws made no sound. My breathing seemed rather noisy, and I held my breath as long as I could. The silence went into my bones.

Then we came near the curve and a hullabaloo burst out. The rest of the dogs, led by Star, heard us coming. Stillmeadow sounded like circus day at Madison Square Garden. Star has a high feminine shriek. Every separate cocker, in his or her own tones, announced to the world as far as Bridgeport, no doubt, that someone was coming down the road! The farm dog around the hill took up the refrain, and the whole night was musical. Honey single-footed along proudly, liking all this attention drawn to us.

On the moon-bright snow were a thousand tracks. Delicate little trails here, patterned by light feet; large plumping marks there; and it looked as if little people had been dancing under a cedar tree. All the secret winter life goes on, the rabbit and deer an the fox, the "ol' mushrat" and the dark min go in and out of the meadows and woods.

Then I said over to myself a favorite poen which fitted the night:

"'*Is there anybody there,' said the Traveller,*
Knocking on the moonlit door."

Honey waited for me at the gate. "Yo are a slow walker," she told me. "And wh are you talking about?"

"I'm saying a beautiful poem by Mr. D la Mare," I said, "and it would benefit yo to hear it."

"*Ay, they heard his foot on the stirrup*
And the sound of iron on stone
And how the silence surged softly backwa
When the plunging hoofs were gone."

February is not a good month for cook One gets tired of winter food and it's t early for spring dishes. But a friend sent n a recipe for Cranberry Island Stew, whi really gave us a lift.

Two pounds of stewing beef with a ma rowbone included, cooked slowly until t beef begins to get tender, are the beginnin Mrs. Murphy says she adds a few sprigs her own summer savory, a sliced onion, s and pepper. About an hour before dinn you add three or four small beets, raw, peel and cut into quarters. After fifteen minut add a small turnip, sliced, and when t beets and turnip are soft, three or more c rots, cut into fingers, and four small potato peeled and cut into halves. Cook slov until vegetables are done, having enou liquid for gravy. Serve in soup plates w plenty of the delicious gravy.

Bones and bits of meat from a roast w do for this also. Lamb or veal may be su stituted if you have no beef.

The next thing I know, it will be time spring housecleaning. Getting off the sto windows is more fun than putting them The first warm day, it is hard to res snatching them off, but sad experien teaches us that we may get the worst bl zard of all in March. I painted the scre when they came off—at least, part of the It seemed to me I painted screens for a li time. Edge after edge. My sister Jill h done the mesh, neat and perfectly. Bu kept getting blobs of green on the wire a wiping it off and spilling more. There is su a sameness to screens, you never seem to getting anywhere. I decided finally t they kept right on piling up faster thar painted them. They were like Ellis Par Butler's famous guinea pigs.

Once again we are talking about hav chickens. This time I believe we shall co to it. Jill would like a nice clean pig t Bob, my husband, says anything but a c He'd rather do without milk, he sa than face the prospect of a cow. I ha also made an ultimatum. Any livestock eating purposes is not going to be cared by me. I would go so far as to gather eg but that's the limit.

The cockers would love us to have ch ens or a cow or pigs. Such excitement, ple of barking all the time and something to bark at. They had a field day of bark when the neighbor's cow got in the gar and ate the tops off all the vegetables. T couldn't get through the fence to have her, but what they said was plenty.

My Cicely and Jill's Dorothy have b asking for a horse for years. They m keeping a horse sound suspiciously sim I said that when they are away at coll I couldn't see myself galloping two horse or even one horse—every day for exerc

Two bluejays came into the yard too They looked very smart and prosper They flashed in from the swamp, swung the pine tree and swooped away. Then t came back, and one of them stepped cately on the back doorsill. He arched shining topknot and glinted a wary ey me. His feathers were incredibly shi and blue, shading to a kind of violet c in the sun. The whole day was bright the bright wings.

Everybody's Whistling This Happy Little Washday Song

Mimi Cozzens, *of 80-05 Margret Place, Glendale, N. Y.*

Now Mom Whistles while she washes

SHE SAYS RINSO GETS OUT MORE DIRT

WELL, MIMI, YOU'VE LEARNED YOUR FIRST WASHDAY LESSON . . . ALWAYS USE RINSO. SEE HOW ITS RICHER, LIVELIER SUDS GET OUT EVEN STUBBORN DIRT
Rinso

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Women all over America are asking how they can get a new Ironrite as soon as the war's over. If your husband were an appliance dealer, you would know that automatic ironing is the next great home convenience . . . and that Ironrite means automatic ironing *at its best.*

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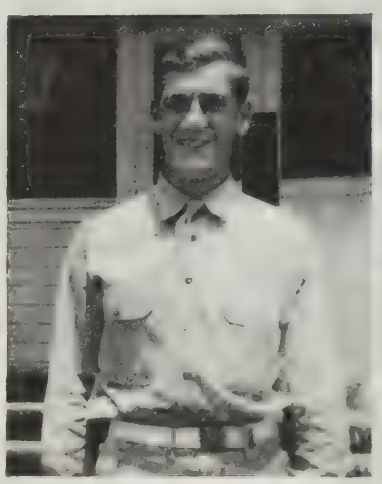
Ironrite
The World's Finest Ironer

JOHNNY LUKACOVIC

By Sarah Lorimer

***Editor's Note*—Fourteen men from Tarrytown, New York, typical American community of fifteen hundred families, have laid down their lives in the country's service during the Second World War. Johnny Lukacovic, tail gunner in a Flying Fortress, was one of these. The following article, written as one of a series paying tribute to their sacrifice, will appear in the book, Fourteen of Them, to be published by Farrar and Rinehart.**

YOU miss Johnny as you go up the little stone lane in Pennybridge to the house where he used to live. On the worn path, dry leaves skip in the November wind, and the western windows are red with autumn sunset. A football thuds in the yard; there is a flurry of arms and legs by the fence corner, and the hoarse and happy croak of voices that are all yelled out by the middle of the football season. By the river, the high-school teams are panting on the practice field. Johnny used to be there. The Lukacovic family always said November was Johnny's month, just as the house, with the still loyalty of inanimate things, is still Johnny's house.



"We got a job to do."

"He had his place here," his mother explains gently. "His place—it was always here, no matter."

There were ten in the Lukacovic family: the father and mother and eight children. There are things about a big family that no one understands except another big family. It's as though ten bodies share a single heart, so that the strength of one is the strength of ten. When you try out for tackle on the squad, nine people know you can make it, and so you do make it. And when, later, you know suddenly that that isn't enough, and in some far sky a strange and vivid star becomes for you the only star to steer by, nine people stand behind you straining the eyes of their hearts to see what you see, and you know that the wings that really lift you toward the high horizon are the wings of their love. "He had it like he wanted it," they say. Perhaps there is no more to say, really, about a man who believed in his job, lived for it and died for it.

The year he was eighteen, Johnny was restless. Things were going on in the world, hideous things—not in our part, but nobody, Johnny knew, could really keep the parts separate. How could you when your family, like Johnny's, drew from its roots in Poland and Czechoslovakia the strong sap that nourished its growth in a new land? Poland was like one end of a bridge. When Poland fell, Johnny's America was hurt too. A broken bridge isn't a bridge at all, but an outpost. So Johnny enlisted in the United States Army Air Corps, one year before the attack on Pearl Harbor.

THERE is a picture of him, taken that first year during his training at Fort Slocum. Johnny was six feet tall and carried his uniform like a general, but what you notice especially is his smile. It's wide and pleased and untroubled, and it somehow reminds you of the time the Tarrytown newspaper took his picture with the Irvington High School football team, just after they beat Dobbs Ferry.

"That was the proudest thing he ever had," his sister remembers, "that uniform."

When Johnny was sent to Panama, following his training at Fort Slocum, the uniform got its first chevron. As Private First Class Lukacovic, he became a ground-force mechanic, grooming the big bombers for the daily sky-wide patrol, or standing the night shift at the airfield, waiting for the particular drumming in the darkness overhead that was his ship coming in. At home, they don't know for sure, but they think that was when he was most homesick. There is something about night that seems to bring the things a boy loves to the very rim of the night around him, where the fingers of his yearning can almost reach out and touch them—but not quite. Johnny never said he was homesick, but you could tell by his letters, and the things he kept remembering about the little house in Pennybridge. But he didn't want to come home. He wanted something else, something that he'd wanted without knowing what it was, when he was eighteen. Now he was twenty, and he knew.

You can't be drafted for a bomber crew. You have to know, as Johnny knew, that that's where you belong, and volunteer for the job. By Christmas, 1942, Johnny was back in the United States, at a gunnery school in Florida; March found him waiting to be "shipped"—Sergeant John Lukacovic, tail gunner, 264th Bomber Squadron; and on April sixth, his twenty-first birthday, he wrote the gay, excited letter from London to "dear sis," about England and the good life and the prettiest girl of all—the letter that is all they have of Johnny from the dim horizon where they lost him. Over Kiel, the dispatch said: at first, all they knew was that Johnny was missing. It was as though suddenly he had disappeared; or almost as though he had never existed.

"WHEN he is missing, he is nowhere," his mother tries to explain. "Nowhere at all."

They all prayed for him, of course, the nine at home, as they waited out the long spring days. It was hard praying, like tossing pebbles against the window of an empty room. May came, and baseball bats cracked in the lot next door; daisies dipped over the edges of the little stone lane, and sis' twin babies—whose picture Johnny carried proudly in his pocket—could walk by themselves. Each day Mr. Lukacovic trudged off to the big plant by the river—they make wings for bombers there—and one of Johnny's pet jokes was that it took pop to get him wings. Fourteen-year-old Rudy sat on the steps in the lazy spring sunshine and worked on his biggest plane model, and mom said she'd hang it over the piano when it was done. Mrs. Lukacovic was everywhere, spring-cleaning in Johnny's old room and shaking the winter out of pillows and blankets, or fixing an early supper for pop and hanging out the kitchen window while the kettle boiled, to watch Frank bat. By the step the geraniums bloomed, and the friendship plant cracked its tub on the first hot day. Mist hung over the river in the early mornings, and in the hollows at night; the grass was deep and wet as the children walked to school, and dry and slippery as they returned. Summer came; the days were long and the nights longer, and still

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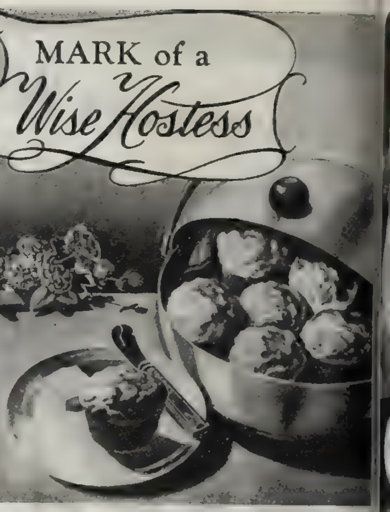

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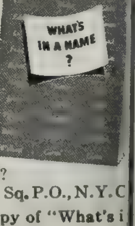

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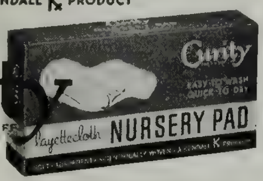


DIAPERS · BIBS · MASKS · COTTON

CLEANS and DEODORIZES

Today's Lesson from Johnny SPARKLE

"VANISH in a toilet bowl,
Cleans with speed and ease!
And leaves a minty odor,
That's always bound to please!"

Manufactured by the makers of Expello Moth Destroyers and Insecticides.

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Now on sale at your grocer's. Expello Corporation, Dover, N. H.

New Wartime Container

they waited. The hot July moon was dark before the second telegram came—the one that said Johnny was dead.

You sit today in the parlor, with Rudy's model plane in place above your head, and you think about Johnny. The large photograph—the last he had taken—tells you a little. The wide grin is gone, and the face is thinner.

"He is too thin, that time," his mother remembers, her face reflecting the old, tender vigilance. "He should eat more."

"Mom said he was too thin," his sister explains, "but he says you can't carry any weight in a bomber. If he puts on two pound, he has to run it off, he says. Where he is, he can't stand to gain."

You remember about the old days, when Johnny trained for the big games; and then, looking at the eyes in the picture, you know that this was not the same. You know because you see there, and in the still line of the mouth, that most unchildlike of all human expressions—patience.

He had longed for a furlough, last March, just before he was shipped: the precious ten days he'd had coming to him for so long. He had it all planned; he'd bring his buddy and show him the town and the family and the little house where you just walked in and there everybody was, just like they used to be. Once he thought he might even get a thirty-day furlough, but when that didn't come, he guessed they couldn't have people loafing around in the middle of a war; and ten days was good enough for him, or even three—he was sure he'd get at least three.

At two-thirty one afternoon in March they got word that he was coming. By three they were waiting at the windows, searching the lane for the tall figure that must be the same Johnny, even after two years. At four, they were still peering into the graying daylight, and at five.

It was dark when he came. He could stay two hours, he told them, his eyes bright and hungry in the familiar lamplight.

"But your furlough!" they protested. "You had it coming to you."

He looked at them all and shook his head, his big hands fingering his cap. "I guess I won't bother about any furlough," he said awkwardly. "We got a job to do. I guess we'll just do it."

As you sit, thinking about Johnny, Rudy carries over the black case with the heart-shaped medal, purple, the head of General George Washington in gold in the center.

"It's Rudy's to keep," his sister says, her face sad. "He wants to be in a bomber, like Johnny, he says."

"Only I'm going to be a Marine aviator," Rudy says, fixing the medal in its box. Looking up, he smiles, his eyes crinkling. "I only got to wait three years."

Then he shows you the Citation of Honor, signed by General Arnold; and as you read it you wonder if perhaps this is the best and finest thing that could ever be said of Johnny, kneeling by his gun in an alien sky because he knew that was where he belonged:

"He lived to bear his country's arms. He died to save its honor. He was a soldier, and he knew a soldier's duty. . . ."

You finish reading it, and you lay it beside the medal, and the two telegrams, and the frayed newspaper clippings. Then you look at the girl beside you—"sis," to whom Johnny was special.

"You see," she explains, in answer to what you haven't said, "we don't think Johnny is dead. You can't kill a boy like Johnny. We all know he's living yet, somewhere. We don't know where, but somewhere. We don't ever give up hope."

They can look at death, these nine who love him, and see only life. They study the dark face of war, and beyond the darkness they find him still, the boy who can't die. And then at last you know that that is the finest thing one human being can believe of another, or that a nation can believe of its children: that they cannot die, because for generosity and steady faith and the splendor of human courage there is no death, only life, in the hearts of those who love them.

It's always August underneath your arms!

Warm clothes make you *more likely to offend.* Prevent underarm odor with MUM every day!

Sure is cold outdoors!

You're all bundled up in warm woolen clothes. You scurry indoors quick as you can—for still more warmth. *And your chances of offending with underarm odor are even greater than in the summertime!*

Because even if you don't see or feel any moisture under your arms, odor can form. And it will c-l-i-n-g to your warm winter clothes. And it may turn you into the girl you swore you'd never be—the girl who offends!

So don't take chances! Your bath just washes away *past* perspiration. Use Mum to prevent risk of underarm odor to come. And then you're sure. Safe. Fresh and dainty.

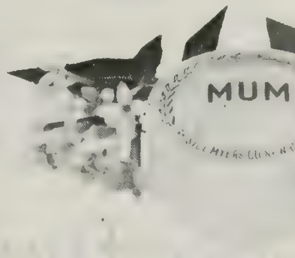
So after every bath—before every date—remember a minute with Mum guards charm!

· · ·

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—*Gentle, safe Mum is so dependable for this important purpose. Try Mum this way, too—avoid embarrassment.*

Start the day right. First your morning bath to wash away *past* perspiration. Then MUM . . . to prevent *future* underarm odor. Takes only 30 seconds to smooth it on!

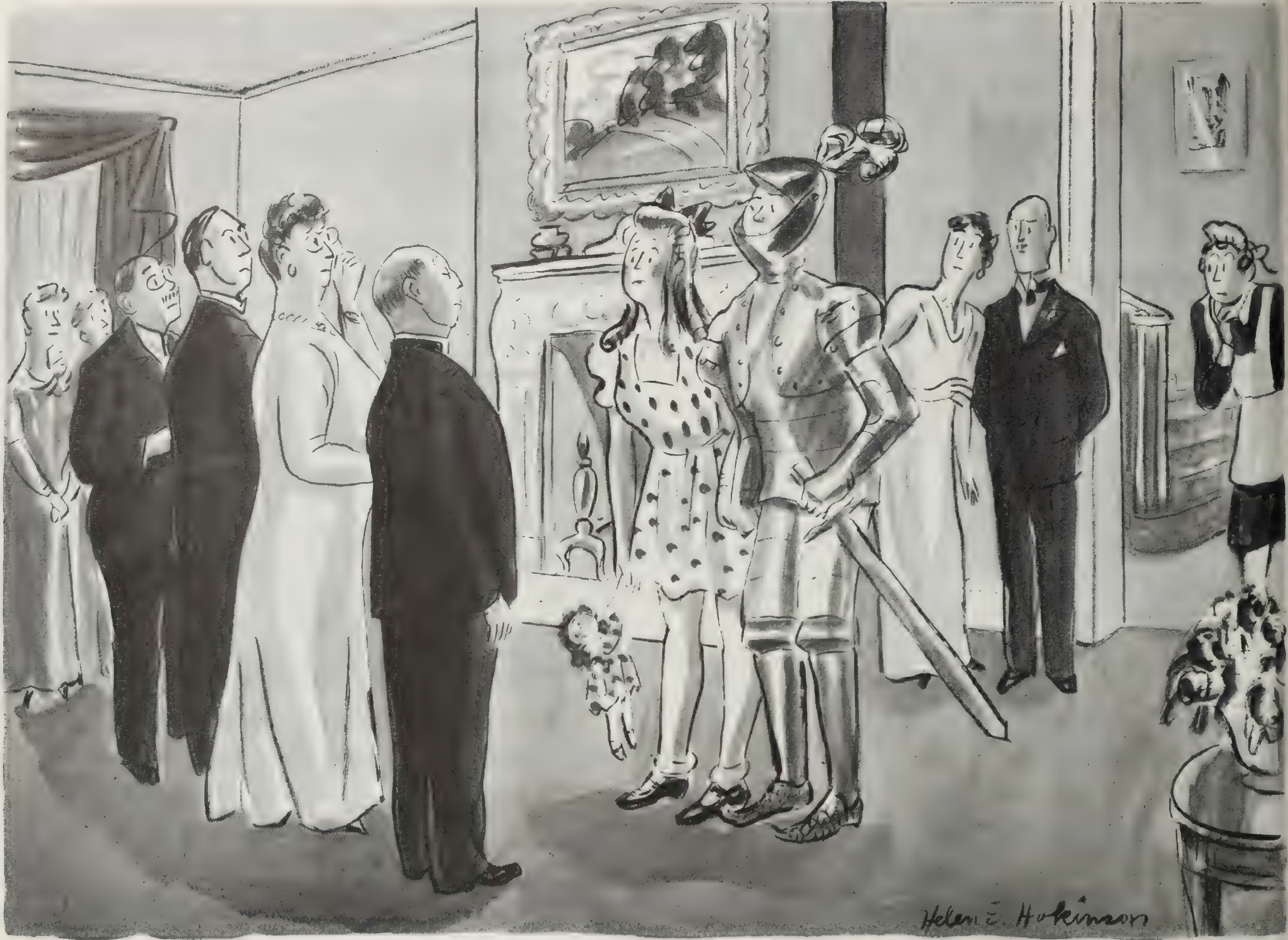
Woolens are wonderful . . . *but* they trap odor! So don't take chances with *your* job! Stay dainty with Mum. Use Mum any time . . . even after you're dressed!



Product of Bristol-Myers

In his arms . . . you'll be safe and serene. Even after hours of dancing, Mum prevents underarm odor. So give yourself some real peace of mind. Try Mum. You'll like it.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



the Joneses are always balled up!

OH, THE JONESES are wonderful. They *never* get things right. For instance, it was quite characteristic of them to get the dates crossed for the Fancy Dress Ball and the reception for the new minister.

Or like the time that Mrs. Jones, who is a kindly, well-meaning soul, made up that beautiful bouquet of goldenrod for a neighbor of hers who was sick—with hayfever.

So, when the Joneses assured me that Postum was just a coffee substitute, and I found myself admitting that that had always been my understanding, too—I thought twice and said to myself, "Whoa . . ."

If the Joneses are always getting things all mixed up—they *must* be wrong about Postum, and so maybe I've been wrong about Postum, too! Just to be on the safe side I think I'll try it for myself and see.

That's how I discovered that, actually, Postum isn't a substitute for *anything*—but a darned delicious drink in its own right. Taste like coffee? Why should you expect it to taste like coffee, any more than you'd expect coffee to taste like tea?

Postum, I found to my delight, has a robust, distinctive flavor all its own. Something so special, so heart-warming it always brings you back for a second cup. So if you haven't got on to Postum, yet, take a tip from me—the first swell-tasting sip will have you rolling up your eyes in what amounts to ecstasy.

P. S. Postum is economical, too. Costs only ½ a cent a cup to make. Two forms: Postum, the kind you boil, drip, or percolate . . . and Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup by adding boiling water. A product of General Foods.

TUNE IN The Aldrich Family, Thursday nights, NBC Network. One of America's great radio programs, written by Clifford Goldsmith, sponsored by Postum.

postum

one of America's great mealtime drinks

BACK COMES THE BRIDE

(Continued from Page 37)

bloom and summer and Agnes almost there when he was finished with the book. How they had sighed over the misfortunes of the lovers!

And now he thought that his own life had not been unlike that book. Anyone else might laugh to know he thought so, but it seemed to him, sitting there with his middle-aged wife beside him, that life had driven a wedge between them early and kept it there. Since Agnes was born they had not been alone together until this last year, before Myra came back again. Jean had been much absorbed in her children. She had never neglected him; but when there are babies, there are things that clamor to be done. And mumps and measles and chicken pox, and school and then graduations and dances and clothes and college and engagements and weddings—things so absorbing to women. And the three women in the house loved and understood one another with a completeness that sometimes made him feel strange—yes, and jealous, too, although he was ashamed to name it. And this harmony between Jean and her daughters seemed to break into the harmony so natural between himself and her.

But now, for more than a year—since Agnes' marriage—they had lived as he had dreamed of living. They had lived together, just the two of them, in an accord of their own making. They did everything just as they liked to do it. It was not, he was sure, that they were set in their ways. It was only that long experience of living had led them into certain pleasant methods which worked better than others. They rose at the hour they liked best. They had the kind of food they both enjoyed and could digest. They went to bed at an hour suitable to themselves. They bought what clothes they liked and placed their furniture to suit themselves, listened only to radio programs they enjoyed. They had the lamp shade tilted just so for reading, and had their own friends in to talk of things of interest to their own age. Luther Johns had never been happier.

But the interval after Agnes' marriage had been like the interval before her birth—it had come to an end. Myra, the younger, the first to marry, was the first to come home. Agnes would come, too, when her husband was called up. Now everything was changed. Now again the house revolved around a baby; now the two women were intent on Luke—and he was, too, for that matter. For he knew that Luke came first by every law of Nature and man. Luke was the important one. Mr. Johns was far too just not to acknowledge this.

The movie was over and they walked home together in the frosty starlit night, talking comfortably, deeply and intimately knowing each other. The light was on in the living room. Myra was waiting up for them. Mr. Johns was ashamed that he did not appreciate her kindness. Of course she wanted a little family life—a little talk with her mother and himself. How she must miss the companionable Kenny!

Myra opened the door for them. "Darlings!" she said. "Why didn't you let me bring your basket? Did you like the show?"

"Yes, yes," Mr. Johns said, more warmly because he was ashamed of the selfishness of his first thought. "It was good of you to stay up for us. It's cold out. Are you cold, Jeanie? Are your feet cold?"

"A little," Mrs. Johns said.

Myra was looking at them anxiously. "Dad, Agnes called."

"Agnes?" he said quickly. "Is anything wrong with her?" Agnes was like himself. Agnes had matured slowly, married late, was serious and good. He had always felt a certain protective concern for her. He had been glad to see her happily married to a fine man.

"Tom's called up for the fourteenth," said Myra. "She's coming home. Tom can come this far with her. So they are leaving together day after tomorrow, and will get here that evening. They've rented their apartment to some friends and Agnes is just bringing her personal things. Tom will only be here overnight. Myra said her doctor thought the trip would not hurt her, since her baby is not due until the last of April."

"Well, for goodness' sakes!" said Mrs. Johns. "Day after tomorrow! And Tom was fretting because he wasn't called up. He'll be glad to go and it will be nice to have Agnes at home. I've great confidence in Doctor Burr. He'll take good care of her. We'll have to get her room ready for her, Myra."

"I'm sorry we didn't get to talk to her," said Mr. Johns. "Did she sound all right? Is she well—does she mind Tom's going?"

"She was calm and cheerful. You may be sure Agnes will never burden Tom with her feelings—and she will be all right."

"Yes," said Mr. Johns. They were brave, these girls—they didn't waver or make any outcry at all. He admired them.

"Dad, there's something else," said Myra slowly and reluctantly. "I'm awfully sorry. I let Luke play about a little, and he climbed up and pulled the Napoleon down. It smashed to smithereens. It was while I was talking to Agnes—the telephone rang before I got him to bed. I—I punished him."

"You shouldn't have," said Mr. Johns steadily. "It's time we quit admiring Napoleon, anyhow."

"Oh, dad," Myra said, "you're wonderful. You really are!"

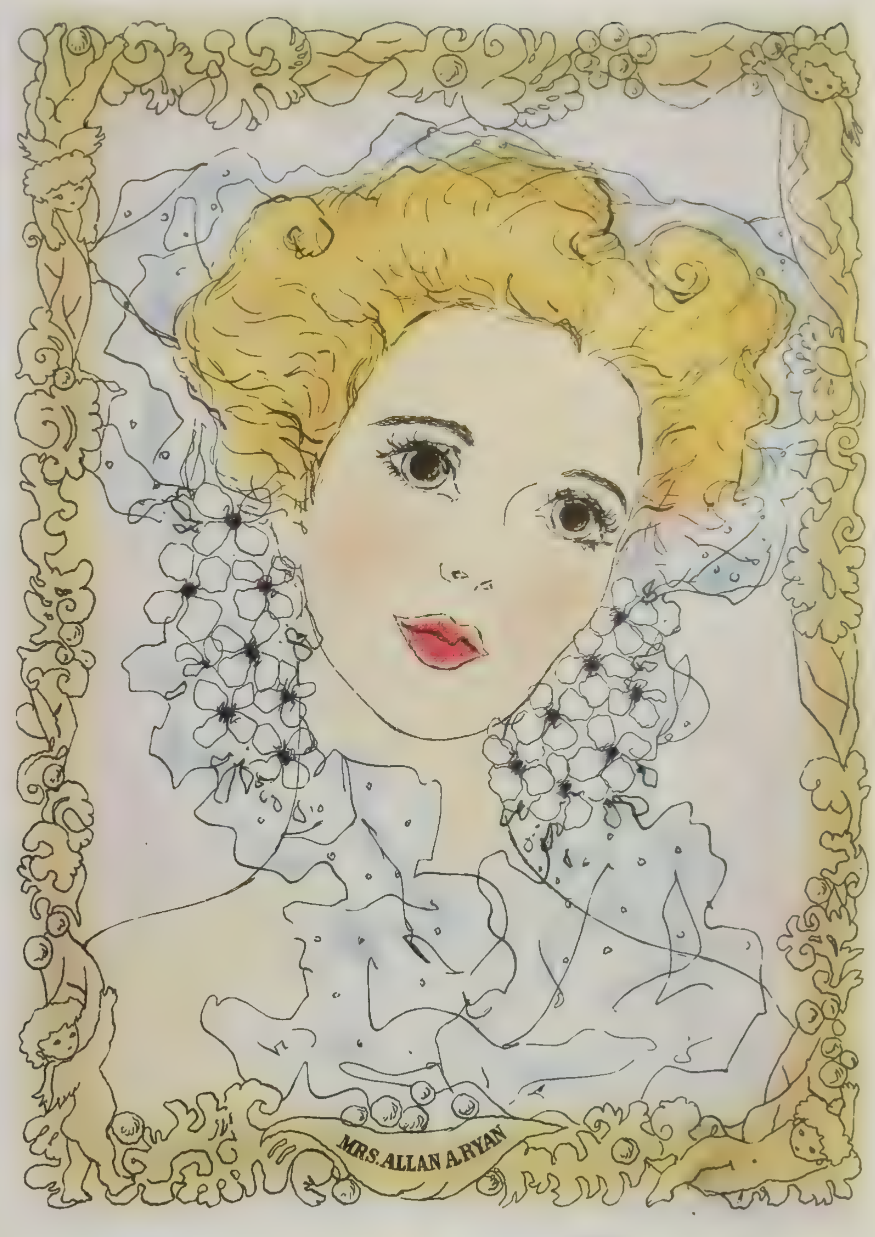
He was oddly disconcerted. There was, in Myra's quick mercurial face, a keen and comprehending intelligence. For an awful moment he wondered if she could possibly know how he felt sometimes. It was as though a knife pierced him, just to glimpse such a possibility. She was his little girl—at any time he would have gone into a burning building for her or for Agnes. He had always stood ready to do anything for them. It was not their fault, poor young things, that the whole world was at war and all the young men must be away, fighting. He had always stood ready to do anything for them, and could he now begrudge them the protection of their own home, a father's care? He did love them. God surely knew that he loved them. Why, had he not sacrificed his own love to them? Myra came and put her arms around his neck and kissed his cheek. Neither of them could say a word.

Mr. Johns went into the kitchen and got a glass of milk out of the icebox for himself. Abovestairs he could hear Myra and her mother walking about—they were in Agnes' room now—he could hear the unmistakable thread of sound that was Jeanie's voice. He sat down by the kitchen table and drank his milk slowly, waiting for his wife to come back downstairs.

In the wastebasket beside the table was the china Napoleon. Oh, well, it was just as well. It had been made in Germany anyway, he thought without conviction. It was just an expensive piece of bric-a-brac he had seen in a store window many years ago. He had walked past it every day and looked at it with longing. It was expensive. He could not afford it. Then Jeanie had had a birthday and he had given her the Napoleon. It was a family joke, for everyone knew that it was his. He stooped, grunting a little, and took a piece or two of the shattered china horse and rider out of the wastebasket.

It was all a kind of symbol. Surely no one would feel sorry for him—and he did not intend to feel sorry for himself. When all the world was ravished with suffering, what did it matter about his sanctuary or a piece of bric-a-brac? He dropped the pieces into the wastebasket with a sudden hot scorn for himself. He rose and rinsed his glass at the sink.

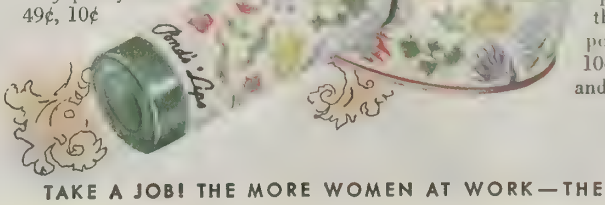
Why didn't Jeanie come down? What did she and Myra talk about so endlessly? He leaned against the sink, stout, middle-aged and gray, with his glasses thick over his kind blue eyes. And his heart was heavy with longing for his own true love.



Dreamflower Beauty in "Natural"

Mrs. Allan A. Ryan, young New York social leader, is a charming subject for this Dreamflower portrait. Hair of pale gold . . . tawny hazel eyes with wide velvet-black pupils. And a delicate blonde complexion soft-misted with Pond's sweet Dreamflower "Natural" powder.

"I have never found a powder shade that made my skin look as smooth and fresh as Dreamflower 'Natural,' " Mrs. Ryan says. "The color is really lovely—fragile shell-pink with an unusually flattering touch of cream. And Pond's new Dreamflower texture is just as soft and smooth as it sounds!"



Pond's "LIPS"

Your Pond's "Lips" stay on longer! In 5 wonderful, wearable shades. *Very* pretty case—49¢, 10¢

Pond's Dreamflower Powder

Your Dreamflower complexion awaits you in this beguiling be-flowered powder box—49¢, 25¢, 10¢. Choose from 6 sweet-and-misty Pond's shades

TAKE A JOB! THE MORE WOMEN AT WORK—THE SOONER WE WIN!

Timed . . .
for the duration

These days, when sheets are as precious as aluminum, when Dan River and other textile mills are heavily engaged in war production, you should think first of the lasting quality of the sheets you buy. Dan River's Sheets are smooth muslin you would be proud to offer to your most critical house guests. But more important, Dan River's Sheets will stay smooth and crisp, and with proper care, last for years.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

DAN RIVER'S *Virginia Manor* . . . . a luxury muslin
DAN RIVER'S *Shenandoah* . . . . a utility muslin

Send to Dan River Mills, Dept. LHJ, 40 Worth St., New York 13, N. Y., for new booklet "How To Take Care of Your Clothes."

DAN RIVER'S SHEETS

DAN RIVER MILLS DANVILLE, VIRGINIA

PATCHWORK

(Continued from Page 43)

things, with a piece of meat to give it some backbone. I put what makings I had in the soup kettle with half a carrot and some celery tops and half a cup of those tomatoes I sweat over last August—and am I glad I've got them! It's a good idea to have some different herbs handy, and here's where they come in, with a little Worcestershire or whatever. Talk about odds and ends. Well!

This stock is cooked down and strained—and be sure it's seasoned well and high—and it ought to come out as clear as a topaz, maybe clearer, and you might decorate it with orange or lemon slices, just by way of dress-up. Looks pretty and a lot more important, somehow. Cheese sticks or crackers make a nice pair-off with a cup of steaming hot soup. And "hot" is the word to keep in mind too.

Yes—it Was Hash. But hash that looked different and tasted different from "just hash," and the willing workers heaved a big sigh of content when it came on, for I'm no mean hand at a frying pan and rolling pin, if I do say it. So they knew what they got would be good, even if it *was* on the crazy-quilt pattern, even if the things that went into it made you think of patchwork. It had a few fancy stitches, anyway. Say that for it.

Instead of just finely diced meat and potato, I added some cooked leftover carrots and quite a lot of onion. Hash needs onion, and whether it takes to carrots—why, it depends on a lot of things. Use what you've got. I guess that's the only rule. I had a chunk of pot roast, so I used that. I added Worcestershire sauce and horse-radish to help out on the seasoning instead of just salt and pepper. But have those too. Add a little gravy or thick soup, but not enough to make it thin. Grease a ring mold well and fill with the hash, packing it down. Bake in a hot oven, 425° F., about forty-five minutes. Turn out on a *hot* platter, and fill the ring with vegetables. I happened to have some whole-kernel corn and stretched it out with a few leftover cooked string beans. *For the gravy:* There wasn't enough left after using a little to hold the hash together, so I added about half a cup of chili sauce and half a green pepper, chopped and simmered together a little while. Tasted something like a barbecue sauce, only it wasn't.

A Bunch of Broccoli. It took me years to learn to spell Connecticut, but what I've gone through with broccoli is nobody's business. Just when I think I've got it licked it turns up with two *l*'s or a *c* or two where they don't belong. And there I am, to begin my lesson again. It's maddening. (Is *that* spelled right?)

But a bunch of b——i showing up on the cold shelf in the cellarway, I cooked it and dressed it—or was *about* to dress it sort of amandine, with nuts, but I couldn't find any nuts. Well, I shook out the remains of some dry rice cereal in a frying pan, with a little butter and salt and pepper (this is a true story) and tossed it around with a fork, draped it on the br——li, and, do you know, it was really a good idea. Of such improvisations are symphonies composed!

Peanut Butter Has Many Faces. And one of its most attractive ones is in peanut-butter muffins. After all, there are few things better on a cold February night—or any other night or morning, either—than a red-hot muffin that is as tender as a jelly and as rich and melting as the smile on a bridesmaid's face when she figures that she'll be called up soon.

Peanut-Butter Muffins: Cream 2 tablespoons of peanut butter with 2 tablespoons of shortening. Add ¼ cup of sugar and cream together well. Sift 2 cups of flour with ½ teaspoon of salt and 3 teaspoons of baking powder. Add alternately to the peanut-butter mixture with 1 cup of milk. Mix just enough to "hang together," not too smooth. Fill oiled muffin pans two thirds full and bake in a hot oven, 400° F., for about twenty-five minutes.

The Finish. We finished off—after a good old-fashioned greens-and-onion ring salad—with an upside-down dessert, and I'll tell you about it because I guess you will want to try it, whether you're doing any patchwork cooking or not at the moment. Here it is, and the best of luck to you.

Upside-Down Bread Pudding. Scald 1 pint of milk. Pour over 6 slices of stale but not hard bread, broken into pieces. Add ¼ teaspoon of salt, ½ cup of sugar and 1 teaspoon of vanilla. Let it stand about five minutes. Beat with a spoon so there are no big pieces of bread. Add 2 beaten eggs. Butter a casserole. Spread jam or marmalade or preserves over the bottom of the dish, having a good generous layer, not just a hint. Pour the pudding mixture on top. Set in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., about one hour, or until firm when tried with a silver knife. Remove from the water and chill. Loosen around the edge of the casserole and turn the pudding out on a plate upside down—see? It comes out just as slick as a kitty's ear.

Winter Has Pears. The winter pears did well by us this year. And there's something about them that gets you—about the way a good pippin does, or a Northern Spy. Well, maybe not *quite*, but almost, anyway.

Peel them, then cut them in half the long way, remove the core and cook them until tender but not soft—in simple sirup—just sugar and water with a little lemon juice. Take the pears out and add a glass of jelly to the sirup, put in a small piece of butter, then poach the pears in this sauce until they glaze. And the sauce poured over makes the sauce for your pudding. All goes together like snaps on a garter. You'll like this one for a dozen different things.

Give Me Credit. By the way, did you notice that I haven't even mentioned St. Valentine's Day, or set down any verse or gone in for lace paper and red hearts in any way? Not that I didn't *think* of it; I did. I just love Valentine's Day, don't you? But getting all involved with patchwork and such, I couldn't get in the mood. And maybe it is just as well.

THERE IS SUCH STRENGTH

(Continued from Page 18)

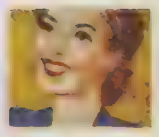
shook their whining youngsters. Octavia glimpsed her mother, escaping like a shadow—she was always the first to leave a place—her long black cloak wrapped about her figure which somehow managed to hold a certain dignity despite the protuberance of another pregnancy. Febby and Octavia hurried out after their mother, leaving Augusta alone in the midst of all the departing people.

Erna Spiegelglas, the red-faced, buxom hired girl who had worked for the Fritzhoffs for ten years, settled the sleeping Juliana in her arms, and beckoned to Augusta. Augusta waved her on and turned back to the younger crowd, busy again with the refreshments and urging their reluctant pastor to join them. She wondered angrily if he would. When she saw that her father was actually going to stay, she turned and followed the older crowd out into the cold January night.

She walked across the street to the parsonage, the hard snow glistening and crackling beneath her feet like millions of chip diamonds. Faintly the strains of *Roslein au*

(Continued on Page 76)

SUSAN HARVEY THINKS IT THROUGH...



HUBBY'S BIG PROBLEM right now—he's a factory foreman—is man power. "We're getting men about as fast as a baby gets teeth." Susan wonders . . . could *women* do the work, untrained women like her? "Sure they could," says Hubby. "But what'd you do with the kids? Put 'em in a zoo?"

SUSAN'S A GAL WITH IDEAS. As she slices delicious ready-to-eat *Prem* for dinner she thinks, "Experts at Swift's prepare and cook this meat for me. A fine time-saving idea. Can't I get a big idea, too? C'mon, brain . . . how can I help out at the factory without neglecting the children?"

TURNABOUT WILL DO IT! Susan comes through with a swell idea. Neighbor, Mrs. Allen, also has children, also wants to earn extra money doing essential factory work. Three days a week she'll work, while Susan looks after all the children and does the marketing. Then it's turnabout for the next 3 days.

RUNNING A POWER LOADER is the job Susan and Mrs. Allen divide between them. "Some fun," says Susan. "I drive around all day in my little car and power does all the work." "Some gal," says Hubby. "Her idea's caught on with lots of other women . . . we're getting plenty of help since they heard about her."

FORTUNATELY BOTH FAMILIES are mighty fond of *Prem*. (But then, who isn't? Prem is *Swift's Premium* meat, sugar-cured the exclusive Swift's Premium way for finer flavor.) Ready to chill and slice or just heat through. Prem saves lots and lots of time. All solid meat, Prem saves ration points, too.

OH, BOY! WHAT A MEAL! Pan browned Prem and mush with green beans. Quick to get, grand to eat, well-balanced for nutrition. Susan learned in her Nutrition Class about the important food values of meat . . . knows that Prem supplies complete protein, B complex vitamins, and important minerals.

Prem

a Swift's Premium Meat

Prem, sugar-cured the exclusive Swift's Premium way, comes in oblong and round tins and in glass jars.

LI'L ABNER by AL CAPP
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
HALP ME!! MAH PORE CHILE, "WEAKLIN" HAWKINS, JUNIOR, IS ALONE IN OUR CABIN ON TOP O' NOAH'S PEAK!! - AH CAIN'T GIT BACK THAR ON ACCOUNT O' THIS TURRIBLE STORM!!!
DON'T WORRY, WIDDER HAWKINS — AH WILL RISK MAH LIFE, NATCHERLY, T' SAVE YO' SWEET LI'L CHILE!!
FEARLESS FOSDICK COMICS
Copr. 1944, United Feature Syndicate, Inc.
THIS LOAD IS SLOWIN' ME UP BUT AH CAIN'T LEAVE IT ON ACCOUNT MAMMY SAYS EV'RY CHILE NEEDS CREAM OF WHEAT!!
HYAR, LI'L ABNER, GIT THIS "ENRICHED 5 MINUTE" CREAM OF WHEAT IN YO' INNARDS. THEM VITAMINS AN' MINERALS WILL SET YO' UP AGIN IN A HURRY. AH LAPPED UP THREE BOWLS BEFO' YO' GOT HYAR!!
LOOKIT!! LI'L "WEAKLIN" HAWKINS, JUNIOR, DONE RESKEWED LI'L ABNER!!
'TAIN'T SO!! - AH PULLED HIM MOST O' TH' WAY, BUT THET "ENRICHED 5 MINUTE" CREAM OF WHEAT GIVE HIM SO MUCH ENERGY — TH' LI'L VARMINT JEST COULDN'T SET STILL NO LONGER!!
GIVES YOU LOTS OF IRON!
Al Capp
ENRICHED 5 MINUTE CREAM OF WHEAT
REGULAR CREAM OF WHEAT

It's Baby's Best First Solid Food!

Here's why so many doctors recommend "Enriched 5 Minute" Cream of Wheat as Baby's Best First Solid Food. It's rich in Vitamin B1, iron, calcium, phosphorus and quick food-energy; cooks to full digestibility in only 5 minutes; has delicious, satin-smooth flavor the whole family loves; costs less than 1 cent a serving!

"Enriched" 5 MINUTE" and "REGULAR"

CREAM OF WHEAT

The Great American Family Cereal

"CREAM OF WHEAT" AND CHEF TRADEMARKS REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

(Continued from Page 74)

der Heiden reached her as she went up the steps. She closed the door upon the sound.

The hall with its narrow stairway was softly lighted and warm. To the left lay the drawing room, a small rectangle of beauty transplanted so desperately by *her* from her ancestral splendor in Brussels. Augusta, secretly cognizant of its great worth, disparaged it harshly if her stepmother or Octavia was around. The parishioners who timidly entered it now and then, and who called it the front room or the parlor, privately termed it queer and old-fashioned, smug as they were with their new American golden oak, Morris chairs and cheap upright pianos. What could they possibly know, Octavia would ask in quiet scorn, of Louis XVI *fauteuils* or bois-de-rose marquetry, of Aubusson and needle point, Spode and Sèvres and rare Limoges enamels? Or the Dürer etchings and Reynolds water colors? Or *maman's* favorites, the priceless collection of exquisitely dressed figures in old Vienna porcelain: three gentlemen and three ladies, each playing an instrument, the harp and the piano made of pure gold and inlaid ivory and enamels? How could such provincials understand a woman like *maman*, Octavia would go on at great length, a woman who could not live without all these beautiful things around her, whose maiden name had been Alexandra van der Liest-Leyden, whose father had been a Belgian diplomat and whose mother had come from Paris, a *comtesse* at that? Was it any wonder the women in the parish whispered that *maman* was queer? None of them ever bothered to understand her loneliness or to respect the reason for her reserve.

Yes, well, thought Augusta, wandering on into the sitting room, let Octavia have her proud thoughts and opinions; she was as yet ignorant of the whole truth. But when the time came, she would be the first one to be enlightened.

Augusta stopped in the doorway of the next room, comfortable with faded old chintz, untidy schoolbooks and heaps of music strewn on top of the old Bechstein. She was not surprised to find her stepmother at the secretary, busily writing her never-ending letters.

Even the woodpecker owes his success to the fact that he uses his head.

—COLEMAN COX.

Mrs. Fritzhoff turned. "I supposed you had gone upstairs with the others, Augusta."

"It is time you were in bed yourself, *maman*. It is almost midnight. But then you knew father was staying on at the hall, didn't you?"

Mrs. Fritzhoff was silent.

Augusta went toward the dining room, and at the door she turned. "He won't be in for another hour or so. You have plenty of time to finish the letter before he gets here."

"Augusta"—they looked at each other; Mrs. Fritzhoff nervously twirled the pen between her fingers—"Augusta, I wish you'd come down later. I'd like to talk to you."

"I'll finish my rounds first."

Augusta went up the back stairway, along the hall, and stopped at the closed door of Octavia's room. The lights were out and the girls apparently asleep. Febby had probably forgotten her prayers again, but then what did it matter? Their father had long since ceased listening to them at bedtime, and Augusta had always thought the custom an unnecessary and stupid one.

SHE crossed the corridor to the study, snapped on the lights and stood in the doorway. There was a book face down upon the arm of a leather chair. She saw that it was Heinrich Heine, her father's favorite poet. She picked it up—open, as she had suspected, at Buch der Lieder. There were many dog-eared pages, marked passages. Against her eyes she felt the soft rush of sensuous first lines: *"Ich dacht an Sie den ganzen Tag. . . . All nächtlig in Träume seh' ich dich.* So. Augusta repeated the lines, then gently replaced the book. For whom were they underlined—the stepmother, her own mother or for Gretchen? She moved, heavy with jealousy, to the crowded bookshelves and
scanned the familiar tomes of Martin Lu
Schiller, Goethe, Von Kleist, and all
other German poets and philosophers so
sionately read by her father and so
quoted. She retrieved an old volum
Nietzsche, and tucked the heavy book
neath her arm. Her father despised
writer, but Augusta had often argued
he was the only one really worth rea
Primly she straightened Volume I of *G*
sein Leben und seine Werke, thinking
familiar were all these books, scattere
they were at random throughout the h
Indeed, Febby and Octavia had always
dered at will through a bewildering ma
literature in three languages, through a
credible amount of music and art and po
with never a restraining word laid ag
their reaching hands and searching m
What good did it all do?

AUGUSTA turned from the bookshelves
went on down the hall to her own roo
she undressed she thought of *maman* an
years of secret letter writing, and the
that was to come in April. It would arri
March, but no one save Augusta and *ma*
could possibly be aware of that. If an
questioned the premature arrival, one c
say it was *maman's* age, or perhaps th
cent journey abroad had overtired her.

There drifted suddenly from the li
room below familiar Chopin strains,
Augusta listened, startled, a moment,
reached for her dressing gown. *Maman*
now ready. She turned out the lamp
went out.

From the time Alexandra van der L
Leyden came to Ludwig Fritzhoff as his
in 1898 to the day of her death sixteen
later, she gave him little but unhappi
Though she bore his name and his chil
actually she was a person completely
to him in body an
spirit. That she n
would be any different
a defeat he found dif
to accept or admit.

When he had ma
her he was a lonely
ower in his early thi
with a child on his ha
and in his reawakened eagerness overlo
too quickly her aloof silences. It took n
years before he understood that her dee
thoughts were never of him, and he m
as well cease to hope for any reciproca
votion.

They drifted then so far apart that it
indeed as though two strangers lived w
brood of even stranger children within
parsonage.

It was not always a comfortable or
alliance. Their mutual disappointment
bound to erupt every now and then
a violent quarrel. Hers rose from conte
and heartbreak; his, from bitter jeal
and pique.

The entire pattern of this unusual
riage had evolved itself suddenly durin
difficult months of Doctor Fritzhoff's
important pastorate in America. He
come to dine one evening at the home
wealthiest parishioner, a middle-aged
sician, who, with his wife, was enterta
a visiting niece from Belgium.

Fritzhoff was still young, extremely h
some. Introduced to the young niece, he
seen a tall, slim girl with sapphire-blue
and coal-black hair and skin as smo
flawless as a magnolia petal. From his
Doctor Eberhardtz, he quickly learned
she was in America for a purpose, sen
her agitated parents. Apparently anxio
heed their perturbed letter which had
alded her coming and begged him to do s
thing for their distracted Alexandra,
good doctor threw discretion to the w
and explained:

"You see, her fiancé, the Baron Ch
Friedrich von Bergestadt, from Vienna,
cumbed at the last minute to the more
vious charms of a younger sister. Natur
Alexandra is reluctant to remain in so
ful a position, and she is also hesitant a
returning to be pitied and perhaps ridic

(Continued on Page 79)

(Continued from Page 76)

vants to stay here. After all, she is still young and extremely beautiful. You do a lot worse, Ludwig, and she will forget her baron—don't worry about She is a kind soul, a wonderful mu- and speaks German as fluently as her French. A perfect wife for a minister." ctor Fritzhoff had sighed, inwardly ed with the picture of himself as her and husband. Forget? He'd see to in no time at all. Never again would ink of her faithless suitor once she had ied *him*.

r ready acquiescence just a month later ot surprise anyone. That she was to be happy all her relatives blissfully pre- d at the wedding. That she was never op loving her Charles was a possibility did not occur to even the most imagi- e, and was a truth that struck Doctor hardtz with shocking clarity only after ad been married five years, had borne children—the first of which had died— ad not yet lost the haunted look within yes.

t there was nothing now that could be . A new parish, perhaps. Another en- ment. So the Fritzhoffs left the East began a new life in Laurelwaters, just of Chicago. Here, shortly afterward, her infant was born and died, and then na came in 1907.

e years seemed to have little effect upon beauty of Mrs. Fritzhoff. There was t her a strange detachment, a certain rance from reality that was from the beginning fiercely resented by her step- . Occasionally this white stillness could hattered, and when she came to life she indeed a frightening figure, because only had the power to make her voluble. The dren escaped then from her presence in a eless scurry. How well they knew the e. It was always the val of the mail that ted the dreaded battle, icularly a large letter ale blue, with a queer ign postage stamp and ss its flap a handsome d crest. Sometimes father kept this let- ocked away for days before he surren- d it to its rightful owner.

The worst thing about growing old is having to listen to a lot of advice from one's children. —ANON.

gularly, once a month, newspapers ar- for their mother from Brussels and , and for their father from Berlin and ch.

e children never thought it strange they, busily learning the Declaration ndependence and the Constitution of United States in school, should come e to parents engrossed in foreign news- ers in two different languages. Febby d all the papers, Octavia only the French s, and Augusta disdained all but those m Germany.

Mrs. Fritzhoff, having turned her back on the present and effaced herself as much possible from the parish, devoted her ely hours to music and letter writing. To om was she constantly writing, and how ld there possibly be enough news interest Laurelwaters to fill so many, many pages? e girls never knew who received the let- s, because Mrs. Fritzhoff trusted no one t herself to take them to the corner and p them into the box.

ROM her sonatas and *études* emanated an en greater puzzle. The girls very early be- me familiar with a great mass of piano rature, and as the years went on grew ite adept at recognizing the mood of the ment by the particular piece of music fill- the house at any hour of the day or night. metimes Augusta, weary of Bach or Scar- ti or Liszt, would close her eyes and clench r hands and breathe, "Whatever it was, ar God, can't she *ever* get over it?" but tavia and Febby, achingly devoted to eir unhappy mother, were frequently dis- ssed, and once when Febby was quite all she had timidly suggested that their other see a doctor. This bit of compassion d elicited only an exasperated sigh from e older girl and a curt reminder, "Oh, *Liebchen*, she's always been like that, she'll *never* be any different!"

From that time on Febby believed mother to be "queer," and lived in cons secret dread lest someone of vast import and authority find out about it and a to take her away. The fear lived with Fe every day of her life and vanished only her mother's death.

Just a year ago a cable had arrived f Brussels, the contents of which had been the children at breakfast. Doctor Fritz said in explanation of their mother's abse "Your Grandfather van der Liest-Le has died, so don't disturb your mothe day. Let her rest. She spent the night w ing." The grief of Mrs. Fritzhoff was ap ently deep, for she kept to her room fo most a week and the house was bliss free of Beethoven sonatas and Chopin *ét*

ONE cold March day at breakfast father again made an announcement. *M* was to go away to Belgium to visit her owed mother for three months. Mrs. F hoff entered wanly just then and, as u it was Febby who could first find words. flew to her mother, strangling her with k and crying that it was wonderful, that would have the most exciting time, that would get along, not to worry but to often.

Doctor Fritzhoff stopped this hysterical outburst by holding up an in tient hand. "Go back to your chair, child. The school bell will soon ring and is your chief concern. Your mother will be going for weeks."

Febby slipped back to her chair, abas and there was a short silence until Oct asked, "But are you going alone, *mama*

Mrs. Fritzhoff smiled gently. "Yes, tavia. Quite alone. There are times, see, when vacations necessary."

Preparations for de ure began, and soon parsonage as well as entire parish behe strange change in Fritzhoff. She bec amazingly animated. shopped incessantly, and once it was n sary to have Augusta accompany he Leighman's big department store, w *maman* bought shoes and hats, dresses underwear with the abandon of a b Augusta watched resentfully, wonderi all this sinful extravagance. There s *maman*, clad in stiff, rustling taffeta a large hat with a curling ostrich plume all the world like a photograph of L Russell that had been in the Chicago last week.

Ungraciously Augusta interrupted: is enough now. Let us go."

The great blue eyes had looked int fiery hazel ones in vast surprise. "But money is this I am spending?"

"That certainly should give you cau worry. Poor father will be in de months."

The salesgirl, not understanding a looked from one to the other in dismay, Augusta stalked off, down to the str board a trolley for home. Mrs. Fritzh ished her shopping, then left, proc homeward by cab.

No mystery was allowed to rema solved for very long. Augusta fou father busy at his desk and he turned, ing. "Yes, Augusta, what is it now?

"Tell me, please, where all money is coming from."

"It really isn't any of your b Augusta. *Maman's* father was very w He has left a legacy, and she can spe any way she sees fit."

Augusta came into the room, h tightening. "I hope, father, that y sense enough to allot just the necess to her for her expenses. The rest we for many necessities. Particularly w valuable as a future fund for our re Germany."

Doctor Fritzhoff blinked. "But, m child, with her money?"

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(Continued from Page 80)

tell her whether or not she played them correctly? The more difficult passages she slurred over, if not entirely comprehensible to her; she improvised her own scores and depended far too much upon her ear.

Augusta, appealed to, reluctantly discussed it with her worried half sister. "Well, if it is music you want, we'll have to see that you get it somehow. I could call up Professor Bach, I suppose."

Febby frowned. "But, Augusta, I think it is technique that I lack. Anne has lots of books and she practices it daily. Scales, arpeggios and things like that. Even Paderewski does it, she tells me."

"Fiddlesticks. Professor Bach never bothered with such things."

"That's just why I don't think he is any good. He plays all right, but he's too dumb to be a teacher."

"Where does this remarkable Anne of yours study?"

"Well, they now have so much money, you see. Anne goes to Chicago twice a week for an hour's lesson with Igor Strakovitz, who studied with Rubinstein. And she pays him twenty dollars for each lesson!"

"That is a sin and certainly an unnecessary extravagance. I don't want to hear any more about this!"

Augusta had scoffed and left the room and Febby turned disconsolately back to the piano. She fingered the thick volumes of music, her eyes upon the name in pale violet ink across each cover: Alexandra van der Liest-Leyden, Vienna Conservatory of Music, 1894. It was strange about *maman*, who loved music so much, had had the finest instruction and teachers and had even known Debussy well, for he had visited her home in Brussels during those years when she was studying. Where was her present interest then, and her awareness?

Sometimes, if one were lucky, she could be caught in an open, receptive mood, and it was necessary to hurry then, rather breathlessly. "*Maman*, what was that last night you were playing? It went something like this ——" And Febby, choking with haste, her heart pounding, would play as much as she could recall from listening in bed the night before.

Tact is what prevents a gray-haired old man with a wrinkled face from reminding a youthful-looking woman with the complexion of a rose that they were boy and girl together.
—BOWKER: Wit and Humor.
(Bowker Pub. Co.)

And perhaps *maman* would smile and lay aside her work and gently push Febby from the piano bench.

"That, *ma petite*, was the pathetic Sonata in C Minor of Beethoven. It goes like this—you must be careful to catch those first somber accented notes ——" and she would play with a splendor enthralling to the listening child, who would turn and clutch at her mother's arm, burying her quivering face against it.

"*Maman*, can't you teach me to play it like that?"

Mrs. Fritzhoff would then get up, looking utterly weary and spent. "That, Febby, is known as skill, and it takes years and years of ceaseless work. Perhaps when you are older, but not now, my dear."

It was always like that. Those flashing golden moments could never be harnessed toward any good. One could neither beg nor become angry with her. The entire incident receded, as usual, into mist and left one more dissatisfied than before.

But one afternoon, a few days before Doctor Fritzhoff was expected back, long after Augusta had returned and made of the holiday a bleak shambles, Anne Bardley telephoned to ask if Febby might come over for a few hours of music.

With quaking heart, Febby sought out Augusta. She was in the kitchen, busy over a heap of bills. "Augusta, would you be so kind ——"

Augusta waved a hand in Febby's direction, going busily on with her work. "Don't bother me. Run along; whatever it is, go right ahead with it."

"But, Augusta, it is Anne Bardley; she just phoned and asked me over for some music. I've never been there and I should so like to go."

"Well, go then, but be back early." Augusta turned absent-mindedly and buried herself once more in figures.

So Febby fled. She thought about Anne as she hurried along. Once, long ago, Anne had lived in a small brown frame house on River Street not far from the railroad tracks. At that time her father had been a poor physician. Until suddenly the prospect had changed. Through the manufacture and patent of a certain cough mixture, he began gradually to acquire great wealth. He moved his family to a square red-brick house in a good neighborhood. A year ago the Bardleys had reached the ultimate in affluence, by erecting an enormous stone mansion on Lakeview Drive. They now had a string of servants, several cars and five pianos.

Anne was in a small sitting room practicing her scales as Febby was announced and ushered inside. The two girls, so carefree with their friendship in school, suffered suddenly from self-consciousness and restraint. Febby took things into her own hands, as was her habit, seating herself before the piano and launching with all her starved heart into Chopin preludes.

Anne sat next to Febby and easily slid into a firm lecture. "Look, Febby, what you need is technique. You might start with these, like this ——" and Anne plunged into arpeggios.

The two girls settled down to a serious music lesson, but somehow it did not go well. Anne, having had the finest instruction, was still unable to play the simplest prelude or waltz well. Febby, never having had a formal lesson in her life, would with correct guidance eventually reach the concert stage. Something of this seeped through Anne's bewilderment and clarified things for her. This sort of session was ridiculous.

Anne cleared her throat. "Where did you learn to read like that, Febby?"

Febby, surprised, stopped to think about it, then went on playing. "Why, I've always known how, I guess."

Anne left the piano. Rebecca Lowenstein had that same facile, inborn ability too. Maybe that was what was known as genius. Anne said quickly, "Febby, amuse yourself and I'll go call Rebecca. We might as well have a violin with our duets. I guess it's more fun just to play anything we happen to like. Let's skip the lesson."

Febby agreed and drifted back to Chopin. She was deep in a polonaise before she realized that she was not alone. She turned about and stared. In the doorway stood a tall, dark boy.

"Hello," he said casually. "I knew it couldn't be Anne. Thought maybe it was Chopin's ghost in here."

Febby looked at him, quite pleased. "You're Colin, aren't you?"

"I'm Colin, Anne's older brother. And I know who you are too. You're one of those loony Fritzies ——" He intended to be funny, but stopped, scarlet and confused. Febby had risen, her blue eyes brilliant with astonishment and rage. Colin's face twisted into an apologetic smile. "I'm sorry; gosh, I didn't mean anything by it."

She spattered a mouthful of furious French into his startled face. "You needn't apologize. We are by this time too accustomed to the bad manners of our American neighbors to expect anything different!"

He swallowed genuine embarrassment, attempting with high-school laboriousness to follow a language still unfamiliar to him. "Well, why French? I thought you people were Germans!"

"My father is. My mother comes from Brussels, but her people were French. My grandmother happened to be the Comtesse

(Continued on Page 84)

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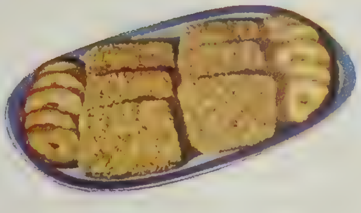

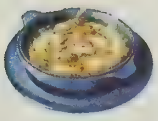

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(Continued from Page 82)

Alexandra Antoinette Maria van der Liest-Leyden, *if* you please!" He was quite mute and just stared at her as she continued stridently, "And my mother has no use for the American *bourgeoisie,* I'll have you know!"

Their glances flashed fire and hatred. Then slowly, gradually it burned itself out and he said rather reproachfully, "The what? Say, we're not that—those ——"

"No? Well, no matter." Having stabbed, Febby gently withdrew the barb and flung it away. He looked sufficiently crushed, and he was far too handsome to annihilate completely. She concluded it was not much fun to employ the tactics of Augusta. Besides, she thought it might be terribly exciting to fall in love with him, and enchantingly then she smiled. All was forgiven.

They laughed and he asked quite loudly, "Look, do you like tennis?"

"Tennis? I've never tried it."

"Well, do you like swimming or dancing?"

"I've never done those either."

"Well, what do you do? Besides play the piano."

"Read a lot. Paint. Write. I love to make up poetry."

"But I mean out-of-doors. Skate? Ride horseback?"

Febby began to feel uncomfortable. Did people really take those things seriously? "I'm sorry, Colin. My sisters and I, we really don't care much about such things. We seem to prefer the arts."

"Art isn't anything to spend all your time over. I'd love to teach you to play tennis and to dance. You'd make a swell dancer, you've got such pretty legs. . . . Ever play billiards?"

Febby was by now quite meek. She wished Anne would return. "Billiards? What in the world are they?"

"It's a game, silly." Colin, having finally regained snatched ground, suddenly waxed arrogant. "Come upstairs to the billiard room and I'll show you what it is. Imagine not knowing!"

> **President Coolidge and Senator Spencer, of Missouri, were walking together one evening. They passed the White House.**
>
> **"I wonder who lives there?" joked the Senator.**
>
> **"Nobody," said the President. "They just come and go."**
>
> —JOHN HIRAM McKEE: Coolidge Wit and Wisdom. (F. A. Stokes Co.)

Anne came in just then with Rebecca, and all four decided to abandon music and go to the billiard room.

It was dusk when they finally laid aside their cues to clatter downstairs to gorge on hot chocolate with marshmallows floating on top, and four kinds of cake. They were all the very best of friends, and eagerly planned a tennis foursome for the next afternoon.

Colin walked home in the early evening with Febby and Rebecca. As they neared Eighth Street, Febby was horrified to see Augusta approaching. This encounter was to be avoided at all costs.

Febby turned quickly to her companions. "I see my sister coming so I'll be all right now. Good night, Colin, and thanks a lot. . . . Good night, Rebecca, see you tomorrow." Febby broke away from them. When she reached Augusta, she took her arm and together they hurried down Eighth Street to Maple.

AUGUSTA had seen all she needed to know. Boys, now—and again that abominable Jewish girl. "You are never to be trusted, Febby, never!" she exclaimed. "I'll certainly have to talk to you about this when we get home."

"But, Augusta, it was only Anne's brother. He just happened to be there."

"Those vulgar *nouveau-riche* Bardleys; and as for the Lowensteins!"

Augusta's eyes were blazing and she dragged Febby along so fast that the younger girl hissed out small screams of protest. She wriggled free, dashing at the angry tears sputtering down her cheeks, shrieking that she would do as she liked. She would associate with anyone she pleased and she *hated* Augusta!

Several people passed and stared curiously at the hysterical child. Mortified, Febby took Augusta's arm and together they hurried through the dusk toward home in bitter silence.

Cards came from Mrs. Fritzhoff, mailed from Cherbourg and Paris. A letter or two followed for Doctor Fritzhoff. Finally, in mid-June, Augusta, to her astonishment, received a fat letter addressed to herself. It was mailed from Vienna and enclosed were several cards which the girls pored over and passed from hand to hand: the Imperial Museums, the Vienna Opera House, the Schönbrunn Palace and many more spots of interest and beauty. The actual letter was scanty and disappointing. It told briefly of Mrs. Fritzhoff's journey to Austria with her mother and the delightful visit they were having with Catherine and her husband at their beautiful castle. It was sad that so wonderful a holiday must draw to a close. She was sailing from Cherbourg shortly and would be back in America the first week in July.

AUGUSTA handed the letter to Febby and kept hidden within her pocket the envelope, which was a large pale blue one with a queer lavender postage stamp and across its flap the familiar crest. She felt her palms grow wet while surmise spun its frantic pattern within her busy head.

It was a week or so later that Augusta, searching for a small barrette of gold and brilliants for Febby's hair, delved into a bottom drawer of her stepmother's dressing table and unearthed with heart-stopping suddenness an exact duplicate of the crest upon the letter. It rose from a small black moire box. She dropped it and slammed shut the drawer, turning to her sister.

"It—it isn't here. *Maman* took it along with her, probably. Hurry, *Liebchen,* in my room, or you'll be late." They raced across the hall and Augusta dived again into drawers and fished out a strand of pale blue satin. "Here, Febby, this will have to do."

Febby had told Augusta that she was going to a musicale at Miss Beeckman's, the austere lady who taught music and drawing in the high school. Anne had given Febby the invitation which her mother had received, and which Febby timidly exhibited before Augusta for approval. Actually Febby was going to Colin's birthday party, a breathlessly exciting event which must be kept hidden from the older girl's knowledge.

So far it had been skillfully managed, and Febby was radiant in a pale blue taffeta dress. Because all the other girls would wear ribbons, she, with fierce individualism, desired to flaunt the lovely clasp of amethysts and brilliants in her blond hair. Augusta tied on the blue ribbon and, against the thudding of her heart, besought Febby not to mind. Each was in a frenzy to be rid of the other.

"There, Febby, you look very nice indeed. Run along now, and be back early."

Augusta stood at a window and watched her sister go up the street. "*Now,*" she whispered and raced swift as light up the stairs to her stepmother's room. She locked the door carefully and opened the dresser drawer. She moved aside scraps of silk and lace and saw again the small black box, and upon its lid the heavy crest in gold and colored enamels. "It is the very same," she murmured and shook the little receptacle. Something rattled within and she unsnapped the case and saw a curled heap of gleaming pearls and amethysts with a tiny cross. Her eyes became riveted for a moment; then it seemed to her as though she had always known it. A crucifix.

Her mouth could not help but twist into a smile. "Imagine a rosary, here in this house!" She dropped it back into the box, wondering why she had not guessed so obvious a truth many years ago. This was why *maman* was so indifferent whether or not

"I never dreamed
waffle-baking could be so eas
Yes . . . easy and so much fun! Ther
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never fails! No wonder, waffles a
the popular way, nowadays, to ke
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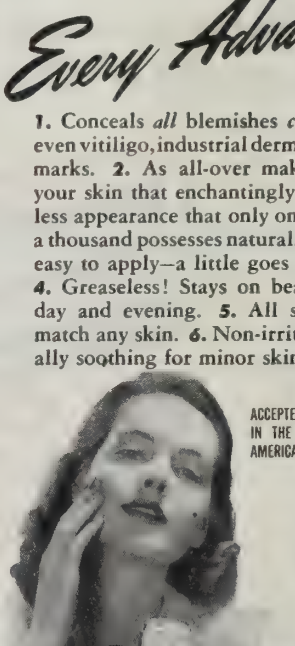

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they memorized the Protestan
this was why she stared so bitter
when morning prayers were bei
was why she seemed to turn to
ever she entered St. Luke's.

There were tiny gold letters
lid of the box. Augusta read th
"*Pour ma belle Alexandra, toujo*
Charles. Brussels, 1896."

For a few moments August
breathe. Then she exhaled a
Well. Charles. *Charles? Mar*
brothers and but one sister, y
herself, the Catherine with wh
staying in Vienna. There was a
in the green plush album downst
back of the photograph was a
Baronne Catherine von Berge
1898. Yes, Augusta recalled it
deed well, because *her* husband
be called Charles!

She stood there, letting h
pry into closed channels, ruthl
deeper. Years ago when the gir
they had enjoyed poring over th
studying curiously the men an
stiff and elegant in bygone fa
who is this pretty lady, *maman*
asked, holding up the big book
with plump fingers. *Maman* ha
from her fine sewing and had
"That, my dears, is your aunt,
von Bergestadt." Just that.
next page a fine-looking blond y
uniform, emblazoned with med
remembered that Febby had
wanted to know who this pe
from infancy having been su
anyone resembling a Prince Ch

"And this grand officer, *ma*
had asked.

"That is her husband, Char
had told them.

So. Here was that Charles
different role: "For my beautifu
with love always, Charles."

AUGUSTA replaced the box an
drawer. Quietly she unlocke
Grief and bitterness and a ren
ence to one's accepted way of l
due to something other than a re
ligion. Indeed, yes. Far more a
to a broken love affair. Perha
regretted in anguish when it w
Perhaps two marriages exec
rebound, and four people con
erable? Why else had she bee
go back? Not because she wis
widowed mother again. Rath
wished to see Charles. *Natürl*
him still.

Thoughtfully Augusta turn
dresser, picked up the small
tapped it against her palm. It
to let her know. She droppe
the top drawer, where *mama*
look immediately upon her r
kept her handkerchiefs and
Then Augusta left the room.

It was a Saturday in ea
Mrs. Fritzhoff returned.

The station hack turned i
stopped in front of the parso
as Doctor and Mrs. Fritzhoff
Febby and Octavia rushed do
but Juliana lingered behin
whether to laugh or cry upon t
mother again.

Augusta stared at a woman s
was downright embarrassing. A
older than her stepmother. She
greeting and turned quickly wit
into the house.

Febby and Octavia, their e
their arms filled with eager welc
to their mother.

Doctor Fritzhoff, beaming,
engaged the girls and said, "Tha
enough now. *Maman* is tired; can't
see that for yourselves?"

No, they could not. *Maman* ha
looked so glowing. Chattering softl
led her inside. Only Augusta noticed
suddenly grow quite white while the
apparently rocked for a moment beneath
feet. She steadied herself quickly, wip

report goes in and the defective
y goes out.

lely different tasks in Chrysler
re some twenty-nine thousand
d women from many walks of
aried amounts of schooling. They
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DOUBLE CONVEX SHAPE—the original Dr. West's design. A distinct advantage in cleansing inside, outside and in between the teeth.

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WHAT I SAW IN THE SOUTH SEAS

(Continued from Page 27)

they open up new occupations. For instance, in one factory which I saw, making high explosives, there were over 80 per cent women workers. In a large canning factory, which before the war had produced almost entirely for the British trade, I found a great increase in the number of women employed; and to my amusement, also, I found them coping with certain American tastes: For the first time they were making corned-beef hash with onions and potatoes for the United States Army. They looked upon it as something peculiar, but they showed it to me with considerable pride!

All the women of New Zealand and Australia do a great deal of voluntary work. Much of it is for the Red Cross in their hospitals and canteens as well as in ours. Some of their soldiers have now come home, though many are still fighting in the Solomons and the Middle East. Among the returned men they have many wounded.

The memory and traditions of the last war have not yet faded out, and in both of these countries there has been no need to pass new legislation for the benefit of war veterans. These laws have been on the statute books since the last war. I think there was some realization in both New Zealand and Australia of how many handicapped men were coming back to them from the present war, but there are more than even they had expected.

We find ourselves, in this country, facing a more serious situation. No basic legislation has as yet been passed for servicemen. We have the means established for the care of disabled servicemen, but no over-all plan for the demobilization of servicemen or our war-industry workers.

Because in the last war our handicapped men were few, comparatively speaking, we, as a country, have never known what it was to try to help men to pick up the threads of their lives again and to feel able to cope with life in spite of serious handicaps. There is a very important psychological factor involved. A well man must feel, on his return from the war, that he is really needed. His wife may have been successful in holding the family together while he was gone, but in some way she must make him realize that he was the missing center around which the world would have revolved, and would have revolved to far greater purpose, had he been home. His arrival is a signal for renewed activity. A sick man has greater need to be made to feel he is important to those around him, and that they depend on him, and that his work is still there to be done and will not be done by anyone else. We must be sympathetic to suffering, and yet not so much shocked by deformity or physical scars that we cannot hide our feelings and behave as though the man in our midst was as normal in every way as before he left us. This is a difficult thing to do, and it is the next test which women will meet in Great Britain, in Australia, in New Zealand and here at home.

Our women have met the needs of the Red Cross, of OCD, the Women's Voluntary Services, the church organizations, the school organizations and civic and patriotic groups. They have given unstintingly of their time, both in the hospitals and in places of recreation. The women of Australia and New Zealand have done all these things, too, and because they are younger countries with smaller organizations, they have done more in a personal way than most of us here have had a chance to do.

If soldiers from New Zealand and Australia pass through our big cities they are well entertained, but we have taken rather few into our homes. The following letters, given me by our hospital Red Cross people in New Zealand, will show how very personal has been the hospitality given our boys:

My friend, Mrs. Scholefield, has told me that you sometimes know of American convalescents

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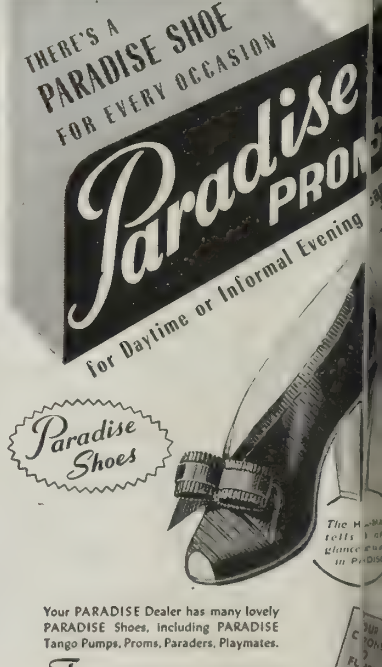
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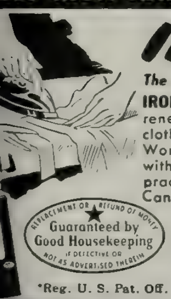

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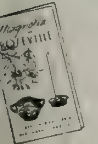

Send for free Magnolia folder
ROSEVILLE POTTERY, INC.
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who would like to spend a quiet holiday in the country.

My father, R. L. Gibson, and I live between four and five miles out of Marton on a sheep farm and would be very pleased to have two boys to stay with us at any time, but please tell them that we live very quietly.

My husband, who was killed in Libya, always longed for some private home to go to, to get away from Army life for a few days, while he was overseas. For his sake, I'd like to be able to give some boys the pleasure he did not get.

I thought I would write to you and let you know how very much we enjoyed having the two American boys with us, also to thank you for their extension of leave, which was much appreciated by the boys and ourselves.

We also wish you to know that we are still willing to billet two more at a date for you to fix.

If at any time the two who have just gone back have leave at a future date, they will be more than welcome.

. . . He is having a pleasant holiday and has given the people in Waverly a very good impression of what the majority of the American lads are like. They have made him feel very much as one of themselves, and my sister has asked me to see if there is another lad who would care to spend his leave with them.

I like in my small way to do for your boys what the people of Britain did for my son before he was killed—to feel that they are welcome in a home.

My husband and I were very thrilled indeed on receiving your card. It has given us both great pleasure and happiness, having your servicemen with us; we feel now we have done a little good by having them. I must say they were very fine fellows. Being a mother with four of the family in the services, I know what all this war business means. One son has been in the Middle East three years now, one in the Pacific, one in the Air Force in New Zealand, and our daughter also in the Air Force. We are very proud of our family and, like thousands of other people, are looking for the day when this business is all over. I hope in the not too far distant future we may have the pleasure of having more of your servicemen to stay with us.

I would like to take this opportunity of sincerely thanking you for your kindness regarding our little patient.

This lad, as I told you, had become part of our family and he seemed to cling to me for moral support. He was in a highly nervous state of mind and I know that my bullying and frequent visits did him a world of good, and it was only your kindness and co-operation that made this possible.

He has left for home now, and it is a good feeling to know that we have both done all that is possible to help at least one of those poor sick lads—they have sacrificed so much for us.

I thank you for your kindly letter of the fifth instant which reached me on the fifteenth. It is very gratifying to learn that your troops enjoyed their holiday in Hamilton. I can assure you that the hostesses equally enjoyed having them and that their conduct and deportment were beyond reproach.

It was indeed a pleasure to entertain such a group of splendid ambassadors of your country.

OUT there artists from every entertainment field have willingly gone into danger to bring entertainment to the men serving in distant fields, just as our artists and craftsmen are doing. I have found artists in both Australia and New Zealand who gave one day a week to come into Red Cross clubs and make drawings of the boys which they could send home to their families. One very satisfactory thing about this war work is the fact that so many people with skills of various kinds have been able to feel that they had a contribution to make. Sometimes I think that people believe everyone should make the same contribution in wartime. These people forget that each individual has certain special gifts, and the only way he can make the greatest contribution is to give in the way that is suited to his particular ability.

In Australia and New Zealand, women on the whole have met less difficulty so far in running their homes and in everyday restrictions than we have here in this country. To be sure, our armies in the Southwest Pacific have taken away from them a considerable amount of food, and at one time eggs in

MRS. NICHOLAS R. DU PONT says:

"Check off these beauty problems

" What will make a drab-looking complexion brighter in 60 seconds?
What gives skin a softer, silkier finish for make-up?

with my 1-Minute Mask!"

"The quickest, most refreshing complexion pick-me-up that I know is a 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream," says lovely Mrs. Nicholas R. du Pont, Wilmington society leader. "The moment my skin begins to feel rough and look not quite fresh, I smooth and brighten it with a 1-Minute Mask."

This 1-Minute Mask helps glamorize your skin too! . . .
Just spread a cool mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your face—except eyes. Tissue off after one minute. The cream's "keratolytic" action loosens and dissolves ugly little chappings and imbedded dirt specks.

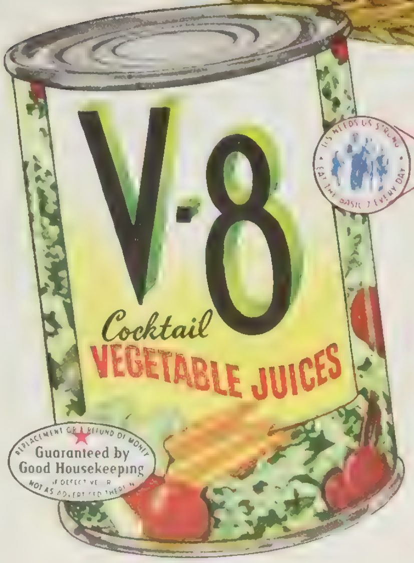
Your complexion is "re-styled"! Fresher, more sparkling, lighter! Smoother, softer, and ready to hold make-up for hours!

IMPORTANT!
Save glass and manpower—get Pond's Vanishing Cream in a BIG jar. (Don't worry if Pond's "war caps" are not Pond's green—the cream itself is lovely as ever!)

What's more—it's an excellent powder base!
"Before make-up—when I don't give myself a Mask—I use a very light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base," Mrs. du Pont says. "It holds make-up beautifully."

TAKE A JOB! THE MORE WOMEN AT WORK—THE SOONER WE WIN!

FRESH VEGETABLES THE Tasty V-8 WAY



The thing you'll notice first as you taste V-8 is its clean freshness—its fresh-from-the-garden good flavor. V-8 combines the juices of • lettuce • celery • carrots • beets • spinach • tomatoes • parsley • watercress. Just think of it! All that fresh vegetable goodness in one delicious glass of V-8! All those vital juices combined to make a delectable "helping" of leafy green, red and yellow vegetables in their tastiest form—nutritious, satisfying, refreshing. Pasteurized (not cooked) V-8 contains Vitamins A, B, C, calcium and iron. Served ice-cold it's a delightful "appeteaser"; piping-hot it's a tempting new first course. And, hot or cold, it's a grand beverage for adding a vivid new interest to after school snacks and box lunches.

Order V-8 from your food store; enjoy it at restaurants and at fountains. Write for booklet of V-8 Recipes to Standard Brands Incorporated, Loudon Division, Terre Haute, Indiana.

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DRINK V-8 EVERY DAY FOR VEGETABLES THE TASTY WAY

New Zealand went as high as $1.75 a dozen. There simply was no butter to be bought. In Australia they have been providing our men with meat, and the Australians have been somewhat short of milk, because, particularly in our hospitals and in our Red Cross rest homes, milk has been given unstintingly and our boys seem to be able to drink unlimited quantities. They told me that it was nothing at all unusual for a boy to drink from four to eight glasses at a meal when he first returned from the fighting fronts and had been more or less starved for some time.

But on the whole, I do not think there has ever been the same pinch in any of our three countries, nor the same real fear of starvation which faced Great Britain. We have grumbled considerably at our rationing and shortages, but we have always known that we would have enough to eat, even if it were not just what we were accustomed to or wanted to eat. Starvation has never stalked this country. This is also so of Australia and New Zealand.

They have resorted to one method of making women enter different types of employment which we have not as yet found necessary. In Australia they have a law which forbids the housewife to employ more than one maid except in cases of illness or when the care of children or old people is involved. Government houses, where admittedly more hospitality must be extended and certain formality must be observed, are allowed employees who are too old for other work or have some particular handicap which makes other employment inadvisable, but no one else is exempt from the law.

Taking all these things into consideration, I would say the women of New Zealand and Australia are carrying on the same work which they did before the war and have increased the field work, military service, factory work, office and shop work, besides much augmented Red Cross and service-club work. They have met the needs as they arose; they have entered the field of industry
and gone into the military services and
so far met the requirements for person
each of these categories. Their outsta
achievement seems to me in the tradi
field of agriculture, where they have
carried much heavier work than ma
them were accustomed to doing befor

In New Zealand the Maoris and in
tralia the aborigines have furnished v
to all the branches of work, and especi
the agricultural field. Here they hav
extremely helpful, and in some cases st
than some of the men who have giv
these agricultural pursuits for more
tive labor in the towns, if they are not
army.

I have come home with great admi
for the work which the women are do
both of these countries, but also with a
admiration for the work which our
ican women are doing at home and a
The nurses and Red Cross workers w
saw while on this trip are meeting the
which they know cannot be shirked,
only pray that they will have the stren
go on as long as they are needed.

The women of Great Britain have
up under the strain of war for over four
but they looked tired a year ago a
stood at their machines—and to be ac
the mothers of families looked desp
tired a year ago. Today our women a
getting to the apex of our industrial
They are not so tired, because we hav
in the war as a whole nation only sin
cember, 1941; and I feel sure that as
the women of the United States are
they will stick to whatever work the
undertaken, and that same feeling is
within me as regards the women of Au
and New Zealand.

As long as the soldiers are backed b
lies at home who believe that victory is
and who are fighting at home to the
their abilities, so as to give the sol
better chance to fight in the field, I
we will really see a continuous ma
victory.

FOR A MAN TO REMEMBER

(Continued from Page 29)

She made herself comfortable in a sheltered section which was welded and waiting to be moved into place, setting out her vacuum bottle of hot cocoa and cracking a hard-boiled egg on her improvised table. The steel was chalked with cryptic instructions which were now partly rubbed out, the work done.

In high school Joe had carried off top honors in debate and she and Joe won the mixed doubles, but Cissie Chalmers and Tad Olney almost beat them. Joe was valedictorian, of course, and Mary Beth played To Spring, by Grieg.

"Our talented young pianist has played a composition which is very fitting to this occasion," said old, old Mr. Talmadge as he rose to present the diplomas. "Out-of-doors there is spring, spreading its fragrance and beauty over the countryside. These young people are like another spring; their hearts are filled with budding hopes for the future, and they give great promise of the achievements which we may expect of them when they come to take their places in the adult world. Let us give them time and encouragement to prepare themselves for that world; to fit themselves for those careers which will make the most of their talents. It takes years to train a doctor, a lawyer, a musician, a leader for the people. Let us give them those years for their growth." Mr. Talmadge beamed upon the graduating class over the pile of diplomas with his ancient, beneficent smile.

Afterward the gang collected at Jake's Oyster Shack and settled plans for college and careers and travel and summer vacations, and for all the great adventures which had been awaiting them.

Mary Beth and Joe went around together at the university quite a lot, because they were from the same town and had known each other always. There wasn't anything serious about it—there was plenty of time for
things like that. There was time for
thing, like the lazy, idle afternoons
they settled campus politics over coff
sodas, or groped along the dim new p
philosophy and world affairs with
young earnestness. Less than h
through the first year war came. Ther
was no more time at all.

"Be here when I come back, Mary
Joe said gaily one afternoon, and th
was gone to join the Navy, to fight a
way, in the Solomons, on strange sea
romantic names. And now he was
home and they would have a whole p
week end.

Mary Beth tried to put the melody
planning out of her mind while she
the job. She kept the track clear a
hoses straight, and guarded their
from overhead and all around. The
never dropped their loads, but one da
might, and Trixie's life would depe
her. She asked questions and watch
learned. Someday she would be a fir
burner—helper, trainee, journeyman.

Joe would get in on Saturday m
and she would be up and dressed by th
he called. Lucky Saturday was her da
they would have until Sunday aftern
gether. He would go away again wit
the most perfect things to remember,
ing and lights and a girl he liked in a
tiful dress. There wasn't anything el
could think of to do for him, excep
wait.

Even if it hadn't been for the war,
would have been the waiting. Sh
known that ever since the last tim
went out to sail his boat, just befor
left for college. They idled into a cal
day and thought it was fun, becaus
was back when there was time for
thing. There they sat, with the sun

(Continued on Page 92)

AND THEY'RE TELLING ME!

NO OTHER CONTAINER PROTECTS LIKE THE CAN

HE CONVENIENCE of the can is no secret housewives. They know a good thing when ey see it . . . from their own daily houseeeping experience.

And now from every warfront come urgent alls for a bewildering variety of items packed cans. For no other container provides ıch convenience . . . such sure and lasting *rotection* . . . as the can.

Naturally, our Army and Navy get first all on the millions of cans made today. Raions, first-aid kits, anti-tank mines, aircraft ignals, fishing tackle for life rafts, gasoline, lood plasma, and drugs . . . these are but few of the items packed in cans. Many thers are military secrets.

The can gets supplies where they're eeded . . . and it gets them there safely. hat's why the can is America's number-one artime container. No other container could tand up under crash landings, temperature xtremes, repercussions from shell fire. It ould be hard to exaggerate the part the an plays in helping to win this war.

To ease the tremendous demand for cans, any familiar civilian products such as tooth nd talcum powders, tobacco, paints, oils, anti-freeze are out of cans for the duration. But they'll all be back—after victory.

On the homefront, millions of cans are still used every day in the year. *Remember to turn in your empty cans for salvage.* The familiar "tin" can is actually more than 98% steel . . . less than 2% tin. Both of these metals are vital war material. Don't keep them out of the fight.

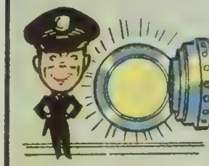
CAN MANUFACTURERS' INSTITUTE, INC., NEW YORK

OKAY—I'LL BE CHEERFUL ABOUT THE CANS I HAVE TO DO WITHOUT UNTIL THE WAR IS OVER. AND I'LL USE WISELY ALL THE THINGS THAT COME IN CANS FOR ME!

NO OTHER CONTAINER COMBINES ALL THESE ADVANTAGES:

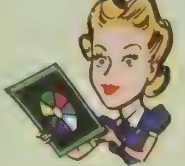
1. CONVENIENCE! Cans don't break. They're easy to carry, easy to store, easy to open, quick and easy to chill, and easy to dispose of.

2. AIR-AND-LIGHT-TIGHT! Cans are non-porous—can be hermetically sealed—give lasting protection against loss of flavor, color, vitamins and minerals.



3. SAFETY! Canned food is sterilized against spoilage; kept safe from germs, dirt, gas, moisture, and tampering; withstands heat and cold.

4. LOW COST! Your money goes for what's *in* the can! Because the can itself is easy to make, label, ship, handle and display.



5. VARIETY FOR GOOD NUTRITION All the year round . . . wherever you live . . . cans help you to keep your meals tasty and wholesome.

6. QUALITY! Due to modern canning methods, canned foods retain *more* minerals, and more *vitamins*, than many home-cooked "fresh" foods.

NO OTHER CONTAINER PROTECTS LIKE THE CAN

AFTER VICTORY — THEY'LL ALL BE BACK!

"YOU CAN AFFORD INTERNAL PROTECTION NOW!"

So safe, so Comfortable

MEDS only 19¢

FOR 10 IN APPLICATORS

Meds offer you the modern freedom of internal protection at an economy price—only 19¢ for a month's supply or 65¢ for the four-month thrift package.

- Meds are made of fine super-absorbent COTTON.
- Meds' dainty applicators make them EASY-to-USE.
- Meds satisfy INDIVIDUAL needs.
- Meds' exclusive "SAFETY-WELL" absorbs so much more, so much faster—up to three times its own weight in moisture — assuring you greater comfort, greater protection.
- Meds were perfected by a woman's doctor and are accepted for advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.

"Next time," why not try Meds?

(Continued from Page 90)

the water, the air unbearably full of light and the boat moving quietly like a pulse. It was one of the solemn moments, when they felt the pull of the tide and the distance of the horizon and their own smallness, which was like the smallness of seeds bursting into growth.

Joe said, "Mary Beth, I have a funny feeling sometimes. I feel like I'm reaching and reaching, and I don't know what for."

"I know," Mary Beth said. "It's like me, wondering if I'll ever be able to play as well as I want to."

"It's a lonesome feeling," Joe said, "like getting lost in a dream. It's something I've got to get a-hold of."

Mary Beth looked at him, in his stained white ducks and faded blue turtle-neck, with his fair skin scuffed from summer sunburn and his hair bleached to the color of rope. She saw that he was squinting far away to where the sky and water seemed to meet, and that was when she discovered the waiting.

I'll have to wait, she found herself thinking, *for all those years Mr. Talmadge talked about. All through law school,* she thought, *or medical school, or maybe he'll be a Rhodes scholar.*

She felt a long loneliness, and knew that she was falling in love with Joseph Kentfield. She knew that being a concert pianist was not what she wanted and that Joe was, and wished the years would pass quickly so she could know how things were going to be.

A puff of wind burst against the sail, and in a second they were back in a world no larger than a boat—a fine, easy world which they handled with ropes and canvas.

"The good old Merry Breeze," Joe said. "I'm sure going to miss her at school. She's a sweetheart." Then they caught the wind right and shot ahead, turning the water aside in two silver furrows. Joe shouted back through the swiftness and the spray, "Know why I named her the Merry Breeze? It's your initials, and partly your name."

"Thanks," Mary Beth said, and suddenly life seemed to speed like the boat and the waiting was nothing at all.

"Wrench," yelled Trixie. Mary Beth pulled the tool from her pocket. "You're all right, kid," Trixie said. "It still gets me, though, why you're with this outfit instead of one of those fancy-dress deals."

"I like boats," Mary Beth said. "I used to sail a lot."

Tomorrow she would go to the city and get the dress; she must call for reservations and make an appointment for her hair.

ON FRIDAY afternoon Mary Beth tried to be calm as she packed her lunch and got into the burn-scarred leather overalls. There was nothing to be excited about—everything was ready: the dress hung in her closet like a great white flower; her hair was curled and shining and her nails were smooth and polished, even though they were stubby. She tied her hair up carefully in a bandanna before she tucked it into her helmet. She slipped into her thick jacket and pulled on her leather gloves, in order to be ready, and then pulled them off again to answer the phone.

"Hello, hello, Mary Beth. That you, skipper?"

"Joe," Mary Beth said.

"I got in early and I'm on my way over," he said. "O.K.?"

"Joe," Mary Beth said again, "I didn't expect you till morning." Mr. Canepa would be along any minute. She couldn't keep him waiting.

"I'm busy tomorrow," Joe said. "I want a date tonight. It's important."

A horn honked shortly outside. She wasn't important to the shipyard. She was just a helper. They'd never miss her. Trixie had said she could take over the burning machine tonight. Trixie would be counting on her.

"Mary Beth," Joe said, "are you listenin'?"

"Joe," she said, "I can't be home tonight until twelve-thirty. I've got to go or a lot of people will be late." The horn honked several times, nervously. It was the rule that they were to drive on if a rider wasn't ready, but Mr. Canepa was waiting for her. "I haven't time to explain," she said. "Call mother after six and she'll tell you. Joe—Joe, I love you." She ran out the door and got into the car. "Sorry, Mr. Canepa," she said. "The phone rang."

"I guess we'll make it," Canepa said.

The others in the car were silent. Being late meant docked salaries. Being late was very bad for Mr. O'Brien, who was a boss. Mary Beth felt contrite and miserable and desolate. She wanted to tell Mrs. Canepa about the phone call so they would all understand, but Joe was home and safe, and Mike Canepa, who had been in school with them, was reported missing, so she didn' say anything.

JOE'S voice had sounded so real and nea over the phone. "Hello, that you, skipper?" just the way he used to ask her to go for a sail. But he was going to be busy tomorrow "I want a date tonight. It's important," was what he said. Maybe he was going ou again and that was as close as he could come to telling her. Maybe tonight was the only time he had, and all her lovely plans for him would be ruined. There wouldn't be any lights and dancing; he would never see he in the dress. She pressed her lips so tightly together that pucker lines came into he small round chin.

"It's all right," Mr. O'Brien growled a her from under his helmet. "Them boat won't run away."

They reached the gate just as the whistle blew, and Mary Beth and her despair were carried along by a whole roadway full o runners, men and women in preposterou uniforms—white men, black men, yellow men; old women, middle-aged women young women—all hurrying to build th ships which were needed to carry men and food and ammunition. Mary Beth knew sh had done right, but she wished she hadn' come. Even now she wanted to turn back but some stubborn sense of loyalty to something she did not understand kept her going and she went in through the great gate t her job.

Trixie was tinkering with the burning machine, adjusting the screws and cleaning i with a long thin wire. "Just heard you'r slated to be promoted in a couple of days," she said out of the side of her mouth. "Yo got it coming, kid. You sure catch on."

"Thanks," Mary Beth said. "I'll be gla when I can really do something." But sh spoke listlessly, because a promotion was a empty thing to her tonight.

"Don't be so modest, honey," Trixie said "This show couldn't go on without the like of us. The audience don't cheer, maybe, bu how about what the boys will say when thi boat steams up to one of those coconu islands? . . . Watch out for that trim there You'll have to hold it—it's heavy."

Mary Beth worked steadily and well, bu she piled up her disappointment in unspoke words, ready to pour them out to Trixie f sympathy and consolation when a momen came for speech. She wanted someone t know what it meant to her to be here to night. She shivered out of pity for herse in the low, wind-driven damp.

"Better get yourself some woollies, kid, Trixie said. "They haven't got much glamour, but they're warm and they'll keep yo on the job."

"You seem to think a lot of this job, Mary Beth said, ready to burst into a r cital of her unhappiness.

Trixie gave her a strange hard look. "I d that," she said. "I had a son, see, and he wa only eighteen, but we'd been together all h life and I'd trained him to be a trouper, so h had to be in on the first act. His captai wrote me he gave 'em plenty before they g him."

"Oh, I didn't know," cried Mary Beth, he youngness stricken with the sudden impac not only of Trixie's tragedy but of the whol world's swelling grief.

"And then they might have brought hi back and saved him if there'd been a boat,

(Continued on Page 94)

With hospital space "rationed" your son may be born at home—your doctor's time after the birth limited. It's your *wartime job to keep baby* *well*.

ALL THREE OF THESE MEN ARE COUNTING ON YOU

THE BABY'S FATHER, the doctor and the blessed baby himself—all three are trusting *you* to ake over the job from now on. To see that your on stays so well and strong he won't *need* the egular medical care that's so hard to get these ays.

Beware of "The Other Fellow's" Cold

cold, which is not serious in an adult or older hild, can be very dangerous when it is passed n to your baby. Among infants more fatalities re caused by respiratory infections and their omplications than any other illness.

The *surest* way to protect your baby from "the ther fellow's" cold is to refuse to let *anyone* ith any kind of cold or nasal irritation enter is room or go near him at all.

If, in spite of every effort, you—or whoever helping you with the baby, *should* catch a old, you can still reduce the risk.

Without fail—wear a protective mask

If it is impossible to isolate your baby from a person with a cold, be absolutely certain that a protective mask is worn. If you, yourself, have a cold—wear a mask when you do anything for him —or are near him. And be firm about seeing that every other person with a cold does the same.

Tissue mask easy and effective

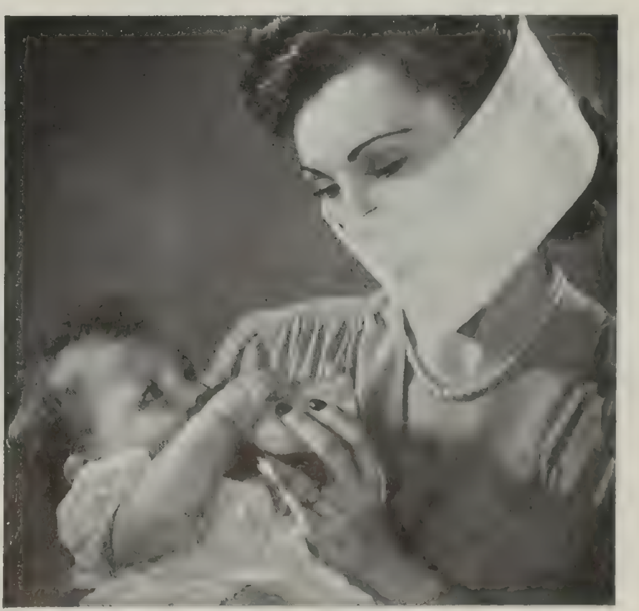
You may not have a supply of standard hospital masks on hand when you need them, but you can easily make an emergency mask of tissue yourself. Just take two thicknesses of ScotTissue, cover nose and mouth, pin at the back of your head with an ordinary pin.

Clinical tests show that two thicknesses of ScotTissue block germs and greatly decrease the danger of spreading infection. Remember—any respiratory infection is a serious danger to your child. It is one of your most important duties to take measures against it.

Soft, Strong Bathroom Tissue for Baby and Family

he correct choice of a toilet tissue for your child is important, too. It should e soft enough for comfort yet strong enough for thorough cleansing. ScotTissue as both these qualities in proper balance . . . you will find it is soft and "nice" use even against the face as an emergency mask. And with 1000 sheets every roll, it is also an economical tissue for the whole family.

Soft as old Linen
ScotTissue
The absorbent soft white toilet Tissue
1000 SHEETS
Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa.



● A ScotTissue emergency mask—shown above—has two practical merits. It is used only once and is instantly disposable. If you stick to the "Mask For A Cold" Rule your family and friends will soon get used to it. When you explain its importance they cannot object.

• • •

FREE—Write for 32-page booklet "*Helpful Wartime Suggestions on Mother & Baby Care.*" Authoritative information on Supplies for Emergency Use, Rest After Birth, Advantages of Nursing Your Baby, Use of the Mask, Time-Saving Schedules, Bathroom Habits. Address the Scott Paper Co., Dept. 55, Chester, Pa. Trademark "ScotTissue" Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

3 HINTS FOR HOME-LOVERS

Never mind! The forgotten cigarette can't ruin his bedroom chest (and your disposition!) if there's a handsome Plate Glass top to protect the finish. You'll find glass tops on bedroom furniture are truly practical. They add life and sparkle to the room's appearance, too. You can buy mirrors and table tops made from Pittsburgh Plate Glass in many places, including your favorite department or furniture store.

First aid for a tired living room: finish walls and ceiling in cheerful tones of Pittsburgh Live Paint. Then hang a smart, framed Plate Glass mirror over the mantel to complete the effect of brightness and spaciousness.

Every home should have at least one full-length Plate Glass door mirror. Most homes need *more* than one. So you and your family—can check your appearance from top to toe. Easy to install. Sizes to fit any door.

The majority of mirror manufacturers use Pittsburgh Plate Glass because of its beauty and accurate reflections. So the Pittsburgh Label on a mirror or top is your assurance of good plate glass, no matter who makes the product. Remember, if you want the best, be sure your mirror or top is made of *plate glass*.

Free Booklet

Tells how to be your own home decorator . . . how to wake up rooms with mirrors and plate glass quickly and inexpensively. Illustrated in full color. Free. Send for your copy.

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Please send me, without obligation, your new, free booklet, entitled "Decorating your Home with Glass."

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"PITTSBURGH" stands for Quality Glass and Paint

(Continued from Page 92)

said Trixie furiously. The riveters began again and she had to scream above their clatter. "But there wasn't any boat. That's why I like to think there'll be one for some other boy that needs it. You take a turn now; hold it steady—that's it. You're good, kid, you're swell."

They worked on together: Trixie, the earringed old ex-vaudeville headliner, and Mary Beth Allen, very young ex-student of household arts and concert piano, supplementing each other to form a team that was perfect in its efficiency. The eight-o'clock whistle blew and they laid down their tools.

"Dinner," Mary Beth said, stretching her tired arms.

"Lunch for me," said Trixie. "I have a real spread when I get home. Just like it used to be in the show business. That's why I like this shift. Hasn't changed my life a bit—much. Forget that stuff I told you about my private affairs, kid. Everybody else has their own troubles around here."

"All right, Trixie," Mary Beth said. "I'll see if I can find Mr. Manoni and tell him that I'll play with them tomorrow. Joe can't be here after all." She said it easily, not at all as if she had waited more than a year for a week end which was never to be, but she felt better because it was told.

"Tough luck," Trixie said. "You kids have to grow up early these days. See you later."

Mary Beth stood looking after the big, easy-moving woman who hailed her friends loudly as she crossed the yard, greeting them all without regard for their importance or their talents, as she had once greeted them across the footlights. She wore a red leather jacket with "Trixie" spangled across the shoulders in gilt paint. This was her act and it had to be good. Mary Beth felt a kind of consolation in the words, "You have to grow up early," but it didn't fit into anything she understood. She just knew that her ruined plans were less important because they had been mingled with the knowledge of another's tragedy.

Two grimy workers came around the bay, carefully supporting a man between them. He walked unsteadily and his left arm hung in a sweat shirt which had been rigged into a sling. Pain set his face in a hard, terrible mask.

"Mr. Manoni," cried Mary Beth, "you're hurt."

"Somebody dropped a plank when the whistle blew—mashed his hand," one of the men said. "Somebody was in too big a hurry to eat."

"BUT he's a violinist," protested Mary Beth, as if another's hand should be substituted at once.

"We'll get him to a doctor," the man said. "If he's a friend of yours, you go see him tomorrow."

Manoni managed a little nod for her which said, "I'm all right. You go on building ships and playing piano."

She looked at her own hands, trained for so many years and still so far short of perfection, and she thought of Mr. Manoni's superb music, which had perhaps been ended forever. She made a hard little resolution which had no words to work for Mr. Manoni, too, and for Trixie's son, and for Mike Canepa.

After dinner she took over the machine and went at it until her nerves quivered and her muscles ached.

"Take it easy now," Trixie said. "You can't win the war in a night. . . . Hey there," she called, "keep off that plate."

"I GOT to see Miss Allen," insisted a woman's voice above the roar of the mechanical surf. "I got to tell her something."

"Why, it's Mrs. Canepa," Mary Beth said.

"Oh, Miss Allen, I got to tell you," Mrs. Canepa wept. "It's Mike. He's safe." She put her big mothering arms around Mary Beth as if she must embrace some young thing because her son had been given back to her. "A telegram came and Leona—she works there—phoned me so I wouldn't have to cry inside myself another minute. He's safe—he's coming home."

"That's wonderful, Mrs. Canepa," Mary Beth said, and she was crying too. "I want to see him when he gets here. Tell him, will you? And don't wait for me tonight. Joe's home and maybe he'll pick me up."

"Joe's home, that's fine," Mrs. Canepa said. "You and Joe come for *chioppini* someday. I'm not going to tell Vincente till work's over. He couldn't stand it. Now watch me go weld like sin." She chanted a few exultant words in her own singing language which might have been profanity or a prayer.

"Gosh," Mary Beth said, "I don't know why I'm so happy, but I am. I never knew Mike at all at school; he was all right, but he just didn't belong to the same crowd. Now I'm as glad for him as I am for Joe. Trixie, there's some happiness left after all."

Trixie was leaning over the burning machine, blowing her nose loud and hard. "Sure," she said, "there's some of everything left, to start over with. That's why we're here."

Mary Beth knew that she was something different when the night's work was over and she took her place in the dark stream which pushed toward the exit. Her mind was filled with racing thoughts that clattered incessantly like the echo of machines; with pity and admiration and love for her friend Trixie; with concern for Mr. Manoni; with rejoicing for the Canepa family. The waste, the tragedy, the delirious happiness of living had all become part of her, and the careful plans for the week end were forgotten like an outgrown toy.

The navy-blue uniform beyond the gate looked odd among all the jeans and overalls and leather pants. There was an ensign's stripe on the sleeve. Joe was an ensign. She pulled off her helmet and bandanna and shook out her hair, which caught fine drops of dampness that sparkled under the great entrance lights.

"How about a date, cutie?" asked a big grinning boy who jostled against her in the crowd.

"I have one, thanks," said Mary Beth and she smiled at him.

"Lucky guy," said the boy. "Well, I'l have to find me something else. Be seein you."

"Taxi, lady?" asked the uniform.

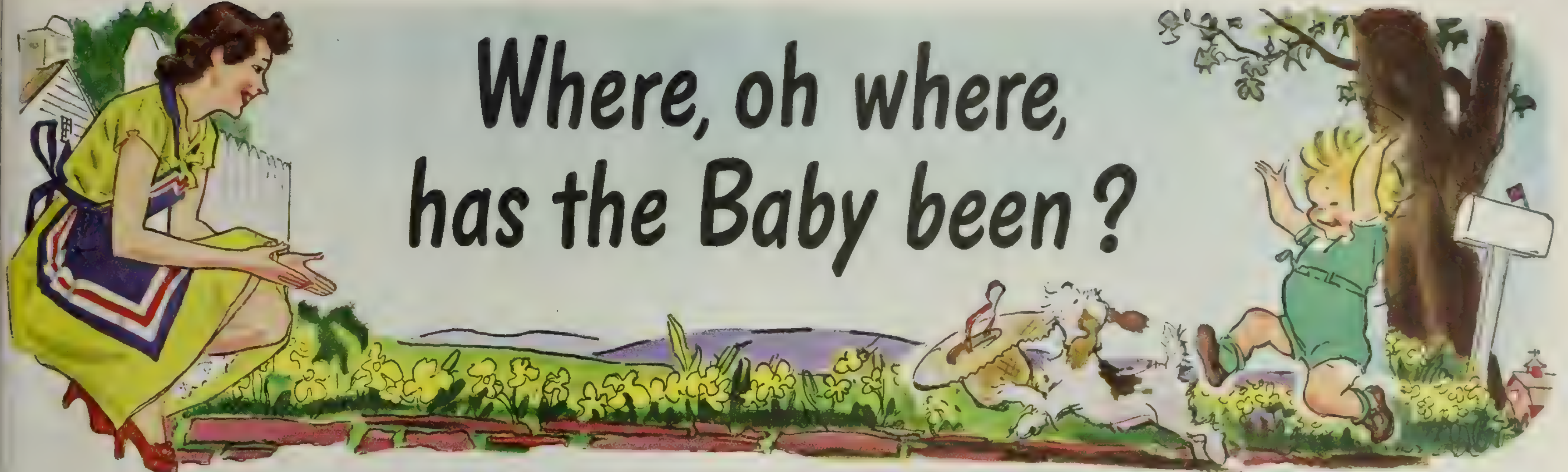
"Joe," Mary Beth said, "I'm so glad you came. I didn't mean to be such a drip on the phone. You surprised me so."

(Continued on Page 96)

Help Save a Million Tons of Paper

THE Government has asked us to request your support in the present paper conservation and salvage campaign. Paper is needed in ever-increasing quantities by our armed forces. The paper you save goes to them. Here's how you save it:

1. You make each piece, say, of writing paper do its full duty—you stretch every inch of wrapping paper;
2. You help your local stores save paper by discouraging double and extra wrapping of your purchases, and you carry your own market basket or bag to save paper bags;
3. You cheerfully accept the manufacturer's war packaging, as he simplifies boxes, cartons to save paper;
4. You pass this copy of the JOURNAL along, make it do extra work;
5. You save every bit of used paper for your local salvage drive.



Where, oh where, has the Baby been?

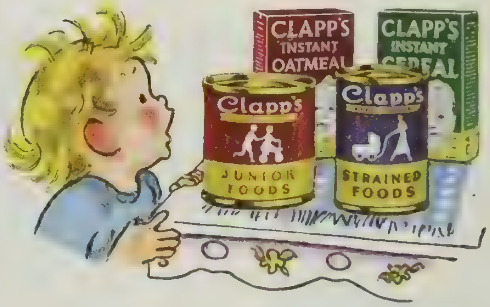
1. Down in the garden, meeting a beet! The bestest, rosiest kind of beet it is, too! 'Cause it's going into Clapp's Baby Foods. And a baby (*your* baby) deserves the best vegetables that grow!

2. Out in the kitchen, seeing a cooker! What a fine cooker it is—a special Clapp's pressure cooker that knows just how to keep the vitamins and minerals in your baby's food.

3. Away in the post office, checking the mail! It's mail for Clapp's—from happy doctors who say "Thanks." For Clapp's makes foods the way that doctors say is best for babies.

4. Off in the barnyard, admiring a pig! Such a wonderful little pig! When he grows up he'll help babies enjoy their vegetables—by giving a delicious, tangy flavor to Clapp's Vegetables with Bacon.

5. Up in his high chair, calling for more! More Clapp's Baby Foods, naturally! Since Clapp's makes *nothing but* baby foods, it's little wonder that they know all the secrets of making foods taste just right to babies.



6. Back in the pantry, surveying the shelf! On the Clapp's shelf you'll find 18 varieties of *strained* foods (for little babies), 15 varieties of *junior* foods (for older babies), and 2 pre-cooked cereals (unrationed!)—Clapp's Instant Cereal and Clapp's Instant Oatmeal. Try them and see how "Babies Take to Clapp's"!

All over America, food fights for freedom. Our nation's food supply is precious. Produce and conserve food. Share and play square with it.

Like a fresh new complexion !

Dorothy Gray

PORTRAIT FACE POWDER

YOUR skin lights up with loveliness when you use Dorothy Gray *Portrait Face Powder*. Its special emollient ingredient makes it heavenly for a dry skin . . . gives your complexion a smooth, fine-textured look! Contains no ingredients generally suspected of arousing allergies. In glowing skin-tone shades. $1. Plus tax.

Elation Make-Up Film

Creamy-light foundation to give an even tone to your complexion . . . to help conceal tiny flaws. Powder clings beautifully! Shades: *Natural, Suntone.* $1, $2. Plus tax.

To hasten the return of your service man, our plant is making ammunition fuzes. So if your favorite store is temporarily out of any Dorothy Gray item, please be patient.

Copyright, 1944, by Dorothy Gray, Ltd.

AT SMART COSMETIC COUNTERS

Dorothy Gray.. American design of Beauty

683 FIFTH AVENUE . . . NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 94)

"You can't stop the Navy," Joe said. "You ought to know that—you being a gal who builds ships. Your mother gave me the facts and told me to stick by this gate. Your dad even offered me the car, but I wanted to walk home, if you're not too tired."

"Tired—me?" said Mary Beth. "Joe, you don't mind how I look?"

"You look wonderful," Joe said. "Cute, and you've got the prettiest hair I ever saw. Let's stop in some of the old places just for a look, if they're still around. This town has sure changed some since I saw it."

"We built the shipyard to surprise you, because you're so fond of boats," Mary Beth said.

They went into Tom and Judy's for sandwiches and coffee. Tom was in the Army, but Judy was still there and she kissed Joe.

"It's good to be back," Joe said. Mary Beth told him about Mike Canepa and he said, "He's a swell fellow. Best forward we had in basketball."

"It's funny we didn't know him better," Mary Beth said. "His family's nice."

"You've got something there," Joe said.

They sat a while on the wharf and looked across the bay where they used to sail the Merry Breeze. Now the Coast Guard patrol swept the water over and over with its powerful searching light, and the dark shapes of the submarine-net tenders went about their business.

"You were sure a swell crew, Mary Beth," Joe said.

They wandered into Jake's, where the crowd used to gather. It was full of strangers now, but Joe put a nickel in the juke box and said to Mary Beth, "Dance?"

> **I do still recall as the worst and most disastrous aspect of all, her absolute disregard of her own beauty. It's the pettiest thing to record, I know, but she could wear curl papers in my presence. . . . She allowed me to accumulate a store of ungracious and slovenly memories.**
>
> —H. G. WELLS: Tono-Bungay. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

"In these?" asked Mary Beth.

"I remember dancing with you in every other kind of gear," Joe said. "I'd like to have this to remember too."

A thing to remember, thought Mary Beth, and she saw herself in the dress. "We'll really go dancing tomorrow night," she said. "It's my night off."

"My train leaves at eight this morning," Joe said, holding her closer. "I'm going to officers' training school. So if you don't mind staying up the rest of the night ——"

"Oh, Joe," Mary Beth whispered, "I'm so proud of you."

They wandered up the road where acacia trees drooped with heavy golden plumes.

Joe took a deep breath of their pungent fragrance. "Acacia and eucalyptus," he said. "It's like I'd never been away. Tell me about the shipyard, Mary Beth."

She told him about her job and about Trixie and Mr. Manoni, and the boy who asked for a date, and as she talked everything seemed to fit together into a gigantic pattern designed for achievement.

Whenever she stopped he said, "Tell me some more."

"Don't you want to tell me what it was like out there?" Mary Beth asked.

"When I come back to stay," Joe said, "I'll have lots to tell you, and time to tell it. Right now I just want all this. Your mother said if we'd be quiet we could come in and build a fire and make cocoa. She said she wouldn't let your dad chase me home, and I told her times had sure changed."

They both laughed then, hearty young laughter over a thousand remembered things they would have no time to put into words.

"I could change in just a minute," Mary Beth said, thinking of the Tyrolean costume or even, perhaps, of the dress.

"No time for changes," Joe said. "I've got to be going in a couple of hours and I want my cocoa. Besides, I want you the way you are. . . . I always did like the smell of eucalyptus wood burning," he said, as they sat before the fire. "Whenever I got cold, it seemed to be that smell I remembered. A man remembers funny things when he gets into places like I was in. Do you know how I thought of you most often? Guess," and he looked at her with teasing laughter.

"The senior dance," said Mary Beth. She wore the lovely blue lace that night and Joe signed her card for every other number.

"No," said Joe.

"The big game," said Mary Beth. "Afterward, when we all went dancing ——"

"And you wore that hat with the silly feather and Pete Fields kept trying to cut in. Nope," said Joe.

"I don't know," said Mary Beth. She wished she had taken off her dirty overalls and her thick ugly shirt. She wished she had put on the dress for Joe to remember.

Joe put his arm around her and leaned his sunbleached head against her flannel shoulder while he talked into the fire. "Remember," he said, "the summer we built the tennis court in Cissie's back lot? We made a lot of plans, and the day we met to start work we sat around on the porch drinking lemonade and waiting for everybody to show up, and finally they all got there but you. And after while we went around to the lot and there you were, chopping away like fury with a hoe. Your face was red and sunburned, and your shorts were dirty and your hair was awful. And you were so mad. You just glared at us and said, 'Look, gang, the way to build a tennis court is to build it.'"

"I wanted to get it done so we could play," Mary Beth said. "I was crazy about tennis."

"I've remembered you that way a thousand times," Joe said. "I'd get to wondering sometimes about how it would be to come home. You grow up fast out there; you don't even think the way you did before. You get to know all kinds of men—fellows you'd have gone through life without knowing if it hadn't been for this—and it makes you want to change a lot of things. The kind of stuff you and I used to do—that was a million years ago. I know a fellow who broke his engagement to a girl back home and married a nurse. He said he wanted to spend his life, if he had one to spend, with somebody who knew what it was all about."

"Oh," breathed Mary Beth, softly and fearfully.

"There's going to be such a job making the world into what it ought to be when this is finished," he said. "I'm glad I have a part in it now; I'm beginning to know what I want when it's over. That's why I'm glad you're in it too. I used to wonder what you were doing," Joe said, "and then I'd remember you the way you were that day, stubborn and mad because there was a job to be done and people weren't doing it, and I'd know you were somewhere doing something about this war. When I saw you come out of that gate tonight I loved you so much, Mary Beth. What was it you said over the phone?"

"I said, 'Joe, I love you.'"

"That's what I thought," he said. "Listen, when I came over I wasn't sure I was going to say this, but I am. I ought to have a lot of time to say it, but I haven't; so listen fast. After I finish school I'm going to be around for a while—maybe six months—training new men, because I've had experience. Mary Beth, could you be with me?"

"Oh, yes, Joe," Mary Beth said. And then she remembered. "There's my job," she said. "I've just become really useful. I'm going to be promoted."

"You keep the job," Joe said. "Here, or someplace like it. You know I'll have to ship out again. How about that?"

"That's O.K.," she said. "I'll have a job to do while you're doing yours."

"Can you be ready on a moment's notice?" he asked, holding her close to him, closer than she had dreamed they would be until the long years of waiting were over.

"In less than that," Mary Beth said. "Joe, I already have the dress."

'US WOMEN WITH BIG FAMILIES SURE GO FOR SUPER SUDS'

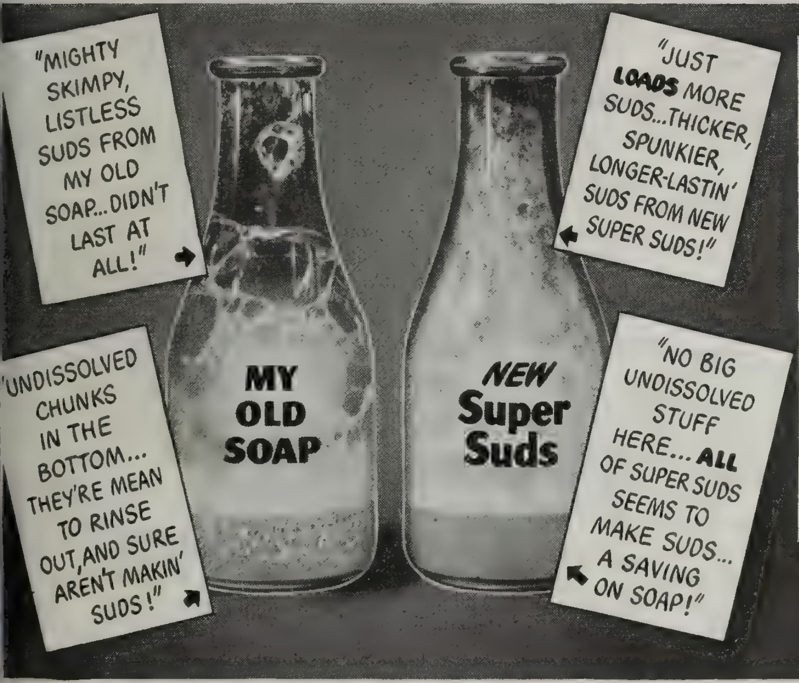
EXTRA SUDS!"

Super Suds
Super Suds
FLOODS O' SUDS FOR DISHES AND DUDS

"MORE SUDS, LONGER-LASTIN' SUDS, really take the drudgery out of washin',' says Mrs. Helen Collins

"I'VE GOT five youngsters, all girls . . . and maybe you think *that* doesn't mean a mountain of wash every week! That's why I was always on the lookout for a 'more-suds' soap, and I sure found it in the new, sudsier Super Suds.

"Say . . . the minute I tried that new Super Suds I went for it like a ton of bricks. Not only MORE SUDS, but LOTS LONGER-LASTIN' SUDS . . . and my, how they do save work and time . . . to say nothin' of the clothes, on account of cuttin' down rubbin'! I get through my wash ever-so-much quicker since usin' new Super Suds."


"MIGHTY SKIMPY, LISTLESS SUDS FROM MY OLD SOAP...DIDN'T LAST AT ALL!"
"JUST LOADS MORE SUDS...THICKER, SPUNKIER, LONGER-LASTIN' SUDS FROM NEW SUPER SUDS!"
MY OLD SOAP
NEW Super Suds
"UNDISSOLVED CHUNKS IN THE BOTTOM... THEY'RE MEAN TO RINSE OUT, AND SURE AREN'T MAKIN' SUDS!"
"NO BIG UNDISSOLVED STUFF HERE... ALL OF SUPER SUDS SEEMS TO MAKE SUDS... A SAVING ON SOAP!"

Make the easy "milk-bottle suds test"

Shake up two teaspoons of your old wash-day soap and a glass of water in a milk-bottle. Do the same with new, sudsier Super Suds in another milk-bottle. Even hard or cool water will do. See if you don't get MORE SUDS, LONGER-LASTING SUDS, from Super Suds.

"More than thirty dresses every week! That's Helene, the baby, sitting on the floor. Above her are Kathleen, Mary Lee, Carol, Patricia. Their dresses keep so crisp and fresh-colored, washed in Super Suds. Its EXTRA SUDS are *extra* mild!"

★ ★ DON'T WASTE SOAP! ★ ★

Vital materials needed to win the war are used in making soap

1 Don't just pour soap in from the box. Measure it out in a cup so that you don't use too much.

2 Don't wash a few clothes at a time, using soap for each batch. Save and wash everything at once.

3 Don't soak clothes first in soapy water. Modern soaps are made to take out dirt in regular washing.

4 Don't wash dishes without first rinsing them. Always wash greasy dishes last.

FLOODS O' SUDS FOR DISHES AND DUDS

. . . she knows I'm choosey

. . . and so are all Chesterfield smokers. They've caught on to the Milder Better-Tasting cigarette that really Satisfies . . . and nothing else will do. They expect more smoking pleasure, and Chesterfield gives it to them every time . . . yes, every time, with the Right Combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos.

Copyright 1944, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Although
he was wounded twice in the course of the engagement
and lost the sight of one eye, he carried on with courageous
disregard for his own personal safety until his company

MEET A REHABILITATED VETERAN

Marine Sergeant Walter J. Bodt, of Brooklyn, New York, a winner of the Navy Cross. He is one of 550,000 American boys honorably discharged from service.

LATE for a date with his girl, he wanted to cross the street to a subway entrance during a practice blackout in Brooklyn. A lady air-raid warden, scowling from under her white helmet, said no. In fact, correctly figuring him as a sturdy youth of twenty-three, she went on officiously:

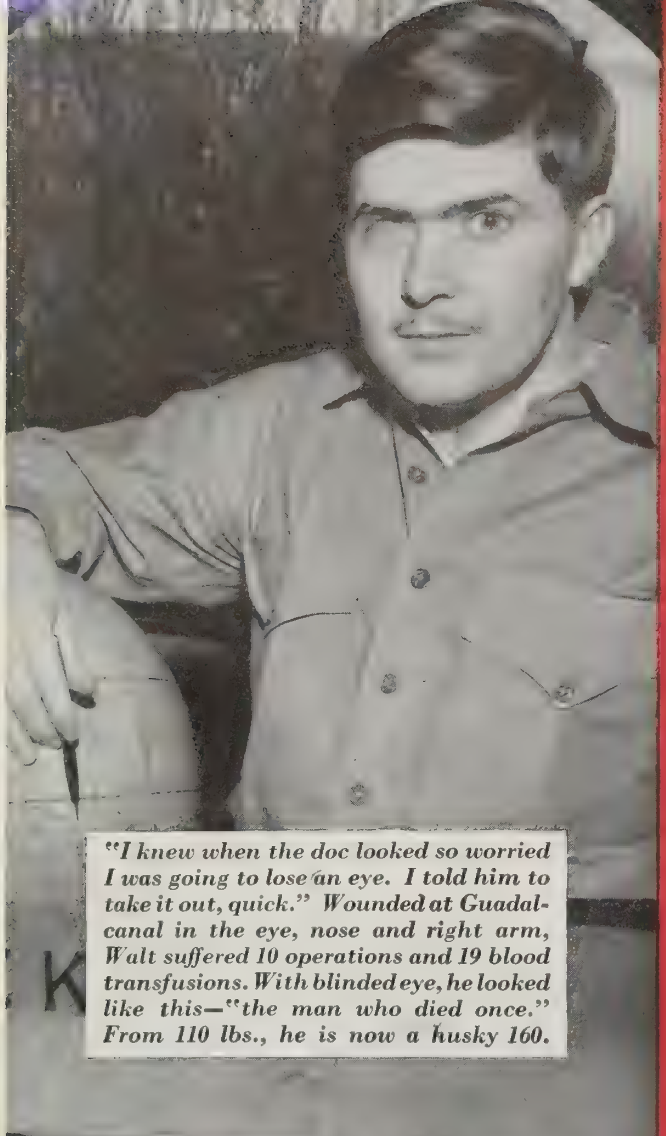
"It would do you a lot of good to get yourself into uniform, young man."

Walter James Bodt, late corporal in the United States Marines, honorably discharged with sergeant's rating in June, 1943, for physical disability, says he'd have half killed her if she'd been a man. As it was, he just buttoned his lip and walked away in the dark.

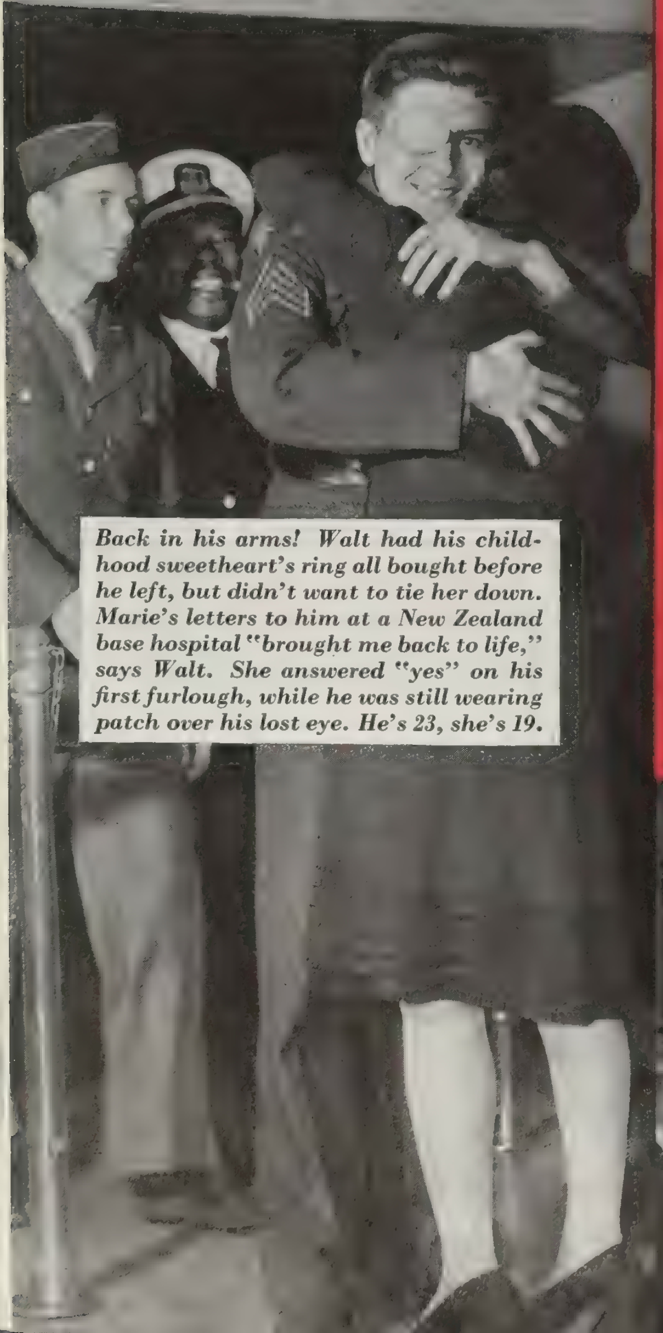
She could hardly have chosen worse. This boy is living on borrowed time. Walter has an elegant gray-blue glass eye because Jap bullets on Guadalcanal ruined the original, smashing the nose bones beside it, in early October, 1942, and gave him an angry red scar splaying down from neck to chest. By November thirteenth, his birthday, weeks of skilled efforts to check constant hemorrhage had failed. That was the day a Navy doctor pulled the sheet over his face as token of

25.6% of American families have incomes of $3000 a year or more.

GORLACH AND THE U. S. MARINE CORPS



"I knew when the doc looked so worried I was going to lose an eye. I told him to take it out, quick." Wounded at Guadalcanal in the eye, nose and right arm, Walt suffered 10 operations and 19 blood transfusions. With blinded eye, he looked like this—"the man who died once." From 110 lbs., he is now a husky 160.



Back in his arms! Walt had his childhood sweetheart's ring all bought before he left, but didn't want to tie her down. Marie's letters to him at a New Zealand base hospital "brought me back to life," says Walt. She answered "yes" on his first furlough, while he was still wearing patch over his lost eye. He's 23, she's 19.

PHOTOS BY MUNKACSI

giving him up for dead. Artificial respiration brought him miraculously back from the grave.

Lifelike as the eye is, his mother couldn't help crying for the first weeks after he got home whenever she glimpsed it. But she always managed an excuse to get to the other end of the Bodts' railroad flat in Brooklyn to do her crying silently and alone.

Now, with a Navy Cross and a Purple Heart in his bureau drawer as souvenirs of it all, a pretty bride of nineteen, and an intelligently ambitious approach to resuming civil life, Walter is getting $40 a week in the production department of a big New York advertising agency and taking nothing big—except Marie Olsen, the girl in question. He isn't even taking medals big enough to be shy about telling how he got his.

Venturing too far up a jungly knoll, the platoon found itself cut off by ambushed Japs. Only quick artillery support in the right place could rescue them. "I wish to God I had a signalman," said the lieutenant in charge. Harking back to his Boy Scout days, Corporal Bodt tied handkerchiefs to a couple of bayonets, stood bolt upright in full view of the enemy and signaled back to the rest of the battalion, earnestly requesting help and indicating targets.

He made a good target of himself. The message was barely transmitted when he slumped to the ground, out cold, with bullets in eye, nose and arm. Up to that moment, Walter had had no special ambition to be a hero, and the risk was just as bad as it proved. But somebody had to do something—and it looked like a good idea at the time.

Mortars opened up, the Japs faded and the boys got Corporal Bodt back to a foxhole dressing station. He doesn't remember having fallen. But he does remember being amazed at how clearly semaphore code came back after so many years, and, all too vividly, the nineteen blood transfusions and the fiendishly painful and incessant postnasal packs aimed at stopping his bleeding. For all the agony involved, they never seemed to work. Once—but only once—weakness and pain pushed him to the stage of telling the doctor, "Skip it, leave me alone, I don't care what happens."

Months of convalescence in New Zealand and California hospitals finally got him in shape to go home on leave. It was Marie, not his parents, whom he wired to meet him in New York's Pennsylvania Station, one of the nation's most active scenes of wartime drama. He wanted that first five minutes strictly with his girl. Their engagement was official only last April. Neither had been sure until well after Walter was shipped out to the South Pacific. Though they had been going together pretty steady, war is a chancy thing and nineteen is young for a girl to make up her mind. And there had been trouble about a British marine of whom Marie had been seeing a good deal.

Things started feeling very definite, however, when a most affectionate letter from Marie turned up on that fateful November thirteenth—"the day Walter died," is the matter-of-fact way she now refers to it. Finally aware he would live to take on a man's responsibilities, he could start planning for himself and the gray-eyed, soft-haired, bright-faced object of his affections.

They've known each other since they were kids. The families had adjoining summer cottages out on Long Island. As they think back, their romance dates from the time Marie stuck out her foot and tripped Walter in the local general store as penalty for being so shy. Their omens look harmonious. In restaurants they find themselves always deciding to order the same things—that has happened so often that it became spooky. And both want children quickly—up to five, Marie thinks. Walter agrees, especially if a pair of twins speeds up the quota.

While the boy was still in knee pants, bad luck and the depression conspired to make things tough for the Bodts. His father, veteran of World War I as a muleskinner, had been partner in a small trucking business which hard times wrecked. Just when things were worst, he had a disabling stroke and is still partly crippled. Even with two youngsters to rear, Mrs. Bodt had to take a job—part office work, part factory packing in a Brooklyn grocery concern at $15 a week—and Walter went to work as soon as possible.

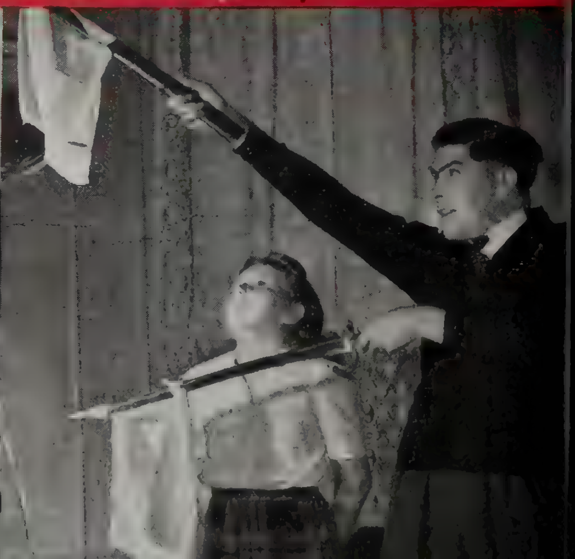
A job as Western Union messenger netted him an indispensable $8 to $12 a week. When the Marine Reserve called him up for active duty, he was in a real-estate office at $15 a week, which combined with his mother's $15 to float the family. Besides working and finishing Bushwick High School, where he ran the half on the track squad, Walter also had much to do with bringing up his small sister Muriel, now a pretty, fair child of twelve. She was immensely proud of taking brother's picture to school to be posted on the bulletin board when his citation was published.

In Brooklyn a five-room cold-water flat can, however, be had for $18 a month. Oil to heat the necessary stoves comes to $24 a month in season as well, but a zealously thrifty lady with Connecticut Yankee rearing can stretch very few dollars very far when needs must. Equal thrift is inherent in the rest of the young couple's thoroughly Scandinavian background. Walter's father is of Danish descent, Marie's folks Danish and Norwegian. Her stepfather—divorce and remarriage occurred several years ago—is Swedish, a prosperous painting contractor with an

(Continued on Page 102)

Now that mom can look at Walt's injury without crying, "He's just as handsome as ever," she claims proudly. This Connecticut Yankee mother has plenty of fortitude. When pop was paralyzed four years ago, she supported Walt and Muriel (left) on the $15 a week she earned at a packing company, is still working.

"I wish to God I had a signalman," cried the lieutenant of Walt's ambushed platoon. Without orders, Walt seized two handkerchiefs, tied them to bayonets, and signaled a crude Boy Scout SOS. Japs concentrated machine-gun fire on him, but the day was saved. Below, he shows kid sister Muriel how he did it.



Walt looks for a job with a future. "I don't want to be a war-boom casualty too!" The U. S. Employment Service was helpful, but emphasized war jobs with high pay, dubious future. Walter worked in two plants at about $46 a week. Then he grabbed a chance to get into an advertising firm at $6 less, likes it fine.

"Just a little room or two" is something to find these days! Walt and Marie finally found a small apartment for $48 monthly in Fleetwood, N. Y. Wartime dye shortages changed most of her color ideas. "And imagine a wooden dustpan!" She spent weeks finding a can opener. Walt will give his mother $10 monthly.

Marie's mother knows how to get off to a good start with a new son-in-law. "Feed the brute!" she says, companionably sewing a bridal tea towel while he eats in her spotless kitchen. Marie and Walt's favorite fun is dancing (left). When he got new glass eye, he instructed, "Put in a wolf gleam." Marie wasn't fooled.

And so they were married! Pooh-poohing superstition, they set the date on November thirteenth, Walt's birthday. He thinks his bride—the most super present he ever got—is "the prettiest girl in the world." He looked over Samoan beauties too! Horrors of Guadalcanal fade, as he begins to live again.

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.

WHAT ARE YOUR BOY'S CHANCES OF COMING THROUGH THE WAR?

WALTER BODT is one of 550,000 or more who, by the end of 1943, were honorably discharged—meaning returned to civilian life for good reasons not their fault: wounds preventing further fighting; age; emotional damage, often stemming from prewar life; disease from impossible jungle conditions or newly found heart or lung trouble. All such men may wear the new little eagle-and-circle badge of this war's veterans which means "I did all they asked of me."

For most American fighters, fighting has just begun. For their and our own sakes, we must know what kinds of casualties war means.

Modern battle deaths are high because modern weapons are so powerful. By November 15, 1943, the Army had 14,321 known dead in battle, with only 32,690 known surviving wounded. Due to modern care, however, a wounded man's chances of living are also higher than ever before. Of Army wounded to October, 1943, almost half were already back on duty.

Emotional casualties, called "neuropsychiatric," are also higher in this war, ranging from what used to be called "shell shock" to personality twists that make a soldier a bad risk, though often not unfitting him for civil life.

"Ordinarily one thinks of nervous breakdowns as occurring only in weaklings," said the chief of the Army's Neuropsychiatry Branch. "This is not true in warfare. Obviously, some people break down or give up sooner than others, but under the extremes of horror and fatigue of modern warfare, the best and strongest among us has his breaking point at which the will to fight is lost and a nervous breakdown occurs."

Late in the year far less than 1 per cent of Army personnel had been wounded, around .2 per cent of Navy, Marines and Coast Guard. That means only that, when those figures were compiled, great attacks had not yet been started. Many more Walter Bodts will be coming home. Thousands and thousands will never come home.

(Continued from Page 100) astoundingly neat white cottage out at Valley Stream, Long Island.

Its elaborate basement rumpus room, which Mr. Axelson, the stepfather, has fitted up with loving care, was the scene of the great engagement party last April, with Walter playing his banjo like all possessed, and a huge cake flamboyantly labeled "Good luck to Walter and Marie!" By four in the morning Marie was exhausted and asleep on a couch. But Walter and her mother sat up over innumerable cups of coffee and talked their heads off till dawn. It is more evident every minute that mother-in-law and son-in-law get along the very finest kind.

Thanks largely to Walter's common sense about it, that glass eye bothers nobody any more. It shifts most naturally and imitates its mate so closely that it is hard to tell quickly which is which. Walter tells how the maker always asks the boys, "What kind of gleam do you want in it—a wolf gleam, maybe?" Grinning teasingly at Marie, who makes a face back at him, he admits stipulating the wolf gleam.

At fifteen he was already thinking of joining the Navy. It would mean seeing strange places and force him into a self-reliance he thought he lacked. But he was needed at home and compromised on joining the Marine Reserve along with several pals—drill once a week as training against the war he figured was surely coming. The marines gave him strange places, all right—Cuba, New Zealand, the Solomons and several other spots that can't yet be mentioned.

Samoa, where he got ashore for a while, alone lived up to its reputation for South Seas glamour, though he found the girls "too rugged" for his taste. His souvenirs, including a fancily bejeweled Jap officer's dagger, were left behind on Guadalcanal and he is very dubious of ever seeing them again.

Though the strains of the Guadalcanal campaign produced many neuropsychiatric casualties, even among the tough marines, Corporal Bodt's nervous system proves to have been made of steel wire and granite. Only once did he have bad dreams about fetid jungle, skulking Japs, soaked clothes, dysentery pangs, obscene insects and the incredible carrion smells of a long-contested battlefield. In time, he found, you can actually get used to such smells. His recovery from five weeks of bleeding to death proves that his physical stamina is equal to his nervous stability. Marie very definitely picked herself a guy who can take it.

A good thing, too, in view of the job ahead. Jumping from the armed forces to civilian life is no mere matter of stepping through a door. Marie says his attitude toward everybody but herself for the first few days after he arrived was that of "a little boy come home after he's been lost." His civilian clothes still fitted. But he was seen looking at himself in a mirror and asking, "Do people really wear these things?" And when, on a country week end, he could get into khaki shirt and pants, he said gustily, "Now I can breathe again."

Being interested in aviation, he hunted jobs first at the big air-transport companies. Their personnel offices were not receptive to his idea that experience as company clerk and crack marine noncom would qualify him for a job with a future. They offered only work as guard at airfields or as a $125-a-month routine clerk. The U. S. Employment Service seemed very much on their toes, but understandably, their emphasis was on war jobs—with good pay, true, but eventual future dubious. What Walter wants—he had lots of time to figure it out while convalescing—is to learn the ins and outs of a good business and do some sure-footed climbing in the world.

How the Newlywed Bodts Spend Their Money

Food ($60 a month)	**$720**
Life insurance	**120**
Rent ($48 a month)	**576**
Commutation	**120**
Recreation	**200**
Walter's lunches ($5 a week)	**260**
New furniture	**500**
Laundry, cleaning, shoe repair	**120**
Help to Walter's family	**120**
Doctors and dentists (Walter gets all future care free in veteran hospitals).	**50**
Savings and War Bonds	**680**
Clothes	**234**
	$3700*

***Walter's salary plus Government compensation for his war injury.**

A few weeks' clerking in a $30-a-week trucking-office job stopgapped him. Then a berth with a company making parachutes sounded good—pay was $46.50 a week, but it soon began to feel like a dead end and he got out. The same was true of a $44-a-week job in an outfit making precision instruments. Not until a personal introduction got him into that advertising agency did he find his niche. It meant reduction in pay, but that didn't matter, as long as the future angle looked good.

He had hoped that the U. S. Veterans' Administration rehabilitation programs for servicemen, including vocational training for the disabled, might supply him after-hours advertising courses. That chance looks dubious—Uncle Sam is chary of supplying tuition for a man who has a job paying more than his compensation comes to. The exact amount of his compensation depends upon the results of another physical examination coming up this winter.

The important thing is that Walter's feet are firmly on the escalator. After a while, this sense of unreality about not being in uniform with the boys—a boyhood chum was killed before his eyes on Guadalcanal—will disappear. The things that still baffle him most are the growling about wages and hours among well-paid help in the parachute factory and the strikes that were rife when he came home.

In a backhanded way, he was lucky to get in and out so early. At this stage, jobs are easily got and pay is good. Walter's girl waited for him. His mind apparently came unscathed through its ordeal. His bodily injuries, grave as they were, left him normally able to carry on with the life he had barely begun when war broke.

Figure what his situation would have been with a little less luck, multiply it by millions and you have a rough advance notion of what the national problem will be when the boys come home from Berlin and Tokyo.

How to Write a Short Story:

1. Take a girl with a problem (beauty)

. . . Jane's at an officers' dance—and something's wrong! The music's grand—but she isn't dancing. It's a dinger of a night for a twosome—but she's a lonesome. If only . . .

2. Add a handsome Marine (her rival's)

He says, "Hello!"—and his smile lifts her heart. But it falls with a thud—when he passes her by to dance with somebody else. Somebody with a complexion as smooth and radiant as—say! . . .

3. Bring in a beautiful baby (her sister's)

Maybe *that's* the answer—she's always bathed with gentle Ivory Soap. Doctor's orders. No soap is purer than mild Ivory—it contains no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might be irritating. Change to regular, gentle cleansings with Ivory—Jane!

4. YOU write the happy ending!

Does Jane meet the handsome Marine again? Does he fall like a ton of bricks? Does she marry him? Could be. It's easy for a gal with a baby-radiant skin! Better start using gentle Ivory for *your* skin! $99\frac{44}{100}\%$ pure . . . It floats.

★ ★ ★

Save Soaps! They Use Vital War Materials!

1. Don't leave soap in water when you're through lathering. Put the bar in a soap-dish when not in use.

2. Be sure your soap-dish is dry before you put bar back. Keep a cloth handy to keep your soap-dish dry.

3. Use up soap scraps in wire shaker or tied in cloth. Or make soap jelly by dissolving scraps in boiling water.

Look lovelier with IVORY— the soap more doctors advise than all other brands together!

KITCHEN HELP
_only 7¢ a week!

HERE'S THE BARGAIN
ScotTowels GIVE YOU!

Make kitchen work easier at every turn with strong, dependable ScotTowels. They save time and energy—help protect family health.

Nothing to wash—nothing to iron—and you have a fresh, clean towel every time.

ScotTowels are thrifty, too. Only a penny a day for their handy kitchen help.

Help stretch the supply—use ScotTowels carefully

If you can't get as many ScotTowels as you did in peacetime, the reason is that large quantities of Scott paper products are being used in the war effort.

The makers of ScotTowels believe that housewives would rather stretch their supply of good quality towels than to have the quality lowered in order to increase the supply.

After Victory, you'll have ScotTowels aplenty. Meantime, if your dealer is out of stock today—try again tomorrow.

ScotTowels

Save laundering... help protect family health!

Trademark "ScotTowels" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

WAR-INJURED VETERANS CAN CONQUER AGAIN

BY LT. COMDR. LESLIE B. HOHMAN, U.S.N.R.

Associate in Psychiatry, Johns Hopkins University

TO A NATION stirred by patriotism at the height of a war, few statements seem truer or more inspiring than that grateful countrymen will never permit veterans handicapped by wounds to lack for jobs. Yet the ringing words are misleading, and often inflict cruel psychologic wounds on the men themselves by causing them to expect well-deserved special consideration which they do not always receive. The stark reality is that every hero who returns with a serious war disability is called upon, like Sgt. Walter Bodt, from the Marines at Guadalcanal, to show a second heroism in recapturing his place in the civilian world.

Sergeant Bodt, twenty-three last November thirteenth—an anniversary he observed by marrying—came back to his home in Brooklyn, New York, with an attitude which every serviceman with a permanent disability would do well to emulate. The difficulties he encountered indicate the gravity of the problem, although they certainly are no more serious than the difficulties of a typical case. From the conduct of his family and nineteen-year-old Marie Olsen, whom he later married, definite rules can be formulated for others who want to help war-injured men all they can.

The day after Walter was discharged from the Marine Corps in June of 1943 he started to look for a job with the same willingness to meet life which he had displayed toward meeting death the October before, when he volunteered to stand up in full view of the Japanese and signal for desperately needed ammunition. His company got the ammunition. It cost him an eye, the permanent tying off of one of the two main arteries which supply blood to the head, ten operations, nineteen blood transfusions, months in hospitals. It gained him a pension of $135 a month, promotion from corporal to sergeant, a Navy Cross for gallantry and a discharge with high honor. But when Walter began his search for work, he did not talk of the glory of his past. He emphasized the promise of his future.

On this point, servicemen who come back harmed in any way have to fight against a danger to which everyone who is exceptionally unfortunate in the everyday world is also exposed. Over and over in my practice of psychiatry I have heard such questions as: "Why should I be singled out to fail in business through no fault of my own?"; "Why should I suffer a nervous collapse when my whole career is at stake?"; "How can I hope for success after what I have lost in this illness?" The tendency nearly always is to look backward hopelessly instead of looking forward hopefully. The temptation to avoid or delay the push ahead may be especially strong for disabled or partly disabled veterans, because they have greatly respected laurels on which they can rest.

WALTER recognized and accepted the hard truth that, by and large, it would be his ability to produce in a competitive civilian economy which would gain him a position; that only where he exactly equaled another applicant in productive capacity could he be reasonably sure of preference because of his military sacrifice. When he failed to get one good job for which he had been recommended, he heard indirectly that the reason was his loss of an eye. He quit another job because he feared the work was too much of a strain on his remaining eye. Since he expected no extraordinary treatment on account of his record, these setbacks did not give him the added handicap of bitterness which, quite understandably, is acquired by many servicemen in comparable situations.

The experience in dealing with men, gained with a squad which once told him fondly that he was the "best damn corporal in the Marines," was an asset, Walter knew. He stressed this experience and his success as company clerk. He was confident his health was good and should remain so, and that his artificial eye did not disfigure him. He talked ability, not disability. Everywhere he applied he was cordially received. He got several jobs, and moved on to better ones. He has an excellent one now, with a fine chance for advancement.

TO SUPPLEMENT all the separate suggestions for a happy home-coming to be applied by the injured veteran himself, which can be seen clearly outlined in Walter's story, the first general rule for the veteran's family and for all who care most about him is that they, too, must be realistic. This is the opposite of dwelling glumly on the dark side. Realism demands merely that for the sake of a handicapped man those of whom he is fondest should courageously admit to him the existence of the misfortune—as something to be overcome. Evasion of the subject by intimates from whom he has a right to expect frankness will usually make him believe that the truth is too bad to be mentioned.

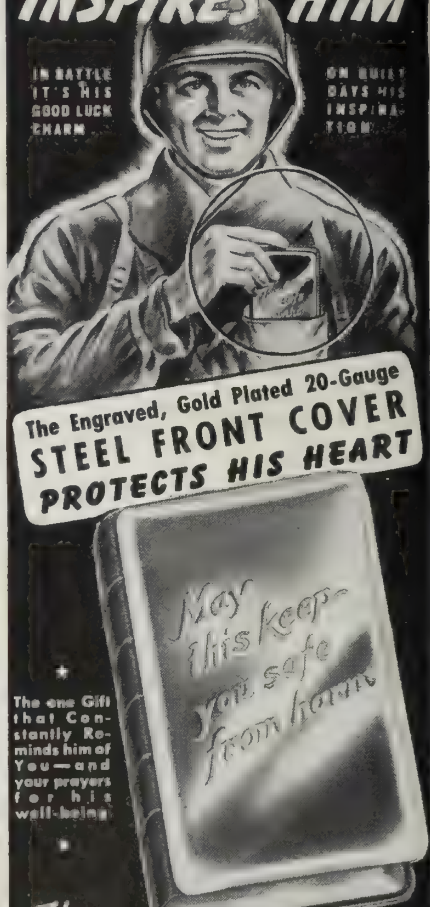
When Walter's mother was informed that he had lost an eye, she was so crushed at first that she could not bring herself to write to him about it. Walter's father, who has learned how to face trial in the several years during which he has been partly paralyzed, came to the rescue with a very wise statement. "This will never do," he said. "We have to be able to talk Walter's troubles out with him to encourage him to go on."

The correspondence which followed resulted in the joyous discovery by the family that Walter's scars would not spoil his good looks and that he was far from disheartened. The relatives of every man returning wounded can find here a second specific rule for their guidance. Today's military surgery and psychiatric treatment are so skillful that there is sound reason for optimism about physical injuries and nervous collapses.

For those whose men are invalided home for psychologic reasons, the fact that medical science has long recognized the term "shell shock" as a misnomer is worth emphasizing again. "Shell shock" is a deceptively loose designation inherited from the First World War to cover various types of nervous and emotional illnesses essentially the same as those which often develop under the strains of civilian life. In both the Navy and the Army the rate of recovery is high. A basic factor in the readjustment after discharge from a hospital is a belief by close associates that the man should resume active participation in normal affairs just as rapidly as possible.

The psychiatrist in charge of the case will give dependable advice on how much responsibility should be undertaken, and how soon. My work in the psychiatric branch of the Army Medical Corps in the First World War and with so-called "shell-shock" cases in private practice since then impels me to urge families, as well as the patients, to follow the psychiatrist's directions explicitly. Some few families display little understanding of the genuineness of the illness, irritably

Your Gift OF THE BOOK OF GOD INSPIRES HIM


IN BATTLE IT'S HIS GOOD LUCK CHARM
ON QUIET DAYS HIS INSPIRATION
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ing the patient to "snap out of it" tly. The majority is inclined, in mised sympathy for loved ones, to do too o promote sustained effort.

remarks which foster self-pity in a who has either a physical or a psychonjury are a tremendous disservice to They stimulate the impression that is no use in trying to capture the opnities still within his reach. This in nay lead him to exaggerate his handi- self-justification for inactivity.

now of one man who came back with a espiratory difficulty from gas suffered Meuse-Argonne front, in the Eighty- Division, in 1918. When he arrived in me town he was acclaimed by all who him. Overanxious parents persuaded hat he was not physically able to take former job "for a little while." The while" dragged on for several years, acquired the habit of loafing. His felwnsmen, at first eager to hear his war iscences, became bored by hearing so often. He began to color more and highly his accounts of the severity of jury. Several men who had served in ame company, disgusted by his con- talk, spread the truth that he wasn't badly. He finally ran for a minor pubice, was defeated, and was furious at hole town for its lack of appreciation of had suffered. When I last heard of him, years ago, he was eking out his small on by occasional jobs, sincerely con- that he could never stand steady although physical examination proved s in good condition.

sharp contrast to that man's unhappy ar history are the records of the great rtion of war-injured men who meet the nge of readjustment with inspiring ude. I could cite many to whom asso- in business and social life rallied in admiration for their determination.

lter was fortunate in having the back- a family with a tradition of meeting hip courageously. When his father be- ill and lost his business, his mother got uncomplainingly. In their modest flat ooklyn, his parents trained their chil- in the ideal that expensive living was ecessary to give richness to life.

hen I was in the hospital and didn't o hope that I ever could do as well as e," Walter said to me, "I could brace f up by remembering that I could be on very little money if I had to."

THER of Walter's great good fortunes n coming back to Marie Olsen. She re- to be alarmed by the possibility that ght have later trouble from his wounds. reeted him gaily and they resumed their r good times together. Their engage- marriage, founding of their own home plans for children are the best possible atizations of the hopeful forward vision which it is so essential for war-wounded men to hold.

Not all men, of course, are lucky enough to have an attractive, courageous, happy-hearted girl like Marie waiting for them. But all men can force themselves, and should be pressed by their families, to seek wholesome, cheerful companionship with both women and men.

The problem does not end with pleasant companionship, or even with a job and marriage. The man who returns from the war, especially if he has a disability, should look ahead with ambition for advancement. After stress, excitement and danger, there is a strong temptation to settle down into the simplest situation to be found. "What I want most right now is peace and quiet," a soldier home from Tunisia said to me, expressing a fairly prevalent opinion which surely is easy to comprehend. The trouble is that, after the effect of the initial release from strain has passed, these same men will be yearning for civilian success again. They will be far better off if they map their course accordingly without wasting time.

WHILE I was talking with Walter about his plan to wait a year before taking some projected college courses after office hours, he agreed with me that, although security in a good job gave him great satisfaction at present, he would be unhappy if he saw men of his own age stepping over him five years from now. I believe he will make a mistake if he delays his evening classes a full year. In the career he has chosen, he needs all the education that he can get, as soon as he can get it.

One expression used by Walter was especially apt: "After you have been indoctrinated for military service and been in for a year or more, you have to be indoctrinated for civilian life all over again."

The fact that the indoctrination may be difficult for men who have been permanently injured cannot—and should not—be denied. They must face the problem of their handicap, besides tribulations of readjustment experienced by virtually all veterans.

There is every indication that the Government will be generous with financial assistance and its efforts to assure jobs. Vocational training and educational opportunities will be made available. Some industries already are establishing the precedent of giving preference to servicemen, and are putting those who have been wounded at the head of their employment lists.

The best that can be hoped for, however, is that roads to a bright future will be cleared. The determination to make the most of the chances must originate within the men themselves. The strongest allies they can have are families and close associates who will assist them by word and attitude in the deliberate planning and broadening of their lives to embrace the fullest possible accomplishment.

Ten Rules for Returning War Veterans

1. Don't let overanxious relatives and friends persuade you to put off looking for a job for a few weeks. Do it now.

2. Remember that you can expect preference, due to military experience, only when your capabilities are equal to those of other applicants.

3. In talking with prospective employers, be sure to stress ability, not disability.

4. If your wartime training and experience will be an asset in the job (for many this will be true), stress the fact.

5. If you have physical handicaps due to service, persuade your family to be realistic about this. Let them know it is better for you to "talk out your troubles."

6. If your girl is waiting and marriage now is possible, don't put it off.

7. Go out of your way to seek wholesome, cheerful companionship with both women and men.

8. Don't let yourself be satisfied with a job which promises security. Look ahead with ambition for advancement.

9. Be sure to take advantage of educational and vocational opportunities offered to ex-servicemen. Map out a course now which, with such study, will lead to advancement.

10. Remember that, in spite of all such outside help, the real battle to achieve a future life of the richest and fullest sort is up to you.

Only one soap gives your skin *this exciting Bouquet*

Today, as for 75 romantic years, popular girls bathe with Cashmere Bouquet Soap

Young lady, you may well expect to be kissed when your skin has this fragrant allure. For here is one soap that actually gives your skin a *bouquet*—adorns it with a haunting fragrance that whispers to others, "*She's* an exciting girl."

For the famous fragrance of Cashmere Bouquet is alone in this world—a secret wedding of rare perfumes.

So bathe tonight with Cashmere Bouquet. Caress each curve of your body with its fragrant luxury lather. See your skin reflect a glowing new, lovelier tone as staleness quickly departs. Then step from your bath sweet and radiant, your skin adorned with an exciting bouquet that will make you a woman daintily desirable.

Too, you'll love creaming your face with the soft white lather of Cashmere Bouquet. Removes dirt and cosmetics so gently, leaves your complexion like "peaches and cream."

Let this lovely bouquet soap make *you* more exciting!

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LOVED BY MILLIONS FOR ITS FRAGRANT BOUQUET

Adorns your skin with the fragrance men love
Cashmere Bouquet
ONLY 10¢
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The most important day in your Life

BY LOUISE PAINE BENJAMIN
Beauty Editor of the Journal

A GIRL'S dream of her wedding day dates from the first moment she is aware of romance in the world. Perhaps it starts with the vision of a storybook heroine—"and so the beautiful princess married the handsome prince"; or perhaps she is stirred by a picture of a bride touched with silver glory by her wedding veil. In that hour there is born in her own heart a secret dream: of herself floating rapturously toward a waiting prince, while for a brief, imperishable span time stands still in a world that is all hers, an enchanted, softly lit world filled with fragrance and music, all for the purpose of ushering her graciously into a wonderful new life. In those early dreams the groom is likely to be a vague figure, a hero still undiscovered, who will *surely* be there, however, when the right time comes.

The years slip by. The time is now. The little girls of yesterday are finding their shadowy dreamed-of husbands turning into real young men. And they are indeed heroes, in blue and khaki and olive green. Brides place their futures confidently in strong male hands that will not only fend for their personal happiness, as men have always done for their wives, but beyond that for the safety and beauty of the whole world.

It brings a great double responsibility. Young wives must not only meet the time-honored obligations of marriage, but must also bring to their new lives the greater understanding that will enable them to share their husbands with democracy.

Your wedding day is more than ever the most important day in your life. You become a partner in the greatest enterprise in the world, a good marriage. You acquire, also, a tremendous personal share in that worldwide enterprise, the defense of liberty.

Everything that happens to you for the rest of your life will be affected by the philosophy and courage you bring to your marriage day.

Love? Yes, of course. You would not be taking this step if that were not already warmly and deeply rooted in your heart. But love, because of its very intensity, is not enough by itself to assure a steadfast marriage.

Tolerance and kindness are everyday assets that will wear longer than emotional love. If it were possible for every couple to make—and keep—a resolution never to do or say an unkind thing to each other, that would be all the rule ever necessary for successful marriage.

That is a lot to hope for. But remember, *on the day of your marriage you start with a clean slate*, and the longer you can keep a vow never to say the first unkind word, the more solidly you are building for the future. Habits of courtesy and consideration are exacted in business as a matter of course. In marriage they are even more important, and more rewarding.

Another gift that every woman should hope to bring to her husband is beauty. Beauty, in the large sense of the word: the transforming touch that adds flavor to daily living and makes commonplace surroundings glow. Men are accustomed to the prose of life. For centuries they have faced the stern realities of fighting and breadwinning. Most of them look to their wives to provide life with color and poetry, and have touching faith that those wives will make the effort. A home, a dependable husband, healthy children and three regular meals a day are solid foundation for a good life, but they are not all of it, any more than a good serviceable garment is a party dress. The imaginative wife gives the "party touches" to living, adds spirit and beauty to the basic pattern.

She brings beauty of person too. As the central figure in a successful home, she sets the standard for loveliness. This has nothing to do with conventionally pretty features. It has *everything* to do with the sense of beauty which it is in her power to convey, if she will. It begins with the day of her wedding, for never was there a man in love who did not believe his bride beautiful. That picture is fixed dazzlingly in his mind, and men are extraordinarily loyal to their visions. The bride who, by intelligent effort, keeps herself as close as possible to the sweet, groomed and gracious girl her husband married is wise. The one who tries not only to uphold this standard, but to raise it, is inspired! And beauty, like kindness, is a lovely, widespreading force for good.

Every time one couple in one home achieves happiness, a ripple is started that helps to swell the forward-pushing currents of the world.

Marie Olsen Bodt is an inspiring example of the bride who faces today's problems and tomorrow's uncertainties with proud confidence because her heart is full of faith and determination as well as love.

HOW AMERICA LIVES

PHOTO BY JAMES ABBÉ, JR.

"...and you'll just wave your hand and make any climate you wish..."

WOULDN'T it be heavenly to live in a house that makes its own weather...that's balmy in January, cool as a mountain top in July...regardless of what the thermometer says outdoors?

ALL THIS WILL BE A REALITY! For tomorrow your new Gas air-conditioning system will give you "weather as you want it" at the flip of a finger.

But climate control is just one of the wonders of comfort being developed in the laboratories of the Gas industry today. Here are some of the other things in store for you.

TOMORROW'S MIRACLE KITCHEN ... so cool, so clean, you'll love every minute you're in it... where a new Certified Performance Gas range gives you speed in precision cooking — saves food values and hours of work!

NEW MAGIC IN REFRIGERATION ... a silent Gas refrigerator with cooling units that will keep all kinds of food fresh longer — meats, vegetables, even frozen foods. Will save you hours of marketing time!

A "HOT SPRING" ON TAP ... an automatic Gas water-heating system that will provide hot water galore... effortlessly, economically... make all housekeeping easier.

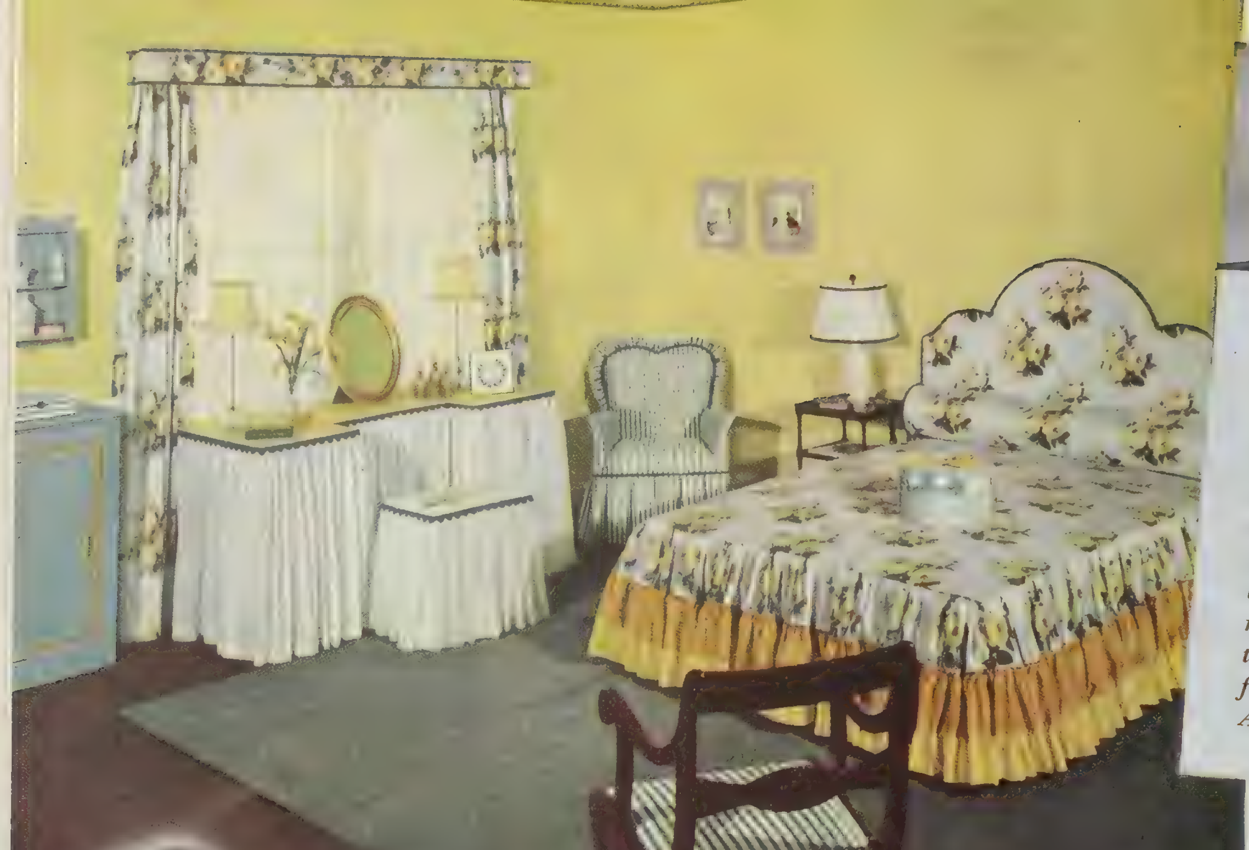
These are just a few of the wonders that will be brought to you tomorrow by the tiny blue Gas flame... *the flame that cools as well as heats.*

You can speed that day by using Gas wisely... by conserving it for vital war production ... and by saving for that magic home of the future with every war bond you can buy.

THE MAGIC FLAME THAT WILL BRIGHTEN YOUR FUTURE **GAS**

An advertisement of the American Gas Association

How America Lives



2 tables	$29.90
Rug	43.00
Boudoir chair	16.90
Straight chair	10.95
Box spring, mattress	79.00
Fabrics	20.00
Draperies	2.89
	$202.64

THE BEDROOM

Yellow-and-green was Marie's choice for a bedroom color scheme. Headboard is shaped plywood, padded and covered with chintz. Dressing table makes a dramatic feature of the twin windows, saves space. The frame, homemade of scrap lumber, is draped with dotted Swiss. Available cash was spent for box spring and mattress, two chairs and a rug. Since bedrooms are personality rooms, they should look charming, be original, kept fresh, with the details changed frequently. And formal furnishings are not necessary.

Honeymoon Apartment

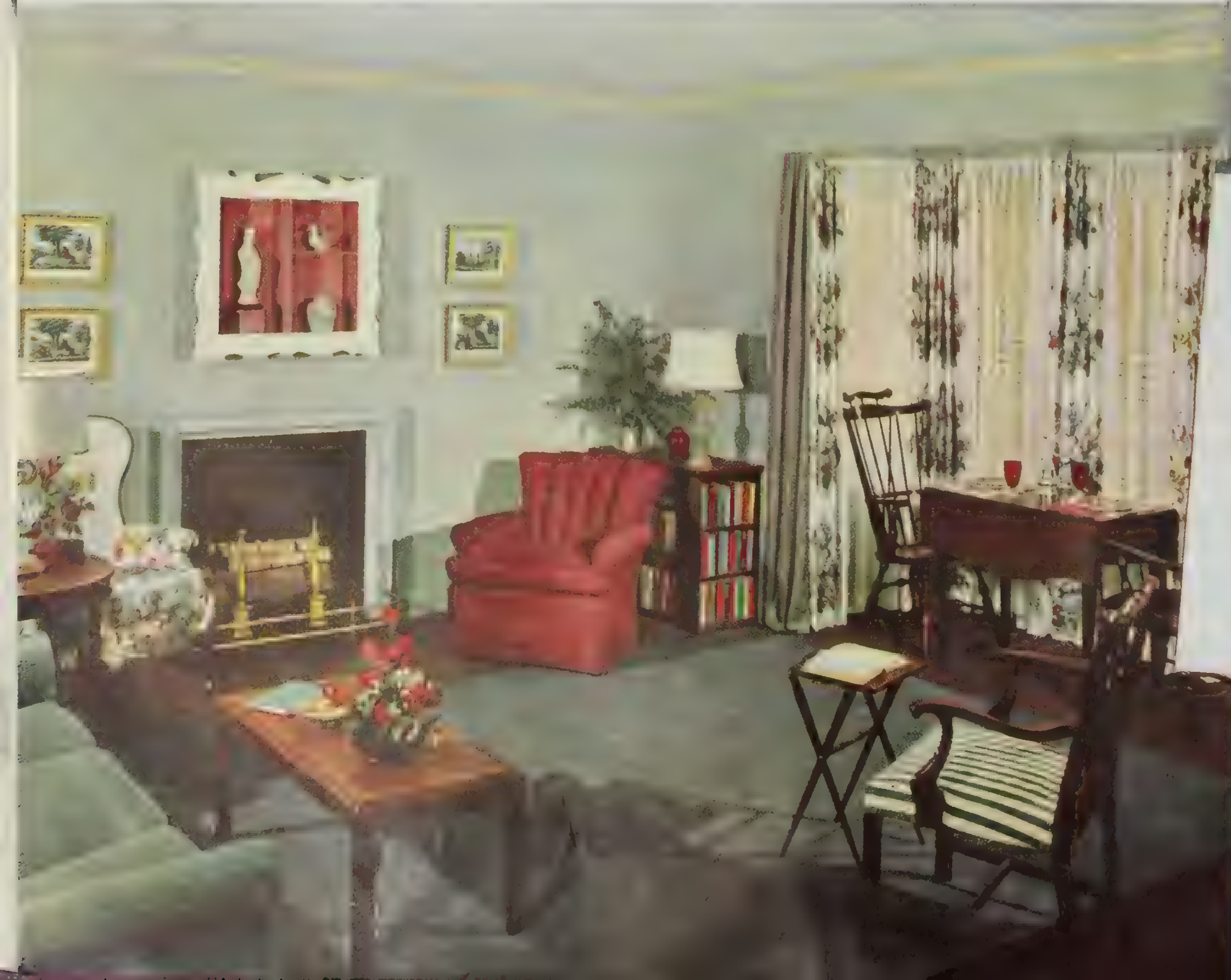
BY HENRIETTA MURDOCK
Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal

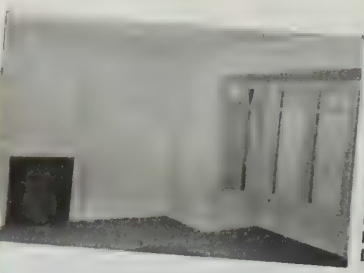
A HONEYMOON trip was out of the question for Marie and Walter. "We'll have to go right to housekeeping," Marie said, "and we're looking for a three-room apartment with a good layout. I'm awfully romantic about this," she added, "and I want my decorations as beautiful as I have always dreamed they would be."

But Marie's dream apartment didn't materialize overnight. In fact, the weeks the search for it consumed put her and Walter's love to a test it might never have known in peacetime. But there's a place for everyone—and finally Marie and Walter found theirs, out of all the neighborhoods they wanted and could afford. "It's sweet," Marie breathed, tightening her hold on Walter's arm. "Now we can begin shopping for it."

Marie had long set her heart on soft green with flower accents for the living-room scheme and yellow, green and white for the bedroom. Shopping *(Continued on Page 118)*

PHOTOS BY HAROLD FOWLER





Sofa	$109.60
Fan chair	59.95
Club chair	54.95
Pull-up chair	16.95
2 Windsor chairs	53.90
Coffee table	19.95
Round table	24.95
Drop-leaf table	59.95
Folding table	12.95
Rug	43.00
Drapery fabrics	12.00
	$468.15

THE LIVING ROOM

Marie and Walter bought their living-room furniture from a local department store. Despite wartime shopping difficulties, they found—with our help—the conservative pieces which, they agreed, are newlyweds' best choice, as these don't date and are adaptable to any background. Marie told Walter, when we finished this room, "Doesn't this flowered drapery fabric give our living room style!" Yes, and with this basic green, the room's accents can be changed to gold, rose, copper or red-violet—each individual!

WINS *Orders from Headquarters*
Washington, D. C.

Make both new and used carpeting last by using a good rug cushion underneath. Made of sterilized animal hair, it eases the wear, adds to apparent thickness of carpet. There is an ample supply for all ordinary needs. Clean carpets wear longer—a good shampoo restores the color and texture.

Make it more than

WISHFUL THINKING

Naturally, you want a perfect home after the war, efficiently equipped with the wonderful household devices that make work so easy. The "U" Plan for "V" Day brings this wish out of the dream stage into reality! Smart young wives-to-be are seizing on it as a sure means toward getting the labor-saving aids they want. You, too, will be interested whether you plan to make a new home or equip an old one. Here's how it works: . . . **(1)** Check on this page the Universal housewares you will need . . . **(2)** Add up their estimated values as shown here . . . **(3)** Put that sum into War Bonds. . . . **(4)** Ask your local dealer today to put you on his priority list.

You make no down payment, you're under no obligation! But you do put yourself in line among the lucky "firsts" to get Universal products after Victory! *Send for the "U" Plan for "V" Day Booklet which gives added details—write to:*

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

CHECK UNIVERSAL APPLIANCES AND HOUSEWARES HERE!

UNIVERSAL APPLIANCES AND HOUSEWARES	1941 PRICE RANGE [Approximate]	ESTIMATED COST
Electric Ranges	$94.95—279.95	$..........
Water Heaters	74.00—123.00	....
Washers	54.95—134.95	....
Ironers	34.95—104.95	....
Bag Type Vacuum Cleaners	29.95— 59.95	....
Tank Type Vacuum Cleaners	59.95— 69.95	....
Hand Vacuum Cleaners	14.45— 19.95	....
Landers "Open Top" Carpet Sweepers	3.95— 7.95	....
Irons	3.95— 9.95	....
Toasters	3.95— 14.95	....
Percolators	6.95— 14.95	....
Mixers	24.95— 27.95	....
Waffle Irons	6.95— 10.95	....
Sandwich Grills	7.95— 12.50	....
Heating Pads	3.95— 8.95	....
Hot Plates	3.95— 10.95	....
Portable Heaters	6.95— 10.95	....
Ovens	27.95— 44.95	....
Kitchen Cutlery	.10— 3.50 PER PC	....
Carving Sets	2.95— 14.95 PER SET	....
Table Knives and Forks	3.95— 19.95 PER SET	....
Food and Meat Choppers	1.95— 3.25	....
Vacuum Bottles	1.15— 4.00 EA.	....
Picnic Sets	4.50— 9.95	....
Pitcher Sets	6.95— 15.95	....
Lunch Kits	1.95— 2.95	....
Household Scales	1.75— 4.95	....
Pressure Cookers		....
Fruit Juicers	3.25— 5.95	....
Stove Percolators	2.95— 6.95	....

TOTAL $..........

BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

Check here the Universal appliances you've dreamed of owning. Put their estimated value into War Bonds—then after Victory, you can stop dreaming and start owning!

UNIVERSAL

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Putting the Rector Angle on

MOR D'OEUVRES

George Rector knows where the fishing's good—and why. His hook is about to connect with MOR goodness than you could shake a stick at.

For an evening "snack party," with hot coffee, a little MOR goes a long way. It's all solid meat—no bone—no gristle.

As a main dish...hot or cold...fried, broiled or baked...one can of hearty, delicious MOR will serve four famished people. MOR has the Vitamin B_1 value of tender pork.

KEY TO MOR D'OEUVRES—Read clockwise: baby tomatoes stuffed with ground MOR; MOR cones, filled with potato salad; fluted celery rings stuffed with ground MOR; sliced MOR wrapped with bacon and broiled; pickles and celery stuffed with ground MOR. Eggplant holds French fried balls of ground MOR and squares of MOR, pickles and olives wrapped with MOR slices.

WILSON & CO. INC

Table for two. The Bodts' favorite dish is shrimp cocktail with a hot sauce.

POINT LUCK FOR TWO

BY LOUELLA G. SHOUER

WITH a cookbook in one hand, ration books in the other and no previous cooking experience, a young bride is apt to go around in dizzy confusion. But you'll catch on and you'll be a better cook and manager for this war experience.

Have a plan! Once a week go on menu maneuvers. Make a kitchen pin-up of your dinner plans—your week's outlay of points. Watch dinners and you'll come out even—sometimes with points to splurge. Try it and see!

Dinner Menu Pin-Ups

MONDAY

Baked Meat   Stuffed Potatoes
Broccoli   Coleslaw
Bread and "Spread"
Caramel Pears   Coffee

Bake two large potatoes. Scoop out. Brown ¼ pound hamburger and 1 onion, chopped, in a little fat—or leftover meat. Sprinkle with a little flour. Add ½ cup water and a little meat paste. Make a nice gravy. Season and mix with the potato—broken up but not mashed. Put back in shells. Brown.

TUESDAY

Lamb Stew en Casserole   Potato Crust
Green Salad   Muffins   Jam
Sliced Oranges With Maple Sirup   Tea

Use a muffin mix to save shortening. Start stew night before. Brown the potato-topped casserole when you bake the muffins.

WEDNESDAY

Broccoli, Potatoes and Bacon au Gratin
Lyonnaise Carrots   Bread and "Spread"
Green Salad   Apple Crisp   Coffee

Use ends and tough stalks of broccoli saved from Monday. Pare, dice and cook. Mix with diced cooked potatoes, crumbled crisp bacon, cream sauce and cheese. Bake.

THURSDAY

Braised Veal Patties   Carrots and Celery
Parsley Potatoes   Spinach Salad
Bread and "Spread"
Grapefruit   Coffee

Marie and Walter are fond of veal cutlets, but think twice before spending twelve points per pound. Have patties instead. Use the rest of Wednesday's bunch of carrots with outer celery stalks, diced.

FRIDAY

Fish Fillets Baked in Lemon Sauce
Baked Potatoes   Buttered Beets
Hearts of Lettuce   French Dressing
Fruit Gelatin
Eggless Chocolate Cake   Coffee

Eggless chocolate cake: Sift 1½ cups flour, ¾ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon salt and ¾ teaspoon baking soda together. Add part of 1 cup milk and beat smooth. Add rest. Melt 1½ squares chocolate and 2 tablespoons shortening over hot water. Add to batter and beat thoroughly. Flavor with one teaspoon vanilla. Bake in a nine-inch greased layer pan about thirty minutes, in moderate oven, 350° F. Easy, economical.

SATURDAY

Spareribs   Sauerkraut
Mashed or Boiled Potatoes   Chili Sauce
Bread and "Spread"
Baked Apples   Tea

SUNDAY

Chicken Pie With Savory Biscuit Crust
Peas   Rolls   Apple Vegetable Salad
Frozen Lemon Pudding   Coffee

Save half of the cooked chicken to have another way later in week.

Point cost for meats for week

¼ pound hamburger	**2**
1½ pounds stewing lamb	**3**
½ pound bacon (does for two breakfasts and adds flavor to Wednesday casserole dish)	**3**
¾ pound ground-veal patties	**3**
1½ pounds spareribs	**6**
Total	**17**

From the 32 points per week for two, this leaves sufficient points for "spreads," shortening, salad oil and a start on next week's meat. It's a good idea to buy margarine every other week so that you do with ¼ pound to ½ pound butter. Sausage and bacon drippings help out for cooking. Arrange your buying so you won't have to buy all needed fats in one week.

MAXIMS FROM MAMMA

Save vegetable juices. Use in stews, soups and gravies. Keep prepared puddings and gelatin desserts on the shelf. . . . Once or twice a week make up a batch of cookies or a simple cake for snacks. . . . Use some of your points for frozen vegetables. Keep in freezing compartment. . . . Buy meat for two nights—if you buy chops for one dinner, get beef or lamb for a stew or meat bones for a soup for next night. . . . If you buy vegetables for dinners, choose ones that will go together a third night if there is a little of each left over. . . . Be a good sport—learn to make the best of things, provide a good dinner with what is at hand.

This is your morning toast...

This is your morning toast *spread with Parkay*...

ty comes to you in a pure
al white. For table uses,
in make it a rich appetiz-
llow by adding the vege-
coloring that accompanies
each package.

DELICIOUS *Parkay* MARGARINE

MAKES A WORLD OF DIFFERENCE!

Life begins at the breakfast table, so treat yourself to the best! Golden brown, mouth-watering goodness . . . that's what a truly delicious spread can do to give your toast real personality. And it is because Parkay Margarine tastes so good with a host of everyday foods that it is a favorite in millions of homes throughout America.

There are many things that contribute to Parkay quality and delicate, satisfying flavor. It is made by Kraft from carefully selected American farm products. It is made in modern, up-to-date plants, spic and span as a model kitchen. It is made by skilled craftsmen long experienced in the processing of fine foods to be sold to you under the Kraft label.

One of the Best Energy Foods

Parkay Margarine is one of the best energy foods you can serve . . . adds important nourishment to hot rolls, muffins, pancakes and when used to season numerous hot cooked vegetables like potatoes and carrots.

Vitamin A... 3 times a day

Many foods you serve contain no Vitamin A . . . so when you serve them with Parkay at every meal you add dependable amounts of this important vitamin. Each pound contains no less than 9,000 units of Vitamin A.

Parkay bears seal of acceptance of Council on Foods and Nutrition of American Medical Association.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF MIRACLE WHIP SALAD DRESSING

We all stand to lose if we don't hold prices down!

If prices go up and out of bounds, we all stand to lose—for you will be able to buy less for the same amount of money. Should prices break through their ceilings, millions of people with fixed incomes would suffer.

So here's how every one of us can help "hold the line" against rising prices and their dreaded aftermath—inflation:

1. *Buy—and hold—all the War Bonds you can afford.*
2. *Pay willingly any taxes that our country needs.*
3. *Provide for your future through savings and life insurance.*
4. *Pay off old debts—and make no new ones.*
5. *Support rationing—pay no more than ceiling prices.*
6. *Buy only what you need—make what you have last longer.*

What will give that lunch a lift?

Add that tasty "extra" with RITZ
...it's America's Favorite Cracker!

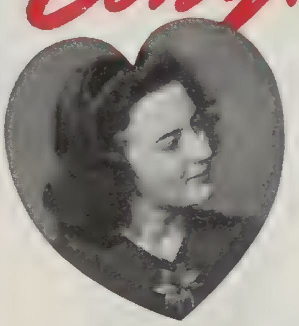
Army-Navy Award to Nabisco New York Bakeries for excellence in production of biscuit, crackers and emergency ration biscuit for the Armed Forces.

NABISCO

BUTTER-SAVING TIP. If today you can't have as much butter as you'd like—save it for other uses by serving Ritz with every meal. Tempting Ritz is so rich and flavorful—it's completely delicious just as it is!

BAKED BY NABISCO • NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Congratulations!



Marie and Walter—great food fans—take considerable interest in the menu for their own wedding party.

BY LOUELLA G. SHOUER

SO THERE'S going to be a wedding! It's wartime! Points are to be reckoned with; your maid, if you had one, is now a riveter; but the bride-to-be is your daughter and you want to have the reception at home. Though the menu must be simple, you want it to be as right as her wedding dress.

Time set? Your menu will depend on the time the wedding is to be. If in the morning, you could have a wedding breakfast or buffet luncheon. Afternoon weddings are usually followed by a reception, tea or buffet supper, if very late. For evening weddings, a reception with light refreshments—or again a buffet supper. A reception with simple refreshments suits the times. Sit-down breakfasts or suppers become rarer, buffet service taking their place—easier to manage with little or no help. These are simple menus that use very little rationed foods.

Wedding Breakfast

Scrambled Eggs Bacon Biscuits
Molded Grapefruit-and-Avocado Salad
Wedding Cake Coffee

Luncheon or Supper Buffet

*Creamless Fish Mousse
Chicken Delmonico
Hot Rolls
Jellied Orange-and-Water-Cress Salad
Wedding Cake Coffee

Afternoon or Evening Reception

Assorted Sandwiches
Wedding Cake Punch or Tea
Nuts Mints

Omit the sandwiches in reception menu, if you like, or juggle around the items in the wedding breakfast and supper, omitting or adding on. Chicken salad is still perfectly possible without spending points.

***Creamless Fish Mousse**

Wash 3 pounds filleted fish—flounder, sole, haddock or a combination of several. Put on to cook with about 1½ cups water, salt, pepper, an onion, sliced, plus a bay leaf and a lemon slice. Poach or simmer until tender. Cool. Drain. Save liquor. Flake fish fine, removing any bits of bone and skin. There should be 5-6 cups. To 2 cups mayonnaise, add ½ cup fish stock, the juic of 1½ lemons, 1 tablespoon grated onion ¾ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon Worcestershir sauce, several dashes of Tabasco sauce an 2 tablespoons chopped parsley. Mix wit fish. Beat until thoroughly mixed an smooth. Retaste for seasoning. Soften envelopes (2 tablespoons) unflavored gel atin in ½ cup cold water. Dissolve ove hot water. Add gradually to the mixture stirring all the while. Mix thoroughly This should make 6 cups of mousse. An mold of suitable size may be used. If mol has straight sides, slice a cucumber i paper-thin slices, leaving peel on. Arrang around edge, overlapping the slices. Fil with fish mousse. Chill several hours, o overnight, until set. When you turn it out garnish with bouquets of cooked vege tables on greens. Mark into 12 good slices

If you are your own caterer, and it' too difficult to make the cake yourself, you bakery or confectioner will still provide beauty—as small or large as you wish— traditionally complete to the last frostin rose. It's worth it. But here's an idea! Bu thin white or pastel mints. Decorate wit pastry tube and ornamental icing—dainty leaves, rosebuds or what not. These are ex pensive to buy, inexpensive to make.

By having the cake made outside you ca devote your thoughts and time to other de tails. Keep your guest list small for a buffet If your list gets away from you, a simpl reception menu is your best bet.

PHOTOS BY STUART

Buffet bounty: fish mousse—creamless and unrationed—for wedding or a valentine party.

WINS ORDERS FROM HEADQUARTERS
Washington, D. C.

Start out right! Take the pledge and stand by it: "I pay no more than top legal prices. I accept no rationed goods without giving up ration stamps."

Frigidaire here shows you how a Refrigerator helps make HOT BREADS and PASTRIES

baked goods are easy to prepare, inexpensive, our refrigerator helps you save time, get better s! Just look what you can do!

gerator Rolls are ready for the table in a short when you make the dough in advance (see tested on this page). Put dough in a mixing bowl large h to permit some rising during storage, cover with waxed paper or bowl cover. Use dough dur- e week as needed for Parker House, clover-leaf, rolls, or other cook book favorites.

ies. In general, firm cookie dough can be kept in efrigerator 3 to 5 days. This includes practically es of refrigerator, moulded, or rolled and cut-out s. Wrap dough in waxed paper or put in covered erator dish. Keep near bottom of refrigerator; needed. Your children will tell you when!

rusts. Chilling pastry dough improves tender- nd flakiness of the pastry. Make dough ahead of separate into portions for each crust; wrap them ed paper and store in refrigerator. Before using, t at room temperature until dough is pliable, but rm! Good tip: One crust pies are attractive and aterials; dough goes twice as far!

Waffle Batter can be completely mixed and kept up to 3 days in refrigerator. Pancake batter, too! Store in covered container. Note: Waffle batter may change in appearance during storage due to separation of ingredients. If so, no harm is done. Just stir well before using.

How to Make Grand-Tasting Refrigerator Rolls

(Makes 3 dozen clover-leaf rolls)

1 cake compressed yeast	2 cups lukewarm milk or water
½ cup sugar	1 egg
1 teaspoon salt	7 cups enriched flour, sifted

3 tablespoons melted shortening

1. Crumble yeast into large mixing bowl. **2.** Add sugar, salt, and water. **3.** Add well-beaten egg. **4.** Add half flour, and beat well. **5.** Add melted shortening, and mix in remainder of flour. Let rise to double its bulk. **6.** Punch down, cover tightly with waxed paper, and place in refrigerator. **7.** About 1½ hours before baking, remove desired amount of dough. Shape into small rolls, and place on greased pan. (Use gem pans for clover-leaf rolls.) Let rise slowly to double their bulk. **8.** Bake in hot oven, 425° F. for 20 to 25 minutes. *Note: It's time-saving to prepare shapes in the morning and re-store them in refrigerator, ready for quick baking.*

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GENERAL MOTORS

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HOME FREEZERS
COMMERCIAL REFRIGERATION • AIR CONDITIONERS

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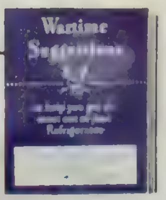
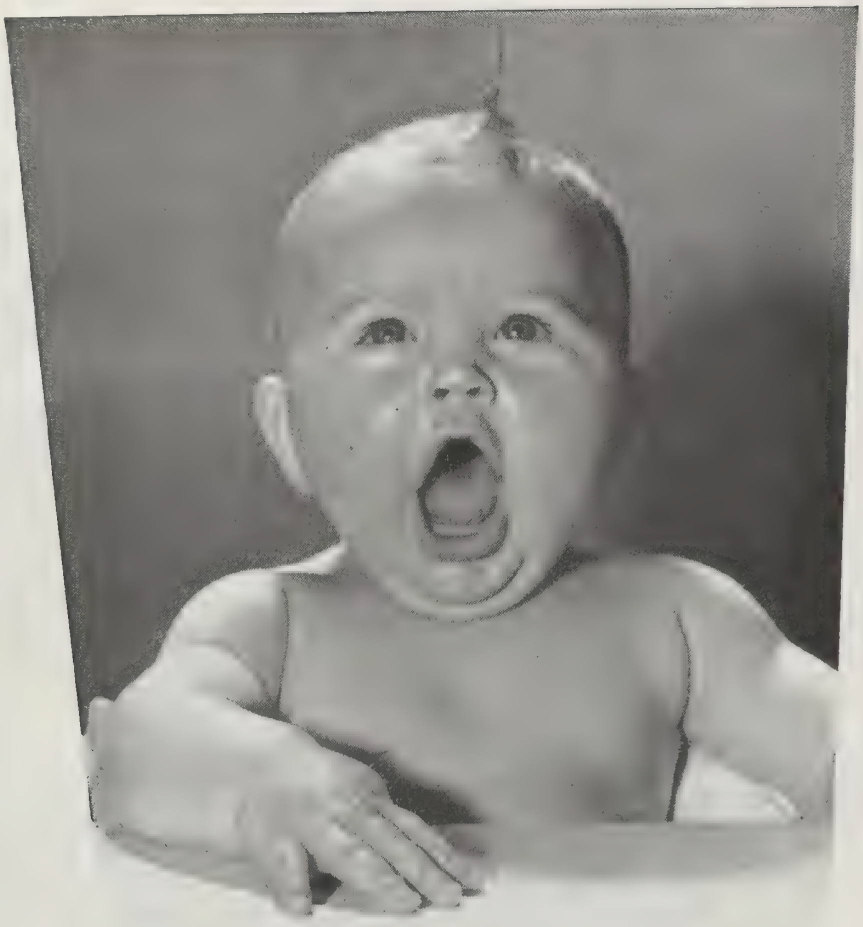


Tells many other ways your refrigerator can help. 36 pages! Get your free copy now. Look for your dealer's Frigidaire store sign; find name in classified directory under REFRIGERATORS; or write Frigidaire, 419 Taylor Street, Dayton 1, Ohio. In Canada address 31 Commercial St., Leaside, Ont.

Food Fights for Freedom!

e foods properly as soon as you get them home. are foods carefully. *Cook* and serve no more is needed. *Use* all of your leftovers. *Throw* ing away!



A little service, please!

Coming up, Buster . . . coming up! There's some Fels-Naptha Soap on the way to you, right now. And you can bet Mother and her grocer will see that you get your share.

Confidentially, Buster, we don't blame you for being impatient. We know you have to have lots of clothes. We know they must be *extra clean.* So we know how important Fels-Naptha is to you!

If Mother looks for Fels-Naptha whenever she is marketing, most times she'll be able to get it. And if she buys just what she needs—and doesn't waste it—you'll always have plenty of your favorite soap.

"Don't they think of everything!" says Marie, as Walter view two finds unearthed by Marie in a successful day's shopping— sturdy wooden dish drainer and a saucy red fiberboard dustpa

A War Bride Equips Her Kitche

BY FLORENCE KAS AND BETTY TOMPKINS

"WHAT am I going to do about things for my kitchen?" is the current cr many brides. Marie was in a quandary too! She didn't expect to st her kitchen with all the prewar conveniences, but she did need the sentials for keeping house. A trip to the housewares departments, howe proved surprising—glass, pottery, wood and limited supplies of plastic stepped into the shoes of many old favorites in new variations. To be sure, cho were limited, but necessities were available. • • • If you are equipping a kitchen or replacing worn-out utensils, remember that we are at war! The b are getting along without home cooking and soft beds, and we too must elimi frills. We all know that the high American standard has taken a tempo slump. *Basic* equipment is still permitted—the rest has gone into com

KITCHEN-EQUIPMENT GUIDE

Minimum list in today's materials

Cooking Utensils

- 1 large knife (metal)
- 1 paring knife (metal)
- 1 kitchen fork (metal)
- 1 set measuring spoons (plastic)
- 2 medium-size spoons (metal, plastic)
- 1 mixing spoon (wood)
- 1 rotary beater (metal)
- 1 knife sharpener (stone type)
- 1 can, jar opener (metal)
- 1 potato masher (wood)
- 1 strainer (plastic, metal)
- 1 grater (plastic)
- 1 fruit juicer (plastic, glass)
- 1 rolling pin (wood)
- 1 set measuring cups (plastic)
- 1 measuring cup (glass)
- 1 spatula (metal)
- custard cups (glass, pottery)
- 1 set mixing bowls (glass, pottery)
- 1 covered saucepan (glass, pottery)
- 1 skillet (glass, pottery, metal)
- 1 double boiler (glass, pottery, enamel)
- 1 covered casserole (glass, pottery)
- 1 piepan (glass, pottery)
- 1 square cake pan (glass)
- 1 coffeepot (glass, pottery, enamel)

Miscellaneous Items

- wet, dry mops (usual materials)
- dustpan and brush (no metal)
- broom (usual materials)
- garbage pail (galvanized metal, nonmetal)
- carpet sweeper (wood and metal)
- dishpan (enamel)
- iron and ironing board (sadirons—cast iron, no metal boards)
- scouring pads and powders (treated fibers)

NOTE: This list is planned for the bride just starting out. Manufacture of the above items is permitted, but this does not guarantee full stocks in all stores. On the other hand, some leftover prewar utensils not included in the list may still be found.

WINS ORDERS FROM HEADQUARTER

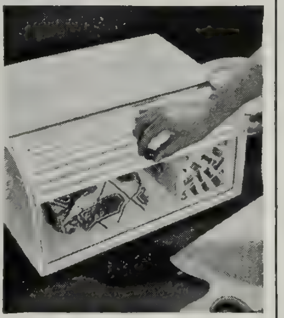
Washington, D.

"Make it last—make it do" remains the household watchword. When material can be spared from war production, only essential items fo which the Office of Civilian Requirements ha found a definite need will be manufactured. Quantity will be limited and distribution ri idly confined to those who certify actual nee

Patterns in Plastic

ancy cookies are tempting, and these plastic cutters eally turn them out. Plastic, today's marvel maerial, is not so abundant as glass or pottery, because t is becoming increasingly important in military ises; but plastic accessories are still found in many orners of the kitchen—in lightweight, colorful neasuring cups and spoons, reamers and cutlery.

Wood Steps In

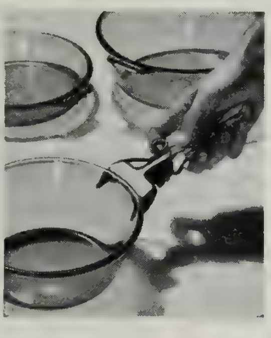


Remember how you used to unroll grandfather's oll-top desk? Recapture that fancy with this new read box. Wood is filling the gap in canisters, dish rainers, tongs, dustpans, and lends itself well to ay colors and designs. Just the thing to perk up kitchen! It's easy to keep clean, can take hard nocks—just see that it's kept dry. Wipe the bread ox with a damp cloth and leave open for drying.

Slivers and Shreds

You won't take the skin off your knuckles with his! Shredded carrots will skim off the new plastic rater like sailing snowflakes. It's a joy to clean! No more torn towels or clogged crevices, and it von't rust either. Just don't lean on it too hard, nd it will serve you well. It grates, shreds, nd can be used on anything from lemon rind to urnips—a handy aid to enliven wartime foods.

Cookin' With Glass



Glass and pottery are tops for cooking now! They're easy to use, and stick with you if you follow manufacturers' directions. Avoid quick changes from hot o cold and treat with average care to prevent chips nd cracks. A limited number of glass utensils will be available, including the versatile double boiler. The set pictured—a frying pan and two saucepans—has a detachable handle which serves all three.

Grime Chasers

There are scores of new scouring pads and powders on the market to keep your pots and pans gleaming. Many are kind to finger tips and are not harshly abrasive on utensils. This pad, made of noncritical materials, is easy to use with no muss or fuss. Special powders for aluminum help preserve this precious metal. These cleaners keep old pots and pans in trim and our new possessions sparkling.

New Twist

Blockbusters are taking the metal that was used in old-style strainers, but you can still have one. Some ingenious manufacturer has wrapped cotton cord around fine wire to make more strainers. These are best for clear stocks and juices and should be thoroughly dried for long service. You may devise other uses for equipment you now have. Muffins and cinnamon buns are yummy, baked in glass custard cups.

"Fry an egg in that?" exclaims Walter. You can mix, cook and serve in these easy-to-clean pottery dishes. Marie likes housekeeping despite wartime limitations, and is going to cling to some of these "alternates" after the war.

What to tell your husband

if he objects to your getting a war-time job

BUT I CAN SUPPORT OUR FAMILY!

1. ANSWER: It isn't a question of pride! Millions more women *must* take jobs or our war effort will bog down! It means winning the war—saving the lives of our boys! It's up to each husband to help his wife get a job.

BUT HOW DOES A CIVILIAN JOB HELP?

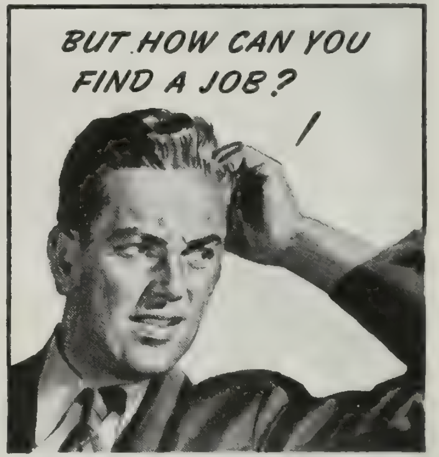
2. ANSWER: Just as fighters need weapons, so civilians must have restaurants, stores, laundries, buses, etc. to keep going. That's why housewives, who take vital *civilian* jobs, help speed victory just as much as girls in war plants!

BUT I MIGHT GET DRAFTED SOONER!

3. ANSWER: A wife's job does not, in itself, affect her husband's draft status in any way. And isn't it better for you to get a *job* now... if he's to be called anyway... and have a definite plan to support yourself and your family?

WE'LL TALK ABOUT IT SOME OTHER TIME!

4. ANSWER: Right now *is* the time to discuss it! Because your country needs women *at once!* Millions of them! With or without experience! Full time or part time! In war plants and in civilian jobs.


BUT HOW CAN YOU FIND A JOB?

5. ANSWER: Easy! The want ads in your newspaper show the kind of jobs in *your* town. And you can get free advice at your local U. S. Employment Service Office. *"The More Women at Work—The Sooner We'll Win!"*

Published in the interest of the war effort by *Kleenex Tissues

Paper, too, has a war-time job . . . that's why there's not enough Kleenex to go around. But regardless of what others do, we are determined to maintain *Kleenex quality* in every particular, consistent with government regulations.

(*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A supper that sings!

SPAM BIRDS

SPAM BIRDS
Toothpick thin slices of Spam around your favorite stuffing, brown in hot oven. Serve with garden peas, candied sweets. Spam is pure pork, hence rich in vitamins B_1 and B_2.

Hot SPAMWICH
Layers of Spam, sliced Bermuda or tomato on toast – top with cheese. Grill under open flame till bubbling hot. Hits the spot for luncheon, supper, late snacks!

COLD OR HOT... SPAM HITS THE SPOT!

HORMEL GOOD FOODS

Packed only in 12-ounce tins. "Spam" is a registered trademark Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.

DON'T FORGET . . . Hormel Soups, Chili Con Carne, Ham, Chicken, the popular Dinty Moore Foods and 41 other delicious Flavor-Sealed products. They'll be back!

HONEYMOON APARTMENT

(Continued from Page 110)

time was limited—as well as ready cash—so they wisely decided to make their purchases at a local department store where deferred payments could be arranged. The real problem was to find styles they liked, in the colors they preferred and at a price they could afford, since prices have doubled in the past three years.

The first thing you should buy is your rug. There is less selection available in carpeting right now, and matching a rug to draperies or upholstery already bought is almost impossible. When you get your carpeting decided upon, you have the basis of your scheme and can work around it.

Green is the most versatile color for a rug, as any combination of colors goes with it. Blues are hard to match at present, but red is available and combines with white, neutrals or green. Get an all-wool rug if you can.

Be particular about the style of your sofa. It represents big money and may have to last several years. The Lawson-type sofa pictured in our room does not date, is comfortable to lie on and slip-covers more easily than any other style.

Two comfortable upholstered chairs are a must. Get the best quality available that you can afford. Choose coverings that look as if they would wear. Rep or other hard-twisted weaves are better than soft nubby materials. One rule holds good with all your fabrics: Choose a good cotton in preference to a cheap imitation of a luxury material. It may cost more, but is worth it.

You will have little trouble getting your tables, and of course you will want them in simple good taste. There are lots of fine tables available at moderate cost. Be fussy about them and take your time in selecting, for they interpret your decorating taste.

You can buy your accessories gradually, but lamps are a first purchase. Living-room lamps should be really tall and impressively scaled. Choose porcelain or crystal bases, if your pocketbook will stand it.

By all means choose a fresh lustrous cotton with a flower pattern for your very first draperies and slip covers. Such material has style, is easy to handle on the home sewing machine, cleans well and is comparatively inexpensive. Your rug, sofa, chairs and tables are basic furnishings bought to last. Your draperies and slip-cover materials you will change often to keep your room as gay and charming as when you first furnished it.

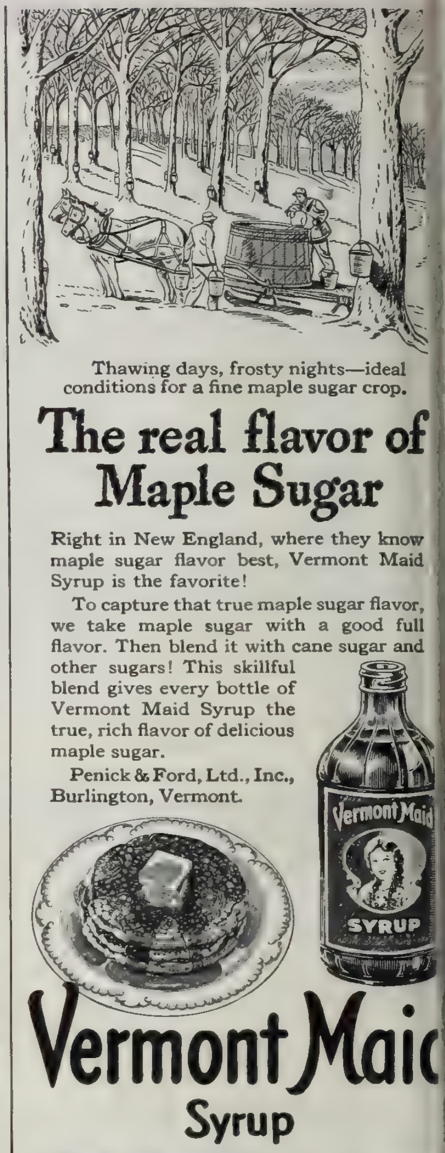
Marie and Walter economized on the bedroom. Marie found that the tufted bed she had set her heart on was all out of line with the budget. The compromise was a good spring and mattress, with a homemade headboard of shaped plywood with the material stretched over it. By having a homemade dressing table, they were able to buy some really good chests and will round out the bedroom purchases later on.

TWO DRAFTED FATHERS

How do a wife and baby manage on a doughboy's allotment in New York City? "Fine," says a twenty-year-old mother who subsists mainly on crackers and soup. In rural Maryland it's lots easier; with a woodpile stocked high, a pantry full of homegrown foods, a mother of two can actually save money from her allotment. But in life without father, it's the heart that takes the biggest blow. You'll want to see how these young war "widows" are coping with their bewildering and tangled new lives. Next in our How America Lives series.

In the

MARCH JOURNAL



Thawing days, frosty nights—ideal conditions for a fine maple sugar crop.

The real flavor of Maple Sugar

Right in New England, where they know maple sugar flavor best, Vermont Maid Syrup is the favorite!

To capture that true maple sugar flavor, we take maple sugar with a good full flavor. Then blend it with cane sugar and other sugars! This skillful blend gives every bottle of Vermont Maid Syrup the true, rich flavor of delicious maple sugar.

Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc., Burlington, Vermont.

Vermont Maid Syrup

What a War Worker likes for lunch...

Peanut Crunch Sandwiches!

Tasty, nourishing, deliciously different! Peanut Crunch is full of chewy bits of crisp, fresh-roasted peanuts. Won't stick to the roof of the mouth. Ask your grocer for the family size 1-lb. jar or table size 9-oz. jar.

Packed only by **Holsum Products**
Brooklyn – Kansas City – Cleveland
Milwaukee

Peanut Crunch BRAND

The Improved Peanut Butte

A Timely Tip!

THERE are miles of clean sweeping in your Wagner. Have it renewed at the factory. We authorize no traveling repairmen. Ask your dealer about our factory repair service.
E. R. Wagner Mfg. Co., Dept. J, Milwaukee 9, Wis.

Replacement or refund of money Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping if defective or not as advertised therein

WAGNER Komb-Kleaned Sweeper

Better, Easier "PICK-UP"

Once you wear
lovelier
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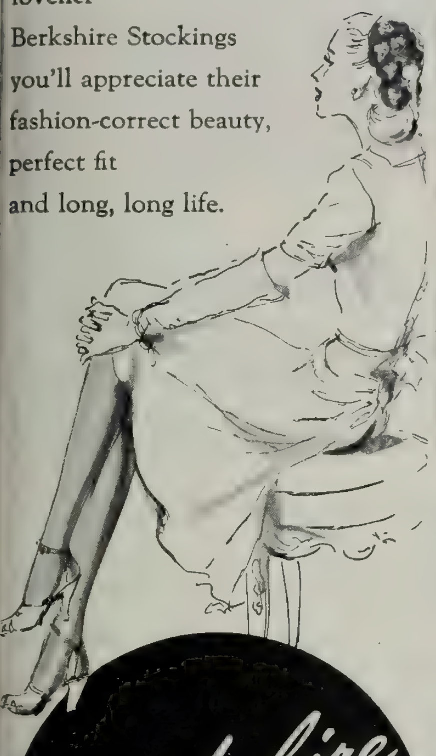
you'll appreciate their
fashion-correct beauty,
perfect fit
and long, long life.



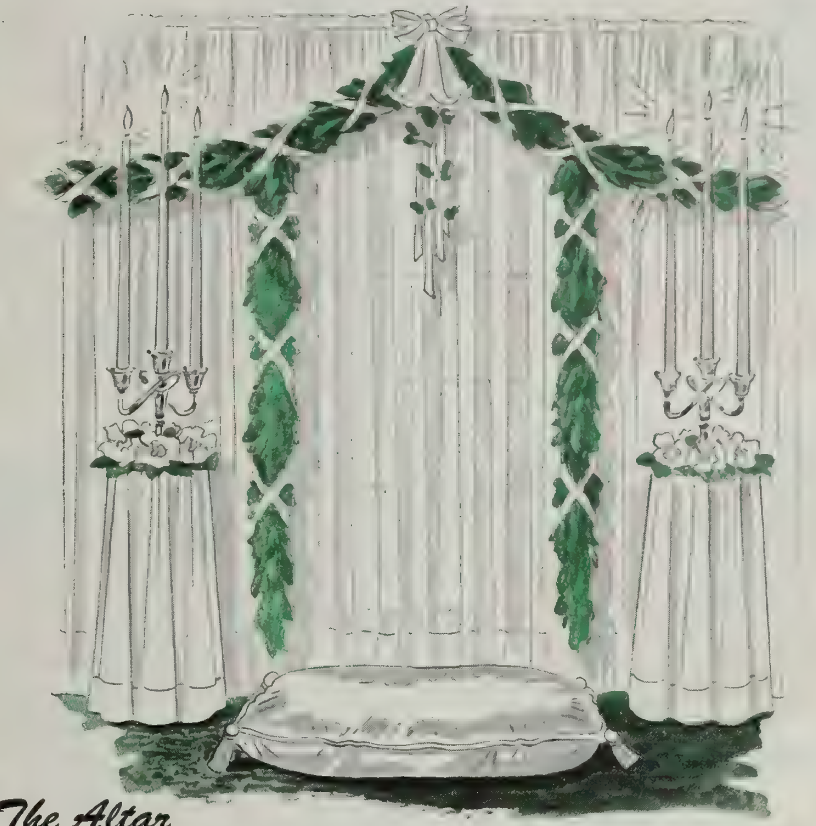
Berkshire Stockings

Let them have their winter fun, but protect their sensitive young lips against winter chapping and cracking. Before they go out, apply a soothing film of Fleet's Chap Stick—the same gently *medicated* stick Uncle Sam's soldiers use to soothe rough, chapped lips. Chap Stick gives quick relief for lips already chapped—helps heal quickly. Good for minor bumps and bruises, too! 25¢ at all drug counters. Chap Stick Co., Lynchburg, Va.

★ ★
On duty with
U. S. Forces
from Alaska (40° below) to Africa (140° above)

Home Wedding

BY HENRIETTA MURDOCK
Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal

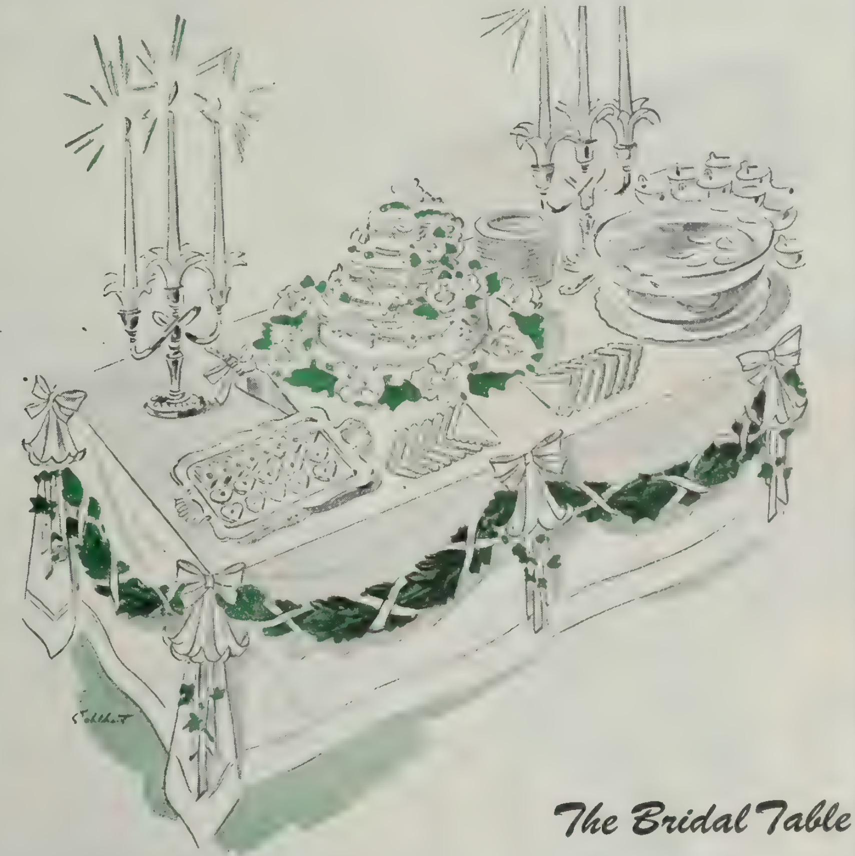


The Altar

DRAWINGS BY HENRY STAHLHUT

THIS charming though simple treatment can be used against a window or even a blank wall. Any sheer white fabric makes an attractive background. Sew a narrow heading onto an inconspicuous wood strip or rod, keeping it quite full. What you do is create a really beautiful and dramatic window effect, somewhat formalized, as all wedding decorations should be. Two wood circles with an upright between form pedestals.

Make the garlands of any greens available locally, tying some twigs closely onto a stout twine. When finished, lace them evenly with white ribbons. The fresh lilies used for decoration in both settings can be bought by the dozen, broken from the stalk, and can be obtained at reasonable prices from the larger florists. Gardenias, always available and comparatively inexpensive, are used as a wreath at the bases of the candelabra.



The Bridal Table

NO MATTER how informal the wedding or how few the guests, make the bridal table as glamorous as you can. You may use damask, lace, net or almost any snow-white cloth or fabric to cover it. Place the cake near the center and wreathe it in gardenias and lustrous greens, using tall candles or bouquets on either side. Make garlands of green as suggested above, tapering the ends for grace; you can buy smilax by the yard already twisted into a garland if you prefer. Join the ends with an arrangement of fresh lily bells and white satin bows. Apply on the part of the cloth that hangs over. Individual lilies used as cups to hold the candles are a real glamour touch.

Much of the success of your decorations depends on the care with which these simple materials are handled. Have your fabrics snowy white, with every wrinkle pressed out, and all the ribbons crisp and beautifully tied. As far as possible, remove all permanent decorations from the vicinity of both the altar and the buffet table.

Elizabeth

ARE YOU DOING VOLUNTEER WORK?
HAVE YOU A JOB IN DEFENSE?
ARE YOU A BUSY HOMEBODY?
DO YOU PURSUE A CAREER?

USE ELIZABETH ARDEN'S
All-Day Foundation Cream
PUT IT ON AND FORGET IT!

No woman wants to fritter away precious moments repairing make-up several times a day in these busy times—yet every woman wants to look her best. How wonderful, then, to find a Foundation Cream that lets you remain as well-groomed as you were when you left your dressing table, gives you a dewy, luminous look, conceals blemishes and fine lines, holds your powder firm and even all day long!

Seven glorious shades—Natural, Rachel, Dark Rachel, Rose Rachel, Rose, Light or Dark Rosetta Bronze. 1.00 (plus tax)

Arden

It took a Famous Chef to "dream up" this delicious

SPAGHETTI EXPRESS*

Enjoy a CHEF BOY-AR-DEE Spaghetti Dinner TONIGHT!

SPAGHETTI COOKED TO ORDER—*a la express**—was a favorite at the great hotel where Hector Boiardi presided as Chef de Cuisine.

Then this famous chef had an inspiration. Why not enable all spaghetti lovers to enjoy his specialty, "spaghetti express", *at home?* The handy all-in-one carton of Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Dinner was the happy result. Today millions serve it often.

For something extra good, get a package of Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Dinner. Cook the superb durum wheat spaghetti, heat the tempting sauce, and sprinkle on the Parmesan style cheese. In 12 minutes you'll have a meal-time triumph!

This big dinner for 3 or more people costs only a few pennies a portion. Hearty, balanced nourishment for war workers and children. Make tonight spaghetti dinner night!

*"*Spaghetti express*" means spaghetti cooked to order, expressly to your taste—fresh, firm, delicious—the way YOU prepare your own Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Dinner!

HIGH In Food Value

LOW In Point Value

Chef BOY-AR-DEE

PARMESAN STYLE GRATED CHEESE

DINNER IN A Jiffy

8 OUNCES NET WEIGHT

SPAGHETTI

Chef BOY-AR-DEE Spaghetti SAUCE

FOOD FIGHTS FOR FREEDOM

ARMY NAVY

Chef BOY-AR-DEE Spaghetti Dinner

One of America's first food plants to win the coveted Army-Navy "E", Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Quality Foods, Inc., Milton, Pa., today serves fighting appetites around the world!

CORDELIA PLAYS HER CARDS

(Continued from Page 23)

Cordelia nodded, continuing to regard him with the clear and innocent eyes of childhood. She had no idea that she had tampered with the truth. She would have put any such suggestion aside as the rankest sophistry. Truth, to Cordelia, was her own truth.

"Miss Bronson wants you to come over," she repeated. "She wants you to come over right *away!*"

They left Alva Hastings smiling sarcastically to herself. Bob was striding down the street and Cordelia, by taking three steps to his one, was somehow managing to keep pace with him.

It was Enid herself who came to the door. She caught her breath when she saw the soldier. "Why, Bob!" she said. "How nice to see you, Bob." Then she blushed, as if she had not said what she'd had in mind to say.

But he was looking at her with wonder in his eyes. "Gosh," he said, "you're the prettiest thing!"

Cordelia stood on one foot and hopped about.

Her teacher became aware of her. "Why, Cordelia!" she cried, in astonishment. "Where in the world did *you* come from?"

Cordelia merely smiled coyly and retreated behind the soldier's legs. Then Enid Bronson was hurrying into the house and hurrying out again with a pitcher of iced tea and a plate of chocolate cupcakes. These were, by a fortunate coincidence, Cordelia's favorite kind of cakes.

"Take some," her teacher said.

Cordelia took four, quite casually. Then she hopped down the steps and sat on the lawn. She began nibbling the first of the cupcakes while her teacher and the soldier settled themselves happily in the swing seat on the porch. Cordelia, while eating anything flavored with chocolate, could make herself so quiet and inconspicuous that she was almost invisible. But Cordelia never eavesdropped. She merely listened, like any sensible person, to a conversation that interested her.

"I didn't dare write to you," Bob Trent was saying. "I just somehow couldn't get the nerve."

"Oh, my!" cried Enid. "I don't see why it would take any nerve."

"Well, it wouldn't take nerve," he said, "to write to any other girl. But it was different with you."

"But I don't see *why!*"

"WELL, I kept thinking of that last night before I left. I got the idea you didn't like me much."

"You mean at the dance at the clubhouse?" Enid asked.

"Yes."

"But you were dancing with Alva Hastings all the time. Of course," Enid added quickly, "there wasn't any reason you shouldn't dance with her. Only the way you were acting—I didn't think you knew I was there."

"Sure I knew," he said. "But every time I looked your way you seemed to be all wrapped up in some other guy. I thought it was a deliberate brush-off or something."

"Oh, no! Oh, *no*, Bob. I just didn't want to—to push myself forward."

"Well," he observed, "it's certainly a te rible thing when two people can misunde stand each other like that."

"Yes," she said, "it certainly is—becau I'd have written to you if you had writte to me." She hesitated a second and the she went on in a voice Cordelia could hardl hear, "Why, I would simply have loved write to you."

CORDELIA, starting her fourth cupcak peered around the porch pillar. There ha been a sudden silence. Her teacher and th soldier were just looking at each other, an smiling.

"Now, tell me," he said. "Why did yo send for me, Enid?"

"Why did I—what did you say?" Eni asked. "*Send* for you? What do you mean?

"Sure. Just now—whe I was sitting over on Alv Hastings' front porch. He floundered a bi "That kid—that litt kid—she said you'd se for me."

"Oh! That's what *thought!* I *thought* yo were with Alva! I *thoug* it was you!"

"Sure! But just wa a minute! That's eas enough to explain. I wa just walking down th street—hoping maybe get a glimpse of you- when Alva yelled at m and asked me to hav some lemonade and cool ies and stuff. I couldn very well refuse he could I?"

Enid brushed all th aside. "The point is, didn't *send* for you," sh said.

"But that kid—tha Cordelia ——"

"Cordelia," Enid pu in, rather heatedly, " just an extraordinar child. She lives in a worl of her own—and sh doesn't know where th truth leaves off and h imagination begins. should think you'd hav realized that."

"Well, that's neith here nor there," he sai "I can't see how it mak any difference anyhow.

"Of course it makes a difference!" Eni cried, in a queer, choked voice. "You we having a date with another girl—the fir date you wanted to have when you we home on furlough. And then you actual thought I'd be the type to break it up. O it's the most humiliating thing that's ev happened to me!"

"It wasn't a date," he said. "Now loc here, Enid—that's simply silly!"

"If it's silly to have a little *pride* —

"That's all you think about. My gosl Your old pride!"

They were really having a fight. It w quite exciting. Cordelia flicked her tong over some chocolate frosting that had stu to her face.

"I wish," Enid said, "you'd go right ba to Alva Hastings. Right this minute!"

"All right," he said, in a very hurt a angry tone of voice, "I *will* go back! Ar excuse me for coming over here in the fir place! I'm sorry I annoyed you."

After that everything happened rath rapidly. Enid was hurrying into the hou and Bob was hurrying down the front wal Cordelia, cramming the last of the cupca into her mouth, was racing along at his hee

Alva was pleased to see the soldier agai but plainly she was not pleased to see Co delia. "You can go home," she said.

(Continued on Page 122)

Song for St. Valentine's Day

By Elizabeth Coatsworth

The snow is unmelted,
But days grow brighter,
The nights are shorter,
The heart is lighter,
The heart is lighter;
It feels the stirring
Of roots underground
And far wings whirring.

Not all the wings
That the heart is hearing
Are the wings of birds
Nearing and nearing,
For among the wings
Aloud and above
The heart hears the beating
Wings of love.

When the snow is melted
And birds are returning,
When high in the heavens
The sun is burning,
May love come hastening
To the loved breast,
And build and sing there
And there take rest.

Don't Worry

ABOUT VITAMINS AND MINERALS

DON'T WORRY ABOUT
Vitamin A!
CHILDREN NEED IT TO GROW. YOU NEED IT TO FIGHT OFF COLDS. WITH OVALTINE YOU GET ALL THE EXTRA 'A' EXPERTS SAY YOU NEED.
DON'T WORRY ABOUT
Iron!
WITHOUT IRON, YOU CAN'T HAVE GOOD RED BLOOD...OVALTINE SUPPLIES ALL THE EXTRA IRON YOU NEED—IN THE ONLY WAY YOU CAN FULLY USE IT!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT
Vitamin D!
YOU GET "D" FROM SUNSHINE —BUT MOST OF THE YEAR MOST PEOPLE DON'T GET ENOUGH SUNSHINE. RAIN OR SHINE, YOU'RE SAFE WITH OVALTINE!
'T WORRY ABOUT
cium and
hosphorus!
CALCIUM AND PHOSPHORUS ARE VITAL TO BONES AND NERVES IN ADULTS — ALSO TO TEETH IN CHILDREN. THE OVALTINE WAY, YOU HAVE LOADS
WORRY ABOUT
tamin B_1!
YOU EAT POORLY—AND YOU'RE TIRED, LISTLESS, NERVOUS, "LOW" ...IF YOU DON'T GET ENOUGH "B_1". THE OVALTINE WAY YOU GET PLENTY!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT
Vitamin G and Niacin!
YOU CAN'T BE ALERT, AWAKE, "ALIVE" WITHOUT THEM! YOU GET THEM—AND THE ENTIRE VITAMIN "B" COMPLEX FAMILY IN OVALTINE!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT
Protein and Energy-Food!
OVALTINE ALSO SUPPLIES THE BASIC FOOD ELEMENTS—PROTEIN TO REBUILD MUSCLE, NERVE AND BODY CELLS—HIGH-ENERGY FOODS FOR VITALITY AND ENDURANCE. DOCTORS RECOMMEND IT TO MAINTAIN VIGOROUS HEALTH AND ALSO FOR THOSE WHO ARE THIN, NERVOUS OR UNDER PAR.

3 Average-Good Meals + 2 Glasses of Ovaltine Give the Normal Person All the *Extra* Vitamins and Minerals He Can Use!

Millions of people know how important it is to take *extra* vitamins and minerals every day. So we want to emphasize this: Ovaltine is one of the *richest food sources* of vitamins and minerals in the world.

In fact, if you just drink 2 glasses of Ovaltine a day—and eat 3 average-good meals including citrus fruit or tomatoes—you get all the vitamins and minerals you need. All you can profitably use according to experts—unless you're sick and should be under a doctor's care.

And equally important, Ovaltine also supplies the *basic food substances* absolutely necessary for good health. Complete proteins, to rebuild muscle, nerve and body cells. High-energy foods, for vitality and endurance.

So why worry about vitamins and minerals? Rely on Ovaltine to give you not only all the *extra* vitamins and minerals you need—but also all the extra *basic* food substances you must have for good health. Just follow the Ovaltine way.

3 GOOD MEALS A DAY + OVALTINE
NIGHT AND MORNING

OVALTINE

LOVE CAME TO THE LIEUTENANT

. . . He was enchanted by her fresh young beauty the first time he saw her. And even after the Lieutenant had seen her many times, he was always stirred by her soft, provocative lips . . . her exquisitely smooth complexion. Give *your* lips a pleasing luster with famous Tussy *Lipstick*. Coax a younger, softer look to your skin with Tussy *Special Night Cream.*

★ To hasten the return of your service man, our plant is making ammunition fuzes. So if your store is temporarily out of any Tussy preparation, please be patient. ★

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Tussy

LIPSTICK

Here's a really flattering lipstick that's indelible as you could wish! Wonderfully creamy-textured, too. Choice of brilliant, fashion-right shades, including: new, healthy-bright *Miss America;* rosy *Jeep Red;* strong and clear *Fighting Red.* Each $1.*

Tussy

SPECIAL NIGHT CREAM

A superbly rich emollient cream for dry, sensitive skin . . . for older skin. While you sleep, this fragrant cream helps smooth down those flaky-rough patches . . . helps discourage fine lines due to dryness. Skin looks years smoother and finer. 2 oz., $2.*

**All prices, tax additional*

Tussy Cosmetiques, 683 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

Tussy — for that young, young look

(Continued from Page 120)

Cordelia did not care for the tone of this remark. "Crazy old Alva!" she said jeeringly. "Crazy old Alva!"

Alva ignored her. She smiled at the soldier. "What on earth did Enid want to see you for? Just about life in the Army or something?"

"No," he said, with a faint frown. "That was simply a mistake. She didn't want to see me at all."

"Well, anyway," Alva said, "I'm glad you came back here. We were having such a nice little talk, don't you think?"

"Sure!" he said. "Sure we were! It was nice and peaceful ——"

There was something in the atmosphere that Cordelia didn't like. Angrily she yanked a leaf from a nasturtium plant growing by the sidewalk. She put the leaf in her mouth and nibbled it. But her eyes had not wavered from the two on the porch. It seemed, for a breath-taking second, that Alva Hastings was going to kiss the soldier. She had leaned over to pick up a handkerchief and her head was so close to his that her hair was brushing his cheek. Cordelia, moreover, recognized a certain hopeful look in the young woman's eye. She had seen the same look often enough in the motion pictures. She chewed the nasturtium leaf with a greater vehemence. Then the taste of the leaf was bringing to mind, inexplicably, the four chocolate cupcakes she had eaten—and even the bread and butter and gooseberry jam that had preceded the cupcakes. Cordelia came tottering up to the steps, and Bob pulled sharply away from Alva.

"What's the matter?" he said.

"I feel *awful!*" said Cordelia.

She had not spoken a second too soon. Bob took one look at her woeful face. Then he leaped from the porch and hurried her down to the curb.

Alva flew after them, complaining shrilly. "Oh, what a dreadful little girl!" she said. "Oh, what a dreadful, *dreadful* little girl!"

She seized Cordelia, as she spoke, and shook her—whereupon Cordelia screamed aloud in her terror and rage. When people are seven years old they are not, of course, particularly reasonable. Anyone listening to Cordelia might have thought she was marooned in the middle of a boundless desert with no companion save this shrill-voiced young woman with the hard hands.

THE soldier rescued her. He looked quite indignantly at Alva. "Haven't you got any sense?" he demanded. "All little kids get sick, for Pete's sake!"

At this point Cordelia's terror gave way to an excruciating self-pity. She caught her breath and screamed again. The soldier grabbed her hand. He did not know that she lived almost directly across the street. He was taking her to her teacher.

Enid, after one glance at Cordelia, had let them into the house. Bob Trent explained about Cordelia, whose sobs were beginning to subside a bit. Then Enid wrung out a wet towel and sponged Cordelia's hot little face. She brushed the fine, damp tendrils from Cordelia's brow. She brought her a cup of cool water to drink.

"You poor baby," she said.

Cordelia sat in the big chair in the kit
She felt soothed and caressed and comfo
She sipped her water and swung her fe

The soldier grinned at her and the
turned slowly to her teacher. "You
know how to handle kids," he said.

"It's my job," Enid reminded him.
she put a gentle hand on Cordelia's thi
tle shoulder. "And besides," she said,
kind of get along."

CORDELIA smiled a broad and bashful
and cast down her eyes. But the spo
had moved away from her.

"Listen," Bob was saying fervently,
going to say this fast, Enid—and the
can throw me out. I like a girl who's n
kids. I like a girl who's kind of sh
proud and hard to get. I *like* a gir
you!"

Enid indicated—by the manner o
silence—that he might continue. He
a long breath.

"The fact is," he said, "I'm crazy
you. I've always been crazy about you
have I got a chance?"

Enid nodded. "It's the same old ch
she said. "You've always had it, dar

This was more like the movies th
scene on the Hastingses' porch had
For Bob hadn't hesitated this time. H
taken Enid Bronson right into his
Cordelia was immensely diverted.
screwed up her face and she wriggl
toes inside her small patent-leather sl

Bob Trent caught a glimpse of her
for the love of Mike!" he said. "Get
here!"

But he hadn't said this in an in
way. There had even been somethin
radely about it. And Cordelia's teach
accompanying her to the door. At t
moment she leaned down and whi
something in Cordelia's ear.

"Thank you, Cordelia," was wh
whispered.

Cordelia couldn't understand it.
viewed the events of the last hour.
Miss Bronson who had given her th
olate cakes. It was not the oth
around. Clearly Miss Bronson's
made no sense at all. Cordelia, sau
home, puzzled over it for a moment a
missed it.

She skirted the side of the house an
into the back yard. But indifferen
eyes passed over the feeble scratchin
sandy patch of ground by the gara
had wholly forgotten the passage to
That project had long since faded i
shining, ephemeral mists of childhoo

But May Beth Rogers was hurryi
from the house next door.

"Cordelia!" cried this devoted
"What you doin'? What you goin
Cordelia?"

Cordelia was occupied with the
tween her two front teeth. Her m
instant before, had been wholly bla
now, as always, she rose to the chal

"You watch!" she said rather bo
"You watch, May Beth! You wat
far I can *spit!*"

THREE'S A CROWD—IN SEVENTEEN MONT

(Continued from Page 41)

Wede and I had a conference that night. Resolved: we would hire a permanent nurse and I would go on with the script. Working at home, I would still be close to the babies. What could be neater?

Next day I sat in a room at N.B.C., listening to a playback record of my audition script. Here were my immortal lines, brought to life by actors. Where, then, was the kick I should be having? I was too busy thinking about the nurse I had just interviewed and hired to begin work next Monday.

I was remembering how she had said, in her Swiss accent, "In two days I will be acquaint'—I will know what each 'ah' means and what each 'ooh' means. My babies, I always take out and accusto
weather." *My* babies! I was jealo
was apprehensive. As it turned ou
good reason to be.

Whenever I think of the months
lowed, my blood pressure rises. Th
happy moments. I shall not deny it
joiced when it became apparent
twins were not going to look the
alike, when Mona's eyes turned ha
dark brown, and Freddy's baby s
ones lightened into a delightful c
tone. (My one dread, when I was a
ing twins, had been carbon-copy
And it was terribly exciting when t
noticed each other and held hands.

(Continued on Page 124)

Are you a better shopper
an you were one year and four
tion books ago ?

You almost have to be to get by! Because this war certainly has brought you plenty of new problems.

Can't you remember those hectic days before rationing started? Many a time you couldn't find your favorite brands at all. So you had to take a second or third choice—or even a total stranger. As a result, didn't you gain new respect for the Del Monte label? Thousands of women did!

And even now—with rationing in full swing—you'll still not find all the Del Monte varieties you would like. Remember the time you wanted Del Monte Apricots and couldn't get them? Your grocer did have Del Monte Fruit Cocktail though. So you took it. Because you knew it was in the same food group—and you knew in advance how good it would taste!

And here's one other thing smart shoppers have learned. If you spread your point shopping over the whole ration period, you should be able to get a better selection of what Del Monte varieties your grocer does have.

PRODUCE AND CONSERVE
SHARE AND PLAY SQUARE
FOOD FIGHTS for freedom

ABOVE ALL—BE SURE YOU'RE NOT WASTING FOOD!
CHECK YOURSELF AGAINST THESE 9 POINTS.

"Enough food is wasted annually in the home to feed the larger part of our armed forces at home and abroad." That's what the War Food Administration says. All this wasted food isn't left uneaten, of course. Some isn't bought right—some isn't handled right! To make sure you're not wasting food, check below:

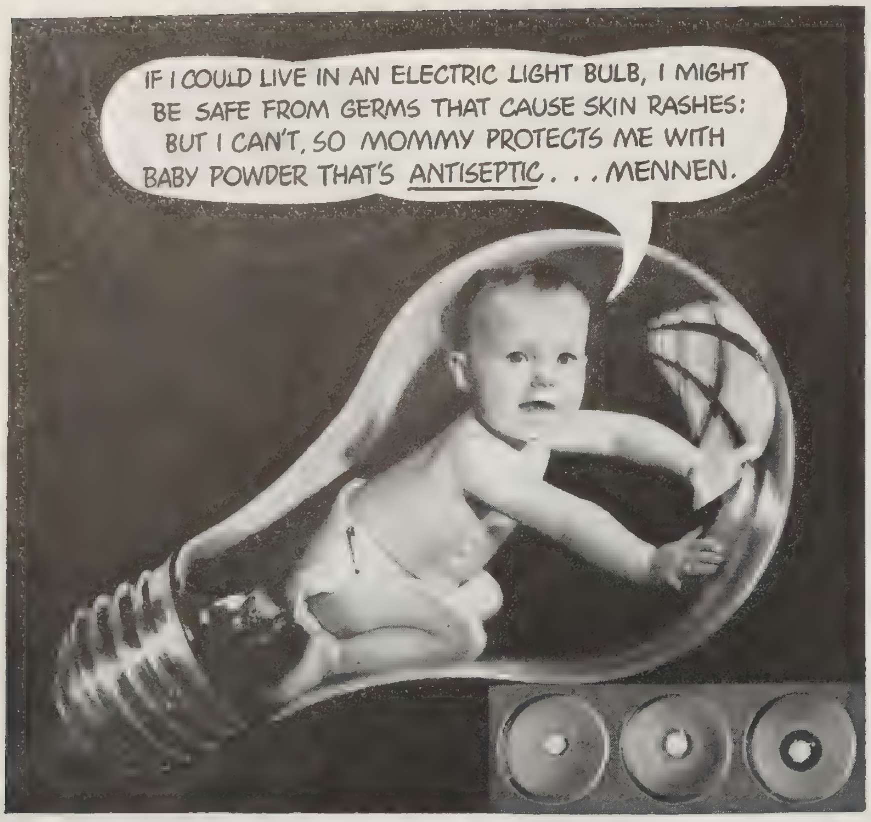
- ☐ Do you plan your buying ahead?
- ☐ Do you buy only what you need?
- ☐ Do you buy brands you know?
- ☐ Do you store foods correctly?
- ☐ Do you serve healthful meals?
- ☐ Do you prepare foods carefully?
- ☐ Do you "lick the platter clean"?
- ☐ Do you use up all leftovers?
- ☐ Do you turn in waste fats?

Save tin cans! The need is more urgent than ever before!

FULL VALUE FOR EVERY POINT

Del Monte Foods

CANS OR GLASS—
Enjoy the ones
your grocer has!

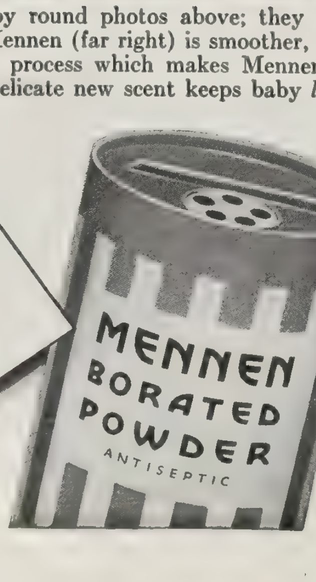

IF I COULD LIVE IN AN ELECTRIC LIGHT BULB, I MIGHT BE SAFE FROM GERMS THAT CAUSE SKIN RASHES: BUT I CAN'T, SO MOMMY PROTECTS ME WITH BABY POWDER THAT'S ANTISEPTIC . . . MENNEN.

Germs often cause common baby skin troubles such as prickly heat, diaper rash. To protect baby, best powder is Mennen. More *antiseptic!* Round photos above prove it. Centers of plates contain 3 leading baby powders. In gray areas, *germs thrive;* but in dark band around *Mennen* powder (far right), germ growth has been prevented!

LOOK HOW I ALWAYS MOVE MY ARMS AND LEGS AROUND-LIKE WHEN I'M IN MY SWING. BOY, AM I GLAD MOMMY PROTECTS ME FROM CHAFING WITH THE POWDER THAT'S SMOOTHEST . . . MENNEN.

Which baby powder is smoothest is proved by round photos above; they show 3 leading baby powders seen thru microscope. Mennen (far right) is smoother, finer in texture. That's due to special "hammerizing" process which makes Mennen Baby Powder the *best* protection against chafing. Delicate new scent keeps baby *lovelier.*

Want the best for your baby?



3 out of 4 doctors said in survey—baby powder should be antiseptic. It is if it's MENNEN.

(Continued from Page 122)

But the presence of the nurse was deeply frustrating in a number of ways. I sang the babies silly jingles, and I painted an elephant with a funny hat, and a giraffe with a monkey climbing up his neck, for their nursery wall. But this wasn't very important to them. The lady who mattered to Mona and Freddy was the lady with the bottle, the face that smiled at six every morning, the lady who came when they cried.

I was unhappy, and we spent many an evening discussing alternatives. True, I was missing many of the joys of motherhood, but I was also missing much of the drudgery. Next May, when the Ossining lease was up, we could move to a much cheaper place, if we wished, and I could care for the children myself. It would mean being tied down, curtailing much of my social life, dropping my work and cutting off the contacts with New York business associates which had been so stimulating and necessary to me for so many years.

Meantime, in order that I might work, my duties around the house were taken over by help who did things much more expensively than I would have done them. The diaper-service bills, for instance, ran to twenty-four dollars a month. So it was a vicious circle, and the more I could add to the family income the merrier. Besides writing Boy Meets Band, I commuted to Broadway to do more publicity work for Fred Waring. One day a week I wrote publicity releases for the Office of Civilian Defense—gratis. Week ends I was on duty in the house, on Saturday as cook and on Sunday as nurse, while the help took their time off.

What put a stop to this mad rigadoon was not my own good sense, but my narrow escape from losing Baby No. 3. A week in a hospital bed gave me pause for reflection. I wanted to keep that unborn baby more than I had ever wanted anything. I wrote a letter resigning from Waring's Pennsylvanians for good and all. After this, I was not going to try to be a mother and handle two or three deals on the side.

THAT at last I had learned the limits of my own strength, more or less, was shortly illustrated by the Susy episode, of which I am still baskingly proud. Susy was a pony, half Morgan horse. We had a chance to buy Susy, plus a buggy and a jingling sleigh, for two hundred dollars. Now the old me would have snapped up Susy in a minute, would have thought what a help she'd be during the gas shortage, would have visualized Susy strolling through a daisy field with two small girls on her back, would have conjured up a lovely frosty Saturday morning, with snow on the ground, and the happy Espy family ensconced in the sleigh behind a briskly trotting Susy. I didn't see these things, though. I saw Susy as an added burden. I saw Susy shivering in her stable on a winter night and Wede or me plowing through a snowdrift to cover her with an extra blanket. I said "No" to Susy. I was growing up.

That May we moved to our present home, a converted barn two miles from the village of Chappaqua, New York. Boy Meets Band was off the air, the nurse was off to Buffalo. With us was our maid and bos'n's mate, Anne Eschenbrenner, a woman children and dogs just naturally take to. A bit of Pied Piper is in her blood—she never raises her voice, but somehow they all follow her. With one final glare at our White Elephant and a struggle with our cat, who was as good as Houdini at getting out of boxes, we drove fifteen miles into the interior of darkest Westchester. I felt like a pioneer woman. I was on my own. And oddly enough, it didn't bother me. From the day I took over complete responsibility for the Espy twins, I seemed to know what to do with them.

I think what gave me confidence, right off, was the fact that Mona and Freddy, who were toddling, wanted to go places and see things, and this was an impulse I understood. The nurse had kept them in either pen or carriage, away from harmful germs and under her thumb. I was not exactly going to

Powder-ene

keeps rugs clean

No liquids! No suds

Care for the rugs you hav

HERE'S easy-to-use magic—the wonderf way to keep your rugs and carpets cle and new-looking. In addition to usual ca once or twice a month, shake on this powder. Brush it in. Vacuum it off. It's easy as that. No shrinking. No matti No fading. Use it on any floor coveri . . . Cleans soiled areas at doors without leaving ring. VON SCHRADER MFG. CO., Racine, Wisconsin.

Powder-ene is endorsed by Bigelow-Sanford Carpet Co., Inc.

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

BIGELOW WEAVERS

Makers of fine rugs and carpets since 1825

Send for your FREE

HENDERSON'

1944 SEED CATALO

PETER HENDERSON & CO., Dept. 13B
35 Cortlandt St., New York, N. Y.

This is IT!

Campus Make-up

It sponges on like velvet! Gives you a younger, lovelier look!

Campus is base and powder in one. It veils tiny flaws, yet isn't drying, even to sensitive skins!

Give your complexion a rich, more alluring tone with Campus. It stays smooth and lovely all day or evening.

For that fresh "college-girl" look of Youth use . . .

50¢ Campus Make-up $1.00

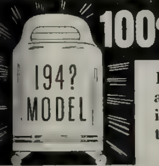
[illegible]

problem hair

MADE LOVELY AGAIN

Dulled and dingy hair needn't cause despair. One shampoo with soapless Admiracion makes a thrilling difference. It floats away dirt . . . loose dandruff . . . soap film. Lets *natural* loveliness of hair shine through. TWO TYPES—"no lather" in red carton or "foamy" in green carton. At your Beauty Shop ask for an Admiracion Shampoo.

ADMIRACIÓN
OIL SHAMPOOS



100%★10%★NOW!

100% of HORTON Employees are investing 10% of income in War Bonds . . . hastening the day for a return to Peace. Your 10% helps, too!

ORTON MANUFACTURING CO • FORT WAYNE, IND.
WASHERS AND IRONERS SINCE 1871

"I'm a Success at 52

But I Wasted 25 Years"

Mrs. Armida McGee

Housewife, Without Previous Hotel Experience, Secures Position as Executive Housekeeper

Finding very little opportunity for a woman my ge in business generally, I enrolled in the Lewis chool. Almost immediately after graduating, I was ppointed House Mother of an exclusive girls' school. hen I became Executive-Housekeeper of a 200-room est Virginia hotel. I could not ask for a nicer job a happier environment. I earn a good salary and know that I can depend upon my Lewis Training the future."

Step Into a Well-Paid Hotel Position

undreds of Lewis-Trained women and men, from 18 50, are winning success in the hotel, club and institu-onal field. They are making good as Managers, As-stant Managers, Hostesses, Executive-Housekeepers, tewards and 55 other types of well-paid positions. oday, our Government's vast wartime housing, food nd recreation program swells the demand for trained omen and men. Opportunities for Lewis Graduates reater than ever. The success of Lewis Graduates has roved previous experience unnecessary. Good grade chool education, plus Lewis Training qualifies you home, in spare time. Free Book tells how you are egistered Free of extra cost in Lewis National lacement Service. Mail your coupon NOW!

Lewis Hotel Training School
Room CB-528, Washington 7, D. C.
28th SUCCESSFUL YEAR

Send me the Free Book, "Your Big Opportunity," without obligation. I wish to know how to qualify for a well-paid position at home in leisure time.

Name..

Address...

City...................................... State ....

offer them a peck of dirt on a silver platter, but Anne and I did carry them down to the sunny grass and turn them loose to do as they pleased.

Our first real child-training idea followed. When Mona and Freddy fell down, we didn't pick them up and make something of it. Soon they were taking the most amazing sprawls and nose dives without a bit of boo-hooing.

The nurse had waited on my babies to such an extent that they had never even tried to hold their bottles. They had never experimented with a spoon when I took them over. *Well,* I thought, *they can grab their spoons, and if they make a sorry mess, I'll wipe it up.* They did and I did. It is hard to get a nurse to let a baby grow up, because it takes so much time and trouble to let him do things his way. I began to feel like a veritable smarty-pants, and this was very good for me.

I had been afraid of getting stale around the house. To the contrary, it was stimulating to be learning again. Over the months, facts like these became clear:

1. It is possible to sleep soundly and still hear a baby cry.

2. Most annoying things children do are not naughty at all, but simply inconvenient to adults.

3. You can watch a child grow, but you will never be able to figure him out. Now what made Mona greet the bakery-truck driver with the following words: "Cush-man-n-n! Go 'vay!" *I* never said "Cushman! Go 'vay" in my life. (I suspect her father of putting her up to it, since he pays the bills.)

4. When children are playing, there are two things worth investigating—a complete silence and a piercing screech.

5. If you poke a baby and make a funny noise you will be rewarded with a belly laugh every time—provided you are not a stranger.

I was so close to Mona and Freddy by summer's end that I began to feel resentment toward unborn baby No. 3. "Take me away from my little twins, would you, and make an invalid out of me so I can't take care of them?" was the general idea. Why, how were Mona and Freddy going to get along without their interpreter? Who was going to realize that "Koo-koo kang-king"

(Continued on Page 127)

A Marine to His Girl

By Lt. S. P. Wright

Killed in action November 13,
1943, in the South Pacific area.
With the Third Marine Division.

From the damp of my foxhole, each
night,
Up through the restless, worrying
jungle
Into the heaven's shimmering light,
I lean my weight to the emptiness,

And reach strong over the ocean's
arc,
Groping with care to where you
are,
Into your window where the dark
Cold wind swirls and cries your
loneliness.

Tenderly, tenderly I hold your love,
Achingly kiss your sweet soft lips,
But briefly. I am torn apart and
above
And back to this island's
positiveness.

These nights, as through that
window
You pray for the moment when
something
More than my spirit returns, deeply
know:
Tomorrow must be greater than
our selfishness.

—AND JUST THINK! THE CHILDREN HAD FEWER COLDS! SHORTER COLDS!
WITH SO MANY DOCTORS GONE TO WAR EVERY MOTHER SHOULD PUT VICKS PLAN TO WORK—INCLUDING ME!

Reports of Medically-Supervised Tests Among 2650 Children Reveal Remarkable Results. Home-Guide Now Ready for You to Use.

Mother, it's your wartime duty to help the doctors remaining at home by doing all you can to avoid sickness—to do all you can to get your family through the winter with fewer colds and shorter colds. And Vicks Scientists have developed a Plan that should help you. In large winter tests made under medical supervision, reports show children who followed this Vicks Plan had fewer colds . . . shorter colds . . . 50% less sickness from colds. A wonderful record! Of course, Vicks Plan may do less for you—or it may do even more! But at a time like this, it is certainly worth trying.

BRIEFLY HERE'S WHAT YOU DO

1. Observe a Few Simple Health Rules... Live normally. Avoid excesses. Drink plenty of water. Keep elimination regular. Get needed rest and sleep. Avoid crowds and people who have colds.

2. When a Cold Threatens... At the first warning sign—first sniffle or sneeze—use Vicks Va-tro-nol as directed. If used in time, a few drops of this specialized medication up each nostril aid nature's own defenses against colds—help prevent many colds from developing . . . clinic-tested VICKS VA-TRO-NOL.

3. If a Cold Should Develop... Some colds slip by all precautions. When one does, rub on Vicks VapoRub at bedtime. Its famous double-action starts to work at once and keeps on working for hours—invites restful, comforting sleep. And often by morning most of the misery of the cold is gone...clinic-tested VICKS VAPORUB.

PUT VICKS PLAN
TO WORK IN YOUR HOME TODAY

NOTE: Full details of Vicks Plan in your package of Vicks . . . If the miserable symptoms of a cold are not relieved promptly—or if more serious trouble seems to threaten—call in your family doctor right away.

"Don't mail them, John...
bring the Camels—
and hurry!"

"HOME ON FURLOUGH!"—what heart-warming words those are when you have a man in the service!

First in the Service... CAMELS

YES, Camels are the number one cigarette with men in the service—here at home and abroad. They are following our men on every ocean, to every continent.

And it's Camel's job to see that our soldiers, sailors, and marines *everywhere* get their cigarettes *fresh*—cool smoking and slow burning, the way they like 'em.

That's why Camels are packed to go round the world—packed to seal in that famous Camel flavor and extra mildness—anywhere, for months at a time.

The Camel pack keeps *your* Camels fresh and full-flavored, too—preserving for *you* the extra goodness of Camel's matchless blend of costlier tobaccos.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

WHEREVER HE IS...

The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard is Camel. (Based on actual sales records.)

(Continued from Page 125)

ıeant "Cooky, thank you!" (Not a request, but a demand.)

And what was I going to do without Mona nd Freddy? When they took me over, I as a girl who had been a back-seat driver f world affairs for years. Why, I put so arn much energy into the Roosevelt Adıinistration that you'd think I was Harry lopkins. Mona and Freddy took mamma y the hand and let her into their world—a omplicated little universe at times, it is ue, but a sound one. I was loath to leave is world I had just gotten to know for a ake hospital room.

"Don't you worry," I promised fiercely as left for the hospital. "This baby isn't going take up all my time!"

I knock on wood as I say it, but, to this ery day, Joey has been the ideal baby for a oman with twins. Not once, believe it or ot, has she waked up in the night and ried. From her fourth month, if we were ver late with her breakfast bottle, we'd eek into her crib and find her playing with rat e, or with the little black-and-white an she got for Christmas. Compared wit e twins, she was a cinch, and someo new it would be thus from the moıen I laid eyes on her. She had just been orn, but she was as easy as an old shoe. I emembered the story the family doctor had old me about a young couple, patients of ers, who had a new baby and had armed hemselves with a formidable tome on child are. One night the infant was wailing and he parents stood by its crib, peering through he index of their book and eying their little ne with trepidation. Came a voice from the ursery door where their Irish cook stood in er nightgown, taking in the situation: "If I as youse," said she, "I'd put down the ook and pick up the baby." Well, that as how it was going to be with me and oey.

T WAS partly Joey's own w I know, hich made her the warm, re sive baby he is, so that everyone is n to her. ut it was partly that we we e to Joey om the start, and loved h hout any ear of spoiling her. Lovin made us ok at the twins' tantrums ew eyes. hey had spent the first y eir lives strict routine, with little and fun it. They were relaxing ey were arning to come confident rms instead of throwing themse e floor. ut we didn't gather the o soon.

Yesterday afternoon I walked down the road, pushing the twin carriage Fred Waring gave us ages ago—less than two years by the calendar. In it were Freddy, Mona and Joanna. My back ached from the exertions of the morning, but babies need a change as much as grownups do.

"Freddy, please don't stand up in the carriage," I was saying. "Mona, keep your elbow out of Joey's stomach."

"See horsh?" asked Freddy.

"That's not a horse—that's a great Dane," I told her.

"See wow-wow?" asked Mona.

"That's right, honey, that's a wow-wow." Noel Coward should hear us.

"Ah!" said Joey protestingly.

"Freddy, look out, you're kicking Joey. Sit down and relax, will you?"

"Sass." (Meaning yes.)

NO REST for the weary. What hadn't they done this morning?

In the confusion attending the grocer's arrival, Freddy had made off with the ration book and was discovered under her crib, tearing it to pieces. While I was stowing away the groceries, Mona had gotten hold of the butter, had unwrapped it and was apprehended gulping great chunks of it, like a homesick Eskimo.

Still, I knew how it would be at eventide, in that beautiful hush after the last infant had fallen asleep. I would glance back at the day and remember only the funny and the cute doings of the three. Stretched out on the couch, I'd tell Wede how Freddy had commented on B Plus' bark as an atrocious noise ("trosha noy"); how Mona, having spilled her milk on the floor, had volunteered "naughty girl" ("nonny gurn"); how Joey was making the most amazing new sounds.

And I'd wonder again about that woman whose picture regularly appears in the newspapers. She is a beautiful thing surrounded by six adorable tots. The caption says, "Mrs. Askew, who, besides caring for her six handsome children, finds time to ride horseback daily, run the women's club, a gift shop and a canteen, and serve as mayor." I believed in this Mrs. Askew for years. In fact, I hoped to become one myself. But now I am no longer a simple press agent who believes all she reads in the papers. I am a mother. I know about life. I hope to meet Mrs. Askew someday, but I don't believe I will. I think she's a myth of the woman's page, God bless her!

S OOK AND LISTEN!

tinued from Page 6)

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Wise men have spoken on this subject again and again. Sir Arthur Helps wrote, "It takes a great man to make a good listener." Publilius Syrus, "T ll is
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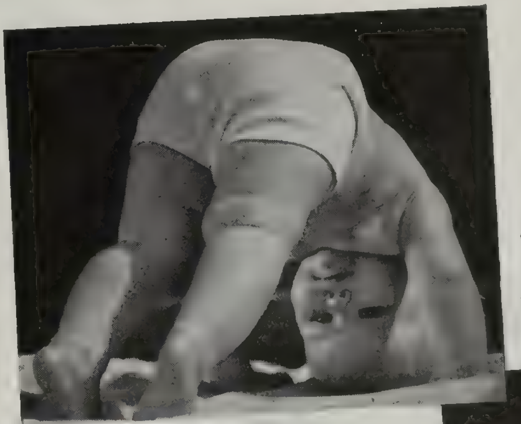
scrap of food saved may be a meal earned. Take a eek in your refrigerator. If there's a cup of meat, chicken r fish, a few eggs, or a quarter pound of cheese, you an conjure up a fine main dish for four, with the help of hat good, golden Niblets Brand whole kernel corn.

There's a sunny quality in Niblets Brand whole kernel orn that puts a lot of eating cheer into these days of raioned food. Tender, clean-cut kernels that are crisp, not nushy. Fresh young flavor of a special breed (D-138). acked at the fleeting moment of perfect flavor.

Every mother's dream!

That her baby will build



- a well-shaped head
- a fine, full chest
- a strong back
- straight legs
- sound, even teeth

How to make the dream come true!

You can help your baby develop these attractive features by giving him plenty of Vitamin D regularly. Start him now on Squibb Cod Liver Oil, and keep it up *every day*. From Squibb Cod Liver Oil your baby gets the extra Vitamin D needed to transform the minerals of his food into sound bones and teeth. housands of mothers depend on it. t Squibb's for your baby—now!

OK AT THE LABEL! If you buy a cod liver oil which supplies only the required minin of 85 Vitamin D units per gram, you have to give two teaspoonfuls a day. With ibb Cod Liver Oil you give only *one* teaspoonful daily. This is because Squibb's contains twice as much Vitamin D—180 units per gram. Remember—always economize with ibb's. *The priceless ingredient of every product is the honor and integrity of its maker.*

Look for the Green Giant on the label

QUIBB COD LIVER OIL

ONE SIZE ONLY
THREE-FIFTY THE OUNCE

RISQUE* FOR THE DARING

. . . and its three companion perfumes,
Poetic Dream * For Sheer Enchantment
heartbeat * When Hearts are High
Dulcinea * For True Love's Sake
Try these exquisite perfumes at your favorite store

LEIGH
PERFUMERS · EST. 1890
A Division of Shulton, Inc., New York, N.Y

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

RESENTING THE AMERICAN ERA IN FINE PERFUME AT AN AMERICAN PR

ON THE IDEA OF GENIUS

(Continued from Page 6)

States Army. This is the concept of the Miraculous Nation.

Genius is a definition which only retrospect has the right to use of those whose ideas and creations, in the perspectives of time, have been proved unique and enduring. Galileo was regarded by his times as a nut, but recognized by posterity as a genius. Rembrandt starved, and Van Gogh died unknown and unsung. Shakespeare, it seems, was regarded as the George M. Kaufman of Elizabethan England. Aristotle probably appeared to his Athenian contemporaries as a brilliant conversationalist and little more.

Yet if we regard geniuses in the test of time, they appear, on the whole, to have been extraordinarily sensible men.

Shakespeare, for instance, had the sense to retire and cultivate his garden when his prodigious imagination had exhausted itself. Goethe, the greatest German literary genius, after a turbulent and excessive youth, settled down to a bourgeois existence, became an administrator of a small state, experimented with new scientific discoveries, became increasingly luminous and reasonable, and died at a great age in an aura of respectability.

The only political genius in the entire history of the consolidated German nation was Bismarck, and his genius consisted of knowing when to stop. He made three preventive wars for strictly limited objectives and opposed—fruitlessly—the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine. He countered German radicalism by establishing the most complete social-security system to be adopted until that time by any nation. He turned a contemptuous ear upon the forerunners of the *All-deutscher Verband*, who even in his days were claiming for the Reich Germans in America and Brazil. He regarded the German Russophobes as dangerous fools. He described politics as "the art of possibilities." And because he was the German embodiment, not only of "blood and iron," by which he is remembered, but of iron logic, reason and common sense, he was kicked into the discard by his "brilliant" young emperor, who preferred the advice of epicenes, conspirators and political adventurers to that of the hardheaded and obstinate old man.

Genius is not madness, nor "inspiration." Neither is it just "the infinite capacity for taking pains." It is a combination of inbc talent, physical and mental energy, di plined intellect and great powers of cor tration. These occur far oftener in he happy persons than in neurotics. G have occasionally gone mad under s man concentration, but their endur has been done before the vessel crack. And most of them have d beds from the normal ills tha kind.

The perspective of time also dissipates th idea of "evil genius." Most wicked me though they may have great talent, are als stupid. There is a logical reason for thi Creative talent is attracted to the creati forces which are affirmative and constru tive, not negative, nihilistic or predator Superior intelligence is able to discern a predict the evil results of evil policies, a intellect corrects appetite. Thus, really s perior intelligence comprehends the realist value of virtue and is attracted to it. Ha Hitler been good, he might have become i telligent; had he been intelligent, he migh even have become good. The greatest adve ture of intellect and art is to attempt to di cern and depict new truths, and this in itse is a moral activity. Honesty is a prerequisi for great science, as purity and humility a handmaidens of art, and courage the virt of piercing intellect. To love evil is to espou stupidity. The two converge together, som where, always.

Political genius, having its exercise in t field of human and social relationships, ha ing decision over policies which involve t most complex and various factors, and bei compelled to take note of past and present planning the future, consists in comm sense, raised high above the mediocre rule thumb which passes too often for comm sense, and is only common but not sensib Civilization is, and must be, grounded common sense; that is to say, in the assi ilated experience of the nation and the h man race. Great political leaders are tho who, discerning the direction in which s ciety must go for its own welfare and salv tion, check what wants checking and supp what wants supplying, aiding the progress society w h the greatest possible amount harmor d the least amount of stra Politi ius bridges the gap betwe past e, protects the tradition wh ope els for new life, and produ Au , creative yet tranquil. d e mother giving birth to t c them both. een great political lead ve all but passed into they made their countr ory remembers rather t f violence. Yet even t leons live in men's me little good that they they discerned, than oodied the pages of th

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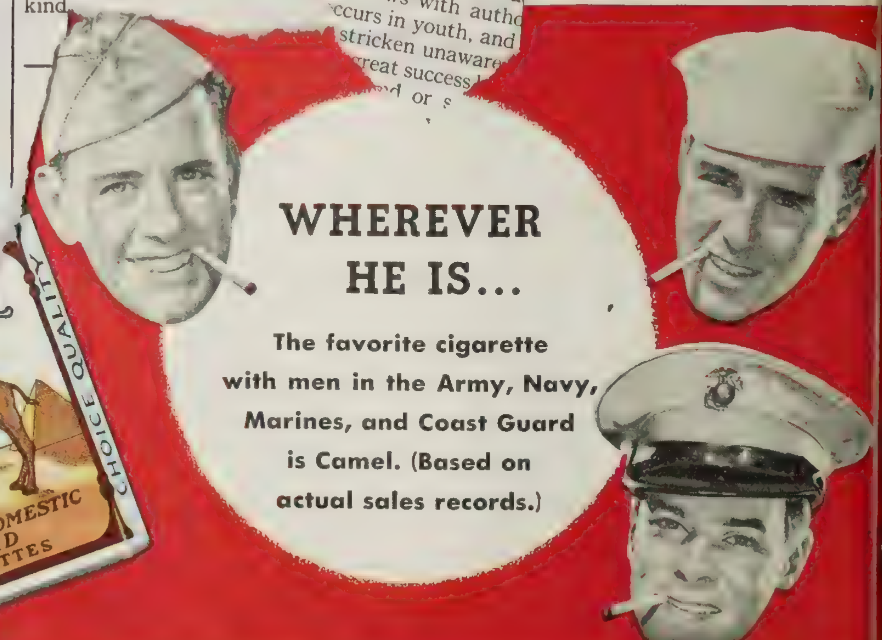


ELS

WHEREVER HE IS...

The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard is Camel. (Based on actual sales records.)

Golden Extender for

MEAT
CHICKEN
EGGS
FISH
CHEESE

ETS" BRAND REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Corn and Fish Chowder

Remove bones from 2 lbs. fresh fish, cut in large pieces; put in saucepan; add 1½ c. cold water, 1 bay leaf, 1 cup sliced carrots and 3 stalks celery, with leaves; cover, simmer 15 to 20 min. Drain, measuring liquid; add enough water to make 1 c. Return to pan, add boned fish, cover, simmer 15 to 20 min., until fish is tender. Remove skin from fish; flake coarsely. In another pan, cook ¼ c. chopped onions, 1 c. chopped celery and 1 medium potato diced, with 1 tsp. salt in 1 c. boiling water (about 10 minutes) until barely tender. Combine undrained vegetables with flaked fish, fish broth, 1 can (1½ cups) Niblets Brand Corn and 1⅓ c. cooked tomatoes; heat together slowly. Just before serving, add 1 tbsp. lemon juice, sprinkle with 1 tbsp. chopped parsley. Serves 4.

scrap of food saved may be a meal earned. Take a eek in your refrigerator. If there's a cup of meat, chicken r fish, a few eggs, or a quarter pound of cheese, you an conjure up a fine main dish for four, with the help of hat good, golden Niblets Brand whole kernel corn.

There's a sunny quality in Niblets Brand whole kernel orn that puts a lot of eating cheer into these days of raioned food. Tender, clean-cut kernels that are crisp, not nushy. Fresh young flavor of a special breed (D-138). acked at the fleeting moment of perfect flavor.

Look for the Green Giant on the label

1. Ham and Corn Pie

To 1 c. ground cooked ham add 1 can (1½ cups) Niblets Brand Corn. Season with salt, pepper, and prepared mustard; moisten with mayonnaise. Spread on very thin sheet of baking powder biscuit dough in greased square pan. Top with another thin layer of dough; bake 20 minutes in a hot oven (450° F.); cut in squares; serve hot with creamed peas or oysters poured over. Serves 4.

2. Scalloped Chicken and Corn

Sauté 2 tbsps. chopped green pepper and 2 tbsps. chopped onion in 2 tbsps. butter or chicken fat until soft and slightly brown. Add ¼ c. flour slowly, mixing until smooth; add 1½ c. concentrated chicken broth, stirring constantly until mixture boils and thickens. Add salt, paprika and 1 tsp. prepared mustard; then add 1½ c. diced, cooked chicken and 1 can (1½ cups) Niblets Brand Corn. Mix; turn into greased casserole; sprinkle with buttered crumbs or grated cheese. Bake in moderately hot oven (375° F.) until thoroughly heated, about 20 to 30 min. Serves 4.

3. Corn and Cheese Biscuits

Sift together 1⅓ c. flour, 2 tsps. baking powder and ⅓ tsp. salt. Cut in 3½ tbsps. shortening. Add ½ cup milk gradually, mixing to form dough. Roll out in rectangular shape ⅛ inch thick. Sprinkle ⅔ can (1 cup) Niblets Brand Corn and ⅔ c. grated sharp American cheese over dough. Roll like jelly roll; slice ¾ in. thick. Bake in a hot oven (450°F.) 20 to 25 min. until golden brown. Serve with tomato sauce. Serves 4.

NOTE—*the next time you scramble eggs, try adding some Niblets Brand Corn for a fresh new flavor.*

Niblets
Brand Whole Kernel
Corn

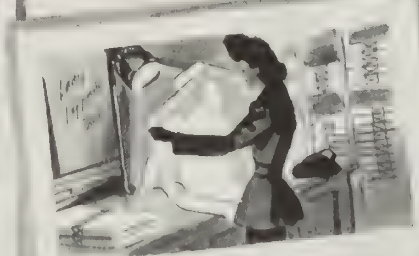
Packed only by Minnesota Valley Canning Company, headquarters, LeSueur, Minnesota, and Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Tecumseh, Ont. Also packers of Green Giant Brand peas.

Just think, I've had this hat for three years....

And just think, I've had these Lady Pepperell sheets for five years!

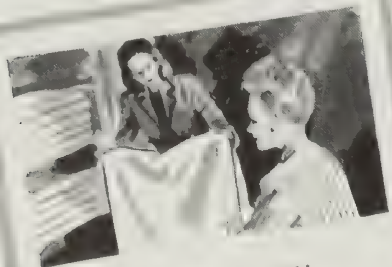
LADY PEPPERELL PERCALES

make you feel like a glamour girl, because their appearance is so beautiful, their weave so exquisitely smooth and fine. And their lustrous percale texture has loveliness that L-A-S-T-S.



LADY PEPPERELL SERVICE WEIGHTS

combine comfort and good looks with real economy. Carefully spun cotton – with up to four extra threads per inch—means soft, soft texture and *extra* wearability.

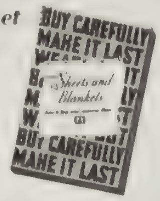


THE WEAR IS WOVEN IN!

Lady Pepperell Sheets are loomed to last—of fine, strong American cotton. And close weave, tiny stitches, tailoring detail, with tapered tape selvage, tell a *quality* story.

Sheet and Blanket Service Book

Free



BUY CAREFULLY MAKE IT LAST
Sheets and Blankets
BUY CAREFULLY MAKE IT LAST

Everything you need to know about wartime care of Pepperell Sheets and Blankets. Instructions for washing! Bed-making directions . . . fourteen helpful hints for making sheets last longer, look lovelier!

For your *free* copy of "Sheets and Blankets—How To Buy And Conserve Them," write: Pepperell Manufacturing Company, 164 State St., Boston 2, Mass.

PEPPERELL FABRICS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

PEPPERELL *... the sheet with the wear woven in*

LADY PEPPERELL • Countess • Duchess • Abbotsford

Something Ol
into
Something Ne

BY DAWN CROWELL

THEY'RE the skeletons in yo closet, the bane of your existen the worry in your wardrobe! They last year's clothes—in need of th year's ideas. Cut the jacket of spri 43's suit into a bolero; make a cal from remaining material. A plain bla dress will sparkle with a shocking-pi sequinned velveteen belt and matchi headband. Add some grosgrain bo and cuffs to your sweaters. Cut the bedraggled hem of your quilted rob make a pair of matching slippers. Yo closet may be crammed with wo clothes—but *you* can change the cloth with new ideas!

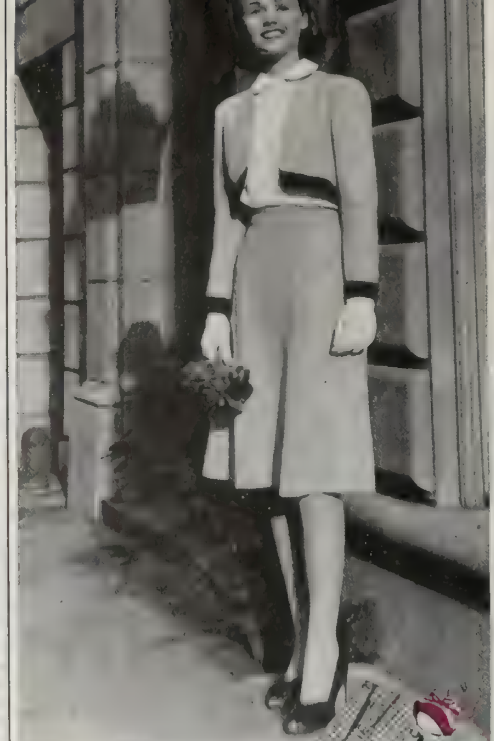
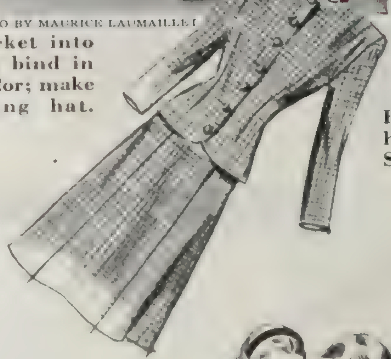
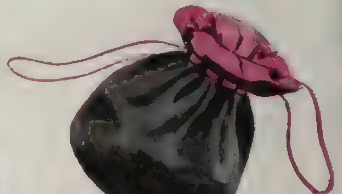


PHOTO BY MAURICE LAUMAILLET

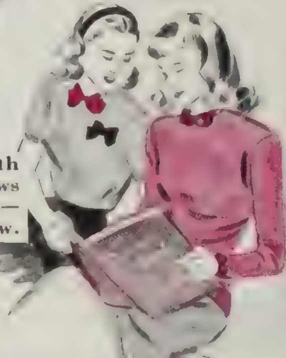
Cut jacket into bolero; bind in solid color; make matching hat.



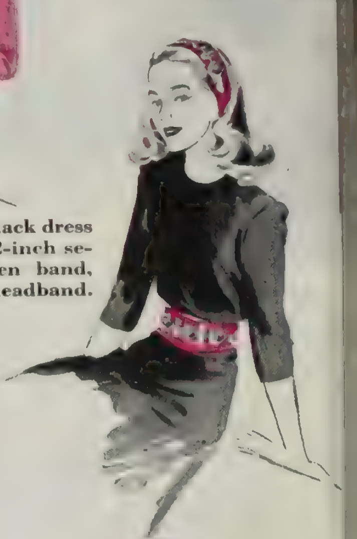
Here is your two-piece hip-length jacket suit. See left, for what to do!



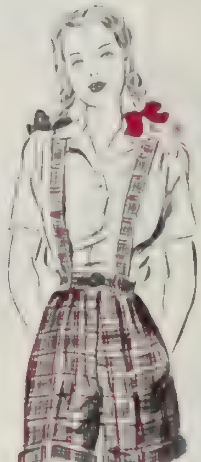
Line your drawstring ba in a favorite color an use a matching ribbo



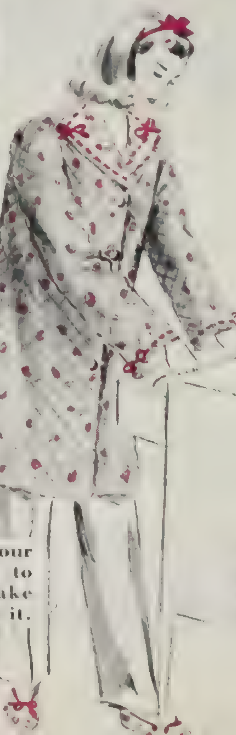
Dress up old sweaters with grosgrain. *Left*—tiny bows in different colors; *right*—matching band and bow.



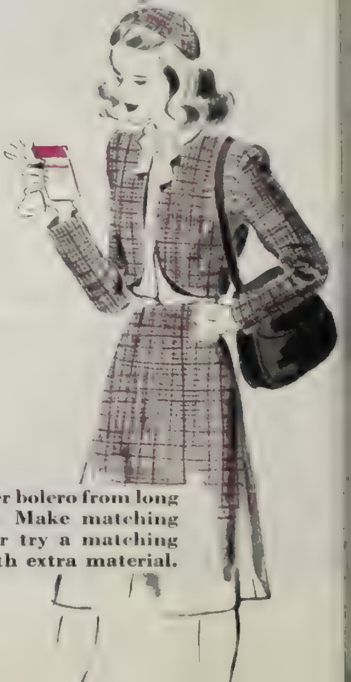
Black magic. A black dress sparkles with a 2-inch sequinned velveteen band, and matching headband.



An old skirt into new shorts, with matching suspenders. Pretty in wool or rayon or cotton.



Go all lengths with your quilted robe. Cut to knee length; make slippers that match it.



Another bolero from long jacket. Make matching calot or try a matching bag with extra material.

"I changed cleansers in a hurry when I started to do my own housework!"

THIS YOUNG BRIDE isn't the only one who's learning the difference in cleansers! Surprisingly enough, her *mother* is making the same discovery! Because—for the first time in years—she's doing her own work, too! Is learning again to appreciate how *different* Bon Ami is!

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TRY THIS FINGER-TIP TEST!
Rub a little Bon Ami Powder between your fingers. It's soft—and *safe!* Easy to see why it doesn't scratch porcelain ... leaves a gleaming polish instead.

Bon Ami

"Hasn't scratched yet!"

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GLAMOROUS BEAUTY FILM OVER FACE AND THROAT

Expertly Hides Tiny Wrinkles, Blemishes and Freckles Gives Radiant Youthful Tone Even To Dull Sallow Skin!

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You'll be enraptured how ANGELUS Make-Up helps "pep up" the appearance of even dull, sallow skin—how it covers tiny blemishes, wrinkles and freckles—giving you exciting new complexion beauty you didn't dream possible. At all cosmetic counters.

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5 flattering shades
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NEUTRAL FLESH
ONLY 49¢ plus federal tax

What Do You Know About Marriage

BY PAUL POPENOE

Director, American Institute of Family Relations

Check the answer that you believe to be correct.

1. Compared with fifty or one hundred years ago, Americans now tend to marry
☑ earlier, ☐ at the same ages, ☑ later in life.

2. As a general rule, people tend to marry those who are
☐ like, ☒ unlike themselves.

3. The percentage of men who marry women younger than themselves is about
☐ 40, ☒ 60, ☑ 80.

4. Half of all the native white women in the United States marry by the time they reach the age of
☐ 18, ☑ 22, ☐ 26.

5. Among educated people, the largest number of marriages results from acquaintance that began
☐ in church, ☒ in school, ☑ in the home of friends.

6. Most proposals are made
☐ in the girl's home, ☒ in an automobile, ☐ in a public place.

7. By the time she accepts the man she marries, the number of proposals which the average woman has already received from other men is
☐ 0, ☒ 3, ☐ 6.

8. Before she becomes engaged to the man she marries, the average woman has known him for
☐ 6 months, ☐ 2 years, ☐ 5 years.

9. Before she marries, the average woman has previously been actually engaged to marry some other man
☐ never, ☑ once, ☒ twice.

10. The length of the average engagement before marriage is
☐ 3 months, ☑ 1 year, ☐ 2 years.

11. Couples who marry without having had a formal and announced period of engagement amount to about
☐ 5%, ☑ 15%, ☐ 25%.

12. When a couple marry without having had any formal and announced period of engagement, their marriage is likely to turn out
☐ less happy, ✓ ☑ no different, ☐ more happy.

13. Couples who elope or are married in secret usually take this course because of
☐ parental objection, ☐ a desire to save money, ☐ a wish to attract attention.

14. Compared with the number of couples married by a justice of the peace or other civil official, the number married by a clergyman is
☐ half as large, ☐ the same, ✓ ☑ three times as large.

15. In leap years the total number of marriages is
☐ smaller, ✓ ☒ the same, ☐ larger.

16. The average man marries a woman whose intelligence, compared with his own, is
☐ less, ✓ ☒ about the same, ☐ greater.

17. The larger the income of a couple, the more likely that the happiness of their marriage will be
☐ less, ☐ no different, ☐ greater.

18. The larger the number of children a couple has, the more likely that the happiness of their marriage will be
☐ less, ☐ no different, ☒ greater.

19. As compared with marriages of more mature persons, marriages of undergraduate students still in college turn out to be
X ☐ less happy, ☐ no different, ☐ more happy.

20. The happiest marriages are those in which, compared with the schooling of his wife, the number of years the husband spent in school are
☐ fewer, ☒ the same, ☒ greater.

21. Compared with others, an "only child's" chances of success in marriage are
☐ 20% less, ☐ no different, ☐ 20% greater.

22. Compared with those marrying for the first time, widows and widowers are in their second marriages
☒ less happy, ☐ no different, ☐ more happy.

23. The happiest marriages are those of
☑ farmers, ☐ business people, ☐ professional people.

24. Of people who live to be forty years old or more, the percentage ever married is about
☐ 60, ☐ 75, ☒ 90.

25. The greatest proportion of happy marriages is found among those that are
☐ bossed by wife, ☐ 50-50, ☑ bossed by husband.

Answers

1. Girls and boys marry younger nowadays than their great-grandparents did. Contrary to the general belief, there has been a steady decline in the average age of first marriage, ever since colonial times. Moreover, a larger proportion of the population than was the case a few generations ago is now married.

2. Unlikes do *not* attract—except in the matter of mere masculinity and femininity. In almost every trait that has been measured, people tend to marry those who are more like themselves than the average. There are a couple of exceptions: red hair and bad temper. Two red-haired persons will rarely be found united in wedlock; and perhaps one explosive temper in a home is all that can survive!

3. Eighty per cent of all men marry women younger than themselves; another 10 per cent marry wives of their own age. That leaves only one man in ten to marry a wife who is his senior (although only one wife in every thirty-five is more than two years older than her husband).

4. Half of all native white women have married by the age of twenty-two.

5. For the educated part of the population—that is, those who get beyond the eighth grade—the school system itself is the greatest matrimonial bureau. It accounted for 25 per cent of all marriages, in a study of 9081 couples. Homes of friends came next, with 18 per cent; then acquaintance made in the course of business. Only one marriage out of every ten, in this group, started in the church or through a church social organization.

6. The automobile has crowded the girl's home out of first place—it offers more privacy. But a surprisingly large number of men "pop the question" in public—in such places as restaurants, parks, theaters or streets. In a study of 1181 proposals, the automobile provided 25 per cent; girl's home, 23 per cent; public places, 20 per cent.

7. The average woman gets three proposals—usually between the ages of nineteen and twenty-five. Few mature women have never had a proposal; fewer still can truthfully claim that they have had as many as a dozen.

8. In the educated part of the population, couples have usually been acquainted about two years before betrothal; only 20 per cent know each other as long as five years prior to engagement.

9. Unless they marry very young, most women (and men too) have been engaged once, to someone else, before the final combination is found.

10. The average engagement is a year in length; somewhat longer among professional people, shorter among skilled and unskilled laborers.

11. In a group of 436 educated marriages, only 5 per cent were found to have had no formal period of engagement.

12. Among unhappy couples who came to the American Institute of Family Relations, 40 per cent were found to have had no formal engagement; they might have been acquainted for years, but married on the spur of the moment. Other studies show that success in marriage generally goes with fairly long acquaintance and engagement. Some people marry successfully on very short notice; but, statistically, the chances are against them.

13. Parental objection is still the principal reason for marrying secretly; it accounted for 46 per cent of a group of 738 elopements. One in eight in this group declared they had slipped away to be married quietly, merely to avoid the unnecessary expense and fuss involved in a wedding which their relatives might have insisted on planning; and more of these thrifty elopers were successful in marriage than any others in the study. The "Hollywood type" of elopement, by airplane or otherwise, as a publicity stunt makes a very bad showing later.

14. Three fourths of all marriages are performed by clergymen, and these turn out somewhat more successfully than do civil marriages, to judge by the fact that one third, not one fourth, of all divorcees have been married before a J. P.

15. If leap year enables any girl who otherwise would not have done so to get her man, this triumph cannot be verified from the statistics. It is hard to answer the question accurately, because the marriage rate is influenced by so many other things, particularly the current degree of national prosperity or depression. But, if anything, it appears that there have been somewhat fewer marriages in leap years during the past generation. Perhaps men take cover, just as deer retire to the inaccessible fastnesses of the mountains at the opening of the hunting season.

16. In the educated part of the population, to which most of the studies have been confined, the average man marries a woman with definitely less intelligence than himself.

17. There is no statistical relation between happiness and size of income, either among the married or the unmarried.

18. If comparison is made only among families that are properly comparable, happiness increases steadily with the number of children. Some very fallacious results have been reported by comparing large families of poor, ignorant, disease-ridden laborers with the smaller families of college people. A study of 8370 educated couples whose families were complete showed only 59 per cent of the childless couples to be happy, while 71 per cent of the couples with three or more children were happy in marriage.

19. There is little difference. In one study 75 per cent of the marriages of college students had turned out satisfactorily. This may be a little better than the average.

20. The average educated wife does not adjust herself very comfortably to the fact that her husband has less schooling than herself, no matter how good a man he may be otherwise. She is happier, according to the statistics, when she weds a man whose years of schooling have been equal to if not greater than her own.

21. Several studies show that the "only child" goes into marriage with a handicap of about 20 per cent—the price he pays for having had too much attention and too little give and take in his earlier years.

22. In one study 59 per cent of each sex were happy in their second marriages. This does not differ much from the average.

23. The farmer is more "family minded" than anyone else in the population and makes a consistently better showing in marriage. There is little difference between business and professional people.

24. Ninety per cent of the people who live past forty either are or have been married.

25. The 50-50 marriage has a wide margin of safety. In a study of several thousand educated marriages of more than five years' duration, 47 per cent of those dominated by the wife were happy, 61 per cent of those dominated by the husband; while 87 per cent of the marriages were happy when the home had two heads, mature, responsible and unselfish enough to work together as a team.

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This is why One-A-Day (brand) Multiple Vitamin Capsules cost so little to use and are so much easier to remember to take regularly. Go to your druggist today. Tell him you want the *NEW* One-A-Day (brand) Multiple Vitamin Capsules. The cost? . . . *only 3⅓c per day in the family size!*

Whether you want *A and D Vitamins* to help keep up normal resistance to colds—or *B Complex Vitamins* to prevent a B Complex deficiency which can result in loss of energy—or the new 8 *Vitamin Multiple Capsules*—ask your druggist for ONE-A-DAY (brand) Vitamins. "ONE-A-DAY" (brand) is the registered trademark of
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LUNCHBOX HAPPY?
You bet they are! HOT DAN'S Tips do the trick!
French's
FRENCH'S PREPARED MUSTARD
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HOT DAN THE MUSTARD MAN
THESE DEVILED EGGS TASTE DIVINE!
ANOTHER SWELL LUNCH!
MOM MAKES THE BEST SANDWICHES IN TOWN!
French's
MUSTARD
SAVE FATS TO HELP SHORTEN THE WAR. THE NEED IS DESPERATE!
Largest selling prepared mustard in the U.S.A. today

POTATO SALAD—Potato salad is hearty, satisfying—tastes just right made the French's way. Wrap a few crisp sweet pickles in waxed paper to eat with it.

Combine 4 cups cold boiled potatoes, cubed, 1 small onion, chopped; 2 tbsp. chopped parsley, 1 cup chopped celery, 1 tsp. salt. Mix well with dressing made by beating until light and fluffy 4 tbsp. French's Mustard, 2 tbsp. each light cream or evaporated milk, sugar and vinegar; ¼ tsp. salt.

Want some new sandwich ideas?
Try these Hot Dan specials:

1. Mix ½ cup chopped hard-boiled eggs with 1 tbsp. diced stuffed olives and 2 tbsp. French's Mustard.
2. Blend 2 tbsp. French's into 4 tbsp. butter or margarine. A grand spread for meat or cheese sandwiches. Cream cheese or cottage cheese can be substituted for butter, and minced chives or chopped olives added.

DEVILED EGGS—Cut in half lengthwise six hard-boiled eggs. Remove and mash the yolks, and combine with 2 tbsp. of French's Mustard and 2 tbsp. of mayonnaise, ½ tsp. of salt, and a few drops of French's Worcestershire Sauce.

Refill the centers of egg whites and press down with fork. Dust yolks with paprika. Put halves lightly together again, wrap each egg carefully in waxed paper.

The Bulletin Board

Chasing Chills

Pull all shades and draperies when it gets dark.

Put rugs by bedroom-door cracks when you open window.

Keep radiators clean and free from clutter.

Close doors of unused rooms.

Don't open windows too wide when you go to bed.

Check hot-water faucets for leaks.

Turn off heat in bedrooms at night when windows are open.

Keep windows locked.

Lower thermostat at night and when no one's home.

Keep humidifiers filled.

Close damper in fireplace when it is not in use.

Make farewells at the open door hastily.

Our Salvage Campaign

TIN CANS:
JIMMY—put cans out with garbage Wednesday night.

FAT:
MOTHER—take fat to butcher Tuesday.

PAPER:
JIMMY—tie up paper and haul to Boy Scout headquarters Friday.

SOAP:
JUDY—make soap mitts out of old towels and soap scraps.

Mother, Try to Stick to This

MONDAY.
A.M. Wash.
P.M. Tidy the house.
Take down laundry and mend socks.

TUESDAY.
A.M. Iron.
P.M. Shop.

WEDNESDAY.
A.M. Clean bedrooms and bath.
P.M. Accounts, special meeting, doctor, dentist, and so on.

THURSDAY
A.M. Clean kitchen.
Special odd job.
P.M. "Park child" project.

FRIDAY.
A.M. Clean living rooms.
P.M. Red Cross.
Shop.

SATURDAY.
A.M. Special baking.
Quick general clean-up.
P.M. Fun with family.

Old and new. Don't mix old with new milk unless you're going to use it "right now." Adding some of yesterday's to today's bottle hastens souring.

Bumper bean crop! Boil 'em, bake 'em, brew 'em into soups. Points are low.

More of the same. Roll oranges and lemons until slightly soft before squeezing. You will get more juice, more easily. On a dozen, it counts!

Do's for February

Get material and pattern for Judy's and mother's spring clothes.

Make slip cover for dad's chair.

Order free booklet, "ABC's of Mending" (F.B.1925) from Office of Information, U.S.D.A., Washington, D.C.

Make plans for Victory Garden.

Order seeds on basis of last year's garden results.

Clean medicine cabinet. Mark bottles carefully. *Destroy* old medicines.

Polish silverware.

Clean, oil and inspect all equipment. Tighten screws, repair cords.

Chop the tops. Green leaves of celery, chopped, can be used as chopped parsley.

No Raisins? Use chopped, candied lemon or orange peel (unrationed) in cookies, spice cakes, brown bread, and so on.

Hot-water gingerbread. Measure the hot water in same cup used for molasses—rinses out last bit.

Don't forget the unrationed or low-point meats—pork backs and feet, kidneys, brains, and so on, for fill-in meals.

For "buttered" foods. One way to keep butter and spreads under control is to spread rolls in the kitchen before serving—as they do at church suppers. "Butter" vegetables sometimes with half butter or margarine, half salad oil. For certain combinations, use salad oil alone.

Skin deep. Potatoes boiled in their jackets hold *twice* as much vitamin C and *three* times as much thiamine (vitamin B_1) as baked potatoes.

"WHEN THERE'S CHOCOLATE FLAVORED BOSCO IN MY MILK — I COULD DRINK A GALLON!"
BOSCO

Champ of the Ski team gets his IRON every day

BOSCO is iron-rich..makes milk a delicious treat!

Extra goodness . . . extra nourishment that's what delicious chocolate flavored Bosco adds to milk. Due to war conditions, you may not always be able to get all the Bosco you want. So please make your supply go as far as possible.

IRON: relative available amounts in
Spinach ▬
Raisins ▬▬
BOSCO ▬▬▬▬▬▬▬▬▬▬▬▬

For Tonight's Dessert and Tomorrow's Salad...

Start with Basic Recipe

2 envelopes Knox Gelatine
½ cup cold water
2 cups hot water
6 tablespoonfuls lemon juice
½ cup sugar
1 teaspoonful salt

Soften gelatine in cold water and dissolve in hot water. Add lemon juice, sugar and salt. Stir mixture thoroughly.

FOR FLORIDA DESSERT RING

Take 1½ cups of the above mixture. Add ½ cup orange juice and pulp mixture. Allow to cool, and when mixture begins to congeal, fold in 1 cup grapefruit that has been sectioned and cut into small pieces. Rinse mold in cold water and fill with mixture. Chill. When firm, unmold and serve with a custard sauce. (Serves 6.)

FOR CALICO SALAD

Allow remaining gelatine mixture to cool. When it begins to congeal, fold in ½ cup raw carrots, ½ cup raw beets and ½ cup raw celery all cut in narrow thin strips about an inch long. Pour into flat square pan which has been rinsed in cold water. Chill. When ready to serve, cut into squares and serve on salad greens. (Serves 6.)

One day's cooking for two days' eating

Out of one recipe, one preparation...two completely different dishes for two different meals. Knox Gelatine does it! Here's proof for every busy woman holding down a war job and still maintaining "home, as usual" that plain, pure gelatine... Knox Gelatine... saves time.

NOTE: *If you should wish to make only one of these dishes, prepare only half the basic recipe and continue with the desired variation.*

Knox will also stretch rationed foods (takes no points, either). And it contributes to every dish real nutrition...because being plain, pure gelatine, it's a supplementary protein food. Get to depend on Knox, as millions of housewives have for more than fifty years for purity and quality!

P. S. *Write to Mrs. Charles B. Knox, Box 22, Johnstown, N. Y., for a free copy of her new recipe book, just off the press.*

KNOX GELATINE

For a Company Dinner Pie and Schoolday Lunch Dessert

Start with Basic Recipe

2 envelopes Knox Gelatine
½ cup cold milk
2½ cups hot milk
½ teaspoonful salt
⅔ cup sugar
4 egg whites
1 teaspoonful vanilla

Soften gelatine in cold milk. Add hot milk, salt and sugar and stir until dissolved. Cool. When mixture is quite thick and almost set, beat with a wire spoon or whisk until frothy and fluffy. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites and vanilla. Continue beating until stiff enough to hold its shape.

FOR CANDLELIGHT PIE

Melt two squares of sweet chocolate. Let cool slightly. Fold into one-half (1½ cups) of the above sponge mixture. Cool. Pile into a cooked or crumb pie shell. Chill until firm. May be sprinkled with grated sweet chocolate, if desired, before serving. (Serves 6.)

FOR SCHOOLDAY SUNDAE

Fill sherbet glasses with remaining mixture. Chill. Serve with a sauce made by boiling ½ cupful raspberry or blackberry jam with ½ cup water and 1 tablespoonful sugar. Boil for three minutes. Cool and pour over gelatine sponge. (Serves 6.)

OVER THERE

(Continued from Page 21)

Γhe Mary Ruth's crew is almost gay. All tension is broken now, for there is work d flying to be done, not waiting. The tail nner says, "If anything should happen lay, I want to go on record that I had ines for breakfast."

Γhey eat hurriedly and then file out, wash- their dishes and cups in soapy water and en rinsing them in big caldrons near the or.

Dressing is a long and complicated busi- s. The men strip to the skin. Next to ir skins they put on long light woolen derwear. Over that they slip on what ks like long, light-blue colored underwear, t these are the heated suits. They come v on the ankles and far down on the wrists, d from the waists of these suits protrude ctric plugs. The suit, between two layers fabric, is threaded with electric wires ich will carry heat when the plug is connected to the heat outlet on the ship. Over e heated suit goes the brown coverall. st come thick, fleece-lined heated boots d gloves which also have plugs for the at unit. Next goes on the Mae West, the ange rubber life preserver, which can be lated in a moment. Then comes the para- ute with its heavy canvas straps over the oulders and between the legs. And last the lmet with the roat speaker and e earphones attached. During the ocess the men ve got bigger and gger as layer on yer of equipment put on. They walk iffly, like artificial en.

They dress very refully, for an exsed place or a disnnected suit can use a bad frostte at 30,000 feet. is dreadfully cold there.

It is daylight now d a cold wind is lowing. The men back to the armaent room and ck up their guns. truck is waiting r them. They stow e guns carefully n the floor and then stiffly hoist themselves . The truck drives away along the deserted nway. Now you can see the ships set here nd there on the field. A little group of men collected under the wings of each one.

"There she is," the ball-turret man says. I wonder if they got her nose repaired." It as the Mary Ruth that got her nose nashed by cartridge cases from a ship head.

The truck draws up right under the nose the great ship. The crew piles out and ach man lifts his gun down tenderly. They into the ship. The guns must be mounted nd carefully tested. Ammunition must be necked and the guns loaded. It all takes me. That's why the men were awakened so ng before the take-off time. A thousand ings must be set before the take-off.

A jeep drives up, carrying the officers—rown, Quenin, Gliley and Feerick. They ill a number of little square packets on the round, one for each man. Captain Brown istributes them. They contain money of the ountries near the target, concentrated food nd maps. Brown says, "Now, if we should et into any trouble, don't go in the direcon of —— because the people haven't een very friendly there. Go toward —— ou'll find plenty of help there." The men ake the packets and slip them in pockets elow the knees in their coveralls.

The sun is just below the horizon now, and ere are fine pink puff clouds all over the y. The captain looks at his watch. "I uess we better get going," he says.

The other Brown, the tail gunner, runs over. He hands over two rings, a cameo and another. "I forgot to leave these," he says. "Will you put them under my pillow?"

The crew scramble to their places and the door is slammed and locked. The captain waves from his high perch. His window sits right over the ship's name—Mary Ruth, Memories of Mobile. The engines turn over and catch one at a time and roar as they warm up.

And now, from all over the field, come the bursting roars of starting engines. Along the runway the first ship whips out and gathers speed and takes the air, and behind her comes another, and behind, another, until the flying line of ships stretches away to the north. For a little while the squadron has disappeared, but in a few minutes back they come over the field, but this time they are not in a line. They have gained altitude and are flying in a tight formation. They go roaring over the field and they have hardly passed when another squadron from another field comes over, and then another and another. They will rendezvous at a given point, the squadrons from many fields, and when the whole force has gathered there will be perhaps a hundred of the great ships flying in V's and in V's of V's, each protecting itself and the others by its position. And this great flight is going south like geese in the fall.

When the mission has gone the ground crews stand about looking lonesome. This ground crew will be nervous and anxious until the ships come home. And if the Mary Ruth should fail to return they will go into a kind of sullen wordless mourning. They have been working all night. Now they pile on a tractor to ride back to the hangar to get a cup of coffee in the mess hall.

In the barracks it is very quiet; the beds are unmade, their blankets hanging over the sides of the iron bunks. The pin-up girls look a little haggard in their sequin gowns. The family pictures are on the tops of the steel lockers. A clock ticking sounds strident. The rings go under Brown's pillow.

The crews own a number of small dogs. These dogs, most of which are of ambiguous breed, belong to no one man. The ship usually owns one, and the crew is very proud of him. Now these dogs wander disconsolately about the field.

The morning passes slowly. The squadron was due over the target at 9:52. It was due home at 12:43. As 9:50 comes and passes, you have the ships in your mind. Now the flak has come up at them. Perhaps now a swarm of fighters has hurled itself at them. Now they are making the run for home, keeping the formation tight, climbing, climbing to avoid the flak. It is 10 o'clock—they should be started back; 10:20—they should be seeing the ocean by now.

Beside the No. 1 hangar there is a little mound of earth covered with short, heavy grass. At 12:15 the ground men begin to congregate on it and sweat out the homecoming. A small dog, which might be a gray Scottie if his ears didn't hang down and his tail bend the wrong way, comes to sit on the little mound. He stretches out and puts his whiskery muzzle on his outstretched paws. He does not close his eyes, and his ears twitch. All the ground crews are there now,

(Continued on Page 139)

House of Cobwebs

"I saw Camilla's thin face that was so nearly beautiful, her pale blond hair and white skin, her lips smiling as she tormented me, and her blue eyes that held no smile. Then the image fled as I kissed Serena. Her lips were tightly closed, like a child, or like a woman who has never kissed before."

House of Cobwebs, a weird and delicate story of tangled human passions by Mary Reisner, will be published soon by Dodd, Mead & Co. You'll find it first in the JOURNAL. A condensation complete in

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A WAR MEAT-MEAL

featuring

Pork Sausage Plate

BY OSCAR OF THE WALDORF

Oscar Michel Tschirky, the famous "Oscar" known to all lovers of good food and sound nutrition, came to America sixty years ago and not long since celebrated his fiftieth year of service with the Waldorf-Astoria. He is known as the "Host of the Waldorf."

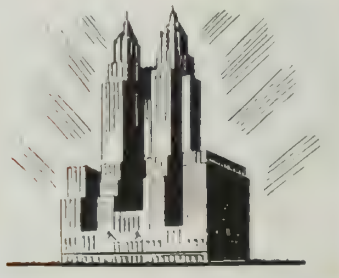
Oscar has always had a keen appreciation of the fine native American dishes.

"Good American pork sausage, for example," says Oscar, "is too often reserved for the breakfast table. I think today is the time for women to use it more importantly."

Here is how Oscar recommends that pork sausage plate be served as a main dish—in the traditional American manner, with sweet potatoes and applesauce.

The sausage patties are fried until well done. The cooked sweet potatoes are browned in a simple syrup and butter.

To make the Applesauce Bonne Femme, the quartered apples are slowly cooked in a heavy kettle with a piece of butter on top, a little sugar, 4 thin slices of lemon and just enough water to cover. Sprinkle with nutmeg, and serve in a glass compote dish in the center of a serving plate, with the sausage patties and sweet potato slices arranged around it.



The good pork sausage that has sizzled in the skillets of friendly, family kitchens, and the good stew meats that have sent out their fragrant odors to hearten the meals of so many generations, are now really coming into their own in these days of rationing.

They are all an old story to famous chefs who for years have been making them glamorous, and who know their popularity among lovers of good food.

Isn't it satisfying to know that these point-saving meats, which have so much to offer in flavor, are so much on a par with *all* meats in nutritional essentials?

Meat is often called the "yardstick" of protein value. Meat has the right kind of proteins—containing the essential amino acids that cannot be manufactured by the body, but must be obtained through food. Any cut of meat, regardless of price or points, contains complete proteins of highest biologic value. These proteins are essential to life.

In addition to proteins, meat contains esse tial B vitamins (thiamine, riboflavin, niaci and important minerals (iron, copper, pho phorus). These nutritional essentials are n stored in the body to any appreciable exten but must be supplied in the daily foods we ea

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUT

Headquarters, Chicago. Members throughout the United Sta

This Seal means that all nutritional stateme made in this advertisement are acceptable to Council on Foods and Nutrition of the Ameri Medical Association.

(Continued from Page 137)

ng for their ships. It is the longest set nutes imaginable.

denly the little dog raises his head. ody begins to tremble all over. The chief looks down at the dog and then his field glasses to the south. "Can't ything yet," he says. The little dog ues to shudder, and a high whine from him.

here they come. You can just see the ar to the south. The formation is good, ne ship flies alone and ahead. "Can ee her number? Who is she?" The ship drops altitude and comes in ht for the field. From her side two rockets break, a red one and a white The ambulance—they call it the meat n—starts down the runway. There is a man on that ship.

e main formation comes over the field each ship peels to circle for a landing, the lone ship drops and the wheels the ground and the Fortress lands like at bug on the runway. But the moment wheels are on the ground, there is a , crying bark and a streak of gray. The dog seems hardly to touch the ground. reaks across the field toward the landed He knows his own ship. One by one Fortresses land and the ground crews off the numbers as they land. Mary is there.

ly one ship is missing and she landed er south, with short fuel tanks. There great sigh of relief on the mound. The ion is over.

is name is Wing Commander William t, D.S.O., and he is old and honored and, e say, hardened in iniquity. But when oined the RAF wing two years ago he just able to totter about on long and bby legs. For a long time he was treated any other recruit—kicked about, ignd and at times cursed. But gradually his abilities began to be apparent. He is very good luck to have about.

He will eat nearly everything. At one party, being left alone for a few moments, it is reported that he ate two hundred sandwiches, three cakes, the arrangements for piano and flute of Pomp and Circumstance, drank half a bowl of punch and then walked jauntily among the dancers, belching slightly and regarding a certain lieutenant's wife, who shall be nameless, with a lustful eye.

Being an air goat, he has rather unique habits. If you bring an oxygen bottle into view, he rushes to it and demands it. He puts his whole mouth over the outlet and then, as you turn the valve on, he gently relaxes, grunting happily, and his sides fill out until he nearly bursts. Just before he bursts he lets go of the nozzle and collapses very slowly, but the energy he takes from the oxygen makes him leap into the air and engage imaginary goats in horny combat. He also loves the glycol cooling fluid which is used in the engines of the Typhoons. For hours he will stand under the barrels licking the drips from the spouts.

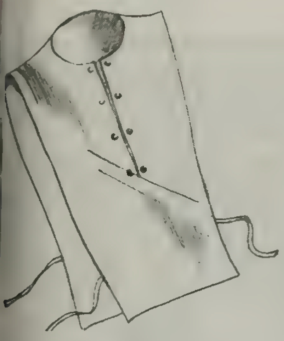
He has the confidence of his men. Once when it was required that his wing change its base of operations quickly he was left behind, for in those days it was not known how important he was. At the new base the men were nervous and irritable, fearful and almost mutinous. Finally, when it was seen that they would not relax, a special plane had to be sent to pick up the wing commander and transport him to the new base. Once he arrived, everything settled down. The Typhoons had four kills within twenty-four hours. The nervous tension went out of the air, the food got better as the cook ceased brooding and a number of stomach complaints disappeared immediately.

Wing Commander Goat lives in a small house behind the Operations Room. His name and honors are painted over the door. It is very good luck to go to him and stroke

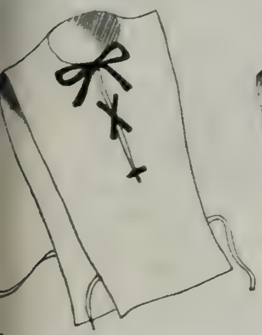
Six From One

By Nora O'Leary

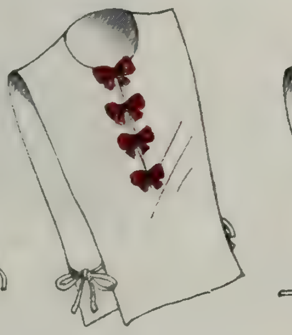
YOUR hand is quicker than your friends' eyes when you change your one dickey to look like six! Wear it inside a button-front dress with a velvet bow at the neck—or inside your suits with an eyelet frill laced in. You can make this basic dickey of crisp white piqué, linen or faille, from our Neckwear Pattern No. 2005 (10c from Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.)



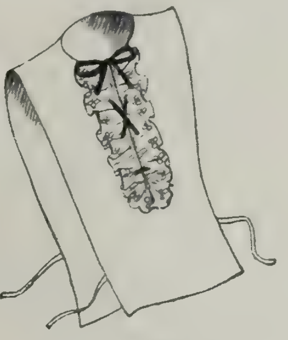
sic dickey of piqué, linen, ille; buttonhole eyelets.



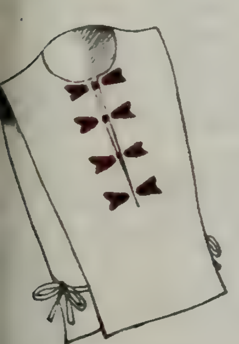
ace half-inch velvet rib-on through eyelets, tie.



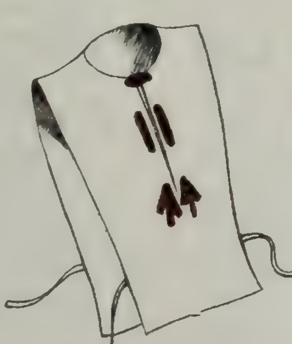
Tie separate grosgrain ribbon bows down front.



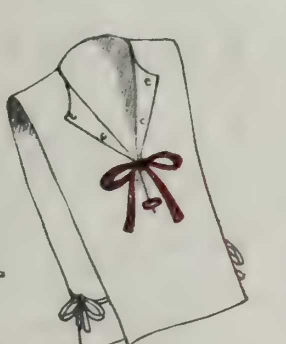
½ yard ruffling laced to the dickey with ribbon.



ull single strips of 1-in. ibbon through eyelets.



Three ½-inch ribbons; laced from bottom to top.



For an open neckline, lace only at the bottom.

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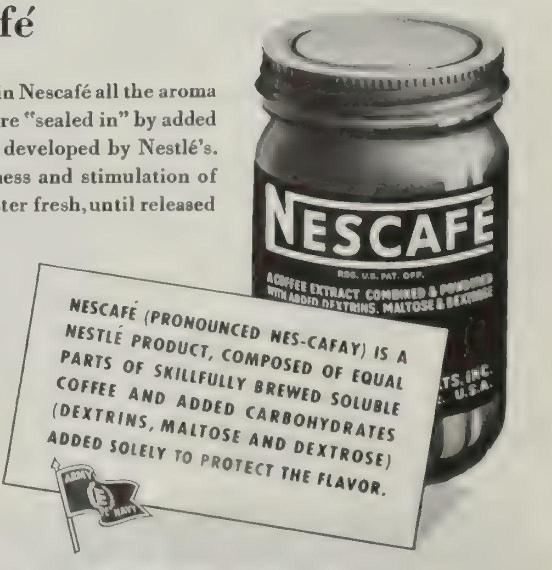

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THIS AMAZING AMERICA

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PEARL HARBOR stopped sightseeing travel all over this land—turned the energies and facilities of the Greyhound Bus System into the urgent job of carrying war-manpower. But that didn't stop millions of Americans from dreaming about the magnificent land for which they are fighting. It didn't stop allied and neighboring nations from wanting more intimate information about the fabulous and fascinating U. S. A.

Greyhound's Technicolor film "This Amazing America" has helped satisfy that hunger for nearly 11 million people—a vast number of them in the armed forces. A Ski Trooper in Alaska, a Russian officer at the U. S. Embassy in Moscow, a lovely senorita in South America, a shirtless Marine somewhere in the Pacific—these are typical of the millions who are today enjoying this picture. An Army Chaplain in Alaska writes: *"I have shown it at outposts . . . in hospitals . . . on transports . . . before battles. The men have always enthused. Thank you for this contribution to morale."*

Yet such pictures, however beautiful, are only a stop-gap for the travel-starved millions who will, after Victory, revel in the scenic loveliness of this continent. *When that great day comes, look to Greyhound for pleasant, sightseeing travel by highway to all America—at a new high level of luxury and convenience.*

NOTE: Many schools, clubs, churches (having 16 mm sound projectors) are anxious to borrow the film, "This Amazing America." But prints are not easy to obtain—and the armed forces come first. If you like, direct your request to Greyhound Information Center, 1505 N.B.C. Building, Cleveland, Ohio—we'll do our best to fill it.

GREYHOUND

his sides and rub his horns before going out on operations. He does not go out on operations himself. There is no room in the Typhoons for him, but if it were possible to squeeze him in he would be taken, and then heaven knows what great action might not take place.

This goat has only one truly bad habit. He loves beer; and furthermore, he is able to absorb it in such quantities that even the mild, nearly nonalcoholic English beer can make him tipsy. Once inebriated, he is prone to wander about, sneering. He sneers at the American Army Air Force, he sneers at the Labor Party and once he sneered at Mr. Churchill.

In appearance this goat is not impressive. He has a shabby, pinkish fur and a cold, fishlike eye; his legs are not straight—in fact, he is slightly knock-kneed. He carries his head high and his horns, painted in brilliant red and blue, more than offset any physical oddness. In every way he is a military figure. He is magnificent on parade. Eventually he will be given a crypt in the Air Ministry and will die in good time of that military ailment, cirrhosis of the liver. He will be buried with full military honors.

But meanwhile Wing Commander William Goat, D.S.O., is the luck of his wing, and his loss would cause great unrest and even despondency.

The guns hide in a field of grain and red poppies. You can see the cannon muzzles protruding and aiming at the sky. The battery is on the south coast, in sight of France.

The spotters are all over the hills, the complicated and delicate listening posts which can hear a plane miles away, and the spotters are girls. When a strange ship is heard, its position is phoned to the plotters of position, and the plotters are girls too. The sighters are girls. Only the gunners who load and turn the gun itself are men. It is an amazing institution, the mixed battery, something unique in the history of armies.

The barracks are near by, one for the girls and another for the men. The eating hall is common, the recreation room is common and the work is common.

The countryside is quiet. The guns are silent. Suddenly the siren howls. Buildings that are hidden in camouflage belch people, young men and women. They pour out, running like mad. The siren has not been going for thirty seconds when the run is over, the gun is manned, the target spotted. In the control room underground the instruments have found their target. A serious girl has fixed it. The numbers have been transmitted and the ugly barrels whirled. Aboveground, in a concrete box, a girl speaks into a telephone. "Fire," she says quietly. The hillside rocks with the explosion of the battery. The field grass shakes and the red poppies shudder in the blast. New orders come up from below and the girl says "Fire."

The process is machinelike, exact. There is no waste movement and no nonsense. These girls seem to be natural soldiers. They *are* soldiers too. They resent above anything being treated like women when they are near the guns. Their work is hard and constant. Sometimes they are alerted to the guns thirty times in a day and a night. They may fire on a marauder ten times in that

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Because of the uncertainties of wartime transportation, many periodicals will frequently be late arriving at destination. If your JOURNAL or Reference Library order does not reach you on time, please do not write complaining of delay. The delay is caused by conditions arising after your copy or order has left Philadelphia.

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eriod. They have been bombed and strafed, nd there is no record of any girl flinching.

The commander is very proud of them. He is fiercely affectionate toward his battery. He says a little bitterly, "All right, why don't you ask about the problem of morals? Everyone wants to know about that. I'll tell you—there is no problem."

He tells about the customs that have ome into being in this battery, a set of cusoms which grew automatically. The men nd the women sing together, dance to-ether; and let anyone insult one of these women, and he has the whole battery on his neck. But when a girl walks out in the evening, it is not with one of the battery men, nor do the men take the girls to the movies. There have been no engagements and no marriages between members of the battery. Some instinct among the people themselves has told them trouble would result.

The girls like this work and are proud of it. It is difficult to see how the housemaids will be able to go back to dusting furniture under querulous mistresses, how the farm girls will be able to go back to the tiny farms of Scotland and the Midlands. This is the great exciting time of their lives. They are very important, these girls. The defense of the country in their area is in their hands.

Conversation

BY FRANCES JACOB

"You crossed the grove where Plato
talked;
You stirred the grass where David
walked.
O wind, do you remember when
They lived and died, those ancient
men?"

"The shepherd David? Yes, I know.
I saw the lad an hour ago,
He lay about with slender crook
And as he lay he wrote a book."

"O wind, you waken nameless fears.
Can lads be lads three thousand
years?
How old am I? How old are you?
What time was it before you blew?"

"Time? Time? I never heard of such.
You lonely men all dream too much.
Why, Plato asked that twice today,
And Adam asked it yesterday."

The manager of the local theater has set aside two rows of seats this evening for members of the battery who are not on duty. The girls who are to go change from their trousers to neat khaki skirts and blouses. They spend a good deal of time making themselves pretty. They sit in the theater, leaning forward with excitement.

The film is War Correspondent, made six thousand miles from any conflict, where people are not likely ever to see any. It concerns an American war correspondent who through pure handsomeness, cleverness, bravery and hokum defeats every resource of the Third Reich. The Gestapo and the German army are putty in his hands. It is a veritable Flynn of a picture.

But all these girls who have been bombed and strafed, who have shot enemies out of the sky and then gone back to mending socks—are these girls scornful? Not in the least. They sit on the edges of their seats. When the stupid Gestapo men creep up to the hero, they shriek to warn him. This is more real to them than this afternoon, when they fired on a Focke-Wulf 190. And when the film is done they walk back to their barracks, talking excitedly of the glories of Hollywood warfare. They go back to their routine job of defending the coast of England from attack, and as they walk home they sing, *"You'd be so-o-o naice to come 'ome to. You'd be so naice by a fire."*

People who try to tell you what the blitz was like in London start with fire and explosions and then almost invariably end up with some very tiny detail which crept in and set and became the symbol of the whole thing for them. Again and again this happens in conversations. It is as though the mind could not take in the terror and the noise of the bombs and the general horror and so fastened on something small and comprehensible and ordinary.

"It's the glass," says one man, "the sound in the morning of the broken glass being swept up, the vicious, flat tinkle. My dog broke a window the other day and my wife swept up the glass and a cold shiver went over me. It was a moment before I could trace the reason for it."

You are going to dine at a small restaurant. There is a ruin across the street from the place, a jagged, destroyed stone house. Your companion says, "On one of the nights I had an engagement to have dinner with a lady at this very place. She was to meet me here. I got here early and then a bomb hit that one." He points to the ruin. "I went out in the street. You could see plainly; the fires lighted the whole city. That front wall was spilled into the street. You could see the front of a cab sticking out from the pile of fallen stone. Thrown clear, right at my feet as I came out of the door, was one pale blue evening slipper. The toe of it was pointing right at me."

Another points up at a wall; the building is gone, but there are five fireplaces, one above another, straight up the wall. He points to the topmost fireplace. "You know, for six months there was a pair of long stockings hanging in front of that fireplace. They hung there for months, just as they had been put up to dry."

Two reporters sat out the blitz in the Savoy Hotel playing chess and fortifying themselves. When the bombs came near they went under the table. "One or the other of us always reached up and cheated a little," the reporter says.

"I remember the eyes of people going to work in the morning," a man says. "There was a quality of tiredness in those eyes I haven't forgotten. It was beyond a tiredness you can imagine—a desperate kind of weariness that never expected to be rested. The eyes of the people seemed to be deep, deep in their heads, and their voices seemed to come from a long distance."

"An old woman was selling little miserable sprays of sweet lavender. The city was rocking under the bombs and the light of burning buildings made it like day. The air was just one big fat blasting roar. And in one little hole in the roar her voice got in—a squeaky voice. 'Lavender!' she said. 'Buy lavender for luck!'"

The bombing itself grows vague and dreamlike. The little pictures remain as sharp as they were when they were new.

Private Big Train Mulligan, after induction and training and transfer overseas, found himself, with a minimum of goldbricking, in a motor pool in London, the driver of a brown Army Ford and likely to take any kind of officers anywhere. It is not a job the Big Train dislikes. You have only to tell him what time you want to get there and he will have you there. If you don't allow him enough time, he will still get you there, but the strain on you and pedestrians and wandering dogs and cats will be great. Big Train will not be affected at all.

He has arrived at a certain philosophy regarding the Army and his private life. About promotion he has this to say: "If you want to be a general, then it's all right for you to take stripes; but if you figure that maybe you personally can't win the war, then you're better off as a private and you have more fun."

He probably knows England as well as any living American, and he has what is generally considered the best address book

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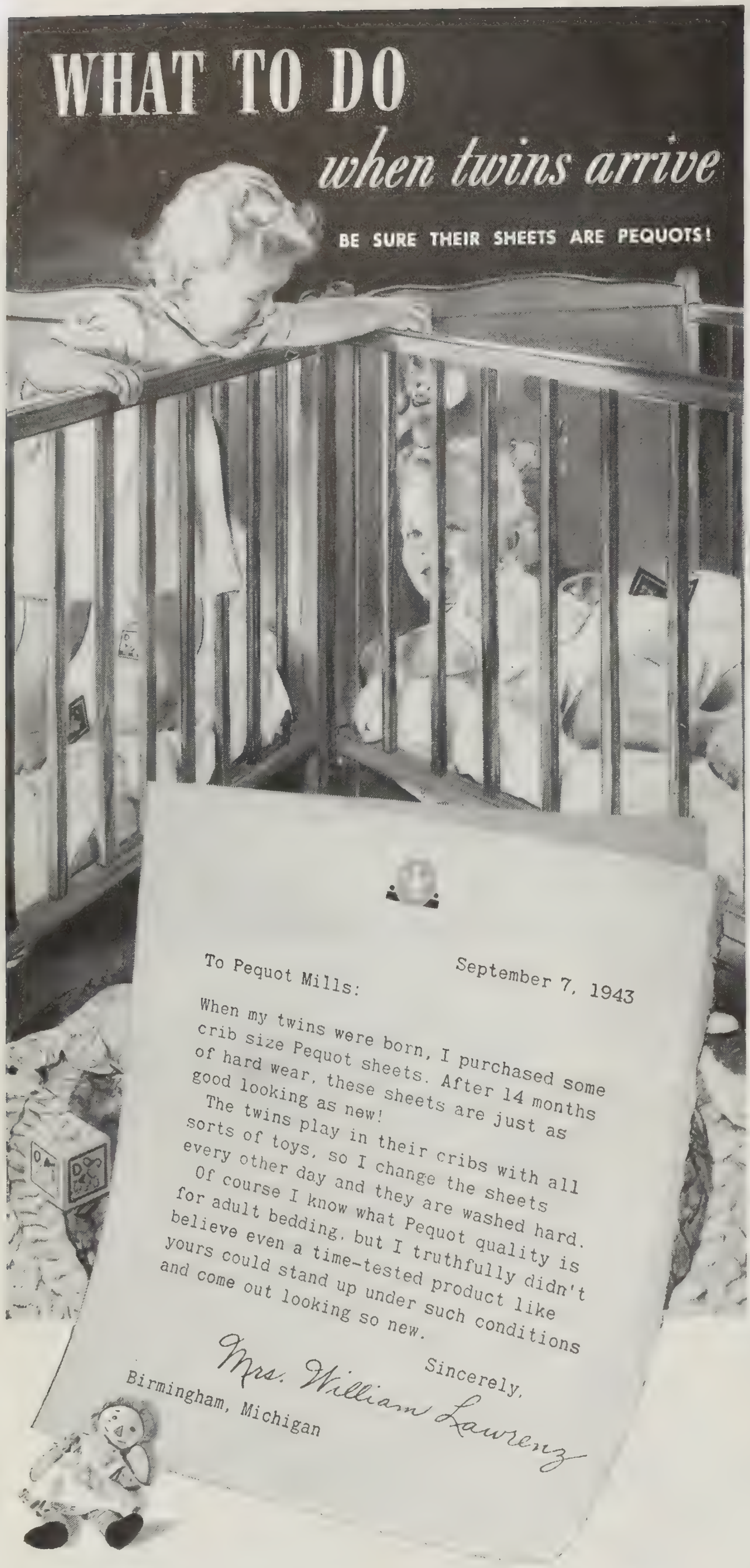
WHAT TO DO
when twins arrive
BE SURE THEIR SHEETS ARE PEQUOTS!

To Pequot Mills: September 7, 1943

When my twins were born, I purchased some crib size Pequot sheets. After 14 months of hard wear, these sheets are just as good looking as new!

The twins play in their cribs with all sorts of toys, so I change the sheets every other day and they are washed hard.

Of course I know what Pequot quality is for adult bedding, but I truthfully didn't believe even a time-tested product like yours could stand up under such conditions and come out looking so new.

Sincerely,

Mrs. William Lawrenz

Birmingham, Michigan

Pequot's job is twins, too, these days. First, we're making tremendous quantities of sturdy Pequot sheets and other special fabrics for our armed forces. On the home front, too, the call for Conservation has brought increased calls for Pequot quality.

We're making every effort to meet this double wartime demand. Pequot production has been increased till we're making more than we thought possible a year or so ago. Including some for civilians. So now, when you need sheets, crib-size or regular size, look for long wearing Pequots, as always. Pequot Mills, Salem, Mass.

Pequot House in Salem, famous reproduction of a 17th century New England home, is now affiliated with the U.S.O. as a recreation center for service men and women.

BUY WAR BONDS

PEQUOT SHEETS

in Europe. He talks to everyone and never forgets a name or address. The result of this is that when he deposits his colonel, two majors and a captain at some sodden little hotel in a damp little town, there to curse the beds and the food, Big Train consults his address book. Then he visits one of the many friends he has made here and there.

The Big Train gets a piece of meat and fresh vegetables for supper. He drinks toasts to his friends. He sleeps in clean, white sheets and in the morning he breakfasts on new-laid eggs. Exactly on time he arrives at the sodden little hotel. The colonel and the majors are exhausted from having fought lumps in their beds all night. Their digestions are ruined by the doughy food, but the Big Train is rested and thriving. He is alert and eventually will leave his officers in another tavern and find a friend for lunch.

The Big Train is not what you call handsome, but he is pleasant-looking and soft-spoken and he particularly likes the company of women, the casual company or any other kind. How he finds them no one has ever been able to discover. You can leave the Big Train parked in the middle of a great plain, with no buildings and no brush, no nothing, and when you come back ten minutes later there will be a girl sitting in the seat beside him, smoking the colonel's cigarettes and chewing a piece of the major's gum, while the Big Train carefully writes down her address and the town she comes from.

And Never the Twain Shall Meet

Miss Jane Woodworth wore a charming robe polna of scarlet ruche a la vielle, with yellow fluted flounces of rich bombazine, fourteen inches wide; low neck and short sleeves; also a figaro veste of bleached domestic—selvedged edge turned down with a black stitch and trimmed with festoons of blue chicoree taffetas. Her headdress was the sweetest thing you ever saw; a bunch of stately ostrich plumes—red and white—springing like fountains above each ear, with a crown between, consisting of a single fleur de soliel, fresh from the garden—ah, me! Miss W. looked enchantingly pretty.

—NEWS STORY BY MARK TWAIN: in the Territorial Enterprise, Virginia City, Nevada, June 19, 1863, several years before the young reporter become an internationally famous humorist.

His handling of women and girls is neither wolfish nor subtle. It consists in his being genuinely interested in them. He addresses all women, whether he knows them or not, as "dear," and he manages to make it convincing, probably because it is true. The result is that the women always want to see him again, and if the war lasts long enough this wish will be granted in time. Mulligan is perfectly honest. If he should give the colonel's cigarettes to the girl, a whole package of them, he explains this fact to the colonel and agrees to replace them as soon as he gets back to London. The colonel invariably refuses to consider such a thing as being ungallant on his part. Of course the girl should have his cigarettes. He puts the girl at her ease, a place she has never left. Goggles at her, puffs out his chest and drives away. But Big Train knows where she lives and who lives with her, and he has already calculated what he will be likely to have for dinner when he calls on her.

His speech is picturesque. He refers to a toothy, smiling girl as a jackass eating bumblebees.

He refuses to worry about the war. "When they want me to do that let them pin stars on my shoulders," he says. "That's what we got generals for."

Big Train Mulligan, after two years in the Army and one year overseas, is probably one of the most relaxed and most successful privates the war has seen. When they want him to take up his rifle and fight, he is quite willing to do so, but until someone suggests it, he is not going to worry about it. There are good little dinners waiting for him in nice little cottages all over England. And so long as the colonel's cigarettes hold out the Big Train will not leave his hostess empty-handed.

The sergeant lay in the grass and pulled grass and bit off the tender stems and chewed them. It was Sunday, and a number of people were lying about, sailors and soldiers and even a few civilians. Across the path a line of people were fishing in the Serpentine, sitting on rented chairs. Each fisherman had his little audience.

The sergeant said, "This is a crazy country. Look at that; there hasn't been a fish caught there all day, and they go right on with it. It's a crazy country, and it's getting me nuts too."

He spat out a little chewed wad of green grass stems.

"I've got something bothering me," he said. "It's a ghost story. I don't believe it happened, and I know it happened. I can't make any sense out of it.

"You see," he said, "I'm at a little station up in the country. There is a village about a mile from camp, and in the evening we walk in and get a couple of glasses of beer and try to figure out this darts game."

Far up the line of fishermen a man caught a fish about the size of a sardine and caused so much excitement that he was surrounded by people in a moment. The sergeant chuckled. "I used to work salmon in the Columbia River," he said, and let it go at that.

"Well, anyway," he said, "it came on toward dark, and I've got some paper work to do, so I figured I'd walk back to camp. The other fellows weren't ready to go yet. So I started out alone.

"I've been over that little road at least a hundred times. I knew every foot of it, I guess. It's a narrow little road, with hedges on both sides, so you can't see into the fields."

He stopped and seemed to be considering whether he should go on at all. He was looking across the Serpentine at the little pavilion where they rent boats, where the lines of people wait all day for their turn to rent a boat.

The sergeant made up his mind suddenly. "About halfway back there was a light out onto the road. There was a little cottage, kind of, with the hedge coming up to it on both sides. There is a garden in front, a fence and then this big square window with little panes. I looked right through and could see the room. There was a lamp on the table, and a fire in a small fireplace. There's a white cat asleep on the seat of a chair, and sitting beside the table under the lamp is a woman about fifty, I should say, and she is sewing on something. It was peaceful and cozy-looking and nice.

"In a minute I walked on. There was something bothering me in the back of my mind.

"And then I thought, 'Sure that's what it is, no blackout curtains.' I hadn't seen a light coming out of a window at night for ten months—that's how long I've been over. Well, then I thought, 'What the hell, maybe no cop will come by.' It looked so nice, the room and the fire that you could look in on. You get awful tired of the blackout."

The sergeant picked up a little twig, dug at a grass root with it.

"I walked along, but there was something that kept ticking away in my head, something I couldn't get hold of."

He dug out his grass root, and it came up with a little lump of soil in it. He shook the dirt out of it.

"I was just about to turn in the camp when it plumped into my mind. Now, this is what it is: There isn't any cottage there, but there are four stone walls all black with fire. Early in the blitz some Jerry dropped a fire bomb on that cottage."

His fingers were restless. They were trying to plant the grass roots again in the hole they had come out of.

(Continued on Page 144)

New York's Center Theatre, America's only Ice Theatre, ars On Ice" is a year-round hit, equally popular with w Yorkers and visitors from all parts of the country.

The 3 Kilties' nimble comedy thrills huge audiences daily. Regularly every day these ice comedians take their "VITAMINS Plus."

Rudy Richards' strenuous acrobatics naturally require steadfast nerves and unfailing vigor. Always in training, Rudy takes "VITAMINS Plus" regularly.

ely Hertha Grossman holds her audience spellbound with her graceful mile-a-minute skate-dancing. To help ain her amazing vitality and nerve Miss Grossman makes sure to take her "VITAMINS Plus" every day.

Bob and Peggy Whight, whose act demands perfect coordination, can't risk jumpy nerves due to vitamin shortages. "VITAMINS Plus" is one of their standbys.

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IOST STRENUOUS SHOW ON EARTH

These stars of "Stars On Ice" rely on "VITAMINS Plus" to help keep them up to par

hese topflight folks of the ice know they cannot be and look their best unless they have ough vitamins every day. In "VITAMINS Plus" y get *full protective amounts of all* the recog- zed essential vitamins along with iron, all pre- ely balanced for health-defensive needs.

With "VITAMINS Plus" you can safeguard urself and your family from the wretched dis- mforts and ailments millions of people are suf- ing today because of a lack of vitamins. It helps u resist lurking ills and the resulting unkind rks of age, caused simply by not getting as much certain vitamins as you need.

Start today taking "VITAMINS Plus" regularly, gin now to enjoy these benefits of its vitamin health protection—benefits that are helping so many folks to keep up to par and thus get so much more out of life. And it costs but a few cents a day.

Two-Capsule Idea assures full protective amounts. In "VITAMINS Plus" the oil-soluble vitamins are sealed in one air-tight capsule, the water-soluble vitamins in another, resulting in less chance of chemical reactions that may result in deterioration and loss of potency.

Don't Risk Your Child's Future. Especially during the growing years—6 to 16—not enough vitamins may cause children life-long handicaps through impaired growth and poor tooth and bone and muscle formation. "VITAMINS Plus" every day protects them against these vitamin-shortage risks.

"Who'd ever think I would be a full-time war worker?"

"I had a back injury—was in a cast for three months. When the cast was removed, I tried all kinds of back supports—nothing helped. Then I discovered the *individually designed* SPENCER. Now I work in a war plant 8 hours each day and do all my own housework. Before wearing my Spencer, I spent more time in bed than up. Now I can often work 18 hours out of 24 and never have a sign of pain," wrote Mrs. G. D. McClain (address on request).

Every day SPENCERS are helping put workers back on the job!

AT RIGHT: A woman in her individually designed Spencer Support.

BELOW: The same woman in slacks before and after getting a Spencer. Note lack of support to back in photograph *at left* and *at right* the healthful support her individually designed Spencer provides.

There is a vast difference between an ordinary support and an individually designed Spencer. The ordinary support is made to a set of standardized measurements, whereas a Spencer Support is designed especially for you to give you *what* you need *where* you need it.

Spencer supports are prescribed by doctors for conditions such as inoperable hernia, sacroiliac sprain and other back injuries, weakened muscles, injured spine, Ptosis (dropped abdominal organs), sciatica, spinal arthritis, movable kidney, breast problems, maternity, after childbirth or operation and some forms of heart disease. Spencer representatives neither diagnose nor prescribe. If you have troublesome symptoms, see your doctor.

Send Coupon for Free Information!

Spencers are never sold in stores. When convenient to you, a *registered*, specially trained Spencer Corsetiere will call at your home. No obligation. Send coupon below or telephone nearest "Spencer Corsetiere."

Would You Like to Help Other Women?

War conditions have increased the number of women who need Spencer Supports if they are to remain active. Openings in every state for intelligent women to render this important service.

☐ Check here for details. We train you.

Also made in Canada at Rock Island Quebec.

February, 1944

Write to Anne Spencer today!

Spencer Inc., 141 Derby Ave., New Haven 7, Conn.

Please send your free booklet. I have marked my posture problem at left.

Name______________________
(Please print)

Address______________________

SPENCER *INDIVIDUALLY DESIGNED* SUPPORTS

BUY U.S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS !

(Continued from Page 142)

"You see what worries me about the whole thing is this," he said. "I just don't believe stuff like that."

On the edges of American airfields and between the barracks of troops in England it is no unusual thing to see complicated and carefully tended vegetable gardens. It is fairly common now that a station furnishes a good part of its own vegetables and all its own salad greens.

The things that the men want to raise most, in order of choice, are green corn, tomatoes and peppers. None of these do very well in England unless there is a glass house to build up sufficient heat. Tomatoes are small; there are none of those master beefsteak tomatoes bursting with juice. Green corn has little chance to mature and the peppers must be raised under glass. Nevertheless, every care is taken to raise them.

The gardens usually start out ambitiously. Watermelons and cantaloupes are planted, and they have practically no chance of maturing at this latitude, but gradually some order grows out of the confusion. Lettuce, peas, green beans, green onions, potatoes do very well here, as do cabbages and turnips and beets and carrots. The gardens are lush and well tended.

There has never been any need to exert pressure to get the men to work in the gardens. They have taken it up with enthusiasm, and in many cases men from the cities, who have never had a garden in their lives, have become enthusiastic. There is some contact with the normal about the garden, a kind of relationship with peace. The morale value of the experiment is very high, so high that it is being suggested that supply officers should be equipped with an assortment of seeds as a matter of course. The seeds take up little room and gardening equipment can be made on the spot or is available nearly everywhere.

There is a great difference in the ordinary preparation of vegetables by the English and by us. The English usually boil their vegetables to a submissive, sticky pulp, in which the shape and, as some say, the flavor h
long since been overcome. Our cooks do n
cook their vegetables nearly so long, are a
to like them crisp. The English do not u
nearly so many onions as we do and th
use practically no garlic at all. The lit
gardens are a kind of symbol of rev
against foreign methods.

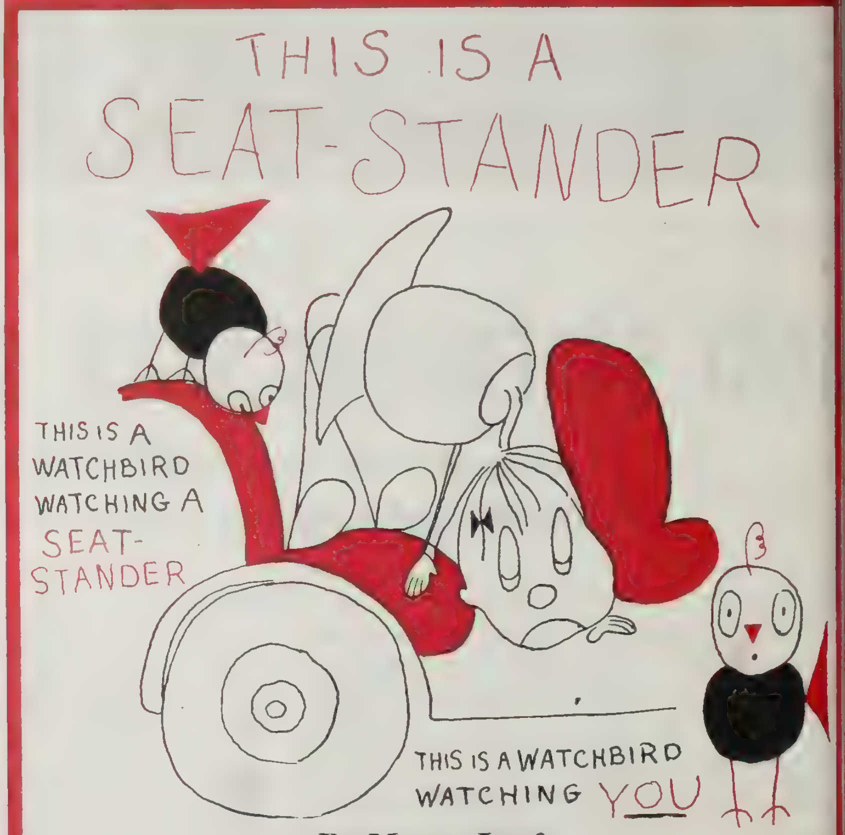
For example, the average English cook
gards a vegetable with suspicion. It is
conviction that unless the vegetable is do
inated and thoroughly convinced that
must offer no nonsense, it is likely either
revolt or to demand dominion status. Co
sequently, only those vegetables are enco
aged which are docile and capable of lea
ing English ways.

The Brussels sprout is a good example
the acceptable vegetable. It is first allow
to become large and fierce. It is then pick
from its stem and the daylight is boiled c
of it. At the end of a few hours the little w
lump of green has disintegrated into a cu
ous, grayish paste. It is then considered
for consumption.

The same method is followed with ca
bage. While the cabbage is boiling it is pok
and beaten until, when it is served, it h
given up its character and tastes exactly li
Brussels sprouts, which in turn taste li
cabbage. Carrots are allowed to remain y
low, but nothing else of their essential cha
acter is maintained.

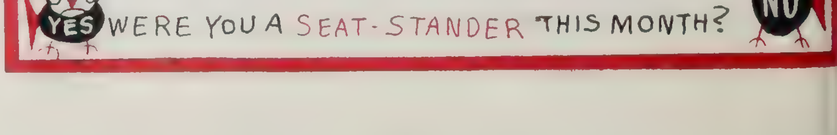
No one has yet explained this innate fe
the English suffer from a revolt of the veg
tables. The easygoing American attitude
allowing the vegetable a certain amount
latitude is looked upon by the English
soft and degenerate. In the American ga
dens certain English spies have report
they have seen American soldiers pulling a
eating raw carrots and turnips and onio
It is strange to an American that the En
lish, who love dogs and rarely eat the
nevertheless are brutal with vegetables. It
just one of those national differences whi
are unfathomable.

When the time for recognition of service
the nation in wartime comes to be consi


THIS IS A SEAT-STANDER
THIS IS A WATCHBIRD WATCHING A SEAT-STANDER
THIS IS A WATCHBIRD WATCHING YOU

By Munro Leaf

THIS poor stupid creature that has been knocked out cold is a Seat-Stander. Or rather, it *was* a Seat-Stander before the driver put the brakes on in a hurry and down it went in a heap. If it ever gets its head out of that jam, it will never stand up on the seat of a car again.


YES
WERE YOU A SEAT-STANDER THIS MONTH?
NO

ed, Bob Hope should be high on the list. some way he has caught the soldiers' agination. He has created a character for mself—that of the man who tries too hard d fails, and who boasts and is caught at it. is wit is caustic, but it is never aimed at ople, but at conditions and at ideas, and here he goes men roar with laughter and peat his cracks for days afterward.

Hope does four, sometimes five, shows a y. In some camps the men must come in ifts because they cannot all hear him at e same time. Then he jumps into a car, shes to the next post; and because he oadcasts and everyone listens to his broadsts, he cannot use the same show more an a few times. He must, in the midst of s rushing and playing, build new shows nstantly. And he has been doing this ever nce the war started. His energy is bound-ss.

The battalion of men who are moving half acks from one place to another, doing a b that gets no headlines, feel forgotten. ut Bob Hope is in the country. Will he me to them, or won't he? And then one y they get a notice that he is coming. hen they feel remembered. This man in me way has become that kind of bridge. goes beyond how funny he can be or how ell Frances Langford sings. It has been in-resting to see how he has become a symbol.

This writer, not knowing Hope, can only njecture what goes on inside the man. He as seen horrible things and has survived em with good humor and made them more earable, but that doesn't happen without utting a wound on a man. He is cut off om rest, and even from admitting weari-ess. Having become a symbol, he must ad a symbol life.

Probably the most difficult, the most tearg thing of all, is to be funny in a hospital. he immaculate nurses move silently in the isles at the foot of the beds. The time hangs ery long. Letters, if they came every day, ould seem weeks apart. Everything that an be done is done, but medicine cannot get t the lonesomeness and the weakness of en who have been strong. And nursing cannot shorten one single endless day in a hospital bed. And Bob Hope and his company must come into this quiet, inward, lonesome place, and gently pull the minds outward and catch the interest, and finally bring laughter up out of the black water. There is a job. It hurts many of the men to laugh, hurts knitting bones, strains at sutured incisions, and yet the laughter is a great medicine.

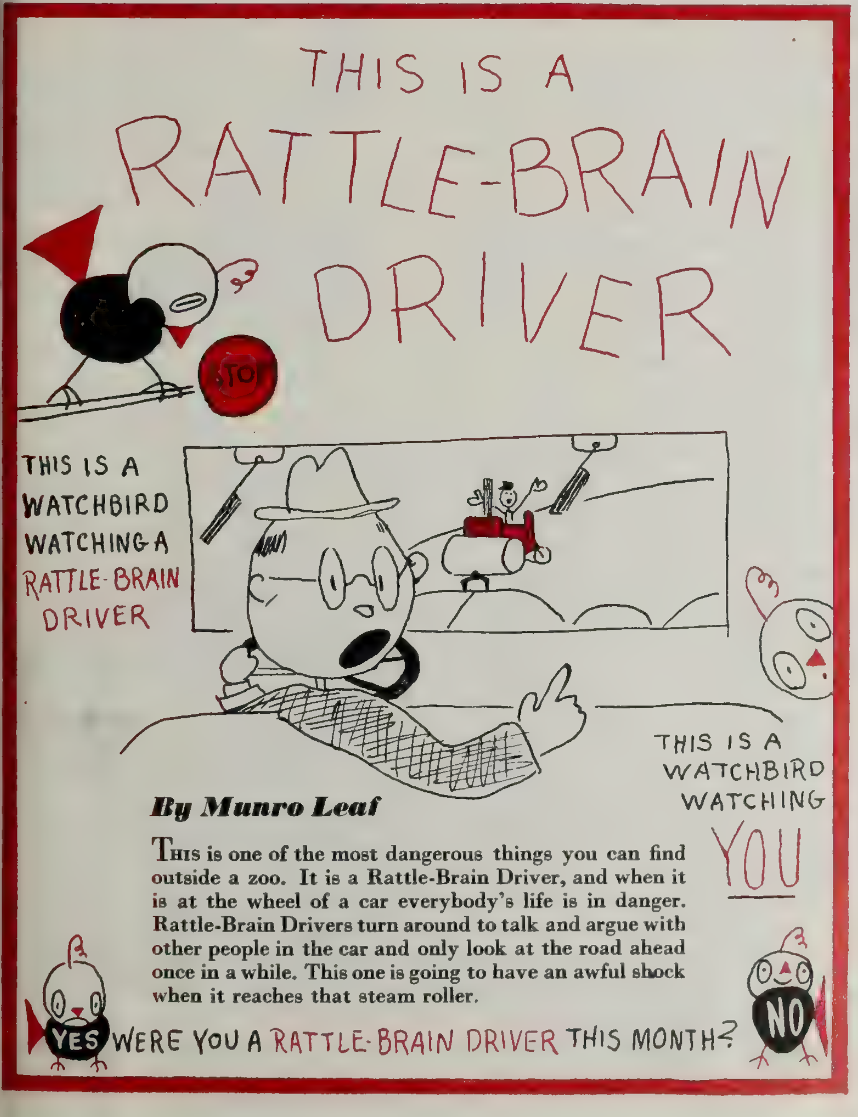
This story is told in one of those nameless hospitals which must be kept safe from bombs. Hope and company had worked and gradually they got the leaden eyes to sparkling, had planted and nurtured and coaxed laughter to life. A gunner, who had a stomach wound, was gasping softly with laughter. A railroad casualty slapped the cast on his left hand with his right hand by way of applause. And once the laughter was alive, the men laughed before the punch line and it had to be repeated so they could laugh again.

Finally, it came time for Frances Langford to sing. The men asked for As Time Goes By. She stood up beside the little G.I. piano and started to sing. Her voice is a little hoarse and strained. She has been working too hard and too long. She got through eight bars and was into the bridge, when a boy with a head wound began to cry. She stopped, and then went on; but her voice wouldn't work any more, and she finished the song whispering and then she walked out, so no one could see her, and broke down. The ward was quiet and no one applauded.

And then Hope walked into the aisle between the beds and he said seriously, "Fellows, the folks at home are having a terrible time about eggs. They can't get any powdered eggs at all. They've got to use the old-fashioned kind that you break open."

There's a man for you—there is really a man.

To the G.I.'s in the field or in barracks or on maneuver, letters are nearly the most important things that happen or don't happen. In five minutes of talk with a soldier



By Munro Leaf

This is one of the most dangerous things you can find outside a zoo. It is a Rattle-Brain Driver, and when it is at the wheel of a car everybody's life is in danger. Rattle-Brain Drivers turn around to talk and argue with other people in the car and only look at the road ahead once in a while. This one is going to have an awful shock when it reaches that steam roller.

Refreshing Prelude

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RED CROSS urges women to enroll in Home Nursing Courses now. Apply local Red Cross for details.

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WHY VICTORY MUST BE WON

The Village Square is America. Great elms and maples arch above its streets and shade its green. Men in shirt sleeves—farmers, business men, salesmen—chat together, bench on bench. A distant train rumbles out of hearing. A plane roars for a moment overhead and is swiftly gone. These are memories which build fighting men's morale in a world at war. Let us remember that it is only as we at home prove worthy of our great inheritance that their America—and Ours—will survive.

WAR BONDS
are your personal investment in Victory

Dundee
TOWELS
From the Looms of
DUNDEE MILLS, Incorporated, Griffin, Ga.
Showrooms: 40 Worth Street, N. Y. C.

Dundee—THE NAME TO REMEMBER WHEN BUYING TOWELS

you know whether he has heard from home or that letters do not come. It is a constant source of conversation, of worry and of gladness.

A group of men sit down together and they do not know one another, but in a very short time the wallets come out and pictures are passed about, pictures of wives and children. This is taken as a matter of course. No one is bored with it. And if a letter has been received, even a dull letter, it is usually read aloud and everyone is interested. And if the letters are worry letters the man shows it in his face, and the Army doctors say that often he gets sick and doesn't even know what caused it.

The private's letters are from his wife. She was a whiner. She was living with his parents. Things were not going well. They were spoiling the baby and the baby had been sick. She wished she could move away, but there wasn't enough money. She hadn't been feeling very well herself. Nothing you could put your finger on, but she was just run down. But she wasn't happy and she wanted the war to be over so he could go home and she could have the things she was used to.

He finished reading the letter and his face was filled with worry. "She's very delicate," he said. He pulled out the inevitable wallet and showed a picture of her. A spoiled, pout-mouthed little blonde. "I wish she could go to California," he said. "I wish I could send her."

He turned the letter over and there was a postscript.

"I don't know how long I can keep this up," the postscript said. "I have to think a little bit of myself and, after all, I'm not getting any younger."

She was threatening him, and he knew it. He was putting in tremendous days of work, and at night he had to go to bed with the picture of his wife going off with another man. She had the knife in him and she knew it. And he would get no rest, and after a while his stomach would go to pieces and he would be hospitalized.

> **Nature is wise: in devising a mortal's hinges she knew he would have little occasion to pat himself on the back.**
>
> —ANON.

Another man brought out a little book, and in it were columns of dates and check marks, a year of them, a check mark for every day in the year. Every day a letter was written. It amazed him. Sometimes they were weeks arriving and he checked them against the postmarks. He had six of them in his pocket. They weren't terribly interesting letters, but one was written every day and, although he was late in knowing, he knew what had happened every day and there was no worry in him. He wanted desperately to go home, but he felt that he had not been cut off.

This is a great time for wives. They will never in their lives be so beautiful as they are now. Their eyes will never be so bright, nor every kindness and every gentleness remembered the way it is now. They have great power now, and so many of them misuse it. So many of them use it to hurt and to worry.

And a man feels trapped. If something is wrong, there is nothing in the world that he can do about it. He cannot go to a sick wife, nor can he revenge himself on a creeper. He is here and helpless, and one good letter can make the difference between a good soldier and a sick man.

A large number of the men have only one revenge for bad treatment of this kind. When it finally gets through to them that they are being ignored and forgotten, they go out for other women. Their self-respect demands it. They are a curiously faithful crowd. For all the talk about what soldiers do, they want terribly to be related to one woman. They build a sort of image of perfection that couldn't possibly have been true, and they hold on to it as long as they can, and they will abandon it only when they have to.

Good food can be given to a man, and entertainment and hard work, but nothing in the world can take the place of the letters. They are the single strings, and when th are cut the morale of that man is shattere

The soldier wears a maroon bathro and pajamas and slippers, the unifor of the Army hospital. He is a little pa and shaky, the way convalescents are. H left arm he carries crooked and high, and t fingers of his left hand hook over helplessl In front of him on a table is a half-bu model of a Liberator. And he has a sheet balsa wood, stamped with the patterns, ar he has a razor blade and a little bowl of glu with a match sticking out of it.

"I got hurt in Africa," he says. "Got h in the stomach, but they fixed that up prett good." He holds up his left arm. "This what bothers me," he says. "That was brok awful bad. I haven't been out of a ca long." He moves the fingers slightly. "N much feeling in them," he says. "I can make a fist. I can't grab a-hold of anythin At least, I couldn't.

"A funny thing happened yesterday," says. "Here, I'll show you the exact place. He takes a pencil and sticks it into the maz of tiny braces. "There, you see that piece i there? The one with the little pencil mar on it? I marked it so I'd remember whic one it was.

"Yesterday I was trying to get that set i right, and you can see it's a hard place to ge at. You've got to hold it here and work it u under. Well, I didn't even know I was doin it. I came to, and I was holding that littl piece in my left hand." He regards th wizened finger with amazement. "I told th doctor about it and he said that was all righ and I should try to use it every bit I coul Well, sir, when I think about it I can't do it Not yet, anyway. Maybe I can later."

He holds a sheet of balsa pattern dow with the side of his left hand and with razor blade carefully cut out the tiny curved piec he is going to use next. I is an intricate piece and hi hand shakes a little, bu the razor blade run through on the black line and he lifts the little piec free and puts it down on th table to apply a spot of glu to each end of it. Then carefully, with hi right hand, he sets the piece in its place. " let my nails grow long," he says. "I can us my fingernails for lots of things." With th long fingernail of his right forefinger h scrapes off a little drop of glue that i squeezed out of the joint and wipes it on a piece of paper.

"I'm worried about this hand," he says "Of course, I guess I can get a job. But I've got to get this hand into shape so that it will grab a-hold of things." He turns the model plane over and then studies the pattern sheet for the next piece.

He is silent for a long time. "My wife knows I was hurt," he says. "She doesn't know how bad. She knows I'm going to get well all right and come home, but—she must be thinking pretty hard. I got to get that hand working. She wouldn't like a cripple with a hand that wouldn't work." His eyes are a little feverish. "Well, how would you like a cripple to come home? What would you think about that?

"It will always be a little crooked," he says. "But I don't think she would mind so much if it worked. She has got a job in a plane factory out on the Coast—doing a man's work. She says she is doing fine and I'm not to worry. Here. I'll show you a picture of her." He reaches in his bathrobe pocket. "Where is it?" he says. "The nurse always takes it off my stand and puts it in here." He puts his left hand in his pocket and brings out a little leather wallet. And suddenly he sees what he has done and the fingers relax and the wallet drops to the table. "Did you see that?" He looks at the crooked hand still suspended in the air. "That's twice in two days," he says softly. "Twice in two days."

A NORTH AFRICAN POST (via London). The officer says, "The plane will leave for Africa in fifteen minutes."

Relieves PAIN

Of minor
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and skin
injuries

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ay Goodbye to that
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essure and
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'ouldn't you like to say goodbye to that
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LACE BROWN, 225 5th Ave., Dept. E-9, New York 10, N. Y.

Send Name for SAMPLES

E-9
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It seems the plane would be crowded, but it isn't. There are on board only one combat crew and two civilians. Now the crew are gathering together their bags and their parachutes, slinging on their pistols and knives and web equipment. They are being very nonchalant about the whole thing. Africa means nothing to them.

For a while we stand shivering in the rain while our names are called off. Then each one climbs the ladder and goes through the door. The windows of the plane are not blacked out, the way they are at home. They don't mind if you see. The big door slams, and outside you can hear the motors begin to turn over.

The interior of the huge plane looks like the inside of a barrel. Baggage and freight are piled high up forward and toward the rear. Along the sides under the round windows are the bucket seats which look like cafeteria trays and are less comfortable. Further, some trickster has arranged a ridge along the back which strikes you in the middle of the back and makes it impossible to be comfortable in any position. The ridges between the trays also forbid lying down on several seats. The bucket seat will be remembered with rancor for a long time.

The men of the combat crew are in their places now and the belts are fastened. It is dusk and the rain is falling.

Now a gunner takes off his coat and out of it comes Snowball, a little white dog, half Chihuahua and half fox terrier. Snowball gallops from one end of the ship to the other in delight. He has over six hundred hours in the air and apparently has loved every moment of it.

The sun hangs a long time on the horizon, longer than usual. Perhaps this is because we are rushing westward at about two hundred miles an hour. But gradually it sinks and the cloud sea goes gray and the stars are brilliant overhead. The interior of the plane is dark. She cannot show any lights.

On the floor the crew gathers to play blackjack, the hard way. One holds a flashlight over which a handkerchief has been tied so that only a faint glow falls on the cards. There is little conversation, because the noise of the motors is too loud. The men play silently and without any great interest in the game. It is almost as though it were a duty expected of them. They are going to Africa to pick up their new ship, and they will go into combat then for the first time, but they rarely mention combat or bombing.

Talking with the air crews, one soon realizes how little contact or feeling the crews have about the enemy as personalities. The average brush with the enemy is about two seconds long. That is how long you see him and fire at him and receive his fire, and you never see him as a person. It is a job against something like a storm or flood, but there seems to be little conception of the enemy as men.

The blackjack game ends when the battery in the flashlight burns out. For half an hour the men eat and drink and then quickly they get ready to go to sleep. One man gets his sheepskin flying suit out of the flight bag and puts it on to make a little padding against the floor. Snowball has been getting cold in the altitude and as soon as the sheepskin is available Snowball disappears into it along with its owner. In settling himself, Snowball gets rolled on and lets out a piercing shriek.

It is not a restful night. The floor is very hard and cold. A man gets up and stands leaning against the baggage to rest himself. A few try to lie down on the bucket seats until the ridges force them back to the floor.

A brilliant moon has risen now and it is apparent that we have changed our course to the southward. Gradually the men settle down. Looking out the window, the wing of the ship is brilliant and the motors drop jets of little flame behind them.

With the first dawn we seem to be flying over ocean, and then as it grows lighter it is not ocean but desert, burned and desolate. Only when the sun begins to rise does the country change. First there are a few olive groves and then more and more, until in the center of a huge olive grove there is a walled

LUCIEN LELONG
Face Powder

• Lift your pretty chin and powder your *throat and shoulders*, too. With romantic low-cut fashions revealing the creamy curves of your decolletage, don't stop with the tip of your chin, don't leave a distracting line of demarcation—but powder, powder, powder right down to *there*.

...to make your throat and shoulders lovely, too!

Lucien Lelong's Face Powder clings like bridal satin. It's caressingly smooth—it's scented . . . mmm, so lightly. Wear it proudly, because nothing finer could be milled.

• *In an attractive dressing table container* $2

Save clothes..Save money..be a
CLOTHES WARDEN!

Being a Clothes Warden helps the cause of conservation, and saves you money by giving you extra "clothes-mileage".

HOW *Clothes-Wardening* WORKS

1. Buy wisely..A polite but firm "thumbs down" to clothes that can't be drycleaned or laundered.

2. Treat Kindly. When you slip your dress off, put it on a hanger, brush lightly, and let it air in the room overnight.

3. Drycleaning..Schedule your drycleaning — one dress at a time. Allow time for a good job. Send a hanger with each garment.

Hint: Our unique Sanitone methods are extra thorough, extra gentle ... boost your clothes-mileage.

The Sanitone Drycleaners

LICENSED SANITONE CLEANERS

★ LOOK US UP IN YOUR CLASSIFIED PHONE BOOK ★

This advertisement sponsored by Emery Industries, Inc., originators of Sanitone.

city with turrets and castellations. The plane wheels and runs back on the landing field. For this ancient Arab town has one of the largest flying fields our Army maintains. The ship taxis to a stop. The door opens and a blast of heat enters. This is also one of the hottest places in the world. At eight in the morning it is breathless.

The combat crew piles out. "If this is Africa, I don't like it already," the bomber pilot says. The iron hangars and the fighting ships look very strange under the walls of the ancient city.

ALGIERS (via London). Algiers is a fantastic city now. Jeeps and staff cars nudge their way among camels and horse-drawn cars. The sunshine is blindingly white on the white city, and when there is no breeze from the sea the heat is intense.

The roads are lined with open wagons loaded high with fresh-picked grapes, with military convoys, with Arabs on horseback, with Canadians, Americans, Free French native troops in tall red hats. The uniforms are of all colors and all combinations of colors. Many of the French colonial troops have been issued American uniforms, since they had none of their own. You never know when you approach American khaki that it will not clothe an Arab or a Senegalese.

Rarely is one whole conversation carried out in just one language. Thus you may see a soldier speaking in broad Georgia accents conversing with a Foreign Legionnaire and a burnoosed Arab. He speaks Cracker with a sour French word thrown in here and there, but his actual speech is with his hands.

His friends listen and watch and they answer him in Arabic or French and pantomime their meaning, and oddly enough they all understand one another. Out of it comes a manual pidgin that is becoming formalized. The gesture for a drink is standard. Gestures of friendship and anger and love have also become standard.

The money is a definite problem. A franc is worth two cents. It is paper money and comes in five, ten, twenty, fifty, one hundred and one thousand franc notes. The paper used is a kind of blotting paper that wads up and tears easily. In some stores they will not accept torn money, which limits the soldier, because most of the money he has is not only torn but wadded and used until the numbers on it are almost unrecognizable. A wad of money feels like a handful of warm wilted lettuce. In addition, there are many American bills, the so-called invasion money, which is distinguished from home money by having a gold seal printed on its face. These bills feel cool and permanent compared with the Algerian money.

The terraces of the hotels are crowded at five o'clock. This is the time when people gather to get a drink and to look at one another. There is no hard liquor. Cooled wine and lemonade and orange wine are the standard drinks. On these terraces the soldiers come to sit about little tables and to meet dates.

The Frenchwomen here have done remarkably well. Their shoes have thick wooden soles, but are attractive, and the few clothes they have are clean and well kept. Since there is little material for dyeing the hair or bleaching it, a new fashion seems to have started. One lock of the hair is bleached and combed back over the unbleached part. It has a strange and not unattractive effect.

About five o'clock the streets are invaded by little black Wog boys with bundles of newspapers. They shriek, "Stahs 'n' Straipes, Stahs 'n' Straipes." The Army newspaper is out again. This is the only news most of our men get. In fact, little news comes here. New York and London are much better informed than this station, which is fairly close to action. But it seems to be generally true that the closer to action you get, the more your interest in the over-all picture diminishes. Here the qualities of the mess, the animosities with the sergeant, the price of wine are much more important than the world at war.

This is a mad, bright, dreamlike place. It is probable that our soldiers will remember it as a whirl of color and a polyglot babble. The heat makes your head a little vague, so

If *you* are troubled by Dr Ski

Mimi McAdoo says, "Pond's Dry Skin Cream is so rich and creamy—lovely for softening dry skin."

● Wind-roughened skin bother you? Just smooth rich, satin-like Pond's Dry Skin Cream over yo face and throat, hands, too. Lea 5 to 15 minutes, or overnight if possible. Your dry skin will soon feel softer, have a dewier, *pretti* look. Use daily. Pond's Dry Skin Cream is on sale at beauty cou everywhere—49¢, 28¢, 10¢ jars.

3 Special Features
Lanolin—very like oil of skin
Homogenized—to soak in better
Special Emulsifier—extra softening aid

Pond's Dry Skin Cream

DWARF FRUIT TRE

Many of them bear fruit the first year planted. Write for free catalog.
STERN'S NURSERIES, Dept. L, GENEVA,

CLEANS WINDOWS WITHOUT WATER

NEW CHEMICAL MITT
Sensational! DRY Window Cleaner! Uses no w messy liquids. Chemically Treated. Simply glide o dows: leaves glass sparkling clear. No heating w heavy buckets to carry. No rags, powders, sponges ois. No mess or muss. No red chapped hands. Dust, dirt, fog disappear like magic. *Wonderful for auto windows, wind*

SAMPLES FOR AGENTS Sample offer s mediately to send name at once. A penny postal will do. SEND NO M *just your name.* KRISTEE CO., 1352 Bar Street, AKRON,

BONITA GRANVILLE, Starring in "ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?", an R Radio Production, finds her pet canary another of her many "admirers."

HAVE A BIT OF HOLLYWOO
RIGHT IN YOUR HOME

Canaries continue to be four-star hits in Hollywood while, more and more, the hobby captivates America. Why not have a "Hollywood corner" in your home with one of these lovable, golden-voiced little creatures? They're easily cared for and will bring you no end of cheer. And, as Hollywood does, let French's help *keep* your canary a happy singer!

OWN A CANARY... *THE ONLY PET THAT S*

at impressions run together and blot one other up. It will be a curious memory ien the soldiers try to sort it out to tell out after the war, and it will not be strange :hey improvise a bit.

A North African Post (via London). go and the kid took their forty-eight-hour ss listlessly. The bars close in Algeria at ht o'clock, but they got pretty drunk on ie before that happened and they took a ttle with them and lay down on the beach. e night was warm, and after the two had ished the second bottle of wine they took their clothes and waded out into the iet water and then squatted down and sat ere with only their heads out.

"Pretty nice, eh, kid?" said Sligo. here's guys used to pay heavy dough for iff just like this and we get it for nothing."

"I'd rather be home on Tenth Av'noo," d the kid. "I'd like to see my old lady. like to see the World Series this year."

"You'd like maybe a clip in the kisser," d Sligo.

"I'd like to go into the Greek's and get me ouble chocolate malted with six eggs in ' said the kid. He bbed up to keep a le wavelet out of mouth. "This ce is lonely. I like ney."

"It's just times like s a fella gets kind tempted to go over hill," said Sligo.

"Sposen you went er the hill," the kid d, "where would u go? There ain't place to go."

'I'd go home," said go. "I'd go to the ries. I'd be first in bleachers, like I is in '40."

"You couldn't get me," the kid said; here ain't no way get home."

The wine was rming Sligo and water was good. got dough says I n get home," he d carelessly.

"How much ugh?"

"Twenty bucks."

"You can't do it," id the kid.

"You want to take e bet?"

"Sure, I'll take it. hen you going to y?"

"I ain't going to y, you're going to y. Let's go up on the beach and knock a little sleep."

Sligo and the kid sat on a pile of C-ration xes and watched the ships. Down the hill me a detail with a hundred Italian prisons to be shipped to New York. Some of the isoners were ragged and some were dressed American khaki because they had been o ragged in the wrong places. None of the isoners seemed to be unhappy about going America. They marched down to a gangank and then stood in a crowd awaiting ders to get aboard.

"Look at them," said the kid, "they get go home and we got to stay. . . . What u doing, Sligo? What you rubbing oil all er your pants for?"

"Twenty bucks," said Sligo. "And I'll d you and collect too." He stood up and ok off his overseas cap and tossed it to the d. "Here's a present, kid."

"What you going to do, Sligo?"

"Don't you come follow me, you're too mb. Twenty bucks, and don't you forget So long, see you on Tenth Av'noo."

The kid watched him go, uncomprehendg. Sligo, with dirty pants and a ripped irt, moved gradually over, near the isoners, and then imperceptibly he edged in among them and stood bareheaded, looking back at the kid.

An order was called down to the guards, and they herded the prisoners toward the gangplank.

Sligo's voice came plaintively: "I'm not supposed to be here. Hey, don't put me on dis ship."

"Shut up, wop," a guard growled at him. "I don't care if you did live sixteen years in Brooklyn. Git up that plank." He pushed the reluctant Sligo up the gangplank.

Back on the pile of boxes, the kid watched with admiration. He saw Sligo get to the rail. He saw Sligo still protesting and fighting to get back to the pier. He heard him shrieking, "Hey, I'm Americano, Americano soldier. You canna poot me here." The kid saw Sligo struggling and then he saw the final triumph. He saw Sligo take a sock at a guard and he saw the guard's club rise and come down on Sligo's head. His friend collapsed and was carried out of sight on board the ship.

"The son of a gun," the kid murmured to himself. "The smart son of a gun. They can't do nothing at all to him and he got witnesses. Well, the smart son of a gun. It's worth the twenty bucks."

The kid sat on the boxes for a long time. He didn't leave his place till the ship cast off and the tugs pulled her clear of the submarine nets. The kid saw the ship join the group and he saw the destroyers move up and take the convoy under protection. The kid walked dejectedly up to the town. He bought a bottle of Algerian wine and headed back toward the beach to sleep his forty-eight.

Somewhere in Mediterranean War Theater. American troops trained on the beaches of North Africa for the beaches of Italy. The water is incredibly blue there and the beaches are very white. And the water is very salty. You float like a cork on it. On the beaches they practiced with real landing barges. The teams put out to sea and then turned and made runs for the shore, and the iron ramps clattered down and the men rushed ashore and crept and wriggled their way up to the line of the shore where the grapevines began, for there are vineyards in Italy too.

When they had practiced a little while, machine guns with live ammunition fired over their heads, but not very far over their heads, to give them a real interest in keeping low.

Now in larger groups they rushed in from the sea and charged up into the vines and crept up through the vineyards and moved inland. An amazing number of men can disappear into a vineyard so that you can't see them at all.

The dark Algerian grapes were ripe, and as they crawled the men picked the grapes and ate them and the incidence of G. I. dysentery skyrocketed, but there is no way of keeping a dusty, thirsty man from eating ripe grapes, particularly if they are hanging right over his head, when he lies under the vines.

At night they were very tired and there is not much to do in Africa after dark anyway. No love is lost for the Arabs. They are the dirtiest people in the world and among the

Love Song

BY ELAINE V. EMANS

Some things there are which one
 loves best alone,
But many more acquire additional
 beauty
When loved by two together: I have
 known
Even an apple orchard with its
 fruity
And spicy airs to grow more dear
 because
You loved it, too, and snow, and
 violets,
And now is wren song sweeter than
 it was,
And certain poetry you like begets
More pleasure in me than before I
 knew.
Campfires in summer, foods, a
 lovely word
Or two, wood carvings, and a
 midnight-blue
Bowlful of stars, good music I had
 heard,
And courage even—now I love them
 more,
Knowing how they delight you, than
 before.

I take my apron off to you!

NO GINGERBREAD TOUCHES DROMEDARY!

DROMEDARY
Gingerbread Mix
PIPING HOT GINGERBREAD IN A JIFFY!

ADD WATER—THAT'S ALL

NO WHIPPED CREAM? USE ORANGE CUSTARD SAUCE... DELICIOUS!

Simply add orange extract to thin custard, and pour over this heavenly gingerbread. *Best ever, and easiest!* Takes no shortening, no sugar. You add only water to richly wholesome Dromedary Mix. *Made* from Mary Ball Washington's original recipe. *Guaranteed* by Dromedary, finest name in foods!

JIFFY CUP CAKES

Just the *fragrance* of them, baking, brings on the oohs and ahs. And what a melt-in-your-mouth texture... what a flavor! Add water *(or milk, coffee or fruit juice)* to Dromedary Mix and bake. Frost or serve plain. *Wonderful for lunch boxes.* Try cookies too, made of Dromedary Mix... crispy, yummy... and *so inexpensive!*

DROMEDARY GINGERBREAD MIX

The world's finest *(and fastest)* gingerbread actually *costs less than home mixed!* Worth waiting for, should your grocer occasionally run short.

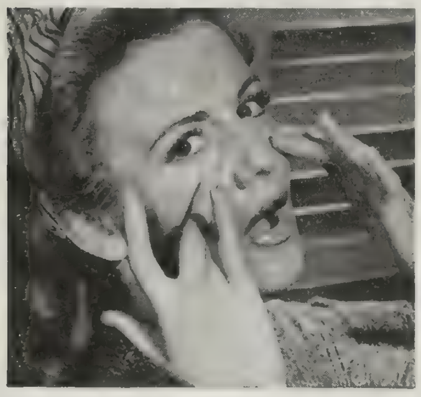
★ SAVE FATS... SAVE LIVES! ★

AND DROMEDARY PASTEURIZED DATES... FINEST IN THE WORLD

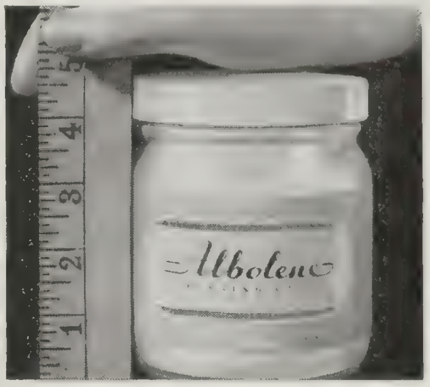
Huge quantities of Dromedary Dates are now feeding Allied troops over there. Some day there'll be ship space available to bring these luscious fruity dates to you as well!

"A GIRL SHOULDN'T BE TOO TRUSTING!" JOAN ROBERTS, *singing, dancing star of "Oklahoma," doesn't judge a cleansing cream by its trimming.*

"A girl on the stage just can't let herself be dazzled by fancy jars or fancy prices. There's nothing like stage make-up to show you what a cleansing cream will or won't do, and like so many actresses I got around mighty quick to ALBOLENE CLEANSING CREAM."



"You appreciate Albolene's good old virtues of purity and efficiency when you see how beautifully and gently it eases off dirt—leaves your skin feeling so soft and refreshed. And so utterly *clean.*"



So thrifty! Actresses don't want to pay for frills. Why should you? This huge pound jar of Albolene brings your cleansing cream cost down to 6¼ cents an ounce! Lasts for ages. Also in jars at 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

SAVE and CLEAN with ALBOLENE!

Why don't *you* get in on this "professional" cleansing cream? Your skin will rejoice in Albolene's bland, delightful cleansing. Many hospitals are important users, so you know the quality's superb. And how you save! Ounce for ounce, the three largest-selling creams average twice as high—using the largest, most economical sizes for fair comparison. Put the difference in War Stamps, help save your country, too. Made in the famous laboratories of McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Connecticut.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

ALBOLENE CLEANSING CREAM "AND McKESSON MAKES IT"

smelliest. The whole countryside smells of urine—four thousand years of urine. That is the characteristic smell of North Africa. The men were not allowed to go into the native cities because there was a great deal of disease; and besides, there are too many little religious rules and prejudices that an unsuspecting dogface can run afoul of. And there wasn't much to buy and what there was cost too much. The prices have skyrocketed on the coming of the troops.

The men slept in their pup tents and drew their mosquito nets over them and scratched and cursed all night until, after a time, they were too tired to scratch and curse and they fell asleep the moment they hit the blankets. Their minds and their bodies became machinelike. They did not talk about the war. They talked only of home and of clean beds with white sheets and they talked of ice water and ice cream and places that did not smell of urine. Most of them let their minds dwell on snow banks and the sharp winds of Middle Western winter. But the red dust blew over them and crusted their skins and after a while they could not wash it all off any more. The war had narrowed down to their own small section of beach and their own small group of men and their own job. It would be a lie to suggest that they like being there. They wish they were somewhere else.

On the iron floors of the L.C.I.'s—which stands for Landing Craft, Infantry—the men sit about and for a time they talk and laugh and make jokes to cover the great occasion. They try to reduce this great occasion to something normal, something ordinary, something they are used to. And then gradually silence creeps over them and they sit silently because the hugeness of the experience has taken them over.

These are green troops. They have been trained to a fine point, hardened and instructed, and they lack only one thing to make them soldiers, enemy fire, and they will never be soldiers until they have it. No man there knows whether he can take it, knows whether he will run away or stick, or lose his nerve and go to pieces, or will be a good soldier. There is no way of knowing and probably that one thing bothers you more than anything else.

In the moonlight on the iron deck they look at one another strangely. Every man is cut off from every other one, and in their minds they search the faces of their friends for the dead. Who will be alive tomorrow night? This is the most terrible time of all. This night before the assault by the new green troops. They will never be like this again.

Nearly every man has written his letter and left it somewhere to be posted if he is killed. The letters, some misspelled, some illiterate, some polished and full of attitudes, and some meager and tight, all say the same thing.

They all say, "I wish I had told you, and I never did, I never could. I've thought these things," the letters say, "but when I started to speak something cut me off. Now I can say it, but don't let it be a burden on you. I just know that it was always so, only I didn't say it." The piled-up reticences go down in the last letters. The letters to wives, and mothers, and sisters, and fathers, and, such is the hunger to have been a part of someone, letters sometimes to comparative strangers.

The great ships move through the night, though they are covered with silence. Radios are dead now, and the engines make no noise. Orders are given in soft voices and the conversation is quiet. Somewhere up ahead the enemy is waiting and he is silent too. Does he know we are coming and does he know when and in what number? Is he lying low with his machine guns ready and his mortars set on the beaches, and his artillery in the hills?

The officers know H hour now. The moon is going down. H hour is 3:30, just after the moon has set and the shore is black. The moon goes down into the ocean, and ships that have been beside you and all around you disappear into the blackness and only

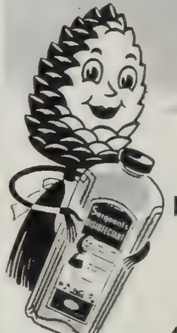
It kills the germs...

• Like a fresh breeze from cool forests, th pine fragrance of Sergeant's Disinfectar is a blessing when you go after germs i drains, bathroom, basement, sickroom—a the places where they hide.

Disinfectant, deodorizer and cleanin helper—Sergeant's Disinfectant (mad with pure pine oil) is all three in one. little in water—or in soap and water- banishes odors of sickroom, dampness, c dirt—and speeds all cleaning jobs, fro painted walls to basement floor.

Get Sergeant's Disinfectant at drug c department stores. Safe to use everywher for health and cleanliness—pleasantly!

...It's fragrant of pine!



Sergeant's DISINFECTAN

made with pure pine oil

New VITAMINIZED CHOCOLATE!

IT'S SO EASY AND ENJOYABLE TO GET YOUR VITAMINS NOW . . . NO PILLS OR CAPSULES TO TAKE!

ALL THESE VITAMINS IN EVERY BAR

A . 4000 I. U.
B_1 . . . . 1 Mg.
B_2 . . . 2 Mg.
D . . 400 I. U.

These Quantities Meet U. S Gov't Standards

Enjoy your Vitamins . . . *let the melt in your mouth!* Take the the easy way. Eat delicious VIT SERT every day . . . and g those needed Vitamins. There good health and good eating every bar. Make VITA-SER a daily treat. Buy at any foo drug or candy counter!

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• Fitted with professional skill to correct your personal hearing loss.

SEND NAME of relative, friend, or your own name, for new experience in hearing. No obligation. MAICO CO., Inc., Dept. 60D–Minneapolis (8), Minnesota.

90% of America's precision hearing test equipment is provided by Maico. Used by Army, Navy and physicians.

EUROPEAN FILBERT NUT

Produce nutritious Food for Table and Kitchen. Write for Free Catalog.
STERN'S NURSERIES, Dept. L, GENEVA, N.

ıy shielded position lights show where
re.

men sitting on the deck disappear
ıe blackness and the silence, and one
ıegins to whistle softly just to be sure
here.

DITERRANEAN THEATER. You can't see
of a battle. Those paintings reproduced
tory books which show long lines of
cing troops, close massed, and being
ed by massed defending troops, are
idealized or else times and battles
changed.

at your correspondent really saw was
nd the nasty burst of shells, low bushes
it trenches. He lay on his stomach, if
any sense, and watched ants crawling
the little sticks on the sand dune, and
se was so close to the ants that their
ss was interfered with by it.

n he saw an advance. Not straight
f men marching into cannon fire, but
groups scuttling like crabs from bits
er to other cover, while the high chat-
machine guns sounded, and the deep
of shellfire.

naps the correspondent scuttled with
and hit the ground again. His report
of battle plan and tactics, of taken
d or lost terrain, of attack and counter-
. But these are some of the things he
bly really saw:

might have seen the splash of dirt and
hat is a shell burst, and a small Italian
the street with her stomach blown out,
might have seen an American soldier
ng over a twitching body, crying. He
bly saw many dead mules, lying on
sides, reduced to pulp. He saw the
age of houses, with torn beds hanging
reds out of the spilled hole in a plaster
There were red carts and the stalled
es of refugees who
ot get away.

stretcher-bearers
back from the lines,
ng in off step, so that
urden will not be
ed too much, and
lood dripping from
canvas, brother
nemy in the stretch-
o long as they are

Everybody else may forget a woman's age and, often enough, everybody else does, but her sister-in-law always knows how old she is.

—JAY E. HOUSE: On Second Thought.
(Copyright by Don Rose.)

And the walking wounded coming
with shattered arms and bandaged
, the walking wounded struggling pain-
to the rear.

would have smelled the sharp cordite
air and the hot reek of blood if the
has been rough. The burning odor of
will be in his nose and the stench of
and animals killed yesterday and the
efore. Then a whole building is blown up
n earthy, sour smell comes from its
He will smell his own sweat and the
nulated sweat of an army. When his
t is dry he will drink the warm water
his canteen, which tastes of disinfec-

ile the correspondent is writing for
f advances and retreats, his skin will be
rom the woolen clothes he has not taken
r three days, and his feet will be hot
irty and swollen from not having taken
s shoes for days. He will itch from last
's mosquito bites and from today's
fly bites. Perhaps he will have a little
fly fever, so that his head pulses and a
m comes into his vision. His head may
from the heat and his eyes burn with
ust. The knee that was sprained when
aped ashore this morning will grow stiff
painful, but it is no wound and cannot
eated.

he Fifth Army advanced two kilo-
rs," he will write, while off to the
the burial squads are scooping slits in
andy earth. Their charges lie huddled
ıe ground, and before they are laid in
and the second of the two dog tags is
hed so that you know that that man
that Army serial number is dead and
f it.

e correspondent takes a heavily waxed
rom his pocket. That is his dinner. In-
here are two little packets of hard cake
h have the flavor of dog biscuits. There is a tin can of cheese and a roll of vitamin-charged candy, an envelope of lemon powder to make the canteen water taste less bad and a tiny package of four cigarettes.

That is dinner, and it will keep him moving for several more hours and keep his stomach working and his heart pumping. And if the line has advanced beyond him while he eats, dirty, buglike children will sidle up to him, cringing and sniffling, their noses ringed with flies, and these children will cry for candy: "Caramela—caramela—caramela—O.K., O.K., shank you, good-by." And if he gives the candy to one, the ground will spew up more dirty, buglike children, and they will scream shrilly, "Caramela—caramela." The correspondent will get the communiqué and will write your morning dispatch on his creaking, dust-filled portable, "General Clark's Fifth Army advanced two kilometers against heavy artillery fire yesterday."

SOMEWHERE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN WAR THEATER. It is said, and with some degree of truth, that, while the Germans fight for world domination and the English for the defense of England, the Americans fight for souvenirs.

A soldier has been seen struggling down a street in Palermo carrying a fifty-pound statuette of an angel in plaster of Paris. It was painted blue and pink and had written on its base in gold paint, "Balcome too Palermo." How he ever expected to get it home no one will ever know. If the homes of America ever receive the souvenirs that are being collected by our troops, there will be no room for living. The post office at an African station recently stopped a sentimental present a soldier was sending his wife. It was a prized possession and he had bought it from a Goum for a thousand francs. It was a quart jar of fingers pickled in brandy.

It is reported that the pre-Roman Greek temples at Salerno have suffered more from chipping by American soldiers in two weeks than they did during the preceding three thousand years, and whereas they have suffered the destructive rage of invaders for centuries they are not expected to survive the admiring souvenir hunting of our troops, who only want to send a small chip home to the little woman.

Probably the greatest souvenir hunter of this whole war is a private first class who must be nameless but is generally called Bugs.

Bugs, when the battle for Gela in Sicily had abated, was poking about among the ruins, when he came upon a mirror—but such a mirror as to amaze him. It was six feet two in height and four feet wide, and it was in a frame of carved and painted wood which represented hundreds of small cupids wrestling and writhing about a length of blue ribbon, which accidentally managed to cover every cupid from indecency. The whole thing must have weighed about seventy-five pounds and it was so beautiful that it broke Bugs' heart. He just couldn't leave it behind.

Bugs probably fought the toughest war in all Sicily, for he carried the mirror on his back the whole way. When the shellfire was bad, he turned his mirror face down and covered it with dirt. On advances he left it and always came back in the night and got it again, although it entailed marching twice as far as the rest of his outfit.

Finally Bugs arranged a kind of sling, so that while advancing he had the appearance of a charging billboard. He gradually came to devote a good part of his life to the care, transportation and protection of the biggest souvenir in the whole Seventh Army. When he finally marched into Palermo he did so in triumph, for his mirror was unchipped and its frame was only a little chewed up from handling.

Now, for the first time, Bugs was billeted in a house. He tried in vain to get the mirror around a corner of the narrow stairway and

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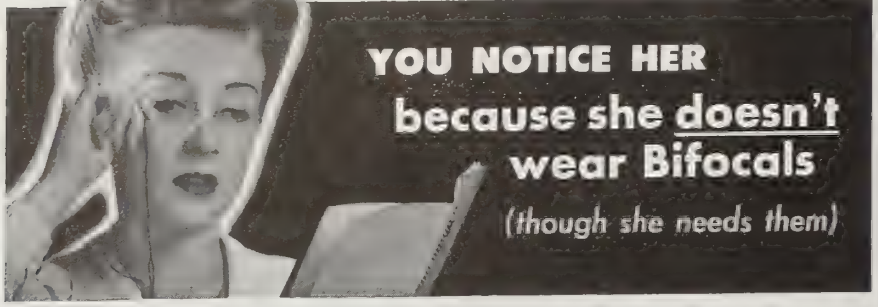
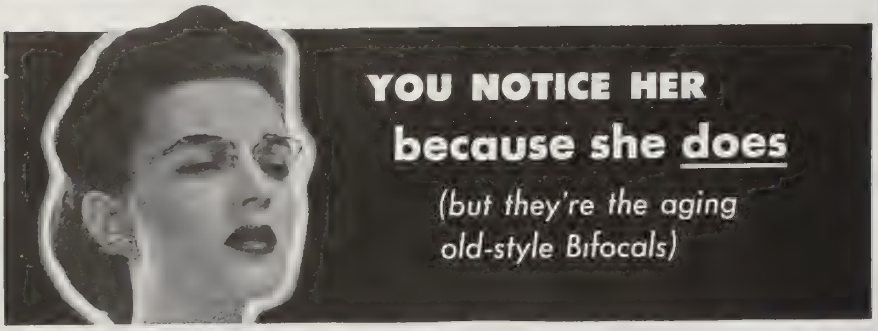
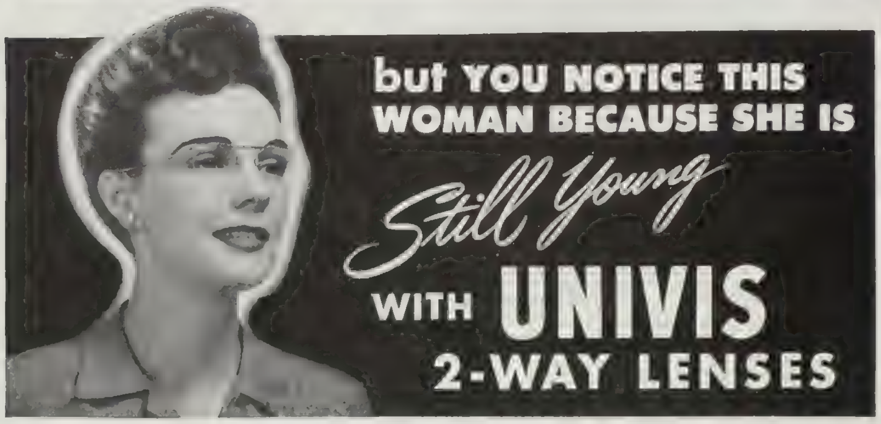
3 WOMEN ...at Bifocal Age







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finally he got a rope and, tying one end of it to the balcony, he went back to the street and tied the other end of it to his mirror. Then he went back and hauled it up to the second floor, where he was billeted. There he drove a nail in the wall, hung the mirror and stepped back to admire it. And he had just stepped clear when the nail pulled out and the whole thing crashed and broke into a million pieces.

Bugs regarded the mess sadly, but then the great philosophy of the "blowed in the glass" souvenir hunter took possession of him. He said, "Oh, well, maybe it wouldn't have looked good in our flat, anyways."

This story isn't very funny and yet it was nobody's fault. It was one of those jokes that get out of hand.

One day not long after the taking of the city of Palermo in Sicily an American officer was directing a large labor gang in clearing some of the bomb rubble that lay in piles on the water front. The Sicilian population, which had hit out for the hills during the trouble, was back clamoring for food, for work, for clothes. Everyone had a complaint about something or a plea or a request.

Already the engineers had bulldozers ashore pushing the debris aside to make the water front passable for trucks. Hundreds of high-wheeled Sicilian carts with picture-painted sides were loading with stones and pulling away to throw the stones in bomb craters.

It was in this atmosphere of shouting and balking mules and dust and general noise that the American officer worked. He was very tired and his temper was worn thin. As he strode about, he was followed by a small, round man with a dark red face and a great mustache, a man with a pleading, open and persistent smile, a kind of patient-dog smile.

It was nearly three o'clock and the officer was exhausted. He sat down on a pile of paving blocks and put his tired head in his hands for a moment. When he looked up again there was the little man with his patient persistent smile.

"When goes the next boat to Brooklyn?" he asked.

The officer said, "What?"

"I been to Brooklyn. Nineteen years ago—long time," said the little man. "Atlantic Avenue, Prospect Park." Now the officer was looking at him in amazement. "I like to go there again. When next boat he goes?"

An imp stirred in the tired officer's brain. He started to say something about, "Don't you know there is a war?" but instead he said wearily, "Oh! We're going to start a tourist line tomorrow or the next day."

"Good," said the little man. "I like to have ticket, first boat. You give?"

Again the imp stirred in the officer at the preposterousness of the request. And then almost without his consent he brought out his notebook. "What's your name?" he asked.

"Giovanni Vassetti. I been to Brooklyn. Nineteen years ago. I like."

The officer wrote, "Reserve one place for Giovanni Vassetti on the first boat to Brooklyn," and he signed his name and rank.

Giovanni read the note carefully, moving his lips over the words, and when he comprehended, his eyes filled with tears. Before the officer could protect himself he had been kissed on the mouth with a big wet-mustache kiss, and Giovanni, sobbing a little, was walking rapidly away, holding the precious paper carefully between thumb and forefinger so that it wouldn't get dirty.

The next day Giovanni was back on the quay, but a changed Giovanni. He was dressed in Brooklyn clothes of nineteen years ago, brushed and clean and apparently never used since he had come home. The shoulders were padded and his shirt was delicate purple stripes. He wore needle-pointed shoes, a little cracked but brilliantly polished and with pearl-gray cloth tops. He had on a most improbable hat, a wide-brimmed flat straw, yellow with age but wound with a band of the most glorious

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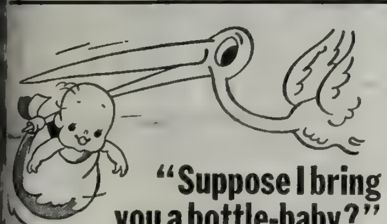

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Roman stripes. Giovanni carried a suitcase, also from Brooklyn, and it was made of very durable cardboard stained to look like leather. Giovanni's face was gay and festive. He carried his ticket in his breast pocket, but sticking out a little so he could keep his eye on it. And Giovanni smelled deliciously of some obscure perfume.

Rakishly he came down to the quayside and he set his suitcase down and sought another officer. "When goes the boat?" he asked.

"What?"

Giovanni proffered his ticket. The officer read it in amazement. He started to be angry and then the same imp stirred him. "It doesn't go until tomorrow," he said, and he took out his pencil and initialed the ticket solemnly and handed it back.

It isn't a funny story, but it was really nobody's fault. Two weeks later Giovanni was still there. His ticket was covered with initials and the boat was still one day off. He didn't dare leave the harbor for fear it might go without him. He slept in a doorway. His shirt was no longer clean, the shirt with the rich purple stripes, and his Brooklyn suit was no longer pressed. But his smile was just as patient and triumphant and ever present. And as each officer initialed his ticket, Giovanni murmured, "Oh, Atlantic Avenue; oh, Prospect Park; oh, Coney Island."

And as far as I know he is still there.

Somewhere in the Mediterranean War Theater. If the Italians had not surrendered when they did the Italian prisoner situation might well have become a very serious thing. As allies, we can insist that they shift for themselves. As enemies, we had to take care of them. In Sicily the difficulty came rapidly to a head.

The trouble was that guards, set to watch prisoners, could never keep track of how many they had. The reason, of course, was not hard to see. Prisoners are not only fed but paid.

One rattled guard swears that on the night of an air raid he, as instructed, opened a barbed-wire gate and told his 302 prisoners to scatter on the hillside. He says that when the all clear sounded he opened the gates again.

At seven the next morning 2214 were in the enclosure and they were still coming. In despair, he closed the gate and kept the clamoring crowd out. They shouted that they had a right to be in there because they were prisoners, and the captain of the guard couldn't tell them apart, so he didn't know which ones he was slighting.

It must not be supposed that the prisoners were lazy. They worked like dogs at anything they were set to do. They needed no guards except to keep newcomers out. They just wanted to eat and they were willing to do anything for the privilege.

Gradually, in some of the Sicilian towns, the badge of a bona-fide prisoner became a kind of order of nobility. A man who could prove that he really belonged to an American prison camp was looked up to and admired, and the girls of his community set their caps for him. People pointed to him with a certain amount of pride as one of their boys who had made the grade.

This was the situation when the Badoglio government double-crossed the Italian people by surrendering.

Instantly the situation cleared up. The gates were opened and the prisoners were released, much to their disgust. No longer were they able to depend on the guards. It was every man for himself, without social background or pull.

And now there will be no trouble. The prisoners will all be Germans and so far they have not learned the beauty and homeliness of the prison camp. Perhaps, in time, they will discover it. But a German does not arouse motherliness in our soldier.

If nothing else, the surrender of the Italian army relieved a lot of harassed guards of a burden that taxed their ingenuity and their tact. They at least are glad the Italians are out of the war.

Somewhere in the Mediterranean War Theater. The Italian people may greet conquering American and British troops with different methods in different parts of the country, but they act always with enthusiasm that amounts to violence. One of their methods makes soldiers a little self-conscious until they get used to it. Great crowds of people stand on the sidewalks as the troops march by and simply applaud by clapping their hands, as though they applauded a show. This makes the troops walk very stiffly, smiling self-consciously, half soldiers and half actors.

But this handclapping is the most restrained thing that they do. The soldiers get most embarrassed when they are overwhelmed by Italian men who rush up to them, overpower them with embraces and plant great wet kisses on their cheeks, crying a little as they do it.

A third method of showing enthusiasm at being conquered is to throw any fruit or vegetable which happens to be in season at the occupying troops. In Sicily the grapes were ripe and many a soldier got a swipe across the face with a heavy bunch of grapes tossed with the best will in the world.

One of the most ridiculous and most dangerous occupations, however, was the investment and capture of the Island of Ischia. There the people, casting about for some vegetable or floral tribute, found that the most prominent and showy flower of the season was the pink amaryllis. This is not a pleasant flower at the best, but in the hands of an enthusiastic Italian crowd it can almost be a lethal weapon.

A reasonable-sized bunch of amaryllis, with big thick stems, may weigh four pounds. In a short drive through the streets of the city of Ischia, some of the troops were nearly beaten to death with flowers, while one naval officer was knocked clear out of a

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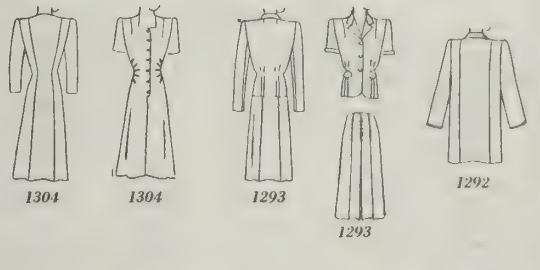
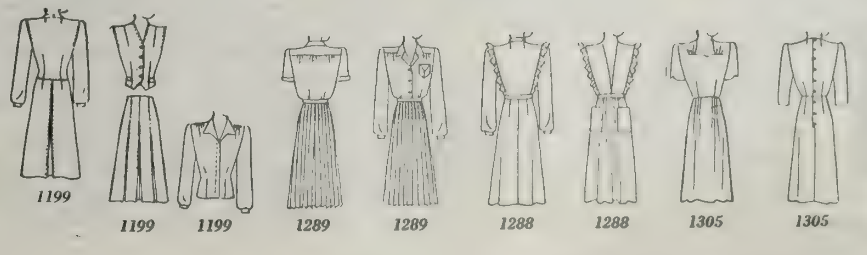
Back and other views of Hollywood Patterns on Pages 30 and 31.

- **1304. One-piece dress and dickey; 12 to 20, 30 to 42. 25c.**
- **1293. Two-piece suit; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 15c.**
- **1292. Coat; 12 to 20, 30 to 42. 15c.**
- **1199. Waistcoat, skirt and blouse; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 15c.**
- **1289. One-piece dress; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 25c.**
- **1288. Jumper and blouse; 12 to 18, 30 to 36. 25c.**
- **1305. One-piece dress; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 25c.**





"MY DAUGHTER FEELS SO SURE OF HERSELF"
NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

DON'T spend time *envying* the younger set! Study them and learn, for they do seem to have the knack of discovering what's new and what's good in modern living. For example, it would surely surprise you to see the records of *Tampax* sales in women's college towns—not only the Big Five of the East but the huge universities of the Middle and Far West. And *how* the girls have introduced Tampax back home!

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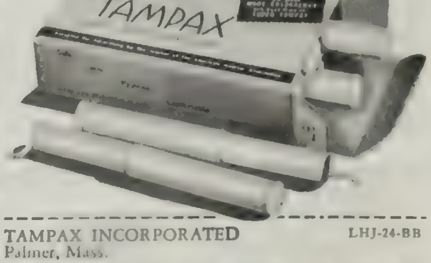

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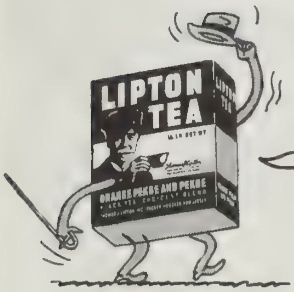

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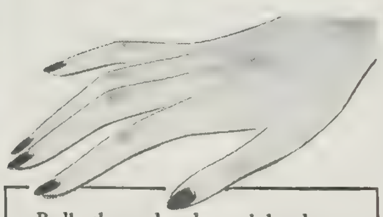

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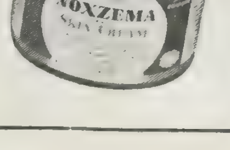

car by a well-aimed bouquet of these terrible flowers. His friends proposed him for a Purple Heart, and wrote a report on his bravery in action. "Under a deadly hail of amaryllis," the report said, "Lieutenant Commander So-and-So fought his way through the street, although badly wounded by this new and secret weapon."

Whatever may have been true about the Fascist government, it is instantly obvious that the Italian little people were never our enemies. Whole towns could not put on such acts if they did not mean it. But in nearly every community you will find a fat and sleek man, sometimes a colonel, sometimes a civil administrator. Now and then he wears the silver dagger with the gold tip on the scabbard, which indicates that he was one of those who marched on Rome with Mussolini.

In a country which has been hungry, this man is well fed and beautifully dressed. He has been living on these people since Fascism came here and he has not done badly for himself. On the surrender of a community he is usually the first to offer to help in the government.

It is to be hoped that he is never permitted either to help or to stay in his position. Indeed, our commanders are usually visited by committees of townspeople and farmers who ask that the local Fascist be removed and kept under wraps.

They know that if he ever gets power again he will avenge himself on them. They hate him and want to be rid of him.

As the conquest goes on up the length of Italy, the crops are going to change. Some soldiers are already feeling an apprehension for the cabbage districts and the potato harvest, if they, too, are used as thrown tokens of love and admiration.

Somewhere in the Mediterranean War Theater. There is a little island very close to the mainland near Naples which has on it a very large torpedo works, one of the largest in Italy. When Italy had surrendered, the Germans took the island, mined it thoroughly and ran the detonating wires under the water to the mainland, so that they could blow up the torpedo works if it seemed likely to be captured. The Germans left a few guards, heavily armed, and they also left an Italian admiral and his wife as sort of hostages to the explosives planted all over the little island.

To a small Anglo-American naval force a curious order came. One single torpedo boat was to take on some British commandos, who were to go ashore in secrecy, cut the wires to the mainland, kill the German guards and evacuate the Italian admiral and his wife.

The boat assigned was a motor torpedo boat and it lay alongside a pier in the afternoon and waited for the commandos to come aboard. The celebrated commandos, the great swashbucklers, took their time in arriving. In fact, they arrived nearly at dusk, five of them, which to their mind is a large military force. And these were very strange men.

They were small, tired-looking men who might have been waiters or porters at a railroad station. Their backs were slightly bent and their knees knobby, and they walked with a shuffling gait. Their huge shoes, with thick rubber soles, looked far too large for them. They were dressed in faded shorts and open shirts, and their arms were an old-fashioned revolver and a long, wicked knife for each. Their leader looked like a tired and petulant mouse who wanted more than anything else in the world to get back to a good safe job in an insurance office with the certainty that his pension would not be held up.

These five monsters came shambling aboard and went immediately below decks to get a cup of tea and a slice of that cake which tastes a little like fish. They sat mournfully in the tiny wardroom, mooning over their tea and scratching the mosquito bites on their lumpy knees.

When it was dark the MTB slipped from the dock and crept out to sea toward the island. Just before midnight the boat lay to, and the black outline of the island was not

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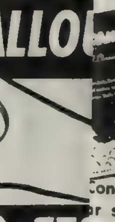

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far ahead. Then the commandos came stumbling out of the companionway and stood about on the deck. The captain of the torpedo boat said, "You have all the plans now—cut the wires, kill the guards if possible and bring out the admiral and his lady. How long do you think that will take you?"

The leader of the commandos gave the subject his consideration, tapping his lips with his finger. "We should be back in an hour," he said at last.

"An hour? Why, it can't take that long. If you take that long you won't be able to do it at all."

"Oh, the guards business and the wires," the commando explained, "that won't take long."

"What will then?" the captain demanded.

"Well, the admiral's wife will need time to pack," the commando said. "She doesn't know we're coming. She won't have her things ready." And with that they laid the rubber boat over the side and paddled silently away.

For an hour the MTB lay in the moonlight, waiting. The sailors kept close watch on the dark island and nothing happened. There were no shots, there were no lights on the blacked-out island. The whole thing was dead and quiet in the misty moonlight.

At ten minutes of the hour the captain began to look at his watch every half minute, and he muttered to himself about E-boat patrols and the necessity for not putting his ship in danger for nonsense. If there had been any activity ashore he would at least know there was fighting of some kind.

At five minutes of the hour a big shape showed on the water, and because everything is potentially dangerous the gunners swung their machine guns on it and waited for it to identify itself. It approached, and it was a rubber boat. It gently nudged the side of the MTB and a little, slender woman was helped over the side, and then a quite stout admiral in a beautiful overcoat, although the night was warm.

> **There are two things that the average man likes to be told. One is that his taste in dress is exceptional; the other that he is a deep student of human nature and knows the world thoroughly.**
>
> —MYRTLE REED: Threads of Grey and Gold. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

These figures went immediately below, but the leader of the commandos said, "Bert, you will go back with me." Three of the men climbed aboard the MTB, and the rubber boat shoved off again and moved back toward the island.

The three remaining commandos stood limply on the deck. The MTB captain was impatient. "Accomplish the mission?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; there were eight guards, not seven."

"You didn't take them?"

"No, sir."

The captain's eyes went quickly to the long, thin knife at the man's belt, and the commando nervously, almost apologetically, fingered its steel hilt.

"What have they gone back for?" the captain asked.

"The lady's trunk, sir. We couldn't get it in the boat. There wasn't room with the rest of us. They've gone back for her trunk. Quite a large one. Old-fashioned kind with a hump on it, you know."

The captain put his hands on his hips and studied the little man.

"Sir?" the commando began.

"Yes, I know. And I wish it was beer, but there isn't any."

He called softly into the companionway, "Joel, oh, Joel, get some water on. There'll be five teas wanted in a moment."

SOMEWHERE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN WAR THEATER. I suppose that there is no weapon which so slyly and surely attacks the souls of men as a motion-picture camera does. Men who are disgusted or hurt or just

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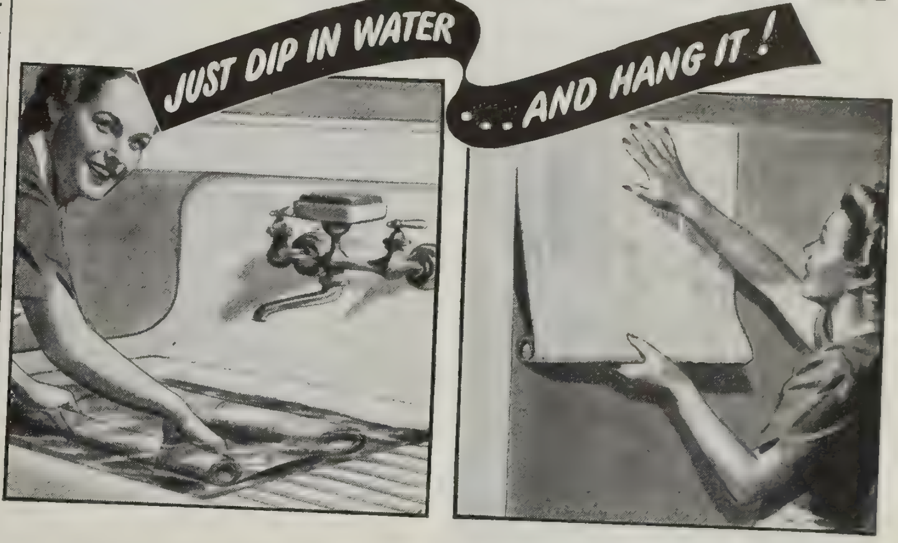

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Q.—"Does it come in many different patterns?"

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Q.—"Sounds kind of expensive. Is it?"

A.—No! A thousand times, no! Costs as little as $1.98 a box, and three boxes paper an average room! *And*—the cost of the paper is the *only* cost. Comes complete with matching border, *nothing else* to buy.

Q.—"Have I forgotten anything?"

A.—You forgot to ask: "Is TRIMZ Ready-Pasted Wallpaper washable and fade-proof?" The answer is yes, yes! Also, it's style-tested, so you can be sure it'll look *right* on your walls. When you see how easy it is to do *one* room this wonderful new way, you'll want to do the *whole house!*

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plain ignorant react to a motion-picture camera as a frog does to a hot rock.

Recently in Africa and Sicily and Italy a cameraman and I were working on a technical picture for the Army, and there we discovered that the same force which operates at Long Island garden parties and at tennis matches also works on a battle line. It worked everywhere. Weary troops straightened up and marched stiffly and some of them tried to hog the camera and some of them looked fierce and soldierly. All shoulders went back and steps quickened. The thinly covered actor in everyone came out. A line of Army stevedores on a dock in a North African port suddenly, on seeing the camera, began to pass boxes of C rations with a speed and rhythm which has probably never been duplicated in Army history.

The impact of the camera is by no means limited to the Americans. Our picture had to do with all kinds of work and all kinds of men. One day we set up on a barge where a number of Arabs were employed to unload cargo and, incidentally, were doing the finest bit of sleepwalking I have ever seen. With these people we did not find any speed-up when the camera was produced. The moment it began to turn, every Arab stood up grandly and presented his profile and looked sternly toward Mecca. Time and time again we tried to catch them in what is called a natural pose, not of work, because that would be a contradiction in terms, but just relaxed and looking Arab. But either they had seen too many Hollywood films of Valentino as an Arab, or Valentino had studied Arabs under the impact of the camera. We never caught them any other way except looking sternly off stage, always in profile and always noble. Finally we gave up. They will continue noble as far as we are concerned. We will perpetuate this myth of the noble Arab. The moment we stopped shooting they collapsed into natural Arabs, but we never managed to get it on film.

One day we set up the camera to photograph the discharge of the cargo of a hospital ship which had been loaded in Sicily. The side doors of the ship were opened and the wooden platform was extended. The lines of ambulances were drawn up on the pier, and then the stretcher-bearers came down in a steady line with the wounded men sitting and lying and huddled and stretched out in positions indicated by the nature of their wounds.

Some of these men were sick with pain, were gray with pain, and some were only slightly hurt so that their eyes were clear. And not one single man, as he passed the camera, failed to respond to it. Every one gave it either a smile or a little nod. Some saluted it gravely. The rigid features changed and the eyes brightened, and if an arm could move, it moved in greeting. I think this was not egotism. I think these men, each one of them, had a quick thought. "Someone at home will see this picture. I must appear less badly hurt than I am. Otherwise they might worry." I think those tired smiles were a great hunk of consideration and courage.

Somewhere in the Mediterranean War Theater. When our small American force had captured the Island of Capri with no resistance whatsoever on their part or on ours, it was only natural that sooner or later we should meet Luigi the bartender. Luigi had kept warm during the whole war a love of Americans, based, he freely admitted, on a memory of tips in the nicer days when American tourists came to bathe in the Blue Grotto and the pink wine.

Luigi was gay, but sad. His joy had a habit of falling off in the middle and dissipating. One afternoon, after each one of us had tried to remember a man named Giuseppi Marinari, of Gary, Indiana, who was Luigi's third cousin, we inquired into his sadness. And only then did his trouble come out with a rush.

It seemed that Luigi had a daughter and, more than that, he had an incipient grandchild. But this daughter and this expectation were across the little stretch of water in Castellammare. And, what was worse, the Germans were moving up on Castellammare and we were not there in enough force either to repel or to intercept them. Consequently it seemed that Luigi's daughter was very likely to have her child in a shell hole, illuminated by star shells and parachute flares and possibly speeded up by bomb bursts. Luigi was worried and upset because, he explained, it was not as though he had other daughters or grandchildren. This was his sole chick, due to some misfortune or deformity, the reason for which was known only to God. And as Luigi poured out his story, he also poured out Scotch whisky that had been buried in the earth in back of his bar ever since the war started.

Going back to the ship, the little group could not lose the sadness that Luigi had planted in it. "How would you like it to happen to your family?" Lieutenant Blank said. "Why, you can look across to Castellammare."

On this basis the group visited the commodore in the wardroom of his flagship. They told their story and the commodore looked gravely over his coffee cup at them. And his very calm blue eyes got bright with amusement.

"What do you want me to do," he asked, "attack Castellammare?"

"No, sir," said Lieutenant Blank. "But we have six captured Italian M. S. boats.

"I feel like a snack, dear. Are there any vitamin pills in the medicine closet?"

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by Ann Bucilla

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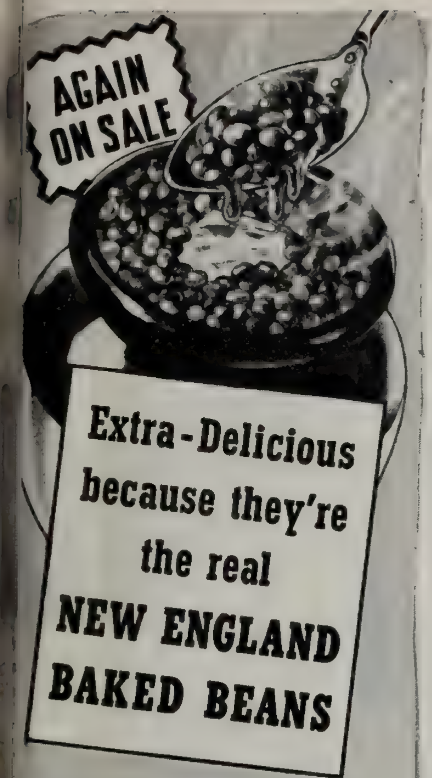
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BAKED BEANS

How would it be if we took one of them and just went over and got her? It would only take an hour or less."

"And suppose you lost the boat and got yourself killed?" the commodore asked.

"We wouldn't do that, sir. We would just run over and get her. We could do it in practically a few minutes."

The commodore said, "I can't permit it. The thing is out of the question. The thing is silly. We're trying to run a war, not a maternity hospital. And, besides, I have work for you to do. You can't go running about like this."

"Yes, sir," said Lieutenant Blank.

"These are your orders," said the commodore. "You are to take one of the M. S. boats and patrol the coast of the mainland, particularly in the area about Castellammare. You will report the presence of any German shipping there and if you see any hostile craft you will report it and engage it. It may be necessary to go pretty far inshore to carry out these orders. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," said Lieutenant Blank, "but I sure wish that we could get that girl off."

"This is no time for sentiment," the commodore said.

The thing was very quick. It required only to pull up to the little dock at the little town and to ask for Luigi's daughter. In ten minutes she was at the dock, carrying a bundle of clothing and, in our estimation, she was a little closer than even Luigi suspected. And then the Isotta-Fraschini engines of the M. S. boat purred and the white wake spread away from the boat and she cut through the water back to Capri, for M. S. boats do not ride on top of the water, they knife through it.

The rest was very silly. Luigi was at the water front and he cried and his daughter

> **The best husbands aren't caught; they're made. And the luckiest woman isn't the one who marries the best man, but the one who makes the most out of the man she marries.**
>
> —HELEN ROWLAND u
> The Widow. (McBride & Co ll.
> the

vith
cried and about a thousand Capriano , as
and the sound of kissing was deafenir girl
a lot of sailors looked gruff and a kind eak
umphant procession went up the hill o py
funicular railway and there was some has
in the nature of a party at Luigi's bar and
child, no matter what its sex, is goi nan
have Lieutenant Blank's first name, ar to
only Luigi but all Luigi's relatives are
to remember all of us in their praye
hundreds of years to come. ife.

So much for the assurances. But the in
morning a party of five went up on the m
to get haircuts. We were sitting in ve
barbershop waiting for the one bai
chair to be vacant, when in the do n
way Luigi appeared. And Luigi carried
little tray and on the tray was a Scot
and soda for each of us. And later in th
day we went shopping, and wherever we stopped to look and to buy, there Luigi appeared with his little tray.

It was a pretty nice day.

NEW YORK. During the years between the last war and this one, I was always puzzled by the reticence of ex-soldiers about their experiences in battle. If they had been reticent men it would have been different, but some of them were talkers and even boasters. They would discuss their experiences right up to the time of battle and then suddenly they wouldn't talk any more.

Only recently have I found what seems to be a reasonable explanation, and the answer is simple. They did not and do not remember—and the worse the battle was, the less they remember.

This is how you feel after a few days of constant firing: Your skin feels thick and insensitive. There is a salty taste in your mouth. A hard, painful knot is in your stomach where the food is undigested. Your eyes do not pick up much detail, and the sharp outlines of objects are slightly blurred.

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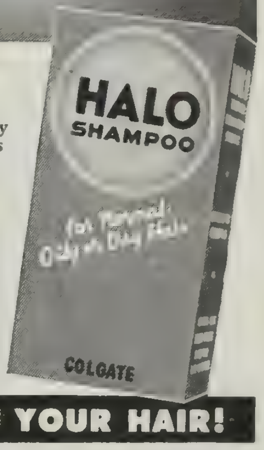

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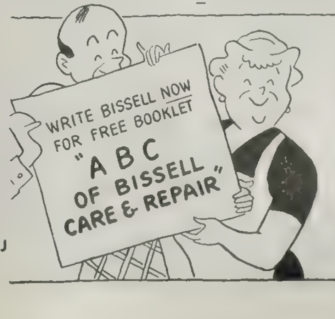
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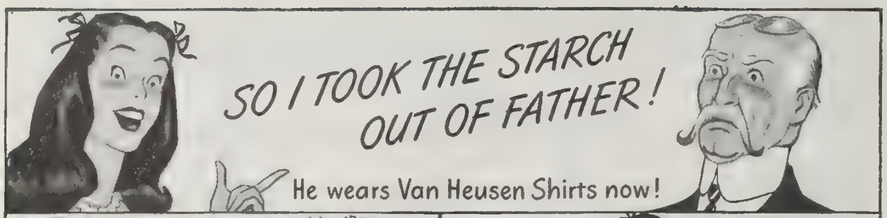
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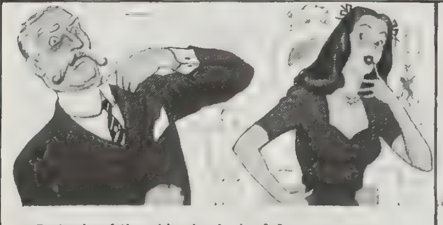

Father's of the old school. And for more years than *I* can remember, he's been making himself uncomfortable with stiff, starched collars. "A gentleman," he expounded, "must suffer to achieve neatness." "Tosh!" I said.

"Guess what I have," I cooed a few days later. "A Van Heusen Shirt! Everybody says it's the answer to that problem of the starched look plus solid unstarched comfort." It took some doing, but he finally agreed to try it.

Now he wears nothing else! Oh-oh—that's not *quite* the way to say it, but honestly, father's really *sold* on Van Heusens. He says he's never seen a shirt with a soft collar that could keep its good looks longer!

If your heart belongs to daddy you should certainly introduce him to Van Heusen white shirts. The collars on them *always* look neat and trim because they're woven in one piece instead of the usual 3 layers of fabric. And because the foldline is *woven* in, they can't even be ironed wrong!

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strictly from the purple, he wasn't going to want her.

"Hello," she said quietly when they were introduced.

It was all there in the way she looked and stood and walked—everything was just right. He had seen her before, of course—in the Sepia Room, other places he could not remember. And yet everything about her was too right. It made him suspicious—of Mark, of her, of himself.

"Miss McCarthy," he said, and gave a quick nod of his head that was curt when he had only meant to be formidable.

This girl, Christy, was tall and slender, with honey-colored hair and eyes the color of sea water and a mouth that was not so young and vulnerable as her eyes would have you believe. There was something wise and laughing to her mouth. She looked maybe sixteen—maybe twenty-five. He could never tell about these things. She was wearing a black-and-white dress and a red flower with net crushed over it for a hat, and she was neither impressed nor disturbed. There was a professional, seasoned air about her. Only he, Tommy, was not calm. The boys looked at him as if he were out of his mind, and he looked at them with that queer, dead look that told them to mind their own business.

He went over to her, then, and walked a little way onto the dance floor with her and Mark. She didn't say anything, but merely stood waiting. He asked her a few questions, and she answered them. She said she had never done any work like this, that she understood his style, that she didn't have any special way of timing it.

"Now you understand, Miss McCarthy," he said, "this is merely an audition. We'll send it however you want it—high or low, hot or mellow; you name it."

"Thank you," she said, but she kept looking at him in this calm, steady manner, and the small pulse beat in her throat.

HE THOUGHT he caught a faint gleam of laughter in Mark's eyes, but he was not sure. Someone was trying to pull something on him, but right now he was too tired to think about it.

He took her over to the band and introduced her. She had a friendly, almost boyish manner with them at once, so immediately they were on her side and not his—at least it seemed like that to him. The boys dug their toes into the floor, and when he started them off they hit it right from the very first. They had not played like that for weeks.

Christy McCarthy had no mannerisms. She could not have been better if he himself had taught her. She stood right, letting the music come up to meet her and then taking it at just the right time. Her timing was incredible. He knew she had not learned that from anyone. That was native in her. Her voice was right too. It was kind of crazy that anyone's voice could be so right. This was a trick. She asked for Sadie Joe, which he himself had composed, and after that she sang Sleepy Walker's Dark Night, Trouble Comes and My Love and I. It was good choosing. She sang in this slow, warm manner, almost like a child with a cold, but mellower and truer. She swayed a little, and her hair fell back and the song came ripe and golden.

Tommy stopped playing and watched her. Something that for a time had eluded his mind was now tracking down the truth.

"All right," he said after she had finished and the boys were sitting in hushed amazement, "all right, now; who taught you to sing like that?"

But now it was she who had this closed, bland expression. Her mouth seemed to tremble a little, but otherwise she was cold as ice. "No one taught me," she said.

"Do you know Sleepy Walker?"

"The horn man?"

"That's the one."

"I've heard him play."

"He sings too. He does everything. He's got the same timing. You've got all his tricks."

"You ought to know," she said.

"Stuffed-up" nose stealing your sleep?

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Their eyes met, and they were declared enemies. Nothing like this had ever happened to him before. He tried to relax, but something began to hurt down deep inside him and something began to cloud in his throat. She went over and sat down beside Mark at one of the little tables. Her heels made clickety-click sounds on the floor. Tommy looked at the boys. It was true and not to be denied—they were on the beam when they played for her. They struck it sharp and true. Maybe they needed this girl, but he wouldn't like it. If anyone was to put them on the beam again, it was he, Tommy Anders, who should do it—not a slip of a girl like that. These people who had it easy all the time and then walked in and took over as if it was nothing—these people made him sick.

"Well, boss?" Boxy said.

"Well," Tommy said slowly, "I guess she's a find, all right. I guess she's what we need."

"Whatever you say, boss."

And so that part of Christy McCarthy and Tommy Anders began. He had to admit that she was a game one. She took what he had to give and never flinched, and the boys were all for her from the start. Philo fell in love with her, and Boxy, in his slow, worshipful manner, taught her all the tricks he knew. But they were "Mr. Anders" and "Miss McCarthy," and he never once told her she was good. She was never late for rehearsals, and she never once slipped. In fact, they went on like that as if she had been with the band from the beginning. But he worked her harder than he had ever worked anyone, so that even Boxy took him aside and said it was being noticed.

"She's a good kid, Tommy," Boxy said.

"Yeah?" Tommy said, and let it go at that. He took it out on her instead. "Things are mighty easy for you, aren't they, Miss McCarthy?" he asked after she had been over Midnight Angel twelve times.

Christy looked at him. "Nothing worth while is easy, Mr. Anders," she said.

"Some of us came up the hard way. We know what work is."

"Yes," she said, as if he were no one at all. "I can see you know what work is, Mr. Anders. I dare say few men have worked harder—or let work do so much to them."

He opened his mouth to call to her and ask her what she meant, but he closed it because he knew well enough what she meant. The boys were pretending to be very busy talking over a new arrangement. He jammed his hands in his pockets and looked out over the city where the hazy summer afternoon clung to the tall buildings. Sometimes he had rare, lucid moments in which

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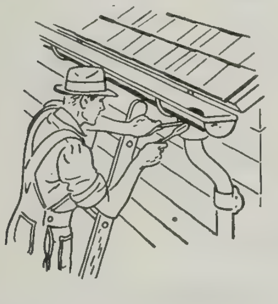

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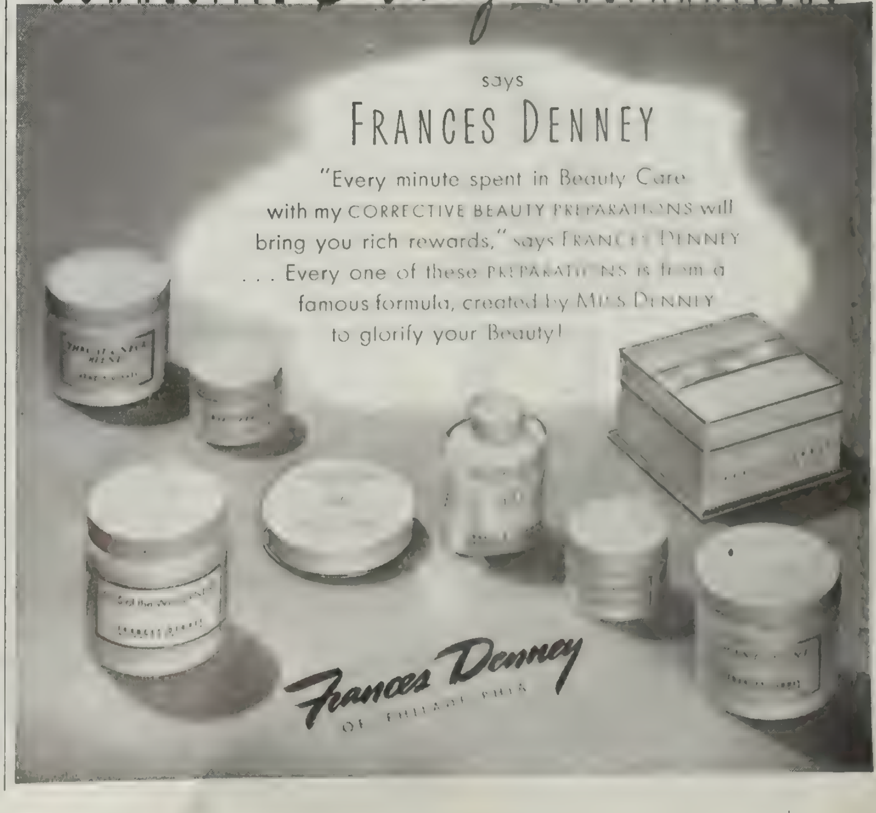

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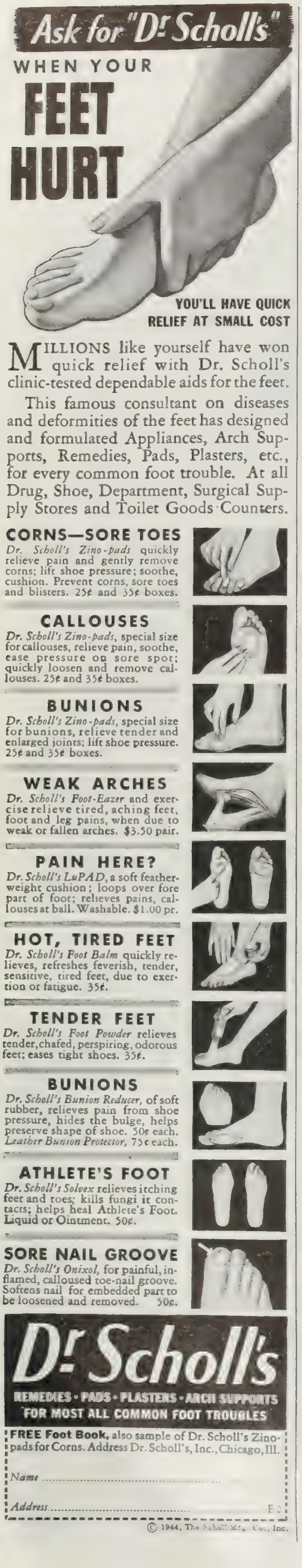

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he saw everything for what it was. He suddenly saw himself for what he was, and he did not like it one single bit.

"All right, boys," he said, "we'll kick off until tonight."

He was turning it all over in his mind. Without Christy, Mark would not have renewed the contract. And Mark had looked at him once and said, "Tommy, a man can go along one track just so long. He's got to get human sometime. He can't go around unasking all his life. Christy McCarthy knows full well what she means to that band. You ought to be glad she's the kind of girl she is. She's taken a lot from you." He put on his hat and then took it off again and walked out of the building. He walked around the park and then went down to Charlie's, where Sleepy Walker hung out. It was a neat place, Charlie's, and famous in its own right, but even more famous because Sleepy played there.

Sleepy was sitting in a corner eating ham and eggs. "'Lo, Tommy," he said.

Tommy sat down and got right to the point. He told Sleepy how it was. Sleepy was old at the game and understood everything in the world. He was old at the game of living. So Tommy asked him outright, "Did you send that girl around to me?"

"What girl, Tommy?"

"You know what girl."

Sleepy raised his head and looked at Tommy and sighed. "Oh, *that* girl. Well," he said, slow and easy, "so I sent her around to you. She used to come down here a lot with one or the other of her rich boys. She's a good girl. She's got the feeling, too, Tommy. I knew from the very first time, she had the feeling. She's exactly what you need. I heard you couple weeks ago, and boy, you were from corn, strictly from corn. You and that girl go together like the words from the lyrics. You know—coffee and tea, ham and eggs, June and moon. I know these things, Tommy, and you got to trust me and stop giving that girl the run-around. She was down here this morning bawling her eyes out because you won't let her alone. People gave you breaks when you needed them, Tommy, and now you ought to give her the breaks. You're mad—yeah, I know—because she's the one who put the band together, and not you. What does it matter, just so things go smooth again?"

"But, Sleepy ——"

Sleepy turned his big eyes on him. "Tommy, you're too good a musician to get lost. So many of them do. Look at all the boys I've taught, and you're the only one who's kept it right. You'll go on as long as there's a horn to blow and a drum to beat, but you got to ask people—'please' and 'thank you' once in a while."

"Yeah," Tommy said. "Yeah—I get it." And suddenly he felt okay inside. The watch spring was all unwound, and he could feel the beat way down to his shoes. He got into a taxi and kept yelling at the driver to hurry up, and when he walked into the Sepia Room the boys knew it was all right.

"You been to Palm Springs?" Boxy asked.

"I've been to the moon," he said. "Where's that girl? Where's that girl?"

"She—she called. She said she wasn't coming. She said—well, she was through, that's all. She'd buy her contract from you."

Tommy didn't wait to hear the rest of it. She was right. Christy McCarthy was right. He dashed into Mark's office and looked up the number on a memo pad, and he sat there with chills going up and down his spine until he heard her voice. He'd heard her voice before, but he'd never heard it like this—as if they were not enemies. But when she knew who it was, she put her voice back on the track and let it drip icicles.

"Yes, Mr. Anders?"

"Look, Miss McCarthy—you're on tonight," he said, and then he thought it sounded stupid. "That is—if you'd care to."

"Really, Mr. Anders?" She thought he was being sarcastic. She thought it was a trick. He hadn't said what he meant.

"Look, don't move," he said. "I'll be right up there. I've got to talk to you, see? I'll be there in five minutes." He hung up before she could say anything. He didn't want it to be more of a mess than it was.

He didn't know how he ever got to her apartment, and he was sure he had no idea

Farmer in Church

BY ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

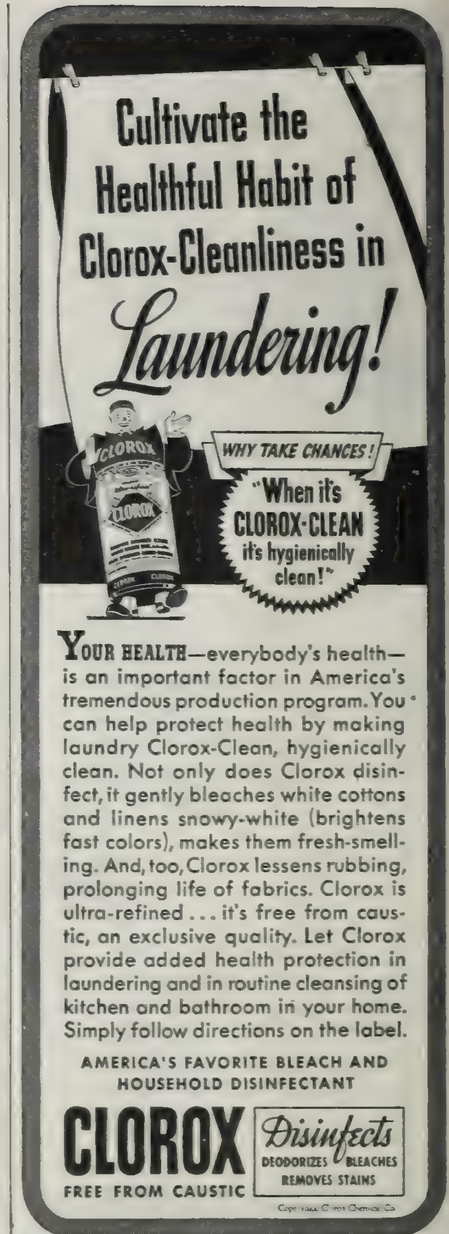
The big old farmer in the place ahead
Fills half the pew up with the restful spread
Of his body. He is a golden man;
Even his hairy ears are the deep tan
Of plowed land, and where his gray hairs are few
On top his head, his golden skin shines through.

His neck is furrowed deep with weather runes,
A map of sixty Aprils and old Junes,
The Januaries have frosted his tough hair.
Somehow he seems, for all his best clothes, bare;
And though he sits here with the shady ones,
His body gives out old-time summer suns.

He stands to sing and finds his hands are much
Too used to rough and larger things to touch
A hymnbook, so he crosses them in back.
His nails are scrubbed but bordered with earth's black,
Which will be there when he lies hard and proud
The day he goes back to the earth he plowed.

His hands are twice the size that most men's are,
The joints are twisted up with many a scar
Of corn and cattle and the grain of oak,
With the rock whose muscular heart he broke.
His fingers are the living things he has handled,
Bulls and babies his wide hands have dandled.

He sits down sudden, and the pew boards creak,
He sits as young boys sit in churches, meek.
He does not know, as he rests on his broad
Sinews, he is the glory of the Lord
Of harvests, and what he has done with seed
Is all the heaven men will ever need.



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at all what the building or the foyer or even the elevator boy looked like. When he saw her sitting there looking at him, his heart went down into his shoes and he sat down abruptly. He didn't know what to say, after all.

"Well?" she said.

"You see—I was wrong. You're really a great singer—mellow and golden. I never told you that before. I think you've got everyone else beat by a mile, and I know this business well."

She didn't say anything.

"I'm telling the truth."

"I know it," she said. "Sleepy Walker told me that long before you ever heard me."

He flushed. He picked an imaginary thread off his knee. He didn't know what to do with his hands. He just looked at her and wished he knew what to say or that she would smile, but all she did was give him that dead, blank look that reminded him of himself.

"Well," he said, "I've told you, anyhow."

"Yes," she said.

"I—I wanted to tell you that. When a person's good as you are, people ought to tell them."

"Well, now you've told me." She rose, and he stood up, too, and he knew she was through with him. She'd taken a beating, and she was through, and he didn't blame her. Now that he knew all this, knew he was going to lose her, it was like the stabbing of a thousand swords through him.

"I don't blame you if you don't come back. I wouldn't come back either." He tried to smile. "Sleepy gave it to me straight from the shoulder—in six-letter words too. The boys will miss you."

"Yes," she said. "Well, good-by, Mr. Anders." She held out her hand and he took it. It was a nice hand, kind of square and strong, and he looked into her eyes. He knew then what he had to do.

"LOOK, Miss McCarthy—Christy, I would appreciate it if you would come down and sing just one more night. I really need you. The whole band needs you. It would be doing me a big favor I could never really repay—and I wouldn't ever forget it."

"You're asking me?"

He nodded. "Yes."

And then he saw her face change, and he knew she was going to laugh at him, but he didn't care. He just held on to her hand and laughed like mad, too, because he had all this wonderful joy inside himself, big as a big fist and deep and tender too. They sat down and looked at each other, and Christy wiped her eyes.

"Sleepy said you'd never ask me to come back, but I told him you would."

"I'm crazy," he said. "I never asked anyone for anything in my whole life, but now I feel fine. I feel happy." He took her hand again, and then he looked into her eyes and saw them change from light green to deeper green with little golden flecks in them. "Christy?" he said.

"Um-m?"

"Christy, I ——"

"Sh-h-h, Tommy," she said, and she came into his arms even before he had a chance to ask.

The telephone began to ring a million miles away. Someone answered it and came to the door and then went away again. Tommy held her close to him. He felt marvelous—all light and free.

He said, "I want you to come down and sing this new song Boxy and I've written. It's called Bluey Night. I'm recording it next week. It's marvelous—like us: all bad and jangled in the beginning and then blue and sweet and very golden in the end."

Christy opened her eyes. "All right," she said.

That was why it was a good record, Bluey Night. It took Tommy and Christy Anders out of this world, and when you hear it you feel the sky come down and the waters come up. They've made some clean, brave, marvelous records, but there was something shy, bright and like a million sun times in that first record they made together.

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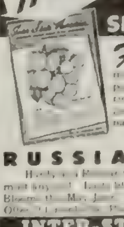

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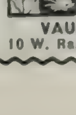

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FREE CATALOG

OUR READERS WRITE US

(Continued from Page 12)

families with children—even one small baby?

We specified that baby wash was to be done in the laundry tubs. It was done in the bathtub or kitchen sink, stopping the plumbing with lint, etc. The baby, a two-year-old, three times in six weeks stopped up the toilet, twice with a toothbrush, once with the pasteboard wrapping from a cracker box. We paid the plumber. He also tore the window shades off the rollers. As fast as he tore one off, his mamma transferred one from another window until he had torn off four. The other shades wouldn't fit the living-room window, so she had no more substitutes.

She didn't bother to wash his pants after one wetting. She dried them on the radiator. He and two dogs, not housebroken, left their excrement on the hardwood floor, and half of a seventeen-by-twenty-foot living-room floor looks as if ink had been poured on it. The stain penetrates. Even sanding won't remove it or the odor therefrom.

The month before we asked them to move, their repair bills were $12 more than their rent.

Yet if they had refused to move, we'd have had to hire a lawyer and go to court to get possession of our own property which they were destroying. Perhaps the New Deal's rent-control act was designed to make the landlord spend his way to prosperity.

Landlords are human. They may not be angels, but neither are tenants. So in our case, since our money bought the house, we still, thank God, live in America where, so far, you can decide who comes into your house, even if you may have to resort to the law to get them out of it.

Yours truly,
MARY LONG.

Parents are Responsible

Fort Worth, Texas.

Dear Sir: I have read the article in the November issue of LADIES' HOME JOURNAL on our pressing national problem of juvenile delinquency. As usual, this article was written by an adult and, as usual, from an adult point of view.

I want to ask one question. Has anyone ever written an article from youth's point of view?

I am a student of Polytechnic High School in Fort Worth, Texas, am a sophomore, and am fifteen years old.

My mother works in the largest airplane factory in the world, Consolidated Vultee Aircraft's Fort Worth branch. Mother gets up at 4:45 A.M. and leaves for work at about 5:50. She gets home near 4:30 in the evening. Daddy leaves for work at about 5:00 P.M. and gets home at somewhere near 3:00 A.M. As for myself, I get up at 7:00 and go to school at about 8:30. I eat my lunch in the school cafeteria and get home near 4:00 P.M. and help daddy fix supper.

As you see from description of the hours of the family, I have every opportunity to be a juvenile delinquent. I am certainly not, nor will I be if correct upbringing has anything to do with it.

That, however, is not why I am writing this letter. I am writing to tell you, from a young girl's point of view, what causes juvenile delinquency.

It is not, as some adults believe, a misguided sense of patriotism. Youth has no such ideas. The causes lie with our parents. Too many of our parents want to make extra money in the war plants of the nation, so that youth is left to shift for itself much of the time.

Too many people think the cause of sexual delinquency among girls of my age is, as I said before, a misguided sense of patriotism. I am a young girl, and I truly believe that I am correct in saying that it is not.

The years of twelve to eighteen are the most important years in a girl's life. These are the years when her character for adult life is formed. If a girl's mother is one of those many women who are helping the war effort, she is too tired when she gets home to give any thought whatsoever to her daughter.

An "I love you" here, and a "Be good tonight, honey" there, is all the girl gets.

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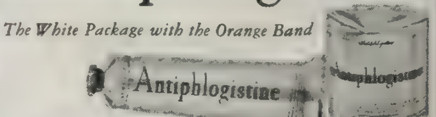

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During the years I have mentioned before, a girl needs her mother's judgment much, much more than she needs a new dress that mother's extra money can buy.

Of course, there will always be juvenile delinquents, war or no war, but the situation would not be nearly so desperate as it is now if our parents would spend more of their time with us.

I believe that if civic and church organizations would get together and advise and help our parents, then the parents could help the youth of the nation to return to its proper place.

This must be done! On the shoulders of my generation rests the fate of the world after the peace and of the generations to come.

Sincerely yours,
P—— H——

If you publish this, please do not use my name. Thank you.

Be Sure to Begin the One Just Starting

Valparaiso, Chile.

Dear Ladies' Home Journal: They say curiosity killed the cat, and I can tell you it is slowly but surely doing the same to me and, I presume, to quite a lot of your readers as well. Please have a heart and do not print any more serials for the duration!

Not that I dislike your serials. Far from it; I find them most exciting, and that is just where the trouble lies, because right now, and due to wartime conditions, I often miss numbers of the L. H. J. and can't follow the plot properly, with the resulting anxiety, so that I would remain immensely grateful to you for publishing the serials as a complete novel, all in one issue.

Will you consider my plea?

Yours very sincerely,
LINA S. DE GÓMEZ.

Since You Went Away

Buffalo, Wyoming.

Dear Editors: In writing this letter, I am breaking a long vow. I always said I would never write a fan letter to an author, even though I read a great deal. I want to say, "God bless Margaret Buell Wilder for her story, Since You Went Away."

My husband is a SeaBee stationed at Camp Peary, Virginia. I feel like "Anne" did. Proud that he thought it right for him to go and sorry that we had to part with him.

Our children are aged twelve, eight and four. The youngest is the boy. We didn't ask him what he thought when his daddy wanted to enlist, but we did ask the girls. Their reply was that age-old reply of women to their men: "Daddy, you do what you think is right."

Sincerely,
MRS. WM. L. SHERIDAN.

"—— so I bought a round-trip ticket and left him."

Helping baby raccoons scrub
Is really fun-damental
Because each soapy-sudsy cub
Is just about as gentle...
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NORTHERN TISSUE

Copr. 1944, Northern Paper Mills, Green Bay, Wis.

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"When something feels smooth and satiny—that's Johnson's Baby Oil. And when something soft, white and fluffy comes sprinkling down that's Johnson's Baby Powder.

"Between 'em, they keep me in the pink—and good as gold. Those cross-making chafes and prickles other babies howl about don't bother me!"

"Soft is right!" says Doug's trained-nurse mother.

She's lovely Mrs. O. M. MacCleran of Fort Worth, Texas, formerly an American Airlines Stewardess.

"Doug's skin *is* wonderful—even for a baby!" she admits proudly. "I've always used Johnson's Baby Oil and Johnson's Baby Powder on him—the routine we followed in the nursery, where I trained.

"I like the crystal-clearness of Johnson's Oil—pure mineral oil, with lanolin for extra 'slip', as we say. And as for Johnson's Powder—well, even a *baby* can feel how soft and smooth *that* is!"

That's why nurses use

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on their own babies

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H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

Mother should protect baby against tuberculosis by knowing its sources, its symptoms, its preventives.

Tuberculosis in Children

BY DR. HERMAN N. BUNDESEN

President, Chicago Board of Health

FOR some peculiar reason, many people seem to have the idea that tuberculosis is a disease which should no longer cause concern. Of course, in the nineties, people worried a great deal about tuberculosis. To relax vigilance in the protection of our children against this disease would be a great mistake, for the great White Plague is a menacing, dangerous affliction.

Mothers should know a few of the important facts about tuberculosis. It is caused by a rod-shaped germ which finds its way into the body—most often through the nose and throat when sputum-contaminated material is breathed in. Food may also be contaminated with tuberculosis germs. Milk from infected cows is one example. When the infection occurs through food, the tuberculosis which usually develops affects the intestines, bones, joints or lymph glands rather than the lungs.

With the exception of muscles and certain glands, the germs of tuberculosis can attack almost any part of the body. There is, as yet, no vaccine or serum that is available for preventing this disease, and not even the renowned sulpha drugs have been found to be of any avail in its treatment.

There is no such thing as being born with tuberculosis. A baby born of a mother who has tuberculosis may contract the disease soon after birth, however, unless he is immediately separated from contact with his mother.

Cleanliness, fresh air, sunshine and proper diet, and particularly the avoidance of strain, fatigue and overwork, are the important things in building up a defense against the disease.

A person who has tuberculosis germs in his sputum should not live in a house where there are children. A child in contact with such a person is much more likely to become infected with tuberculosis than a child who is not. In infants, particularly, the disease spreads rapidly and, in most instances, is fatal. Thus the doctor who finds tuberculosis in a child will immediately make an examination of everyone who comes in contact with the child, to determine if there is a carrier of active germs among them.

Great progress has been made in asc taining when tuberculosis is present, and what extent the disease has progressed. other words, tuberculosis nowadays can diagnosed early; but to make this possibl parents must be on the lookout for the sym toms of the disease, and take the child wh shows any of these symptoms to the docto at once for careful study.

At the beginning, tuberculosis may caus no symptoms except the feeling of tiredness Gradually, however, there are loss of weigh and strength, coughing, anemia—which i loss of the coloring matter in the blood— fever in the afternoon and sweats at night

In examining the patient to ascertai whether or not tuberculosis is present, the doctor will listen to the patient's chest with

GRATEFUL young mothers from Maine to California tell us that Doctor Bundesen's baby booklets have been of the greatest help to them in caring for their own babies. The first eight booklets cover your baby's first eight months. They sell for 50 cents. The second series of booklets covers the baby's health from nine months to two years—seven booklets for 50 cents. The booklets will be sent monthly; be sure to tell us when you want the first booklet. A complete book on the care of the baby, ***a necessary supplement*** to the monthly booklets, OUR BABIES, No. 1345, is 25 cents. A booklet on breast feeding, A DOCTOR'S FIRST DUTY TO THE MOTHER, No. 1346, sells for 6 cents. Address all requests to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

a stethoscope to hear if the breathing is normal. He will take an X ray of the chest, because an X-ray examination is of inestimable aid in telling when tuberculosis is present.

A skin test, called the tuberculin test, is useful, particularly in children. When this test is made, a child who has tuberculosis, or who has had an active infection with tuberculosis at some previous time, will develop a characteristic inflammation when the protein of dead tuberculosis germs is injected under the skin. Parents should remember that a positive test does not mean that the child is actively infected with tuberculosis; it only means that he may be. A negative test, in most instances, means that tuberculosis is not present.

The treatment of tuberculosis takes a long time. It requires plenty of rest, good food, fresh air and sunshine. In recent times a method of treatment, known as pneumothorax, has been found quite helpful. This consists of injecting air into the chest cavity, collapsing the infected lung and putting it at rest. The search for drugs which will have a specific effect against tuberculosis germs is being continued, and the outlook along these lines appears hopeful.

While the general death rate from tuberculosis has been reduced to one sixth of the rate in existence forty years ago, the disease is still so serious that no other catching disease takes the death toll attributed to tuberculosis. Those who do survive are ill for long periods of time, as compared with recovery from other communicable diseases.

There may come a day when tuberculosis will be a rare disease, but that day is not yet here and no one will prophesy that it is "just around the corner." Tuberculosis is taking many thousands of lives which need not be lost if we just keep up the great fight against the White Plague.

While we are learning more about curing the disease, we must also do everything possible to prevent the infection of infants by persons who have tuberculosis.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Changing Scene

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

In an interview with S. J. Woolf

Prescription for Keeping Young, N. Y. Times.

I HAVE no sympathy with these old ones who are worried about the young people. I always tell them to look back at history. Two hundred years ago drinking was the rule in colleges, and students and faculty got drunk together. Before the Civil War there was more intemperance than there is today. With the introduction of athletics in colleges, healthful sports absorbed excess energies and, so far as I can judge, drinking declined.

All in all, the students who attended college with me were narrower and more provincial than the present lot of boys. They knew practically nothing of art or music; international affairs meant nothing to them and they were contented to live in a narrow world.

Today there is an amazing acquaintanceship with good literature; what is more, the young people know not only books, but also editions. In every sense of the word, they have a wider culture. What is still more important, they are straightforward and honest. They may not be outwardly so religious, but they think more about religion.

I think the chief reason for misunderstanding of young people by their elders is the passing of old-fashioned formality. Informality is often mistaken for immorality. And this wave of informality has affected not only the young. Members of the faculty have been touched by it. No longer do they go around the campus in black frock coats, acting as policemen. They wear sport clothes and are friends of the students. Yet classrooms and campuses are more orderly than they were when I was a boy.

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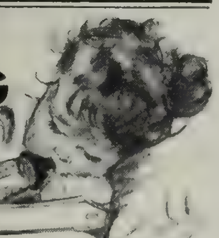

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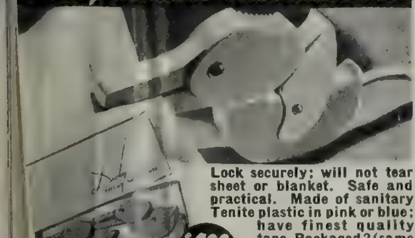

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ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER

You may have heard the saying "we are what we eat". Well, I think it is even more true when we apply it to our babies. For the quality and purity of the food we give our babies now has much to do with the kind of men and women they will grow up to be!

Mrs Dan Gerber

ACTUALLY, IT'S TWO BOWLS OF CEREAL! One filled with Gerber's Cereal Food, the other with Gerber's Strained Oatmeal. I get a different one at each feeding so that I enjoy variety. Both cereals taste real good – both are enriched with iron and Vitamin B_1 – to help build sturdy little bodies. So easy to fix, too. Just add hot or cold milk or formula!

SO THIS IS CUSTARD! Made from whole fresh milk rich in butterfat, eggs, sugar, arrowroot starch...all delightfully flavored. Gerber's Custard Pudding saves mother's time—it's ready to serve!

There are 17 different Gerber's Strained Foods—soups, vegetables, fruits, desserts and meat-vegetable combinations.

GOOD EATING AHEAD! When I get a few more teeth I'll start feasting on Gerber's Chopped Foods. These fine fruits, vegetables and meats are chopped instead of strained for older babies.

Eight kinds of Gerber's Chopped Foods—vegetables, meat combinations and desserts.

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Please send me free samples of Gerber's Strained Oatmeal and Gerber's Cereal Food.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

"Sa-ay…it's 7 o'clock!"

Sure is, Sonny. Past your bedtime . . . but my busiest time is just beginning!

Have you still got lots to do?

Yes indeed! You see, from 7 to 10 o'clock at night is the time when so many soldiers and sailors and marines want to talk to the folks back home. That's why it's so important for other people to avoid making Long Distance calls after 7 . . . to save the circuits for Daddies like yours — and all the men and women in uniform.

Gee . . . we're so happy when Daddy phones . . .

'Course you are, and it makes him happy, too. Everybody, I know, will be more than glad to help keep the wires clear for such a cause . . . when it means better service for the men to whom a call means so much.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Puppy's Progress

BY PEGGY VON DER GOLTZ

Kim was a little dog with a sense of responsibility. It got him into trouble—but it also pulled him through.

WHEN we bought the farm, there was one point on which we agreed: We would have no police dogs. But Charlie, the horse swapper, had a pup——

He was a nuisance. He had watched the cows taken out to pasture and brought back at milking time; so, if no one was looking, he kept the cows commuting from pasture to barn and back again all day, until he was caught and thrashed and chained in the stable.

Charlie's complaints and the eager topaz eyes convinced us that we needed that pup.

He was only four months old and he might grow up to be useful.

His usefulness began the very first day, when he made a friend of every animal on the place. Before dark our puppy had a name; he was Kim, the "little friend of all the world."

He was a very happy, confident pup. He knew that he was our dog and we were his people. Where we went, he went. What we did, Kim did.

At the henhouse he stood very still in the doorway while we gathered the eggs. One day the pup took an egg carefully from a nest and placed it in the basket. It was a china nest egg; but we praised him extravagantly. After that we just set the basket outside the kitchen door for him to fill. But occasionally he found a hidden nest in the back field and brought the eggs, one by one, to the house. They were usually about ready to hatch, but we thanked him.

Then one day we found the basket full of empty shells, and Kim was very sick behind the barn. We realized then that we had expected too much of our pup; so when the egg gathering began again it was under our supervision.

Proverbs

When three women join together the stars come out in broad daylight. —*Talugu.*

Pinch yourself and know how others feel. —*Oriental.*

Strangers forgive—parents forget. —*Bulgarian.*

What you can't get is just what suits you. —*French.*

Who does not mend the old will never wear the new. —*Serbian.*

— CHAMPION: Wayside Sayings. (Duckworth & Co.)

KIM stood by while we called the chickens, fed them and drove them into their house at night. In a week he knew more about herding chickens than we did. He drove them slowly, trotting in a half circle behind them. He knew which hens behaved themselves and which hens would try to roost in the big pear tree. Once in a while, just for practice, he put the chickens to bed and pushed the door shut in the middle of the day.

Next we bought six pathetic hen-raised goslings, and immediately every goose family in the place squabbled and fought over them, while our hens, who hadn't hatched them, would have nothing to do with goslings. The forlorn babies wandered about the pasture, too ignorant to graze, and, in a two-foot jungle of alfalfa, one of them died of hunger and loneliness.

We had given up hope when Kim adopted them. He stood guard over them at feeding time and chased away both geese and chickens. They followed him on all his tours of inspection, and slept in Kim's kennel until it became impossible for five Toulouse geese and a police dog to squeeze in. Not until they were fully feathered geese did they consent to live with the poultry.

By that time, winter had set in and all of us spent more time indoors. But Kim was no lap dog; it was impossible for him to lie by the fire and snooze. He listened to every word we said. He watched every m and, after half a dozen lessons, he learned fetch cigarettes, matches, hats, boots, the small articles in common use.

Having sold us Kim, Charlie, the hor swapper, decided to sell us a horse. We didn need a horse and we didn't really want horse, but Mary was a lady in distre According to Charlie, she was a nice trotti bred mare who had come down in the wo because of a split hoof and a tendency kick. So he had turned her out in the ture to shift for herself. She could be had fifteen chickens, and Charlie ingenuou explained that they need not be our chickens.

It was the middle of December. Ma was so weak she could hardly stand. T fine trot Charlie had talked about was limping shuffle. She had a boil on her no and she was afraid of people and dogs. looked nearer ninety years old than but Charlie had told the truth about thing—she did kick.

WE LOOKED Mary over in the cold De ber sun and said, "Here is one animal won't adopt."

But Kim, circling Mary slowly, warily at her heels, decided that she his help and advice. He was ver with her, and slow. He avoided her heels; but, standing on his hind le her stall, he licked her neck and dark chin.

As Mary grew stronger, she lost and, with Kim's help, her aggres With the pup in she learned to p pranced and cap a colt. And wher nessed her to the r she surprised us ing she was a trot a good one.

When spring c started to dig th with a spading was a slow, bac job, but more ce trying to plow w

Kim left his watch. About had been dug plunged aga trampled soil, darted for the f gan to dig. St to the tips of he dug, sc sandy soil We told him to sit down— himself on the fork. Alwa he waited until the prongs dis the earth—and again he d This time he sat down witho be told. In that fashion, garden.

The job lasted several days loved to dig, we couldn't let long, or his paws would have The neighbors watched and crazy; but when Kim's garde it was as smooth and neat country.

The three of us sat on the Kim in the middle, and l garden. Tomorrow we would s lettuce and spinach; next day, carrots.

We remembered that this was the of March and Kim's birthday. He year old and no longer a puppy.

BLACKSTONE

MARY REISNER says, "The thing most people find surprising is the fact that I lived nearly all my life in Egypt and used to wake up in the mornings and see the Pyramids. To me it seems far more strange now to wake up in New York and see the tall buildings. So well I remember myself as a lonely little girl in the house on the desert, amusing myself by scribbling endless stories, always with the firm belief that one day I should become an author. By the time I was nineteen I had written my first novel. *House of Cobwebs*, my second novel to be published by Dodd, Mead & Co., is actually the sixth book that I've done."

HARRIS & EWING

MARJORIE KUMLER: "After filling out the details of my pre-WASP life on a thousand and one Government forms," says the author of *They've Done it Again!*, "the chance to review it 'lightly' is a relief. Instead of concentrating on dates of 'entry and re-entry,' I can remember the wonderful times I traveled abroad, both in college and later; I can say that I did commercial photography and worked as research associate in Pacific relations without bothering to remember whether it was 1-2-39 or 2-2-40. Somewhere along the line I took up flying, and after we got into the war, grabbed a chance to work as a Link-trainer instructor, thinking it would be a great help if the Army ever trained women pilots. They finally did, I'm flying for them, and I guess if I stick with it long enough and really learn how, I'll get along okay. This flying is quite a business."

MONA GARDNER (*What Makes Your Back Ache?*) writes, "Although my parents were English, I was born in this country and attended Stanford University. I majored in English but nothing came of it. Then, after my marriage, I lived in the Orient for twelve years, and during that time traveled extensively. In 1938 I did war reporting in China, and that's how I began writing. America's entry into the war brought me home again with my children; it's good to be back. I love people and food, although I'm lost in a kitchen, and I'm one of those unique people—a prompt woman."

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MARCH, 1944

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The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

A snappy salute is in order—as M-G-M brings "See Here, Private Hargrove" to the screen.

★ ★ ★ ★

The Big Studio has made a very special issue of the best-seller G. I. story!

★ ★ ★

Robert Walker, whose own private life reads like a composite biography of the average private, plays the title role!

Walker worked in a garage, punched cattle in Texas, jerked sodas on Broadway, survived a wreck at sea, then turned to the film-world for more excitement.

★ ★ ★ ★

He made his bow to picture-audiences as the sailor-boy in "Bataan"—followed this with a role in "Madame Curie". His checkered past partly accounts for his splendid performance as the naive rookie.

★ ★ ★ ★

"See Here, Private Hargrove" should be seen. It's definitely in the nature of a command performance for every sweetheart, wife, mother, dad and kid brother.

★ ★ ★ ★

Or even if your closest association with the service is the memory of the smiling kid next door!

★ ★ ★ ★

M-G-M's film is a rollicking, entertaining revelation of a masculine world!

★ ★ ★ ★

With lovely Donna Reed providing the feminine touch—and it's a delightful one.

★ ★ ★ ★

Robert Benchley, Bob Crosby, Keenan Wynn, Ray Collins and Chill Wills also answer to the entertainment roll call!

★ ★ ★ ★

Wesley Ruggles, one of Hollywood's foremost comedy directors, pilots the screen Hargrove in top-flight fashion.

★ ★ ★ ★

George Haight produced with great gusto.

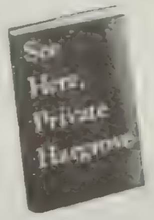
★ ★ ★ ★

Leo gives a hand to Harry Kurnitz for the screen play and the initial pat on the back to the newspaperman who became a private—then told the world all about it!

★ ★ ★ ★

Our closing phrase is a paraphrase: "See—Hear—Private Hargrove"!

—*Leo*



It's Fish—and simply DE-LISH!

Made with CRISCO, these good dishes are as EASY ON DIGESTIONS as they are on RATION POINTS!

Want to make point-free fish taste exciting? Use Crisco! It's a wonder at turning out delicious, digestible seafood treats.

That crusty-brown Codfish Cake will be really *digestible* when you fry with Crisco. No need to worry about digestions now. Even children may eat Crisco-fried foods.

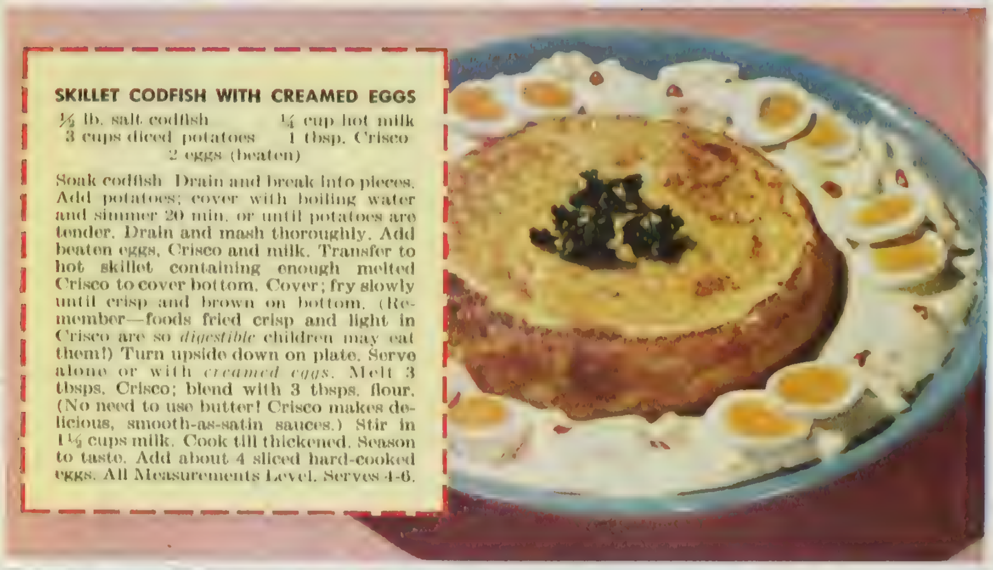
Sample that Supper Pie! The flaky crust is easy to digest. With Crisco's new Pastry Method you get *flaky, tender*, digestible pie crust *every time!*

Crisco is the only shortening you can buy that gives you *all* these things: (1) Fried foods so *digestible* children may eat them; (2) *Lighter* cakes than even the most expensive shortening; (3) A *sure* way to get flaky, tender pie crust. Use pure, all-vegetable Crisco for *all* your cooking!

SOLE WITH SUNNY SAUCE (Serves 4)

1 lb. fish fillets
2 tbsps. flour
2 tbsps. melted Crisco
1 cup milk
1 tbsp. vinegar
2 egg yolks, beaten
1 tsp. scraped onion
Salt—Pepper
¼ cup grated yellow cheese

Wipe fish and roll in seasoned flour. Sauté carefully in 3 or 4 tbsps. hot Crisco till delicately browned. (Crisco is grand for frying! There's no heavy smoke or smell—no off taste. No need to worry about digestions, either. Doctors say Crisco-fried foods are easy to digest!) Place in shallow "Criscoed" baking dish and cover with *Sunny Sauce:* Blend flour with melted Crisco; add milk. Cook till thickened. Add vinegar, egg yolks, onion and seasonings. Sprinkle with grated cheese and brown in moderate oven (350° F.) for about 10 min. All Measurements Level.



SKILLET CODFISH WITH CREAMED EGGS

½ lb. salt codfish
3 cups diced potatoes
¼ cup hot milk
1 tbsp. Crisco
2 eggs (beaten)

Soak codfish. Drain and break into pieces. Add potatoes; cover with boiling water and simmer 20 min. or until potatoes are tender. Drain and mash thoroughly. Add beaten eggs, Crisco and milk. Transfer to hot skillet containing enough melted Crisco to cover bottom. Cover; fry slowly until crisp and brown on bottom. (Remember—foods fried crisp and light in Crisco are so *digestible* children may eat them!) Turn upside down on plate. Serve alone or with *creamed eggs.* Melt 3 tbsps. Crisco; blend with 3 tbsps. flour. (No need to use butter! Crisco makes delicious, smooth-as-satin sauces.) Stir in 1½ cups milk. Cook till thickened. Season to taste. Add about 4 sliced hard-cooked eggs. All Measurements Level. Serves 4-6.

LENTEN SUPPER PIE (Serves 4-6)

2 cups flaked, cooked fish
2 cups cooked vegetables (peas, celery, carrots)
2 cups medium white sauce

Mix fish, vegetables and white sauce. Season. Pour into casserole. Cover with pastry strips. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) 25-30 min. *Crisco Pastry:* Sift 1½ cups flour and ½ tsp. salt into a bowl. Take out ¼ cup of this flour and mix it with 3 tbsps. water to make a paste. To remaining flour (1¼ cups) add ½ cup Crisco; cut in till pieces are size of small peas. Next, add flour-paste to Crisco-flour mixture. Mix *thoroughly* till dough comes together and can be shaped into a ball. Roll out ⅛ inch thick; cut in narrow strips. This easy Crisco Pastry Method is *sure-fire!* You'll get flaky, tender, digestible pie crust every time! All Measurements Level.

Crisco

9 OUT OF 10 DOCTORS SAY: "It's Digestible!"

That Army-Navy Pay Check

Answers to money problems for the wives of men at war

BY NELL GILES

THAT form letter from the draft board has exploded out of the mailbox like a time bomb. You have so many days, hours, minutes left together. You have done your last weeping, your last love-and-tenderness making. And now you've packed the pitiful remains of his civilian life. Your Ulysses is about to leave you, Penelope, to your knitting.

We hate to prod this tender moment with a practical finger, but there are yet things to be done. Common-sense arrangements to be made about money. Here are the questions and answers on this unromantic subject, and we can promise you one thing: If you read and heed, you'll be spared many heartaches in the peaceful years to come. Because, you see ——

MONEY "MAKES THE MARE GO"

That filthy little thing called lucre has entered a number of broken homes and unhappy situations. There is nothing more wonderful than being in love, especially in wartime, but give it the peacetime gilt-edged security of common sense. Give your Ulysses something solid to come home to—not a precarious perch of unpaid bills and splintered mortgages.

Before he leaves you, Penelope, ask him to write a few things down on paper. What he's done about the house, the car, the rent, his mother's allowance—and first of all, your allowance. Be sure you have in writing what he wants done with things. Before the proper authority, this is a will, and there's nothing terrifying about it. Be sure you understand the money arrangements that have kept things going these past years. In the furor of leave-taking he may forget the details that will keep your brow smooth and your correspondence unknit with care. For example ——

"What's the difference between an allowance and an allotment? Do I get both?"

An allowance is the Government's monthly contribution to the family of an enlisted man. An allotment is your husband's contribution out of his pay. (Normally, this is $22.) You are entitled to both. Together they add up to $50 a month for you, with $30 additional for one child and $20 for each of the other children. This is the same for Army and Navy. Beyond the regular amount your husband contributes through deduction from his pay, he may make a voluntary allotment to you. However, the War Department specifies that he must never cut himself down to less than $10 a month of his own. Both the Government's allowance and your husband's allotment must be applied for by your husband for you, by filling out the proper forms at his induction station or his camp. If you have a job of your own, the amount of money you receive from husband and Government remains unchanged. Army and Navy officers make only voluntary allotments, but they do receive for their wives and dependents extra amounts for rent and subsistence, depending upon rank.

"Pardon me, but the skeleton in my closet is showing. My husband didn't fill out those 'proper forms' for an allotment and an allowance. What do I do now?"

"The lass with the delicate air" will of course attempt to persuade her spouse to make the application. If he won't, or if he is overseas, write to the Office of Dependency Benefits, Newark, New Jersey. They will require birth and marriage certificates and possibly other documentary evidence that you are the "lawful wedded wife of s enlisted man." In the meantime, if you stranded without money before the all ment begins, apply to the Army Emergen Relief or the Navy Relief Society, which an office in your community or near by.

AND NOW ABOUT INSURANCE —

"Does my husband have to take Army life insurance? How much?"

No, he doesn't have to, but he's enco aged to take out the whole $10,000 mitted. The premium is very small. example, if the soldier is twenty-six, the per month on $10,000 worth of insuranc $6.80. If, together, you can't squeeze amount out of that Army pay check, ma you'd be a good sport and earn that e $6.80 a month. This National Service Insurance must be applied for within days after entrance into service and w still in service. The insurance can be kept for life, and at any time after one year be converted into ordinary life, twe payment life or thirty-payment life or endowment policy.

"How long after a man is repor missing do the insurance paym start?"

After one year for an Army man, u it is determined in the meantime that insured died or has been killed. At that t the beneficiary receives the insuranc monthly installments, and in addition months' full pay. A Navy wife continue receive full pay until the Secretary of Navy has pronounced the missing dead. This may be beyond a year. The surance premiums of both Army and N men missing in action or held prisoner paid by the Government.

"How can we keep up our regular insurance policy on Army pay?"

Get in touch with your insurance age once and ask for the benefits of the Sold and Sailors' Civil Relief Act. An amend to this Act passed in 1942 provides that Government will prevent the lapsing serviceman's commercial policy, up to $5 by guaranteeing the premiums while th sured is on active duty with the Arm Navy. Application must be made to life-insurance company, and Form 380 i one to ask for. But remember—the premiums must be paid to the insur company within two years after the is out of service. Also, watch this: are some commercial life-insurance po which contain a "war clause." If you one of these, the above benefits do not a to your policy.

LIFE ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN

In the old pre-Army paydays, whe stretched happily on from one installm the next, you had only to sigh and t "One more payment and the baby's o (or the chair or the house or whateve were buying at the moment). Now, wit long arm of Uncle Sam lifting your b winner right out of his nest, there are mighty questions to decide. How wil keep up the payments on the house? S you let the car go back to the finance pany? And what about that won modern bleached wood in the living r Are your chances for keeping it simply p for the duration? Well, one thing learned in this war is something money. We watched oranges jump fr cents to $1.20 a dozen in one dizzy wee winter, and now we know about inflation. We have a sounder idea, too, about installment-plan buying. We resolve not to "bite off more than we can chew," as the old farmer said reverently of his best chewing tobacco. But that doesn't help solve *past* mistakes. Here are questions and answers to help right what's already wrong.

"We can't keep up payments on the house we are buying. Will we lose it?"

In most cases, no. This is governed by state laws and the discretion of the court, according to the Soldiers' and Sailors' Relief Act, which states, "The court may stay the proceedings for the period of military service and three months thereafter if, in its opinion, the ability of the soldier to perform the obligations [that is, pay the installments due] is materially affected by reason of his military service." That is, the court may *delay* the payments due. In the meantime, the payments are going to keep piling up like snow on the sidewalk, and will need as much shoveling right now as a smart woman like you can manage.

"Suppose I can't meet the rent each month on his reduced Army pay. Can the landlord evict us?"

Not if your rent is $80 a month or less and the court is convinced that inability to pay is due directly to your husband's military service. Then the eviction may be postponed for three months. But the Secretary of War is authorized to order an allotment of a soldier's pay toward rent for his dependents, if necessary.

"We were buying a car and won't be able to keep up the payments. Will we lose it? If we turn it in, won't we get less than it's worth?"

No property, real or personal, which was contracted for before a man entered service may be sold, unless by order of the court. That's what the Soldiers' and Sailors' Relief Act provides. However, if you do sell your automobile, there's no danger of your getting less than it's worth. The court will assess it for you; and besides, at present market prices, there's quite a chance that you may get more than it's worth.

"We borrowed money from the bank. I can't keep up the payments. What shall I do?"

See your banker. Undoubtedly some arrangement can be worked out to postpone the payment of the obligation, with interest, until after the war, if going into the service is the reason for your husband's inability to pay. But there's a great day coming, and no family wants to begin it on a slateful of old debts. A lot of wives we know, who've never worked before, are working on that clean slate now. For instance, there's a quiet young lady out our way who's turned into a train conductor. And very nice she looks in navy blue.

"We owe taxes on real estate and personal property. Are they suspended for the duration?"

This is a state matter and you'd better check with your local tax commissioner. However, the Soldiers' and Sailors' Relief Act says that the property of a serviceman cannot be sold for taxes without permission of the court, and that the court may postpone the sale for "six months after the termination of the man's military service." Within that time, the serviceman may pay what he owes.

"I'm going to have a baby. Will the Government pay the doctor bills and furnish hospital care?"

This, we'd say, is the $64 question. Good for you—well, well, going to have a baby, are you? We're certainly all for it (and delighted, also, that you are taking us out of those dry dough-and-doughnut questions above). Now Uncle Sam, you will discover, is also very happy about your baby. If he can find a spare bed in a regular Army or Navy hospital, he'll see that you get it. Doctors are scarcer than men without uniforms these days, but if one can be found he'll be found for you. You'll get complete obstetrical, prenatal and postnatal care for a year. Application for these niceties of living in the U. S. A. must be made to the commanding officer in charge of the Army or Navy hospital to which you want to go. Don't expect a private room with pink storks, of course, but a blanket's a blanket, and perhaps you will let the G.I. monogram mean something like George Ignatius.

MOVING DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN

And this doesn't constitute an endorsement by the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. As you know from past issues, we think that camp following is not entirely a wise move. But this question is from a home-to-mother girl.

"Will the Government pay the moving bill if I take the children home to my family for the duration?"

The Government will pay for one move anywhere after September 1, 1942—and only one move. The Act of June 5, 1942, provides that the dependents and household goods of military personnel may be moved to any point in the United States at Government expense, provided this is the only move made after September 1, 1942.

A LADY'S GREATEST POWER IS THE POWER OF ATTORNEY

In a technical sense, this is strictly true. But we wouldn't have you think for a moment that we believe only in a technical sense. We think, for instance, that your ability to make nice popovers may give you Machiavellian power. Nevertheless, you need to know something of the little legalities. Gone are the days when a lady fainted at the thought of a will, or professed herself unable to write a check or handle the bank account. You ought to know about these things, if you don't. And we strongly feel that you do, and that we are serving only to remind you. For instance ——

"What does it mean when a man gives his wife 'power of attorney'?"

When a husband goes into service, numerous circumstances arise in which he needs someone to act for him in a legal sense. For example, in the signing of vouchers, in the shipment and movement of possessions, in writing checks on his bank account and in dozens of other legal matters, such as renewing the car license. But these are not things to be gone into lightly, and if you have technical questions it would pay you well to take the whole matter to a lawyer for advice. He'd see that the forms are correctly filled in and that you are not binding yourself with too adhesive tape.

"Should my husband sign over the house and the furniture insurance to me?"

It would save many complications which might arise in case of his death. In addition to making his will and giving you power of attorney, it is sound business for your husband to sign over the house to you in full ownership or "joint tenancy with right of survivorship." And the furniture insurance—yes, it would simplify things.

"Why should my husband make a will before leaving? I don't want to feel that he will be killed."

Well, here's what the War Department told us, in answer to this one: "Life is always uncertain in peace and war. It is always sound business to make a will, though you expect to live to be a hundred."

"Is it necessary for me to have the safety-deposit box in my name if I want to open it?"

Indeed it is. And we can't resist telling you that the brass hats chuckled over this question. It seems they've had millions of furious requests from the wives of plain Joes who've locked up their little secrets and gone to war. And what can you do about it? Not a thing, lady, not a thing.

Dirtier clothes to wash now I'm on war work . . . but DUZ cleans 'em EASY!

DUZ DOES EVERYTHING

—ALL 3 KINDS OF WARTIME WASH!

1 GRIMY **TOWELS** WASH **SPARKLING WHITE** WITH **DUZ**. NO NEED FOR BAR SOAP.

2 **DUZ** DOES IT! EVEN DIRTY **OVERALLS** COME **CLEAN EASY** WITH DUZ!

3 YET **DUZ** IS **SAFER** FOR COLORS—EVEN FOR PRETTY **RAYON UNDIES**. HELPS CLOTHES LAST LONGER.

DUZ DOES MORE!

No soap made gets clothes cleaner or whiter than DUZ. Yet DUZ does more for you. It's safer for colors than any other leading washday soap. Safer even for rayon undies! DUZ does everything!

DUZ

DON'T WASTE SOAP—MAKE DUZ DO MORE!

Measure DUZ in cup or glass. A little DUZ a lot.
Soak clothes in clear, cool water before washing.
Use same DUZ suds for several loads of clothes.

LADIES' HOME

Journal

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This Can Be America

By Struthers Burt

STARRY-EYED IDEALISTS

EVERYONE will admit, I imagine, that being a prisoner of war is a realistic business. A man either goes mad or else gets down to hardpan. Most of them get down to hardpan.

During the past four years being a French prisoner of war, for any thinking Frenchman, must have been a particularly grim and realistic business. Deprived of any authentic news, such men must have felt naked and alone. They must have reached that nadir of despair from which evolves either complete hopelessness or else pure thought.

Marcel Haedrich is a young Frenchman who was captured by the Germans in the spring of '40; and for over a year, until he escaped, he lived in a German prison camp. Not long ago he published a book, Barrack 3, Room 12, in which he told of his experiences; but what is more—much more—unfolded the philosophy which his despair, his hours of enforced idleness had woven slowly like a web. Now that philosophy is part of him, as it must be part of thousands of other prisoners of war.

This is what he says: "The idealists are always right. It is only our lack of faith which is their weakness."

It takes character to believe; to believe in nothing requires only weakness.

But that isn't all, by any means. The "starry-eyed idealist" is the only practical man in the world. The only hard-boiled, clear-visioned, farsighted, two-fisted fellow there is. Everyone else is just being sentimental about something.

Why? The answer is so childishly simple that the only puzzle is why mankind for thousands of years has continued to trip over its own feet like the old-fashioned vaudeville actor.

Whether you like it or not, you're here in this world for a longer or shorter time, and with you, in the same condition, are all other living men and women. You're here—that's one of the few facts anyone knows. All right, while you're here, you, and all like you—all the living—are in possession; they are masters of this "here." (Which is not ungrammatical if you put "here" in quotation marks.) This "here" is your property. You own it jointly. You belong to a corporation, a secret society whose only enemies are death, stupidity and selfishness. As directors of a corporation, do you allow it to go bankrupt through sloth or inattention or confused counsel? As owners of a house, do you willingly allow it to depreciate? Even if you consider yourself no more *(Continued on Page 139)*

WHY NOT USE OUR WOMEN?

By Dorothy Thompson

A GREAT American failure in this war has been the failure to give civilian imagination, brains and knowledge the opportunity to function adequately in any sphere except in the purely mechanical and technical processes of production. Civilian talents are the greatest unused national resource, and this is especially conspicuous in the neglect of women.

Few countries have as remarkable women as the United States. In no other country have women had equal economic opportunity. As a result, we have absolutely first-rate women journalists, writers, anthropologists, explorers, professors, organizers, social workers, traders. We have women who know obscure languages and the habits, histories and behavior patterns of all the countries of our Allies and enemies.

The British have always known that women could often get places and accomplish missions where men could not. Clever women always have ways of establishing social connections. If they have been in a place before, they are far more likely than men to have maintained old contacts. Contrary to popular myths, countries that have employed them as confidential agents have found them more discreet than men. They are less likely to get drunk, less likely to brag, and are far more adept at wringing secrets from men than men are at getting the confidence of clever women.

An important factor in modern war is the assembling of important information. Women have always been past masters of the art. They are naturally inquisitive, most of them have been trained to listen; and they are accustomed, as the mistress of the house, to entertain, to act as hostess, to draw out their guests. In the gathering of information, the social arts are of great importance, and women, by training and habit, possess them in superior degree to men.

Great Britain, where women pretend to no such economic status as in America, has always known how to use women in its governmental services, open and secret. British knowledge of the Moslem world, for instance, has been immensely broadened by two remarkable women, the late Gertrude Bell and her present successor, Miss Stark, both of whom lived, studied and traveled for years among the Arabs, mastering dialects, establishing contacts and judging matters with shrewd, feminine common sense.

But America has remarkable women whom the Government in wartime completely neglects.

IN MY own profession of journalism I will name one who has no superior in the field, male or female: Mrs. Anne O'Hare McCormick, of The New York Times. Mrs. McCormick has been traveling back and forth between the United States and Europe for twenty years. I doubt whether there is a single person in the State Department who possesses a greater background and knowledge of as many European countries and peoples or as many social groups and classes in those countries, or enjoys as many personal European contacts as Mrs. McCormick. Her judgment is of remarkable disinterestedness, her knowledge immense, her tact exquisite. She is the kind of woman who attracts not only confidence but confidences. And added to all these qualifications of knowledge and character, she has a first-rate and highly disciplined intellect.

The United States Government has an Office of Strategic Services, an Office of War Information, a Board of Economic Warfare, a State Department, a Military and a Naval Intelligence. These offices employ many thousands of persons for the sole purpose of collecting information. Hundreds of these people are foreigners who have never been accustomed to seeing anything from an American viewpoint. Yet the entire apparatus has found no place for a most valuable American who is certainly not difficult to search out.

One American woman journalist has played an unusually important role in the semiofficial information services of the war. That is Miss Helen Kirkpatrick, correspondent in London of the Chicago Daily News. She is also one of the editors of the important Whitehall Letter, by which leading Britishers and Americans are kept informed of the less obvious war developments. But the Whitehall Letter, that discovered Miss Kirkpatrick's usefulness, is British!

THE British government would certainly have found some official use for women like Charis Crockett, anthropological scientist and authority on New Guinea; or for Helen Burton, who for twenty years ran a gift shop in Peking, was known throughout much of China as an impeccably honest trader, speaks fluent Chinese and has contacts with thousands of Chinese craftsmen.

Sigrid Schultz, for twenty years Chicago Tribune correspondent in Berlin, is sitting in Westport, Connecticut. She has uncountable German and other Europea connections, speaks German, French an Swedish, and why she is not in Swede collecting data on Germany from the Ge mans who come and go from there is yond me.

Then there is Katherine Anne Porte superb English writer who speaks fl Spanish and knows Spain and Spanis ture better than most Spaniards. I s think she would be useful in either or Spanish America.

And there's Gertrude Emerson descendant of Jonathan Edwards, to a distinguished *(Continued on*

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

Old Friends are Best when colds and sore throats threaten

THAT'S THE TIME you appreciate your old standby, Listerine Antiseptic, more than ever. So often it can be such a help in fighting the bacteria related to colds.

Used early and frequently as a gargle it may help head off a cold entirely or keep it from getting serious. That goes, too, for simple sore throat which so often accompanies a cold.

Fewer Colds, Fewer Sore Throats for Listerine Antiseptic Users in Tests

There's an impressive lot of evidence to back this statement up. Over and over again, in tests made over a period of twelve years, *those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic regularly every day had fewer colds and usually had milder ones than those who did not gargle.*

Perhaps you wonder why. The explanation, we believe, is simple:

Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of the Secondary Invaders, those potentially troublesome germs that can set up housekeeping in almost everybody's mouth.

Many a noted nose and throat specialist holds them responsible for the complications of a cold, much of its discomfort, misery and trouble. They can stage a "mass invasion" of the throat tissues when wet feet, cold feet, drafts, fatigue or sudden temperature changes put you under par.

Germs Reduced in Tests

It is wise to attack these trouble-makers to forestall, if possible, such a "mass invasion." And that, apparently, is what Listerine Antiseptic so often does.

In actual tests this cool, refreshing antiseptic accomplished reductions of germs on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after a gargle. One hour later the same tests showed reductions up to 80%.

Surely, when you feel a cold coming on, this delightful precaution is well worth taking.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

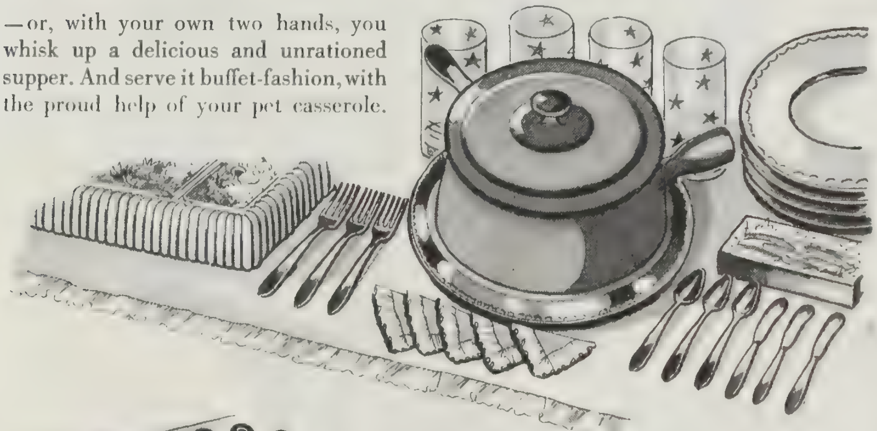
BECAUSE OF WARTIME restrictions you may not always be able to get Listerine Antiseptic in your favorite size. Most drug counters will, however, have it generally available in *some* size.

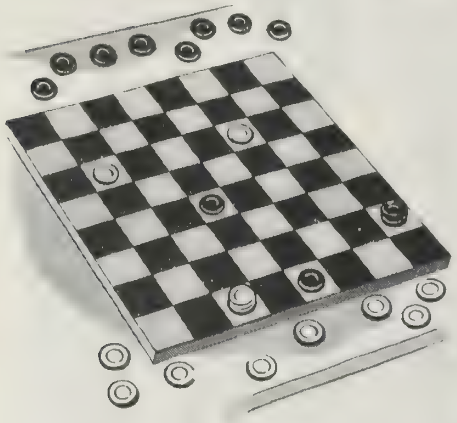
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

for countless little emergencies

—now, you do your entertaining the simple and easy way. Maybe you gather your friends together for an afternoon cup of tea. And trot out all your very nicest tea things to do them honor.

—or, with your own two hands, you whisk up a delicious and unrationed supper. And serve it buffet-fashion, with the proud help of your pet casserole.





—afterwards, you may play simple games. How long has it been since you tried jackstraws—or tiddly winks—or maybe checkers?

—and on a convenient table, there's always an open Whitman's Sampler. Or what about calling upon some family treasures for candy dishes?

But however you serve them, the welcome will always be the same. For Whitman's Chocolates have long been known and recognized as the very finest in candy. There is something special about their luscious creaminess and the smooth, rich chocolate. And these days, when the little things mean so much, they are even more than ever a charming indication of your hospitality.

Whitman's CHOCOLATES

Copr. 1944, Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Inc., Philadelphia

Our Readers Write Us

For Office Cooks

New York City.

My dear Mr. Gould: Don't you think it is time to devote some of your precious wood pulp to the problems of the woman who keeps house without a kitchen and cooks without a stove?

The tremendous pressure of work has depleted the three-hour-luncheon clubs, and the long lines at the drugstore counters have discouraged the hasty luncher. Office cooking, for some time more or less a diversion, has become almost a necessity.

A coffee maker with a separate electric unit and a folding sandwich grill are all one really needs. Have just enough china and silver and linen; paper plates and napkins are too, too picnicky. And the office cook, whether she be secretary or dietitian, should never go domestic. No aprons, please—and (I am miles ahead of you here) *no* dishwashing. The dishes can be placed in a hamper for a long-suffering cleaning woman to do for a regular tip. For the secretary, I would suggest trays rather than a table. You will first of all have laid in a reserve stock of as many cans as points will allow, boxes of Melba toast and bread sticks (fresh bread and butter is a problem).

A spaghetti luncheon can be prepared in ten minutes. Drop the spaghetti into salted water and let it boil while you mix a green salad; use a prepared sauce for the spaghetti—there are several good ones to be had—and instead of meat balls use tiny balls of *pâté de foie gras*, or if the boss' income does not run to *pâté de foie gras*, have the butcher make up balls of smoked liver sausage. Serve with cheese and bread sticks and fresh fruit and black coffee.

And don't worry trying to have a great variety. Give a man a meal he likes and he will eat it uncomplainingly every day.

It is fun too. But then I really like cooking. Come up and see me sometime.

MARCH HEREFORD.

Buy War Bonds First

Sacramento, California.

Dear Editor: J. C. Furnas' article, Hot Money, impressed and woke me up. That article applies to me.

Here is a homely example. I have curtains in my kitchen that will do for another year, but I long to make some crisp new plaid-gingham ones. That would be eight yards of an already scarce material. That material, mind you, would make four dresses for four little girls and last well for them. If I buy that material to dress up my windows, the four mothers will have to buy the cheap-quality yardage which is coming in at a higher price, and buy more of it because of its nondurability, and indirectly through me help inflation along.

I hope many another housewife with that little extra cash sees it the same way.

Sincerely,

MRS. R. K. LINSLEY.

Saludos Amigos

São Paulo, Brazil.

Dear Editor: When I got married, six years ago, my husband presented me with the first subscription of your magazine.

Following many of your good advices I have tried—against our custom here of having maids for all home works—to do the housework alone. And I found so much pleasure in it that I still keep on cooking—thanks to Ann Batchelder's enthusiasm!

Your magazine has shown me how America lives better than cinema and propaganda literature.

Yours truly,

BEATRIZ A. AUTUORI.

Try This on Your Soldier

Raleigh, North Carolina.

Dear Editors: Our boys and girls in camps here and overseas like to have clippings from home, but it's a nuisance—particularly in battle areas, where letters must be opened outdoors—to read a letter and try to keep up with a dozen or so clippings. May I offer my plan of handling clippings?

Before giving magazines to paper-salvage collection, go through them for cartoons, bits of verse and jokes. From the daily paper clip personal items, births, graduations, marriages, engagements, items about his school and college, his church and Sunday school—anything in which he will be interested. Arrange your collection of clippings in three groups according to length—short, medium and long (and if a clipping is too long, you can cut it into sections).

Fold a piece of paper once and cut it to make a folder that is from a quarter to a half inch less in width and length than your envelope. A No. 10 envelope is most satisfactory.

On page one of your folder write the boy's name and address and your name and address. Then paste a brightly colored flower or fruit picture (something he's very fond of—a puppy picture, if he likes dogs) and say "To Jim, from mother." A different picture each time.

On page two of folder take your paste brush, start at bottom of page and make two parallel smears of paste (use it lightly) to the top of page. Lay your shortest clipping at bottom—bottom of clipping even with bottom of page. Paste second clipping top a quarter inch above top of bottom clipping, and each additional clipping in same manner to top of page. With the last clipping in place, start at top clipping and fold it back at top line of clipping below, and with soft cloth wipe away any excess paste. As you fold the clippings back they may be left this way for a few minutes for the paste to dry. Treat page three of the folder in the same way.

Don't paste clippings on back of folder. Make another folder if you have that many clippings.

This is fun to do, and soon you'll find yourself seeing clippings for folders in every magazine and paper you read. When you get that first letter of appreciation from your boy or girl, you'll think your efforts repaid. These clipping folders are something a boy may share with his buddies and give pleasure and interest to many. MRS. HATTIE C. SMITH.

Plea From Down Under

39 Dunn Street,
Christchurch, S.W. I.
New Zealand.

Dear Sir: After looking through my pile of old JOURNALS tonight I am spurred to send a plea to you. During the war it is impossible to send money out of New Zealand, and therefore I cannot get my JOURNAL. Apart from the enjoyment my husband and I derive from the monthly arrival of your magazine, we both, as primary-school teachers, found a lot that was colorful and new and authoritative in various fields, and we miss it very much. So could you find someone who would be willing to wrap up and post to me her copy of the JOURNAL when she has read it? There could be no payment made, except used stamps, possibly, until after the war, when, if she would believe me, she would be fully recompensed.

I *do* miss you, Ann Batchelder, Wilhela Cushman, Doctor Bundesen, Gladys Taber and all!

And as for How America Lives, we intend coming over ourselves to see, when we've cleaned up this little mess. But until then, can you help keep up the friendship on paper?

Thanking you in anticipation,

PHYLLIS CAMPBELL.

Old-Fashioned Mothers Please Note

Collyer, Kansas.

Dear Editor: I wonder if you could publish an article for the older mothers about how much harm they do to the young mothers-to-be (usually their own daughters) when they keep saying things like, "Well, I don't know, I almost died—it was the most horrible experience of my life. You will never be nice-looking afterward."

Of course childbirth is hard (I have three). But I think the months of worry about what might happen is ten times harder. MRS. BEN McCARTNEY.

(Continued on Page 12)

'Sure clothes get dirty...but dirt washes out so easy in Super Suds'

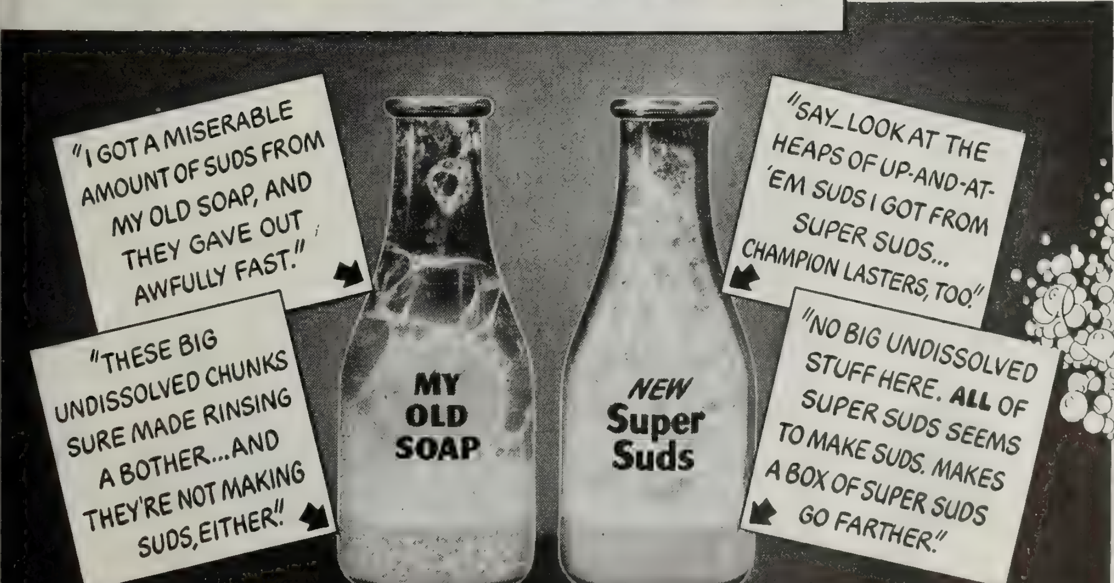
EXTRA SUDS!"

"I sure tackle heavy wash with a lighter heart now, with SO MUCH MORE SUDS, LONGER-LASTIN' SUDS," says Mrs. Betty Daly

"JOAN, the one on her father's back, is a regular little terror for gettin' her clothes dirty. But Jerry, Jacky, and even Bette, the baby, are bad enough. I just had to find a soap that gave MORE SUDS and LONGER-LASTIN' SUDS, and I sure found it in new Super Suds. Gracious, what a difference it made! THOSE SPUNKY EXTRA SUDS just sail through stubborn dirt! I find I've got free time I never had before, because I really do get through my wash quicker with new, sudsier Super Suds."

"Gentle enough for organdy collars"

"You know how collars pick up face powder, also dirt from your coat collar ... Well, Super Suds' EXTRA SUDS are just ideal for doing this kind of special washing job ... soak out the dirt easy, yet are angelically gentle to the delicate fabric!"


"I GOT A MISERABLE AMOUNT OF SUDS FROM MY OLD SOAP, AND THEY GAVE OUT AWFULLY FAST."
"THESE BIG UNDISSOLVED CHUNKS SURE MADE RINSING A BOTHER...AND THEY'RE NOT MAKING SUDS, EITHER."
MY OLD SOAP
NEW Super Suds
"SAY_LOOK AT THE HEAPS OF UP-AND-AT-'EM SUDS I GOT FROM SUPER SUDS... CHAMPION LASTERS, TOO."
"NO BIG UNDISSOLVED STUFF HERE. ALL OF SUPER SUDS SEEMS TO MAKE SUDS. MAKES A BOX OF SUPER SUDS GO FARTHER."

PROVE IT! Make the "milk-bottle suds test"

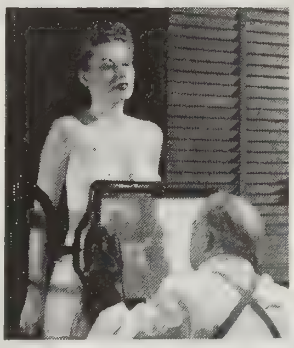
Shake up a teaspoon of your old wash-day soap and a glass of water—even hard or cool water—in a milk-bottle. Do the same with Super Suds in another milk-bottle. See if you don't get *more suds, longer-lasting suds,* from Super Suds.

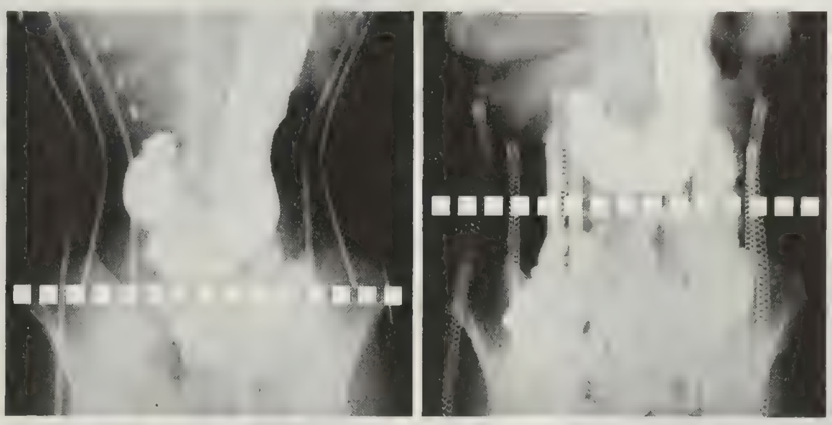
DON'T WASTE SOAP! ★ Vital materials needed to win the war are used in making soap

X-RAYS SHOW HOW CORSET RELIEVES WARTIME FATIGUE

If the war's got you working harder, you're sure to be interested in this evidence of what proper figure support will do for you! These X-rays, made under competent medical supervision, show the supporting action of an individually made Spirella. The picture at the left below shows the constricting action of an ordinary corset, which crowds the stomach down, and is apt to drain away your energy. The other picture is of the same woman in her Spirella. See how her stomach is raised almost three inches! That's Spirella's natural support for you! No wonder housewives, workers in war plants, women in offices all report that they feel better—and look better, too, in their individually made Spirellas!

Call the Spirella corsetiere today! With the help of the exclusive Spirella Modeling Garment she'll show you exactly how you'll feel and how your clothes will look with your own Spirella. The measurements she takes of your supported figure insures that your Spirella will give you the same comfort and fit—your figure at its best!





STUDY THESE X-RAY PICTURES. Dotted line shows stomach position. Picture at left shows action of ordinary corset. Picture at right shows the natural support of a Spirella.

Let this simple test convince you in your own home tonight!

Try this when you undress for bed. It takes but a minute. Press down on your stomach. That's the constricting, crowding pressure of the ordinary corset. Then lower your hands and lift up. That's the natural support an individually designed Spirella gives as long as you wear it! No wonder women who are wearing their first Spirella say, "It makes me feel 10 years younger. And my figure looks so much better!" Phone the Spirella figure support expert in your community today, or use the coupon.

PRESS DOWN LIFT UP

TO WOMEN WHO WANT TO MAKE MONEY HELPING OTHERS

If you are not in a position to do full-time war work, you can help other women find new comfort and happiness—and at the same time add to your own income. Mrs. M. L. G. (name on request) writes, "Two children prevent my volunteering for full-time war work, but I help hundreds do their job better with Spirella figure supports. Last month I made $137 from my business—and dozens of new friends." Why not mail the coupon today?

LOOK TRIM AND KEEP FIT WITH Spirella INDIVIDUALLY-DESIGNED FIGURE SUPPORT

SEND FOR FREE "KEEP FIT" BOOK

The Spirella Company, Inc.
Dept. J-17, Niagara Falls, N. Y.
☐ Send me your free book, "Keep Fit".
☐ Tell me how I can start my own profitable Spirella business.

Name ____________
Address ____________
City ____________ State ________

In Canada, write The Spirella Co., Niagara Falls, Ont.

(Continued from Page 10)

Wife or Career?

Albany, Oregon.

Dear Editor: I just read your article on Mr. and Mrs. Bob Walker. It, to my estimation, is a very stupid affair. When Mrs. Walker took the marriage vows she promised to be a *good* wife and mother. If she sleeps ten hours, works twelve hours and exercises one hour, that leaves one very short hour for her family, which to my way of thinking is not being a good wife and mother.

I have two children, three years and one and one half years. My husband works the graveyard shift in a mill.

Because of the teacher shortage I consider it a duty to teach, but whoever heard of a shortage of actresses?

A reader,
MRS. RALPH SCHNORR.

Dorothy's House Was Bombed

The Duke's Cottage,
Rudgwick, England.

My dears: Last night, for reasons you may not find it difficult to guess, the larder roof came down. I know of no pastime more deadening to the soul than picking plaster off the meat ration and out of the soup at five A.M. I *was* cross.

However, Mr. Port came in first thing. If it's fancy work you want, Mr. Port may take anything up to a year to do it—though he will always leave a nice hod or a ladder or a few bricks in your yard. His kind of trade-mark, meaning one day he'll find you. But if it's anything urgent, and a few rafters have fallen on you, Mr. Port is there at once.

He surveyed the wreckage, unimpressed. "Lor' bless your life, we must expect this kind of thing," said Mr. Port philosophically. He patched it up in no time, and long before I was down to breakfast appeared to finish it off. I murmured that he was very early. He said he did not call it early. He said unless he got up at five—or was it four?—he couldn't get round at all.

The worst part of these little interludes is the *mess*. With one's day now organized to the half minute, everything is wrecked if you have to spend half an hour looking amongst plaster for that strange piece of meat known as The Joint.

Love to you both,
DOROTHY BLACK.

The pretty young teacher was explaining the difference between concrete and abstract. "Concrete means something you can see," she said; "abstract something you can't. Who'll give me an illustration?"

A boy in the first row raised his hand. "My pants are concrete," he said. "Yours are abstract."

—J. H. JOHNSON: The Laughter Library. (Maxwell Droke.)

My dear Bruce and Beatrice: What a commotion! Last Monday Mary's beau turned up from India, where he has been for the last six years. He and Mary hadn't met for four years, and she went up to town. However, everything seemed to be quite O.K., as the saying is, for they arrived here starry-eyed, hand in hand and incredibly vague, and said they wanted to get married at once. Nigel only has a month's leave. Why waste any of it, he said.

I said, "What do you mean by at once?"

They said "Tomorrow," which of course was impossible. However, we rattled up what we could and interviewed a vicar or so, and in the end got them married on Saturday, three days later. Phew!

And if you think I got any help from them, think again! They sat in the playroom and played phonograph records—which, I am sure, reminded them very tenderly of the Fort of Madras, where they met, but did not help me any. Even when I set them to choose a wedding hymn, all they would do was say Lo, He From the Desert Comes was the most suitable.

For Nigel, besides being all that time in India, was through the Libyan campaign, was wounded in the knee—Mary proudly showed us his wound—escaped from Tobruk, was dive-bombed and set on by submarines in the Atlantic on his way back—and strange to say, looks very well. We are all tougher than we know.

What the JOURNAL readers and you, Beatrice and Bruce, did for Mary's wedding, you little know. We all sniffed into JOURNAL hankies, and the lovely boxes of sweets you sent me arrived, do you believe it, on the morning! Put out into silver dishes, they gave an air of incredible luxury to the running buffet that looked as if it had run quite a way and outstripped most things!

The wedding cake was a lovely plum cake sent us by Marian Black, which also arrived most opportunely. Cut up into *very* small pieces, it was handed round on a tray by Eric, the pony boy, who wore in his buttonhole a white cotton carnation that came out of a hat I got at Saks many years ago. Maybe the cake would have gone farther if someone else had handed it round—but never mind. It was really great fun, and I was astonished at the number of people who turned up.

So now I have a married daughter. But I have rather lost the thread of a serial story I was working on!

DOROTHY.

My dear Bruce and Beatrice: I don't very often lie down on a job, but this time I've simply got to own I am defeated. I intended and wanted to write a personal letter to all the people who sent me hankies, but now I have got to face the fact that I shan't live long enough to do it, and get any other work done at the same time. Will you let me say thank you through the JOURNAL, to all the kind people I can't write to, who have sent me such a wonderful present? I think it was a most marvelous idea of Margery Brockway's. I had visualized perhaps one or two dozen, so the list Jane Austin sent me last mail just knocked me flat.

However, the shock was a very pleasant one, and the first box arrived last week. It's a long time since I was so thrilled over anything, and I called the neighbors in and we had a fine time undoing those beautiful little packages. I made everyone who had a hankie put something in the Prisoners of War Fund box, and I gave them, too, one of the names and addresses. So quite a lot of people should hear from quite a lot of people, if they don't hear from me.

DOROTHY.

My dear Bruce and Beatrice: I often wonder what we did before the war with all our spare time. Fancy being able to order a bone for the dog from the butcher, instead of going out into the garden to dig and see if you can find an old one some rich dog has forgotten!

We have had a brace or two of uneasy nights. The first one I awoke at one A.M. to the sound of splintering branches and crashing trees, and an airplane engine quite chattily near at hand. Then there was an almighty crash, and silence. It was one of our own, empty, run out of petrol. It sat down on the road about a mile away, missing a farmhouse by inches. The engine landed on their front doorstep. No one was hurt, and at intervals during the night the crew arrived, having landed on here a gorse bush and there a haystack.

And the following night Eric the pony boy got to the window, as he said, "just in time." Another plane, enemy this time, got the worst of a slight tussle and was shot in half. It very kindly threw out all its flares and made a lovely Christmas-tree display as it came down. That one landed some distance away. Eric always comes in beaming with those tidings. Looking as if he had found an Easter egg!

He is doing immensely well at school, has got onto the football team, and gets A-plus every week.

Later. The village is settling down to its winter activity of Jumble Sales and whist drives, and Mr. Williams, surely the handsomest plumber in all England, is rapping at doors, asking for gifts for prizes. I feel he must do *very* well.

The Jumble Sales is what we give the hats, coats and what nots to that we have grown tired of.

A coat I bought at Macy's in 1926 is still going strong, and if I had known a war was coming it would never have got into the Jumble Sales at all.

I can hardly believe it is a year since you were both over here and I wrecked a

(Continued on Page 172)

Workaday hands can have a "Luxury Look"!

Yes—your hands can stay on the beauty shift— even though you're busier than ever before! The secret's Trushay—a *different kind* of lotion—made to a *special formula.* You use Trushay *beforehand*—*before* you wash undies, or do the dishes—*before* hot, soapy water can mar soft hands!

You almost need two pairs of hands these days. (You're wanted in so many emergency jobs.) Well, Trushay's the next best thing! Used *before* soap-and-water tasks, it helps you keep a "Sunday pair of hands", every day in the week—*guards against* roughness and dryness!

For look-prettier evenings, Trushay's marvelous! Use it *beforehand* to guard the smoothness of your hands. Then try it as a powder base. (It's clinging, fragrant.) Or for rough elbows and knees—or all-over body rubs. So rich, a few drops are all you need. Get Trushay, at your druggist's.

PRODUCT OF
BRISTOL-MYERS

TRUSHAY*

*Trushay was formerly called Toushay. A slightly different name—but the same "beforehand" lotion.

THE "BEFOREHAND" LOTION that guards hands even in hot, soapy water

Allsweet comes to you white. For table use, it may be made the customary yellow by means of the pure coloring provided with each pound.

You'll love its *delicate natural flavor!*

One taste, and you know *this* margarine is different! You understand why Allsweet is so tremendously popular.

For here is margarine with a delicate *natural* flavor . . . from cultured pasteurized skim milk! Allsweet is made from choice products of America's own farms . . . clear, bland food oils, blended by an exclusive Swift process with all the cultured skim milk they can properly absorb.

There's nothing artificial about the flavor of Allsweet Margarine . . . cultured skim milk makes the flavor. And it contains high quality proteins, minerals, sugars, B_1 and B-complex vitamins.

So be a *discriminating* shopper . . . always ask for Allsweet *first*. Even on hot breads and hot vegetables—severest tests of a margarine—its delicate *natural* flavor triumphs. Try Allsweet and you'll want it *every time!*

Your first duty to your country: BUY WAR BONDS

FINE WARTIME NUTRITION. *Allsweet is one of the "Basic 7" kinds of foods government nutrition authorities say we should eat daily. Every pound of this margarine with the delicate* natural *flavor contains a minimum of 9,000 units of essential Vitamin A. And Allsweet is a splendid source of food energy.*

Allsweet *The "Guest-Quality"* *Margarine*

Gossip about people you know, editors you like and what goes on in New York.

Journal About Town

A behind-the-counter princess serves a Journal editor.

ONE thing the JOURNAL'S WINS (Women in National Service) are helping with is the shortage of clerks in grocery stores—full time or part time. Pennsylvania needs 24,000; Illinois, 16,500; Ohio, 14,700; down to Nevada, which needs only 189; and excluding Colorado, which doesn't need any. In fact, it may be an inducement to know that out in Chicago recently, where they're experimenting with paid and unpaid volunteers, ***Alice Blinn*** learned from the ***Princess Rostislav,*** who's helping out at O'Donnell's Market and Grocery, on North Rush Street, that the better you learn to sell the better you learn to buy. Los Angeles filled its quota in three weeks. And one reason Colorado hasn't a clerk shortage is that they don't count the ration stamps out there any more—they weigh them; and according to ***Robert E. Warren,*** director of the state's publicity, the margin of error is now much less than before.

"What did the President do on the way back?" *Mary Cookman* asked a naval officer who served on the ship that carried Mr. R. on his historic trip to the Middle East. . . . "Well, he seemed to be reading mystery books most of the time." . . . "No heavy reading?" Mary asked. . . . "Not that I saw," said the officer. "That was being done for him by *Harry Hopkins.*"

The same officer also explained to Mrs. C. how the President, as commander in chief of the Army and Navy, would of course be the ranking officer on any U. S. warship he happened to be aboard. "But even so," he said, "imagine a President knowing naval regulations so well that when he gets up at nine-thirty the first morning out, and we're asking him how he slept, he pretends we overlooked bringing him the night log at eight o'clock—the way it's brought every day for the ship's commander to read."

With March winds about to scream past the windows of the Workshop, we called up the weather bureau to see if this wasn't the windiest place in town. "Only in a nor'-wester," they said. Otherwise it's at the prow of the Flatiron Building or down by the Battery. But this is the windiest city, they said, in case you thought it was Chicago. Chicago is second, San Francisco third.

When ***Dawn Crowell*** *lost her cuff links the other day, and dashed across to the five-and-ten for new ones, the clerk said they hadn't had cuff links for months, but then suggested, "Why don't you try what a lot of the men are using now? Earrings."*

When we heard how much our soldiers, wounded and otherwise, liked the pictures, cartoons and crossword puzzles that the Girl Scout Brownies are cutting out and pasting up into scrapbooks and mounts for them, we went to watch a group of the girls at work in the playroom of an uptown church. We wouldn't have believed that even fifty kids, dealing with something as silent as paper and paste, could have created such pandemonium. But they'd also created five hundred crossword-puzzle mounts that morning; had previously collected five quarts of safety pins for the Merchant Marine; and before setting out from home had made the beds and done the breakfast dishes. In some ways they're cuter than the Waves.

HAAS

Brownies and their "good turn."

Remember *Reva* and *Nelson Grills,* the young couple from Indiana, who came to New York and showed How America Lives, just three years ago this month? Well, they've a boy, four months old now; and if you recall the Navy lieutenant whose blimp was wrecked a while back, whose crew was located by plane and rescued after eighteen hours from the bleak Atlantic by cutter—that was Nelson, who when you met him in these pages was learning to be a lawyer in a New York law school.

When the young secretary-treasurer of the CIO finally made the ticket window at Penn Station recently to ask hopefully for a lower on the next train to Chicago, the girl behind the counter said, "Sold out," even before she looked up. Then looking up, she exclaimed, "Say, aren't you the ***Jim Carey*** who was in the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL a couple months ago—the father of those two cute kids, ***Jimmy*** and ***Patricia?*** Yes? Well, wait a second—maybe there's a cancellation." . . . "So thanks to the way the JOURNAL gets around," writes Mr. C., "I got a roomette." Never underestimate the power of a woman, says Carey.

If you'd like to send birthday greetings or presents in March, ***Toscanini's*** *is the 25th;* ***Einstein's*** *the 14th;* ***Joan Crawford's*** *the 23rd; and* ***Robert Donat's*** *the 18th. Donat is in England now, and would like a dozen eggs.*

The new March books are as variable as its winds, reports ***Bernardine Kielty,*** associate fiction editor, who put a finger into the current literary pie and pulled out the following tasty plums: THE HEART OF JADE, by ***Salvador de Madariaga,*** a historical novel of the days of Montezuma and the Spanish *conquistadores;* A GUIDE TO THE BEDEVILED, ***Ben Hecht's*** levelheaded discussion of anti-Semitism; A BELL FOR ADANO, by war correspondent ***John Hersey.*** On the light side is ***Dorothy Langley's*** WAIT FOR MRS. WILLARD; on the serious, U.S.S.R.: THE STORY OF SOVIET RUSSIA, by ***Walter Duranty.*** Amusing and serious is ***Ludwig Bemelmans'*** NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP—Book-of-the-Month-Club selection. For excitement add THE LORD IS A MAN OF WAR, by ***Stanley Donath.*** Something for all.

The new top spot for the uniformed forces here is the Sunday-afternoon party at the Roosevelt Grill. Like the Stage Door Canteen, it's run by the American Theatre Wing, but here—unlike SDC—boys can make dates with girls and vice versa; the dance band is one of the best and, since there are five times as many men as girls, every one's a belle. Nearest thing to girls dancing with girls is such a couple as *Marine Sgt. Laura McClelland,* of New York, and *Sgt. Al Bernstein,* of the Canadian Highlanders, in kilts.

Sergeants in skirts.

HAAS

"We must fight not merely to make the world safe for democracy but to give democracy first place in the world."
—HENRY WALLACE.

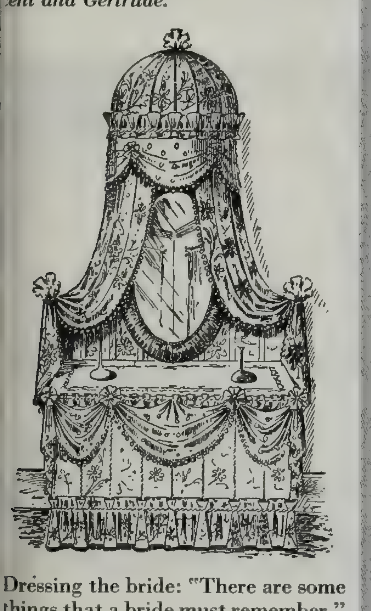
Fifty Years Ago in the Journal

EASTER DAY in March, 1894, was a blustery and cold 38 degrees. In Massillon, Ohio, Coxey's army of ragged unemployed began their famous "hunger" march on Washington. New Yorkers saw debutante Elsie de Wolfe in the new play Frou-Frou, and Gladstone resigned as England's premier. President Grover Cleveland bagged a bear at Roanoke Island, so The New York Times announced, and a polygamist named James Brown confessed marrying twenty-six women in the state of Michigan alone.

"Give a 'caudle' party when the little stranger comes," advises the **JOURNAL** ***of March, 1894, and describes such a party. Superstitions observed: The great-grandmother of the little one carried it first up a flight of stairs before taking it to the drawing room. The same relative, on the other side of the family, put some salt in the little hand and placed an egg among the lace trimmings of the cradle.***

Decorations: "The plates were pink, the center of each representing an ideal baby's face. The centerpiece was a swan in bisque driven by a dear little baby boy. At each place was set a baby's pink kid shoe filled with moss-rose buds, and the almonds and bonbons reposed in little pink glass cradles."

"In naming the baby," says Mrs. Hamilton Mott, "choose a name which will remind the bearer of goodness and nobility. Favorite girls' names are Phyllis, Mildred, Winifred, Millicent and Gertrude."



Dressing the bride: "There are some things that a bride must remember," admonishes Isabel Mallon. "Her bodice must be high in the neck, her sleeves reach quite to her wrists, and there must not be even a suggestion of such frivolities as frills or ribbons of any kind."

"The bridegroom wears a gardenia in his buttonhole, the best man an orchid, and the ushers—bouquets of white violets."

"Blue-eyed: An unmarried woman of twenty-four does not go out with men unless a party is formed, or some other woman accompanies them."

"H.M.: It is never wise for a young girl to carry on a correspondence with a young man to whom she is not engaged."

"From where I sit, Cousin — seems as though my beauty tip won you a husband!"

"LOST YOUR LAST FRIEND?" Mommy asked my nineteen-year-old Cousin Kate. "Not my *last* friend, just my best beau," Kate sobbed. "He's too interested in another girl. I've lost him, I *know!*" "He's not lost *yet*, darling," Mommy comforted. "My dimpled dumpling (*that's me*) has a beauty secret that may bring your lieutenant back into camp."

"SOME VELVETY CHEEK—EH?" Mommy chuckled, pinching mine. "Switch to regular cleansings with pure, mild Ivory Soap and I'm sure *your* complexion will grow clearer and lovelier. More doctors advise Ivory Soap than all other brands together. It has no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might be irritating."

OOOOOOH — LOOK AT KATE 'N' TOM — they were married at our house! See how happy—and pretty—she looks. Right after she started regular, gentle cleansings with "Velvet-suds" Ivory Soap her complexion began to bloom like a dewy rose. And Tom forgot the other girl! Ivory *is* wonderful!

$99^{44}/_{100}\%$ pure . . . It floats

Look lovelier with Ivory

. . . the soap more doctors advise than all other brands together!

Save Soaps! They Use Vital War Materials!

1. DON'T LEAVE SOAP IN THE WATER when you're through lathering yourself. Put the bar in a soap-dish when not in use.

2. BE SURE YOUR SOAP-DISH IS DRY before you put your bar back. Keep a cloth handy to keep your soap-dish dry.

3. USE UP SOAP SCRAPS in wire shaker or tied in cloth. Or make soap jelly by dissolving scraps in boiling water.

HOUSE OF COBWEBS

I looked for Bunny, who was not there. But a girl whom I'd never seen before in my life kissed me and drew back. "You are so exactly like Bunny that I forget that you don't know me."

*The Journal's complete-in-one-issue book condensation.**

BY MARY REISNER

AT LAST, on a cool October afternoon, I saw the piers of the New Jersey shore. But though my eyes saw them, my mind did not. The journey's end seemed to have turned back my thoughts to its beginning, two years ago and half a world away. Again I walked through the London house where I had lived with Camilla, my wife. Even the foundations of that house were gone, and yet somewhere inside my brain I saw the pattern of carpet and wallpaper, the arrangement of the furniture, even the view from my windows into the little London square that now was a gaping crater.

I saw Camilla's thin face that was so nearly beautiful, her pale blond hair and white skin, her lips smiling as she tormented me, and her blue eyes that held no smile. I saw her as she came into my room when I was packing to go away, the last time she and I had ever been under the same roof. I could still see her look—cold, outraged, uncomprehending—when I told her I was leaving her for good.

Then the scene shifted, and I saw the shores of Lake Geneva, the moonlight on the water, the misty mountains and the sparkling lights of Evian across the lake. I saw Elizabeth Dillon, looking from me to my brother, Bunny, as he stood beside me under the lamplight, and I could hear Bunny laughing, as he never failed to laugh, at the passers-by who turned their heads to stare at the miracle of our outward likeness.

Then moonlight and lake dissolved, and I saw myself strolling with my brother down the Via Tornabuoni, in Florence, or sitting with Aunt Rachel in the great square, drinking coffee and listening to the music in Paszkowski's café. And through it all Elizabeth Dillon was woven into the pattern of our lives, appearing and reappearing, followed by my brother, and holding him off, and

(Continued on Page 90)

** The complete novel will be published soon by Dodd, Mead & Co.*

ILLUSTRATED BY PERRY PETERSON

KATINA

The Greek skies were clouded with Messerschmitts. Before the Messerschmitts took Greece, they had to take Katina. To the RAF, Katina was Greece with her back to the wall.

BY ROALD DAHL

ILLUSTRATED BY ANDREW LOOMIS

PETER saw her first. She was sitting on a stone, quite still, with her hands resting on her lap. She sat there staring vacantly ahead, seeing nothing, while all around, up and down the little street, people were running backward and forward with buckets of water, emptying them through the windows of the burning houses.

Across the street, on the rough cobblestones, lay a dead boy. Someone had moved his body close in to the side, so that it would not be in the way.

A little farther down, an old man was working on a pile of stones and rubble which had once been his home. One by one he was carrying the heavy stones away and dumping them to the side. Sometimes he would bend down and peer into the ruins, repeating a name over and over again in a soft deep whisper.

All around there were shouting and running and fires and buckets of water and dust. But the little girl sat quietly on the stone, staring ahead, not moving. There was blood running down the left side of her face. It ran down from her forehead and dripped steadily from her chin onto the dirty print dress she was wearing.

Peter saw her and said, "Look at that little girl."

We went up to her and Fin put his hand on her shoulder, bending down to examine the cut. "Looks like a piece of shrapnel," he said. "She ought to see the doc."

Peter and I made a chair with our hands and Fin lifted her up onto it. We started back through the streets and out toward the airdrome, the two of us walking a little awkwardly. I could feel Peter's fingers clasped tightly in mine and I could feel the buttocks of the little girl resting on my wrists. But she was very light. I was on the left side and the blood was dripping down from her face onto the arm of my flying suit, running down the waterproof cloth onto the back of my hand. But she never moved or said anything.

"She's bleeding rather fast," Fin said. "You'd better walk a bit quicker."

She had high cheekbones and large round eyes, pale blue, the color of an autumn sky. She was so fair that her hair was almost white, but there were streaks of gold among the curls which hung down and touched her shoulders. I guessed she was about seven years old.

This was in Greece, in early April, 1941, at Paramythia. Our fighter squadron was stationed on a muddy field near the village, in a deep valley made more beautiful by the great mountains which surrounded us on all sides. The freezing winter had passed, and now, almost before anyone knew it, had come the spring. It had come quietly and swiftly, melting the ice on the lakes and brushing the snow off the mountaintops. Up at the front the Greek soldiers began to take off their woolly hats. In our valley there were warm winds and wild flowers.

The Germans, who had come in through Jugoslavia on the sixth of April, were now operating in force, and that afternoon they had come over very high with about thirty-five Dorniers and bombed the village. Peter and Fin and I were off duty for a while, and the three of us had gone down to Paramythia to see if there was anything we could do in the way of rescue work. We had spent a few hours digging around in the ruins and helping to put out fires, and we were on our way back when we saw our little girl.

Now, as we approached the landing field, we could see the Hurricanes circling around coming in to land, and there was the doc, standing out in front of the dispersal tent, just as he should have been, waiting to see if anyone had been hurt. We walked toward him, carrying the child, and Fin, who was a few yards in front, said:

"Doc, you lazy old devil, here's a job for you."

The doc was a small man with a wrinkled face and brown eyes. When he got drunk he sang very well. We liked him very much.

"Take her into the sick bay," he said. We went along and he followed us in. "Now clear out. . . . Sergeant, bring me some hot water, swabs ——" That was all we heard. We went out and wandered over to the dispersal tent to see how the boys had got along.

It was beginning to get dark. There was a sunset behind the ridge over in the west, and there was a full moon, a bombers' moon, climbing up into the sky. The moon shone upon the whiteness of the tents. They were standing up very straight, white against the grass, and as I looked I thought I saw them move. I thought I saw them huddle just a fraction nearer together. Then silently, without a sound, the mountains crept a little closer into our valley.

For the next two days I don't think any of us was conscious of anything except getting up at dawn, flying, snatching some food now and then, and going to sleep almost as soon as it got dark. Patrols, bomber escorts, ground strafes, interceptions and sweeps all merged into one great continuous never-ending cycle of flying, flying, flying.

But on the third day there was bad weather. So we sat around in the mess tent drinking *resinato*, while the rain made a noise like a sewing machine on the roof.

Then lunch. For the first time in weeks the whole squadron was present. Fifteen pilots at a long table with benches on either side and Monkey, the C.O., sitting at the head.

We were still in the middle of our fried corned beef when the flap of the tent opened, and in came the doc with an enormous dripping raincoat over his head. And with him, under the coat, was the little girl. She had a bandage round her head.

"Hello. I've brought a guest," said the doc and suddenly, automatically, we all stood up.

The doc was taking off his raincoat and the little girl was standing there with her hands behind her back, looking at the men, and the men were all looking at her. With her long fair hair and pale skin, she looked less like a Greek than anyone I've ever seen. She was frightened by the fifteen rough-looking foreigners who had suddenly stood up when she came in, and for a moment she half turned as if she were going to run away out into the rain.

"Hallo," said Monkey, "hallo; come and sit down."

"Talk Greek," said the doc. "She doesn't understand."

Fin and Peter and I looked at one another and Fin said, "It's our little girl. Nice work, doc."

She recognized Fin and walked round to where he was standing. He took her by the hand and set her down on the bench, and everyone else sat down too.

We gave her some fried corned beef, and while she was eating it Monkey said, "Get Pericles."

Pericles was the Greek interpreter attached to the squadron. He was a wonderful man we'd picked up at Yanina, where he had been the local schoolteacher. He had been out of business ever since the war started. "The children do not come to school. They are up in the mountains and fight," he had said when he joined us.

Pericles came in. He was old, with a beard, a long pointed nose and sad gray eyes with wrinkles all around them.

"Ask her her name," said Monkey.

He said something to her in Greek, and she looked up and said, "Katina." That was all she said.

"Look, Pericles," said Peter, "ask her what she was doing sitting by that heap of ruins in the village."

Fin said, "Leave her alone."

"Ask her, Pericles," said Peter.

Pericles talked to her again. She listened to the old man, and it seemed a long time before she answered. When she spoke it was only a few words, and Pericles translated:

"She says that her mother and father and three sisters were underneath the stones."

Outside, the rain was coming down harder than ever. It beat upon the roof of the mess tent so that the canvas shivered as the water bounced upon it.

I got up and walked over and lifted the flap of the tent. The mountains were invisible behind the rain, but I had a feeling of being surrounded; a feeling that the mountains were gloating over us, sitting around gloating at the stupid little force of

(Continued on Page 126)

ROALD DAHL joined the RAF in East Africa when the war broke out. He trained as Leading Aircraftsman in Africa and Iraq; served as fighter pilot in Libya, flying Gladiators; was wounded in September, 1940, and spent 16 weeks in Alexandria, impatiently waiting for his fractured skull to mend. In the early spring of 1941 (the time of this story), he rejoined his squadron in Greece, flying Hurricanes. After that, the Syrian campaign, and then he was invalided home because of the old head injuries. Now in America, Squadron Leader Dahl, known as "Stalky," has done some writing at Walt Disney's studio and has turned to fiction. He is the son of Norwegian parents and is 27.

She seemed to be shouting at the Germans, but nobody could hear anything but engines and guns. That evening Monkey got out the squadron records and added Katina's name to the list of members.

What makes your Back ache?

Many backs begin to stoop or bow at this point. The result is not only dowager's hump—which is unsightly—but frequently neuritis in the arms and neck, and even bad headaches due to pinched nerves.

PHOTO BY RUZZIE GREEN

Sag or bulge here, and you're likely headed for arthritis. One symptom of bad posture may be sciatica, extending down to the feet. Dislocation of internal organs, due to faulty posture, may also cause internal upsets.

Posture is the blueprint of your future. It tells whether you'll be jaunty at seventy-five or old before your time. Your backache may not be kidney trouble, arthritis or diabetes; it may be a postural malady you can correct with these simple exercises. ★ ★ **BY MONA GARDNER**

ON THE stage, a backache is always good for a laugh. It's one of those comic disciplinary devices a playwright visits upon the crotchety old dodo who's interfering with young love. Maybe that's why we're inclined to be theatrical about he actual thing when it attacks us—either quipping facetiously about how we'll have to cut down on our daily stint of rumba rom now on, or, husky with noble resignation, we speak that ine about age creeping on. Neither gesture helps the devilish pain of the thing; neither is an intelligent recognition of the menace this villain plays in the drama of life for all of us.

Doctors—with plenty of figures at their finger tips—tell us backache, in one form or another, is responsible for more inefficiency, more discomfort, more disastrous discontent than any other of the chronic diseases. Chart that into case histories, and t means a crick in the back loses jobs, dissipates friendships and breaks up homes by the hundreds of thousands every year in the United States.

The late Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes—who had a faculty for being right about so many things—used to define woman as "a constipated biped with a pain in her back." This horribly acute summation of woman may have had the young Harvard medical students of that day in stitches, but it didn't tell the whole story. It didn't warn them that at least 80 per cent of their blithe number would graduate and, in the ordinary course of the next twenty years or so, come to have aching backs of their own.

For that twinge, that knife thrust, that continuous rack when muscles and bones have seemingly solidified into one incessant torment, indiscriminately attacks any and all, men in equal proportion with women, the vigorous as well as the inactive, the short and the tall.

Invariably an attempt is made to trace the symptoms to one specific cause. Was it, you ask, springing out of bed yesterday morning to grab the alarm clock that did it? Could it have been that heavy weight you lifted last week when there was no one else around to help you? Or a wrench that time you slipped and almost fell on the icy pavement?

Complain of it to a doctor, and if he's the average orthopedic surgeon he'll begin looking over your spine. If he's a gynecologist, it will be the pelvic organs he'll examine. The neurologist is sure your backache is a form of neurosis, while the internist considers it a symptom of improper intestinal function. Their treatment ranges from drugs to manipulation, from braces to a pretty final form of surgery known as fusing the spine.

There is, however, another whole school of medical thought on the cause of backache. But it is so startlingly simple it doesn't sound medical. You don't need eight years of premedical courses to tunnel through its theory. It is instantly comprehensible, instantly challenging and, to many, instantly logical. It is called postural malady. It says, "Violate essential anatomical laws when you walk, sit and sleep, and a backache is the inevitable penalty you pay, just as surely as a police ticket is the inevitable result of your parking your car spang in the middle of a busy intersection. Both snarl up traffic; both cause congestion."

Posture, then, becomes the blueprint of your individual future. It tells whether you can look forward to a jaunty seventy-five, or whether you'll be miserable at forty. It's entirely a matter of whether all your mechanical parts are exactly in the place Nature meant them to be—which, of course, means that the blood can carry on uninterruptedly with its job of regeneration. But if, on the other hand, you sag from neck to knee, and keep right on sagging, pinching nerves all the while, interrupting blood supply, cramping this or that mechanical part, then don't be surprised if you find diabetes, or atrophic arthritis, or cardiac strain written after your name on some doctor's card several years after you begin having backaches.

AN ENGINEER would explain all this in terms of stresses and strains. He would say the bones, joints, muscles, nerves, and such, are merely interdependent parts of an intricately functioning machine. Set up a continuous strain on any one part, and right away you have a warning signal. With a steam engine, it's the pressure gauge that says look out for trouble. With the human engine, the danger signal is quite likely to be a backache. Final consequence comes a bit later—the engine is wrecked long before the other shiny parts have begun to show the slightest wear.

Thus a mechanical engineer, in testing a machine, first of all examines its mechanical alignment and function. The commercial value of the machine, in his eyes, is not based upon its actual capacity at that moment, but upon the detectable signs of wear in its vital parts due to misalignment. The less well aligned it is, the more strain and wear he finds, indicate the entire probability of breakdown in the near future.

Posture doctors believe very much in this analogy. Conclusive evidence, they feel, comes from thousands of case histories of just such catastrophic misalignment of human engines.

For instance, they tell of a man of forty-five who came to them unable to get through a day's work at his office and equally unable to endure the burden of everyday family life. For years he had been suffering, on and off, from a tired and aching back. Pain came on, he noticed, after every unusual effort, interspersed with spasms of sciatica first in one leg and then in the other. Now the attacks were becoming more frequent—riding in a motorcar or a train for any distance was a feat of endurance. Extreme headaches, nervousness and indigestion were intermittent plagues.

A thoroughgoing body check revealed nothing organically wrong with him, and that he had no anatomical abnormality. But a silhouette picture of his standing position told a glaring story. He sagged in every line; he had rounded shoulders, drooped chest, prominent abdomen, neck growing forward instead of up, and a swayback as pronounced as any old Dobbin ever had.

Treatment—if such an active word can be applied to such a passive procedure—consisted of putting the patient to bed with a pillow under his knees, a pillow under the small of his back, and none whatever under his head. Exercises were begun immediately—exaggeratedly simple ones lasting fifteen minutes in the morning and another fifteen minutes in the evening. Specifically, these taught him how to use and strengthen certain muscles while his body was in the essentially correct position.

IN THREE weeks' time he had left the hospital, completely relieved of any back pain. He continued his daily muscle strengthening, carefully, scrupulously maintaining the new posture he had acquired. Headaches, indigestion and nervousness vanished; in three months he was doing a full day's work at the office, walking the mile between office and home in the morning and again in the afternoon, attending occasional concerts and the theater in the evening with his family, and playing eighteen holes of golf on week ends.

Another stark case of evidence is that of the fifty-year-old woman, with a husband and three children, who had been advised to have her left leg amputated because diabetic gangrene had set in. Circulation in her foot was so poor pulsations couldn't be felt in the ankle arteries at all. The foot itself was an angry red as far up as the anklebone, and the usual offensive discharge had started from a slough on one side of the great toe. Her pulse was weak and rapid, her temperature elevated one and a half degrees. High sugar content was being held in check with insulin.

As a last resort against amputation, the frantic woman came to the posture doctors, apologizing the while for coming to them with a case so obviously out of their field. They diagnosed her case as acute body strain, and took immediate steps to relieve it. They put her right back to bed where she had been before, but with this critical difference: the three pillows she ordinarily kept under her head and shoulders were banished. Thus all constriction of the diaphragm was relieved and once again it could function normally. Mild exercises to increase and stimulate its action were begun. This was the sum total of the new treatment: removing pillows and instituting moderate exercises. Otherwise the very sick woman carried on with her usual insulin dose—ten units per day—and with mildly antiseptic hot compresses on her bad foot.

The change was spectacular. Within twenty-four hours pulsations in the ankle were felt, foot discoloration began to disappear and the whole tone of her body improved. In ten days insulin was discontinued permanently, and from then on her pancreas did its own job without outside help. Six weeks from the time she had begun this treatment, she was walking quite comfortably around the hospital corridors, and left shortly after to carry on at home.

That was a decade ago. In the intervening years she has never returned for medical treatment, has lived on a fairly free diet, and, in addition to doing all her own housework, is now, at sixty, quite active in Red Cross work.

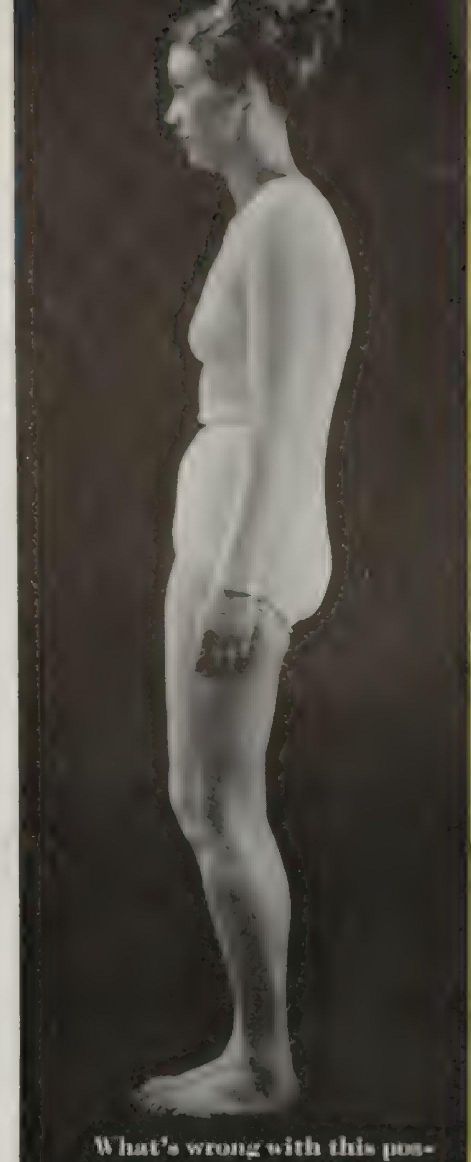
Obviously both these persons were suffering from postural malady, and not from middle age, not from any anatomical lack. Prolonged misuse—incessantly tipping the pelvis forward, displacing the abdomen, compressing the spinal nerves—was, however, producing just as cruel and blighting a deformity as though they had been born with a twisted foot or a withered arm.

Knowledge of postural malady isn't a new discovery. Its treatment isn't a separate and distinct science. Books have been written on its methods, lectures have been delivered on its theory and function in the foremost medical schools of the country, and for forty years an eminently successful and respected postural clinic in Boston has concerned itself with teaching people proper posture or how to get full capacity from body engines.

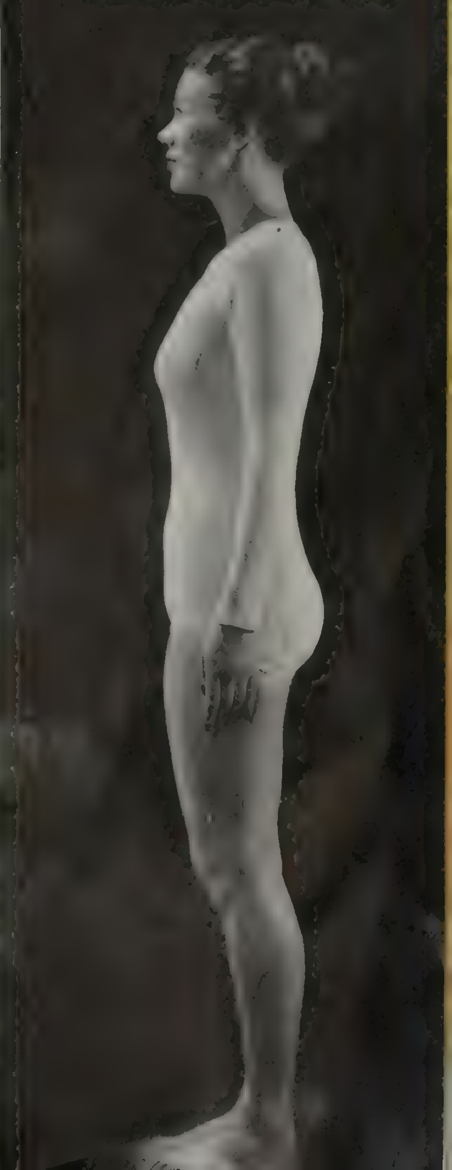
Curiously enough, one third of the steady stream of patients there are surgeons, obstetricians, family physicians—tired, ailing doctors who, during the incessant, fatiguing demands of their work, have allowed themselves to slump into all manner of faulty postural habits, and now want to correct them before a chronic condition develops.

This raises the obvious question: being doctors themselves, why can't these various medical men correct such a simple thing as their own bad posture? The answer

(Continued on Page 164)



What's wrong with this posture *(above)* is pulled into line *(below)* when the body is treated as a bone structure and not as a sand pile.



PHOTOS BY LESLIE GILL

There is such Strength

AUGUSTA PROMISED TO KEEP MAMAN'S SECRET IF THE BABY WAS A BOY—BUT WHOSE WILL IS STRONGER, A HATER'S OR A LOVER'S?

By Elsa Valentine

FROM the time Alexandra van der Liest-Leyden came to Ludwig Fritzhoff as his bride in 1898 to the day of her death sixteen years later, she gave him little but unhappiness. Though she bore him three children—Octavia, Febricka and Juliana—actually she was a person completely alien to him in body and spirit. When he had married her he was a lonely widower from Munich in his early thirties, with a child, Augusta, on his hands, and in his reawakened eagerness overlooked too quickly her aloof silences.

Doctor Fritzhoff had met her during the difficult months of his first important pastorate in America. He had come to dinner one evening at the home of his wealthiest parishioner, a middle-aged physician, who, with his wife, was entertaining a visiting niece from Belgium. Fritzhoff was still young, extremely handsome. Introduced to the young niece, he had seen a tall, slim girl with sapphire-blue eyes and coal-black hair and skin as flawlessly smooth as a magnolia petal. From his host he learned that she was in America for a purpose, sent by her agitated parents. "You see, her fiancé, the Baron Charles Friedrich von Bergestadt, from Vienna, at the last minute succumbed to the more obvious charms of a younger sister. You could do a lot worse, Ludwig, and she will soon forget her baron. She is a kind soul, a wonderful musician and speaks German as fluently as her own French. A perfect wife for a minister."

The Fritzhoffs left the East and began a new life in Laurelwaters, just north of Chicago. When she had been married five years and had borne three children—the first of which had died—she still loved her Charles and had not lost the haunted look in her eyes. Juliana then was born, in 1907. The years seemed to have little effect upon the beauty of Mrs. Fritzhoff. There was about her a strange detachment, a severance from reality that was from the beginning fiercely resented by her stepchild, Augusta. Occasionally this white stillness could be shattered, and when she came to life she was indeed a frightening figure, because only rage had the power to make her voluble. It was always the arrival of the mail that started the dreaded battle, particularly a large letter of pale blue, with a foreign postage stamp and across its flap a handsome raised crest.

One cold March day at breakfast Doctor Fritzhoff announced that *maman* was to go away to Belgium to visit her widowed mother for three months. Mrs. Fritzhoff became amazingly animated. She shopped incessantly with the abandon of a bride.

Augusta faced her father with a tight face. "Tell me, please, where all *maman's* money is coming from."

"It really isn't any of your business, Augusta. *Maman's* father was very wealthy. He has left her a legacy which she may spend any way she sees fit."

"I hope, father, that you will limit her allowance just to her expenses. The rest we can use for our return to Germany."

Febby, the sensitive child, overheard this last and ran screaming to *maman* in the sewing room. "*Maman*, don't let father have your money. I don't want to live in Germany."

Mrs. Fritzhoff's eyes were smiling. "Febby, you are too young to be frightened. Don't ever let Augusta's plans frighten you. You won't have to live in Germany, I promise you."

So Mrs. Fritzhoff had gone away in early April, 1913. Doctor Fritzhoff accompanied his wife to New York and Augusta was gone for a short time to a conference. The three girls at home went on a blissful holiday. Febby was a born musician and filled the house with her practicing, and with her friends, Anne Bardley, whose father was newly rich, and the Jewish girl, Rebecca Lowenstein. Octavia said softly, "I'm going to learn to write on the typewriter. I'll have to learn, because I'm going to be a writer."

Cards came from Mrs. Fritzhoff. In mid-June, Augusta received a fat letter addressed to herself. It was postmarked Vienna. It told briefly of Mrs. Fritzhoff's journey to Vienna with her mother and the delightful visit they were having with her sister Catherine and her husband in their beautiful castle. She would be back in America the first week in July. Augusta kept hidden the envelope, which was a large pale blue one with a raised crest.

It was a week or so later that Augusta found, in the bottom drawer of her stepmother's dressing table, an exact duplicate of the crest—upon the lid of a box. Under it was written, "*Pour ma belle Alexandra, toujours l'amour, Charles.* Brussels, 1896." Charles? There was a picture of *maman's* younger sister Catherine in the green plush album downstairs, and on the back the legend: "Baronne Catherine von Bergestadt, Wien, 1898." Augusta recalled it well because *her* husband happened to be called Charles! It might be well to let *maman* know that she knew her little secret. Augusta dropped the box in *maman's top* drawer with her handkerchiefs.

It was a Saturday in early July when *maman* returned. Augusta stared at a woman so beautiful it was downright embarrassing. *Maman* had never looked so glowing. Only Augusta noticed *maman* suddenly grow quite white while the floor apparently rocked for a minute beneath her feet. *Maman* went upstairs to change her traveling clothes, and she seemed to be gone a long time. When she returned she was wearing a blue house coat and carrying a fresh handkerchief. Augusta saw that her face was very pale and that her hand was trembling.

There were presents for everyone, and for Augusta a box of modeling clay. Late that night Augusta modeled a beautiful head of Febby, whom she loved. With this child to mold as easily as she modeled clay, she would not miss her father too greatly. Even now the thought of those two, reunited in the front bedroom, couldn't hurt her. *Maman's* secret was there in the room with them, but he would never know or guess—no, not even next spring, when the child arrived in March instead of April.

II

1914

AUGUSTA closed the door quietly behind her, went along the hall, down the stairs to the living room, and stood for a moment in the doorway. Anger began to clog her throat and her eyes felt hot and tense, but she forced herself to remain calm as she watched her stepmother at the piano. The delicate profile was lifted and remote. How very beautiful she was, and how terribly she must have loved that Charles. She who had such grace and beauty, she who had been so fortunate as to have been born within the nobility, she who had the love and admiration of her husband—she could commit this crime!

The profile slowly turned. "Come in, Augusta."

Augusta went into the room reluctantly and stood at the piano. Mrs. Fritzhoff stopped playing, and her hands fell folded into her lap. When she spoke, her voice trembled with nervousness.

"Augusta, it is time that you and I came to some sort of an understanding."

"I don't see how that is possible, *maman*."

"No, I suppose not. But could I perhaps have a promise from you? If there is something that is troubling you, could it be kept between ourselves? Need your father know about it, Augusta?"

"I had expected that. Why should you do what you have done and not be punished?"

"Yes, yes, I know. You want only to hurt me. I can assure you that I am suffering enough even, I think, to satisfy you."

"But, *maman*, you deceived him. You should never have married him; you had no right to, as long as you loved this other man. This is something I cannot keep quiet about. Father will have to be told eventually—and then what are you to do with your life?"

Mrs. Fritzhoff smiled. "It is a thought that intrigues you considerably, I can see that. I suppose your father would divorce me. I could go back to Brussels and live with my mother, taking the child with me. But, Augusta, I would also want to take along my three other children. And if they had their choice, whom do you suppose they would accompany—their father and you or myself?"

Augusta was silent, her heart suddenly pounding. Here was a new thought. Febby. What Octavia and Juliana did could not possibly matter. But if Febby left, life would be unbearable. And she would go. Neither Octavia nor Febby cared very greatly for their father, while both were devoted to *maman*.

Augusta said slowly, "I will strike a bargain with you. If it is a girl, I shall tell him the truth. If it is a boy, I promise you father will never learn your secret from me."

"Everyone seems to think it will be a boy. And so do I."

Augusta's lips twisted. "You have borne five girls, *maman*. I don't think you are the type that bears sons."

"We shall see. The child's father happens to be one of seven brothers."

There was a prolonged silence as the two looked at each other. There never could be hope of any truce or friendship between them.

"Good night, *maman*."

"Good night, and thank you, Augusta, for coming down."

Augusta ran quickly up the stairs. She closed her door and got into bed and lay there shivering. *Maman* had walked off victorious from this interview. For the time being, triumph was hers. But just wait—just wait.

The baby arrived one blustery Saturday in early March. Doctor Wendell and old Frau Müller were hastily summoned. The children were sent scurrying over to Janssens'. It was, thought Augusta, relegated to the kitchen to help Erna, exactly as though an heir were to be born!

It took a very long time, and the endless hours dragged along. Doctor Fritzhoff paced his study and once came down the back way and demanded coffee. Erna slammed dishes in the sink and muttered against the ancient injustice done women; if she had anything to do with it, things would be different.

Augusta threw a coat over her shoulders, and hastily left the kitchen. She felt the

(Continued on Page 46)

Maman's eyes were sunken wells of terror. "Augusta, I beg of you—no. I shall tell Doctor Wendell everything—I must."

ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER

It wasn't much trouble to fix up our little scheme. I put a hot towel over Doctor Harkness' face, but uncovered his right ear so he

YOU GOT TO KNOW YOUR FOLKS

A BUNCH of the boys were going off to the Army—Zeke Putman and Harvey Dix and Tige O'Neil—and Young Doc Kimberley was going right along with them. He wasn't one of them, exactly, because he was quite some older and he had a commission in the Navy; but they were all traveling to San Francisco together, and when it come to the town turning out to say good-by, Young Doc wasn't any better than the rest of them. They were all just fellows going away to serve their country the best way they could.

Of course a lot of folks were down to see them off—all the fathers and mothers and relatives and friends—and that took in just about everybody in Tansy. And I was there, too, because I'd barbered every one of them from the time they had their first curls cut off till they come in to get done up right for high-school graduation.

Well, we all got there and then the train turned out to be late. Agent couldn't say just when it would get in, so we mostly waited.

Zeke Putman's family made up a crowd around Zeke like they wasn't going to let him go when the time come. . . . It was Harvey's mother and aunts that was the bravest, you might say. That row of smiles they had on wasn't real, but they was fast, and they'd stay no matter how long it took the train to get in. . . . Tige's old man hung around on the outside of everything, dirty and greasy as ever, but sober, and he had a proud look, like for once he was as good as anybody else. Maybe he was better than some, because he was giving up all he had.

Old Doc Kimberley was the only relation Young Doc was leaving, too, but they had plenty of friends there. It wasn't easy for Old Doc to see young Bob go, either. The kid had come home to set up in practice with his dad three years before, and the old man had begun to slack up and take things easy for the first time in over forty years. He'd planned to retire, but a lot of folks have had to change their plans about a lot of things nowadays.

I'm such an old-timer that I got lots to remember; and sometimes, when I'm remembering, a long time ago seems like yesterday. I can still see Young Doc's mamma trying to hide her tears in her muff when I gave him his first man's haircut, and I remember bringing poor little Tige in looking like a terrier and trimming him up till I wondered if they'd know him at home. I'd called him in just yesterday, too, and lectured him on cleaning up when he went to serve his country, and given him a free haircut for a going-away present. He'd tried to spruce himself up, I could see, and I says to Les Hastings:

"There's a kid the Army's going to make a man of."

"Yes," Les says, "wouldn't be surprised if it's his big chance. It won't hurt Harvey, either, to get a man's point of view, or Zeke to learn how to turn a corner without running into a relative. There's one, though," he says, nodding at Young Doc, "that I sure hate to see go. He'll never come back."

"How you mean, never come back?" I says.

"Oh, Bob's a smart doctor," Les says, "and once he gets a good spot in the Navy he'll stay, or he'll specialize and go in for a big-city practice. He's good enough."

Now that kind of made me mad. "He's better'n that," I says. "He's good enough to come back to Tansy. And what's more, he'll come back. You wouldn't know," I says, a little softer, "because you wasn't here for his grandpa's trial—le'ssee, that was eighteen years ago this here very month. He'll come back."

"Mr. Jefferson," Les says, "how do you expect me to understand that Young Doc will come back because his grandfather had a trial when Bob wasn't big enough to peddle papers?"

Les is a nice fellow, but he's kind of a newcomer. He bought out The Express—that's the weekly paper—about three years ago, and he's done fine with it. My shop is next door to his, so right from the start I've helped him get straightened out on things that wouldn't matter anyplace else, but are mighty important in Tansy.

"Well, Les," I says, "like I've always told you, in a town like Tansy you got to know your folks. You could go to Chicago and get around easy enough just by reading the signs, but in Tansy it's different. You don't really know your way around here until you know about things like Miss Prilly's dyed hair, and Aunt Hazel Tomkin's spells, and that the boy twin in the Kirby family isn' Joanie's twin at all. That's a secret, of course, but you go to know it in order not to make a point of how one's dark and one's light and all that."

"They're sure a handsome pair, aren't they?" Les says

"Who, the twins?" I says. "Finest pair of kids in the county."

"No, I meant Zeke and Clarrie," Les says, kind o wistful.

I looked over at the Putman clan and there was Clarrie cute as a valentine, carrying on miles a minute with her hero cousin. They're third cousins, really, because Clarrie's ma—well, that's not important. What was important was the look on Les' face, which told me everything about how it must be to have a lame foot and have to stay home when all the others are going.

"That don't mean nothing," I says. "Zeke's too young for Clarrie, and not half smart enough. Clarrie's just about the smartest girl in Tansy. Ever see those pieces she wrote when she was at college?"

"No," Les says, like he was mighty pleased. "I didn't know she ever stayed still long enough to do anything like that."

"Ask her to show them to you sometime," I says "She's prouder of them than she is of the way she can step off them South American dances."

I kind of studied on Clarrie a few minutes, wondering how an idea that had come to me had best be worked out

"Do you mind if we find a seat?" Les asks politely

Little things like Miss Prilly's dyed hair, and whose kids are adopted, they're mighty important in a small town — Gossips and matchmakers are too, and likely as not they're apt to be men.

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER BIGGS

ar good. Pretty soon Nellie Purvis comes along.

By Luella Markley Mockett

"Well, now, Les," I says, "that just goes to show nobody gives that foot of yours a thought. Sure, let's find ourselves a private spot and I'll tell you why Young Doc's coming back."

"I sure hope you're right," Les says. "I shouldn't talk about it, I suppose, but Bob has been studying this foot of mine and he thinks he could straighten it out so I could even do a waltz, maybe." I knew he was thinking of Clarrie, who is the dancingest girl in town. "Only Bob wasn't quite ready, and then he got called up sooner than he expected—and I can't go away. The paper's all I have, you know." The kind of disappointment that was in Les' voice you'll know for real tragedy if you've lived long enough and known enough people. It's the kind of tragedy that means a young man is putting away the dreams he's got a right to hold on to.

"YOUNG Doc'll be back," I says. "And you can count on him. Just like you could always count on his father and his grandpa. They don't come any better. And yet there was a time when Tansy nearly lost them all. Folks can be such fools—such blind, stupid fools—even in Wyoming." Just thinking back to that time made me snorting mad.

"Tansy without Doctor Kimberley?" Les says, looking over to where Old Doc was standing. "Why, folks wouldn't let him leave."

"No," I says, "they wouldn't and they didn't. But I'll have to go back a ways to get my story started, Les, being's you didn't know the Old Gentleman. When Young Doc come—that's Old Doc now—we called the first one the Old Gentleman. He come here in the pony-and-buckboard days, and he drove that pony

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There was Clarrie, cute as a valentine, looking at Les as if she was seeing for the first time how fine-looking he is.

Tsenevol, Inc.

BY HELEN MARKEL

FUNNY, the way we met Dina. Not through a friend or the friend of a friend or at a party. Through an apartment. She had it and we wanted it. Or a reasonable facsimile thereof. We had stopped being fussy after looking for three weeks without a nibble. It had gotten so that Bill claimed he went to sleep counting "No Vacancy" signs instead of sheep.

Bill was temporarily fighting the war from Hollywood. He was transferred to a post out here a month after we were married, and I followed in his khaki wake. The climate was just as good as the Chamber of Commerce said, and the housing situation was as bad as they didn't. Worse, maybe. Between the Army wives and the aircraft workers, there wasn't room to pitch a pup tent.

We had reached the point where we were reduced to walking up one block and down the next with a systematic kind of despair, ringing doorbells and asking people when they were planning to move. One more door and we were going to quit for the day.

It was quite a door. From it hung a wooden heart-shaped slab bearing the word TSENEVOL in childish red block letters. Underneath, like signatures, hung a lock of gold hair and a pair of sergeant's stripes.

Bill looked at the door and shook his head numbly. "This town," he said. "Anything for a gag. Let's quit this child's play and go home. Or whatever you call that community doghouse."

"One more," I said plaintively. "You never know. Anyway, they sound Russian. That's a good sign. This may be our Red-letter day."

Bill gave me a dirty look and knocked on the door. A girl opened it. She wore men's pajamas rolled up to her knees and she held a broom in one hand. Her hair and eyes were the color of fine old copper luster and she had a black streak of dirt across her nose. She took a long, leisurely look at us. She looked Bill up and down with obvious approval, then examined me carefully. There was no sign of embarrassment about her own costume.

Bill finally pulled himself together. "If I'm not interrupting you, I'd like to inquire ——"

Dina waved him into silence, turned on the heel of a dog-eared sneaker. "Jeff," she bellowed, "they're here, and they're just what you were after. He's got that young hangdog look you wanted and she'll do as the untrammeled college sophomore. Come see." This was all in a lush Georgia drawl. Freshman year I had a roommate who came from Atlanta and I should know. It always made me a little sick, like too much candy. Dina restored a wandering pajama leg and beamed at us approvingly.

I DIDN'T know whether to laugh or cry. I looked at Bill instead. He was standing there like low man on a totem pole. Only his mouth was open. "Close your mouth," I said, for want of a better sentence. He closed it. His eyes were glazed.

Dina was studying us impatiently. "Come on," she said. "There isn't much time. Jeff has to meet an Eastern dead line by tomorrow morning. You'll be paid by the hour, like it said."

We obeyed, like sleepwalkers. Jeff met us in the hall. He had the bluest eyes I have ever seen. He was naked except for a pair of blue jeans worn low on his hips. Paintbrushes in various stages of use ringed him like a brush fire. Some had rubbed off on his body so his waist was outlined by a rainbow-colored fringe.

"I'm Jeff Harvey," he said, holding out his hand to Bill. "Sergeant Harvey from reveille to taps. Nice of you to answer the ad. I got a rush order from New York, and models are scarcer than four-star generals these days." He stepped back and squinted his eyes at us. Bill started to glaze over again. Jeff turned to Dina and said, "Yep, that's the ticket, smarty," and she glowed as though she had pulled us out of her hat.

I was beginning to think she had. I heard Jeff ask Bill if we had worked together before, or had we just met on the steps?

Bill said, "Oh, we—we've met before," and looked at me helplessly.

"Okay," Dina said, "let's get started. The studio's a mess, but Jeff can't work in anything that doesn't look like a stable. Doesn't feel at home." She wheeled around to me. "Have you had dinner, by the way?"

"No," I said, beginning to get my breath back. "You see, we were on our way home and ——"

"You bought a paper and noticed the ad," Dina finished triumphantly. "I told you, Jeff! You can get anything you want by advertising. Last month it was a baby penguin, this week it's them."

I looked at Bill. He looked indignant. We both looked at Jeff.

Jeff grinned. "Take them upstairs, you gem, and get them started. I'll be with you shortly."

We followed Dina up the stairs like lambs led to an unknown slaughter. At the top we collided with a penguin. I was beginning to feel like something out of Dali.

"This is Grover," Dina said gravely.

"Grover?" Bill asked numbly.

"Grover Whalen," Dina said. "If he likes you, you may call him G.W."

Bill said, "Hello, Grover," tentatively. At the moment it sounded like an eminently sensible remark. G.W. stared at him unblinkingly for a long minute and then flicked his flipper.

Dina said, "You're in," and looked at Bill with unconcealed admiration. "He's intuitive," she whispered, as one would when discussing a precocious child who happened to be present. "Almost like the lie detector. Jeff and I rely completely on his judgment of people. The last model we got, G.W. bit ten minutes after he met her, so we had to let her go."

Bill reached behind him involuntarily. Dina took G.W. by his flipper and we continued our march. Dina and G.W. disappeared around a bend in the hall. Bill grabbed my arm and pinched it hard.

I said, "Ouch!" loudly and then I said, "What'd you do that for?"

"To see if I'm dreaming," Bill said.

Dina beckoned to us from the end of the hall.

"Sh-h-h, the fiend is looking for us," Bill whispered, squeezing my arm. "Here we go again."

Dina had not exaggerated about the condition of the studio. Everywhere were unfinished sketches, open paintpots, unwashed brushes in total disorder. A large water color of Dina, all tawny hair and eyes, hung on the wall. There was a shiny black hassock monogrammed G.W. in white script, and a radio and a potted palm. Against the far wall stood a grand piano.

Dina pulled a red sweater out of the heap of clothes on the floor. "Do you mind getting into this?" she asked me. "It'll be miles too big for you, but you're supposed to look casual anyway."

I pulled it over my head as if hypnotized. It hung a good four inches below my waistline.

Dina was delighted. "Swell!" she said. "You look just like all those baggy scarecrows who float around college campuses. Jeff will love it."

She looked at Bill. He cringed.

"You'll do," she said, "just as you are. It's convenient that you're in uniform."

"Speak for yourself," Bill said.

Dina grinned at him. "Your round, corporal."

SHE arranged us on the couch. Then she stepped back into the center of the room where G.W. was watching critically from the piano stool.

"Now all you have to do is look at each other with a kind of restrained passion and we're set," Dina said happily. "Okay, Jeff, come and get it."

Jeff came in and uncovered his easel. It was a landscape with two figures blocked in. "That's you," he told us. "You're on a picnic. You're in love. This is the last day of his furlough. He's going overseas. You don't know when you'll see him again. Get it?" He looked at us hopefully.

"I told them all that, Jeff," Dina said impatiently. "Only I didn't take so long about it. I just said to look sort of restrainedly passionate. Some rustic sex is all it amounts to."

"My wife," Jeff said apologetically, "is nothing if not direct. I hope you'll excuse her."

"Oh, sure," Bill said. He smiled benignly on Dina. "I think I'm getting the idea."

I looked at him sharply. There was a gleam in the young man's eye I had learned to distrust. He grabbed me by the nape of my neck, flung me down in his lap and proceeded to leer at me. I raised one arm preparatory to killing him.

Dina interrupted the massacre. "Perfect!" she chortled. "Simply perfect! Hold it that way. That one arm raised as though you were about to envelop him. Much better than the old kissing routine. How about it, Jeff?"

Jeff surveyed the couch dubiously. "Not bad," he said cautiously, "if somewhat reminiscent of early Theda Bara."

Dina leaned down and kissed the tip of his nose complacently. "Can I play while you work? I haven't practiced all day."

"No practicing," Jeff said firmly. "You can play Diane or you can play Diane."

Dina walked over to the piano and pushed G.W. off the stool.

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"Sammy," Dina said—and her voice was so urgent the roomful of boys knew this was no idle question—"Sammy, what happened to the sergeant?"

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

The Sarge whistled,
12,000 miles away, and
a red-haired girl
in Georgia heard the
music in her heart.

They've done it Again!

"Takes a hot pilot to hondle that baby," said an Air Forces colonel watching a factory-size Fortress sit down to a ladylike landing. The window opened. The "hot pilot" was—a WASP!

★ **BY MARJORIE KUMLER**

YOU remember how it was. If you couldn't get anything else out of an Army man, you could always get from him an emphatic statement against women in aviation. The G. I. line of chatter usually included ome straight dope direct from Washington that men were oing to win the war in the air singlehanded. By and by hese determined characters convinced me to the extent hat I gave away a twenty-five-dollar pair of goggles and esigned myself to fighting the war in walking shoes.

Ten minutes later the bellboy came down the hall with a elegram, and I took one look at it and sent for an ice bag. The telegram said that the Army Air Forces was going to rain a number of women pilots for the air-ferry service. I had been selected for this training, and was ordered to report to the commanding officer, 319th Army Air Forces Flight Training Detachment, Municipal Airport, Houston, Texas.

Houston's busiest hotel is the Rice. It has more men in uniform per square inch in the lobby than any other hotel in the city. The majority are cadets—there are about 5000 at Ellington Field, eighteen miles away—and there are naval officers, Army men, marines and coast guards. When I walked into the Rice I saw these uniformed men, together with Wacs, civilian-defense personnel and Red Cross volunteers, Knights of Columbus and AWVS women selling War Stamps—all thrown together in the lobby like jackstraws.

The telegram had said I was to report to the C. O. It turned out that the C. O. had not yet arrived, and I reported instead to a civil-service clerk in a room at the Rice.

By the time I got there two or three dozen other selectees had already arrived. Somebody thrust a civil-service form into my hand to be filled out in quadruplicate, and I sat down with a number of others around a small coffee table and went to work.

THERE was a flurry at the door when Jacqueline Cochran came in, followed by the flight contractors. She was neat and tailored, even to her lapel ornament, which was a small silver propeller, a large rosette diamond in the center. After a minute or two, Cochran leaned on a chair and said she'd like to tell us some things about the program.

"You girls are the first women to be selected for training by the Army Air Forces," she said. "You are all experienced pilots. There isn't a girl in this room who has less than two hundred and fifty hours, and most of you have much more. If things don't run smoothly at first, just remember that you will have the honor and distinction of being the first women to be trained by the Army Air Forces. You are very badly needed, and I hope that you will all be out of here in two and a half to three months at the most."

Miss Cochran introduced the man who was to take our fingerprints, and the business of processing us went on. It wasn't until late in the afternoon that we were finished, and Capt. Paull C. Garrett, our C. O., came in to administer our oath of office.

As I left the room it occurred to me that the Flight Training Command now knew all about me except for one thing. There was little or nothing in all those forms I had filled out to show what kind of pilot I was. Somewhat later I realized that the Army takes the attitude that no one is a pilot until he has been trained by the Army Air Forces. And that, as it happens, is probably true.

The oath of office made me a Civilian Student Pilot, Unclassified, 9C-1 (subject to Retirement Act), 43-W-1, 319th Army Air Forces Flight Training Detachment, Houston. In addition, I was issued a flying suit (summer type) a regulation wool sweater and an A-2 jacket.

A sky-blue bus was waiting at the Rice to take the newly inducted first class of women pilot trainees to the airport. Dressed in tailored suits, print dresses or slacks and sweaters, we filled the bus until it bulged. The twelve miles to the airport ran off slower than the last horse in a maiden race at Pimlico.

I don't know what we expected at this new training center, but what we got were three frame structures, arranged in a U around a grassy plot. The two forming the legs of the U were for school, and the other was the office of the contractors—forbidden ground which enshrined the airport's only pencil sharpener.

Classroom A was on our left. It was there we assembled to hear from our commanding officer, Captain Garrett. If he was glad to see us, he concealed it as though it were a military secret.

"A lot of you girls," he opened up, "have come down here with a lot of time, and you may think that you are pretty hot pilots. But let me tell you that just because you may have three hundred or five hundred hours—you may have a thousand hours—it doesn't mean that you can fly. Maybe you haven't got anything but a collection of bad habits. So if you think you're hot pilots, I'd advise you to forget it. You're here to learn to fly the way the Army flies.

"You will meet with your instructors this afternoon, and they will talk over with you whatever questions you have. The best way to get along here is to be where you're supposed to be and do what you're supposed to do. And just because a thing isn't specifically forbidden, it doesn't mean it's all right to go ahead and do it. There's no specific regulation against putting an elephant in the baggage compartment. But it wouldn't be very smart to try it.

"There are three things for which you can be washed out in this course. The first is that you can't fly. The second is that you can't do the ground-school work. The third is that your attitude isn't good.

"Okay. That's all I have," he said.

It wasn't long until we were all darting around like guppies. A number of us walked up to the Administration Building for some lunch, and the questions that filled the gap between ordering and receiving a cheese sandwich were: "What did you do before you came into this? . . . What do you think it is going to be like?"

I frankly didn't know. About thirty women, ranging in age from twenty-one to thirty-five, were about to start the Army Air Forces routine. Only a week before we had been nurses, flight instructors, radio announcers, reporters, secretaries, designers, photographers, debutantes, wives and mothers. Overnight we had become unclassified student pilots, or flying guinea pigs in an experiment to see whether women could take it.

We began taking it by waiting. Our program wasn't set up yet, and so we spent most of the day waiting to be told what to do.

I WALKED back to see what the room which had been assigned to us in Barracks A looked like. It was about the area of two elevators, and if I had been an elevator inspector I would have said it was filled to capacity. But perhaps thirty women are capacity anywhere.

When I walked in, a brown-eyed girl with a mannish haircut spoke to me: "I remember you. You took your physical at Mitchel Field the same day that I did. My name's Laurie."

"Of course," I said. "What a day that was!"

"What do you think of this?"

"I think that it would be very nice if they would let us look at an airplane," I told her. "I haven't seen one in a year."

Helen Harris was standing next to me. "I'm glad to hear somebody say that," she said. "I haven't flown since the war began, and I don't know whether I can get an airplane up and down again." She was five feet tall, with black hair and blue eyes puckered with concern. "Honestly, I don't," she said.

"That's nonsense. You won't have any trouble." This came from Louise Brown. Lou was the type of girl who catches your attention right away. She was loose-jointed and prominently featured, and if you remember those trick haircuts that were popular a couple of years ago—the ones that promised to make your hair permanently curly, which eliminated the necessity of brushing—well, she had one of those. "They aren't going to wash anybody out. They want to make a success of this thing, and anybody with two hundred hours isn't going to have any trouble. Unh-uh." She shook her head vigorously.

"Well, I don't know about that." Tall and mild-speaking Jane Allen looked a little worried. "I felt awfully stupid this morning. Did you understand what Captain Garrett meant about ——"

"I didn't understand anything," Harris said flatly.

A few days later I had my first flight. Sidney, who was my instructor, came up and said, "Okay. Get your chute and let's get going."

I slithered through the airplane-assembly room in the hangar to the subdepot supply *(Continued on Page 167)*

The Monastery Farm, Rhode Island—by Lawrence Lebduska.

IN THE COLLECTION OF THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, NEW YORK

To Fifty Million Gardeners

BY RICHARD PRATT

THIS may not have been a powerful gardening nation before the war, but it certainly is today; and a fortunate thing for our fighting men, and our Allies, and all the rescued countries of the world, and for more than 120,000,000 civilians here besides. For when the home-grown food of a land like this begins to total 8,000,000 tons a year, you can imagine that a lot of people who would have gone hungry have been able to eat—thanks to the men and women who worked overtime in back yards, farm patches and empty lots. Last year, 20,000,000 gardens; this year, 2,000,000 more: 50,000,000 gardeners, half of them beginners, dealing often with raw, sometimes unsuitable soil, and making it produce one third the country's output of vegetables. Giving us our healthiest diet in generations, and creating a home-put-up larder of some four *billion* cans and jars.

But the President has made it clear that the need is now greater than ever, and will continue to be critical until the whole world is at peace. And if we are going to double our home-garden output, as the President asks, then here are the things to keep in mind.

We must pay more attention to preparation of soil. Select a sunny, well-drained location, where plants will grow; dig it thoroughly, manuring it as much as possible, clearing it of stones, liming it if necessary, and bringing it to a finely raked surface.

We must plan the planting with care. Start early with cool-weather crops. Wait until the ground is warm for others. Consult seed-packet instructions, catalogues, garden manuals, neighborhood experts, your county agent, your local Victory Garden committee. Plant economically; small but frequent plantings of short-season crops. Go easy on corn, peas, melons, potatoes.

We must plant with care. Watch the distance between rows, to save space and cultivation, to avoid overcrowding. Be meticulous about the depth of seed planting. Fine the seedbed deep; scratch the furrow straight; plant the seeds evenly and thinly; cover carefully and firm down lightly. Never plant in wet soil; water delicately.

We must cultivate with care. From the time the plants appear, keep the soil surface loose and free from weeds; first by hand, tenderly, then continuously, and tenderly, even with larger tools—for most plant roots are injured by too close cultivation. Keep thinning in the row, so each plant can develop as it should. Keep soil loose and open between the rows, so moisture can penetrate, so watering and rain can carry down to the roots the precious fertilizer. And fertilize with discretion; not too close so that it will burn, and remember fertilizer must be soaked down to the roots to be of any benefit.

We must guard against insects and diseases. The best all-around insecticides, for dusting and spraying, are the rotenone compounds, and rotenone is scarce. So use it early (following directions) as a preventive. Early dusting with easy-to-get hydrated lime will often do the job, can prevent mildew. Early picking off of beetles by hand will prevent severe infestation. Do everything early, and later-on will take care of itself.

We must conserve our crops. By not overplanting we can avoid waste of time, effort, seed and food. By picking just before preparation we get our food at its best and most nutritious (one great advantage of home-grown produce). We must learn better how to prepare vegetables appetizingly. And we must grow as much for canning, drying, storing as we grow for eating fresh from the garden—the most important advice of all.

YOUR GARDEN IN 1944 CAN BE A BIG FACTOR IN VICTORY

IF YOURS is the average-size American family—3.78 members, according to census figures, or two adults and two children, to make it even—then this is the garden that can supply you with your home-grown quota of vegetables for the year. You will need about 1500 square feet; less, perhaps, if your soil is highly productive, and you have the time and skill to bring out its best, but more if conditions and circumstances are not so favorable. The numbered labels in the picture refer, of course, to the numbered notes on the page, which give details as to crop suggestions, spacing and care.

1 Sweet corn, the country's favorite vegetable, is too space-consuming for really efficient small home gardens; but if in spite of that you find it irresistible, wait until the ground is warm and plant, for choice, a four-row section of Golden Bantam (for good practical and gastronomical reasons); the rows two feet apart, six seeds every two feet in the rows, and thin to three or four plants when up three inches. Hill up early; cultivate frequently, shallowly. And don't pick until water in pot is just about to boil.

2 A diversified row three feet farther, for a few plants each of all-season plants—such as: two hills of straight-neck summer squash or of cocozelle squash (both delectable sliced and fried); one or two hills of okra; two of eggplant, and a dozen various peppers in double file. Sow seeds for squash and okra; buy plants for eggplant and peppers.

3 If you like broccoli, one short row of the purple Italian branching variety; infinitely easier than cauliflower, and many more vitamins, plus very prolific and delicious, also beautiful. Thin to eighteen inches apart in a row two feet farther.

4 One row, two feet farther, of late cabbage for fall and winter. Buy plants, or grow your own, and set out eighteen inches apart at sundown and puddle well. Try three kinds, for variety: Penn State Ballhead, Drumhead Savoy and Mammoth Red Rock—all enormous.

5 Here was a row of dwarf early peas—just a titillating taste; as really prolific peas are the tall varieties taking more space than small gardens afford. Where heat comes early, peas are discouraging. Now this row, two feet farther from its neighbor, is going in to a second sowing of Tendergreen beans, to be rotenoned just after they break ground. Space three inches apart.

6 A mixed row of late-summer, fall and early-winter greens, two feet farther, and a good foot apart in the row. Swiss chard, kale, New Zealand spinach, Chinese cabbage; five or so feet of each. Very easy; wonderful for you, and can be a revelation if treated right in the kitchen—in which case you'll plant twice as much next season.

7 One row of early cabbage, like extra-early Jersey Wakefield. Buy the plants, or grow your own; set fifteen inches apart, and pick right before cooking, when young and tender. Then when the row is finished, plant a row of carrots or turnips, or both, for fall eating and winter storage.

8 Two half-row lengths of stringless bush beans, Tendergreen for choice; one half two or three weeks after the first; the row two feet farther from its neighbor. Dust with rotenone *before* beetles appear. After cropping, plant the row with a dwarf variety of shell beans for winter use. You may be glad to have them.

9 If you like a lot of onions, make this two rows instead of one. Plant one with sets, from which to thin out for scallions and summer use, and one with seed, to thin out for large-size winter storing. Onion rows a foot apart, two feet from the bean row.

10 One row of carrots, a foot and a half from the onions. The secret here is deep pulverization of the soil to make nice shapely carrots, and to thin them out before they start crowding—the pencil-size thinnings are an early-summer treat. Early careful weeding is a good thing, too, with carrots, as being somewhat slow to get going the young carrots may be confounded by weeds before they are big enough to pull. If you are as fond of carrots as you should be, you may want two rows: one early, one late for winter storage.

11 One row of beets, Crosby's Egyptian for choice, may be enough. Plant thinly (say twenty-five seeds to the foot) and thin to two or three inches apart, and use the tops for delectable early-summer greens. Another row if you want to can or store.

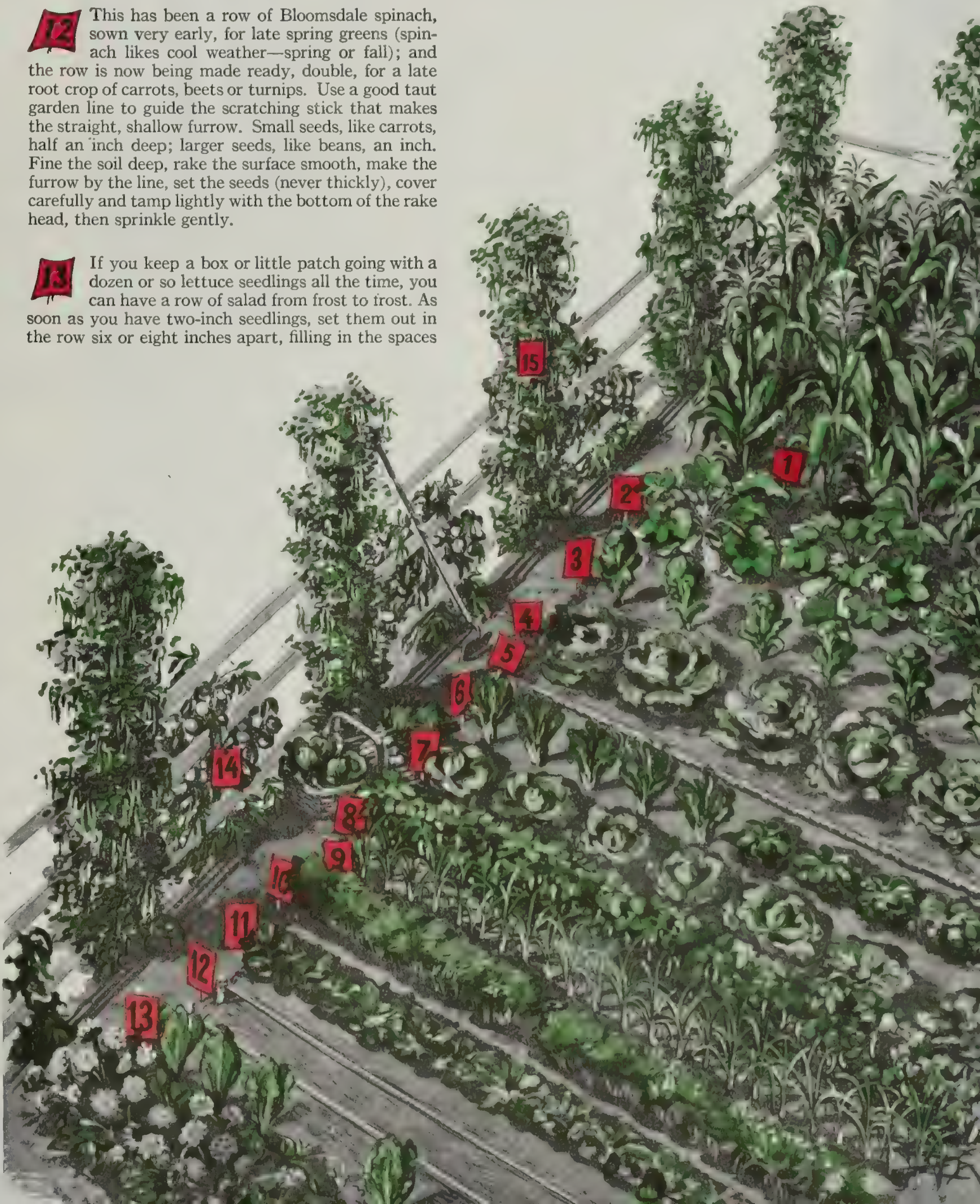
12 This has been a row of Bloomsdale spinach, sown very early, for late spring greens (spinach likes cool weather—spring or fall); and the row is now being made ready, double, for a late root crop of carrots, beets or turnips. Use a good taut garden line to guide the scratching stick that makes the straight, shallow furrow. Small seeds, like carrots, half an inch deep; larger seeds, like beans, an inch. Fine the soil deep, rake the surface smooth, make the furrow by the line, set the seeds (never thickly), cover carefully and tamp lightly with the bottom of the rake head, then sprinkle gently.

13 If you keep a box or little patch going with a dozen or so lettuce seedlings all the time, you can have a row of salad from frost to frost. As soon as you have two-inch seedlings, set them out in the row six or eight inches apart, filling in the spaces from which you have picked. The green-leaved varieties are easier to raise and are better for you (because of more vitamins) than the bleached-heading varieties. Romaine, Great Lakes and Oakleaf for choice.

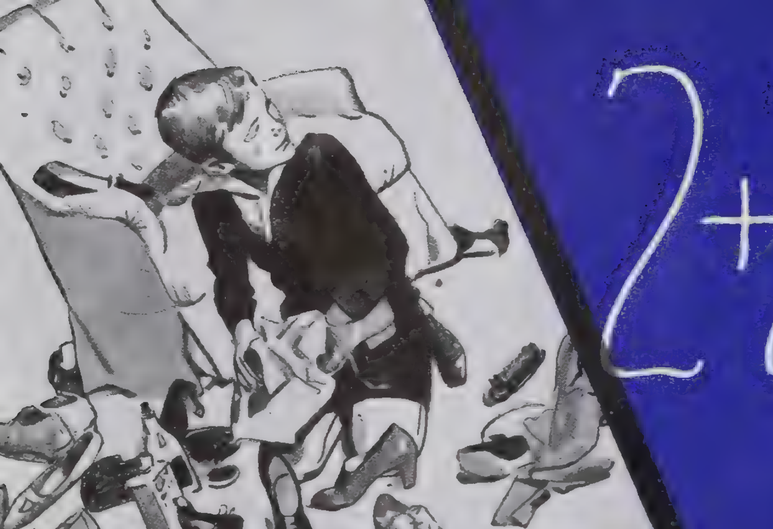
14 A dozen well-grown tomato plants will furnish you with all the fresh fruit an average small family can consume, plus the equivalent of 800 ration points for canning. But to be well grown they should be supported, tied loosely with cloth scraps as they grow. Buy florist-grown plants of a good variety, like Marglobe, when the weather is safely warm; plant them at sundown, right next to their support, whether stake, pole, trellis, fence or frame. Soak the hole first, then fill around the roots with dry pulverized soil, and water lightly. You can prune the lower shoots if you wish, but the main thing is to water well and support carefully. If you use a fence for support, as suggested in this picture plan, plant on the sunny side.

15 Beans grown on poles, as on the tall fence uprights in the picture plan, produce heavily on comparatively little garden space. You can't do better than Kentucky Wonders for the climbing yellow-green snap variety, or than Challenger for pole Limas. Plant six seeds to the hill, two inches deep; and when they start to climb, see that they twine around the pole from left to right, as is their nature.

You can use this picture plan as a guide for growing, as a diagram of ideas, and as a chart of methods and arrangement, to be adapted to your individual circumstances of site, soil, time, tastes and family requirements. The fence, for instance, is adaptable to any location in this way: It is essentially a support for tomatoes, pole beans and other climbing plants; saves garden space, insures better, cleaner crops. It need not surround the garden, can simply run along one side or end; is made of one-by-three-inch strips, or any light lumber you can get—both rails and uprights; the latter six feet apart, seven feet high.



2+2=Bankruptcy



Anne saw her best cashmere sweater and Stan's flannel shirt. "I had to borrow some old rags of yours and pop's," Billy explained.

BY GLADYS TABER

BILLY WINGATE paused in the door of his mother's room. He had a doughnut in each hand, freshly sugared, and his mouth was a shade snowy-looking. "Hey, mom," he said.

"Oh, Billy, sugar on the floor! You know I hate to grind when I walk," said Anne Wingate.

"Hardly falls off at all." He made a sweeping gesture, scattering more. "Look, mom, I want to discuss something with you."

She put a last pin in her smooth light hair, screwed the good earrings on two small, rather nice ears. "You being kept in again?"

"No. I was just wondering ——" He stepped on one foot, swung the other, jangled oddments in his pockets, at the same time swallowed the last twin bites of doughnut.

"I don't see how you do it."

"Do what?"

"Move everywhere at once. It doesn't seem feasible."

He grinned, a wide and easy grin. He squinted his big dark eyes at her, wound one foot around the free ankle, tossed back dark disorganized hair. "Well, mom, it's this way ——"

"Just don't jangle. What have you got in there?"

"Bottle caps. My collection."

"I'll give you a nice box, my old jewel case. What are you after? I'm due at Red Cross half an hour ago, your father wants me to help pick out a new suit ——"

"Zoot suit?" not too hopefully.

"Lawyers don't wear zoot suits."

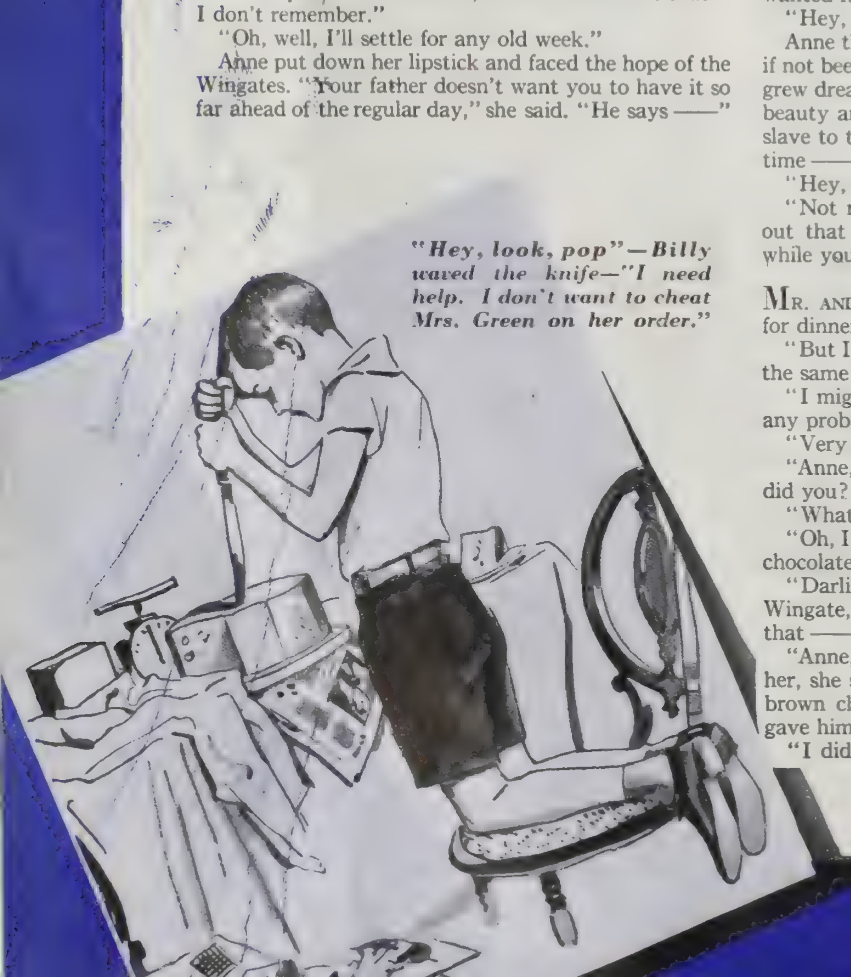
"I only wanted to see if you'd break out some moola for me," he said. "I need some. Next week's allowance."

"You spent that last week, or the week before that—I don't remember."

"Oh, well, I'll settle for any old week."

Anne put down her lipstick and faced the hope of the Wingates. "Your father doesn't want you to have it so far ahead of the regular day," she said. "He says ——"

"Hey, look, pop"—Billy waved the knife—"I need help. I don't want to cheat Mrs. Green on her order."



"I have an ummergency. Everybody gets ummergencies," he said. "Like you getting the new drapes ——"

"Never mind that," she said hastily. "Father understood after I explained about the company coming."

"'Swhat I say, ummergency."

"You'll have to take it up with him." Her voice was adamant; her hand reached for her purse and she happened to pull out a fifty-cent piece, too heavy for the purse.

Billy spun the coin in the air, made a pass, caught it, snapped a horribly black fingernail against it. "K.O. Thanks." He grinned happily. "Military secret?"

Anne's little slippers grated over sugar. "I'm late. I wish I lived on a desert isle far from the madding crowd—Thomas Hardy."

"What's a madding crowd?"

"Oh, Red Cross and tailors and dinner parties and violin benefit concerts for refugees and electric iceboxes and vacuum cleaners that won't vac." She added, "No trouble about your allowance on a desert isle."

"I could make wampum." He followed her downstairs, Two-step Wingate.

Anne put on what was laughingly called a hat, dashed out to consult the cook. "Guests for dinner," she said. "Can you manage? Mr. Wingate phoned, clients from Miami, very special."

Essie groaned. "Means I got to clean the silver."

"I fear so. If I can make it—but I'm practically demented today—if I live through this day, I may be good for a long time yet."

Billy swung the door back and forth, back and forth.

"Don't jangle, darling!" She raced through Essie's grocery list. Now they had to carry everything if they wanted it the same week.

"Hey, mom, what's a pagan?"

Anne thrust the list in her purse, murmuring, "Chops if not beef, veal if not pork. . . . A pagan?" Her eyes grew dreamy. "A pagan is a person who just believes in beauty and sunshine and birds and things, and isn't a slave to the clock, never worries—just has a wonderful time ——"

"Hey, mom ——"

"Not now, dear." She flew. She called back, "Fill out that application blank for the Briarwood School while you're just hanging around."

MR. AND MRS. WINGATE came home in time to dress for dinner.

"But I don't see why I had to help you, when you get the same suit every time."

"I might change my mind someday. Never rule out any probability."

"Very remote one."

"Anne, you didn't advance any money to Billy today, did you?"

"What makes you think so?"

"Oh, I just saw him coming out of Blankenship's with chocolate all over his chin and some on his collar."

"Darling, you're a marvelous lawyer. Mr. Stanley Wingate, the eminent lawyer, brought out in court that ——"

"Anne, you did give him more money." He kissed her, she straightened his tie. She put one hand on his brown cheek, touched his firm mouth; her gray eyes gave him a disarming look.

"I didn't exactly advance him any," she explained.

He pushed his tie crooked. "My angel," he said "must we go all over it again? Look at the years it too me to get you on a budget; and Billy's just as extrava gant—doesn't know the meaning of money at all. It time he learned."

"Oh, darling, I looked at a mink coat today—it wa twenty-five hundred dollars. And I looked at a caraca for nine hundred and fifty. So I thought I'd get th caracal and we could add"—she figured rapidly, counting on her fingers—"we could add—oh, bother, it's s hard to subtract—we could add the thousand I didn spend on the mink to the trip next summer to Mexico Then it won't cost hardly anything either way!"

"Fifteen hundred and fifty," said Stanley. "Wel after all, maybe it is too late. As far as you are concerned. But Billy's a man—he has got to understan finance. This has gone on long enough. He's been backing and filling among allowances for months; if he live to be eighty, he might conceivably catch up. You don' want your son to grow up to be a wastrel, do you?"

"I want him to be exactly, perfectly, entirely like hi father," said Anne smugly. "Only not always wear th same pin-stripe suit."

"HEY, mom, c'n I break out a bottle of milk and hav some those cookies?" Billy called loudly.

"Too near dinner," she called back; "spoil your appetite."

"If anything could spoil his appetite," said Stanley He settled his tie again, brushed his crisp dark hair and called to his son, "Billy, I want to see you a minute."

Billy appeared, crunching an apple tart. "A kind o burned one," he said virtuously. "I'm saving it."

The eminent lawyer went into solemn conference with his son. Anne smoothed down her beige wool dress dabbed a little of the marvelous birthday perfume on her ears. Billy understood perfectly. He was not going to have a single penny more advanced on his allowance He was financially insolvent. If he wanted any extra money at all, even so much as a nickel, he would have to earn it someway. It was the principle of the thing. He had to learn the feel of handling money correctly, or terrible things would happen to him in the future.

"You mean I'll be like mom?"

"Leave your mother out of this."

"O.K.," said Billy. "I guess I'll think up some kind o way to earn some money." Thoughtfully he licked crumbs from his fingers.

"Did you fill out the school blank?" asked his father

"Yup. Sure did. Mailed it too."

"Oh, I wanted to look at it—well, never mind. I hope you get in, but your mathematics mark isn't very good."

Dinner was a pleasant affair. The guests were impressed with the Wingates—their charming son, clear and sparkling as far as the high-water mark and not a child who had food phobias. A good healthy appetite Mr. Selby was thinking of turning an enormous job over to Stanley, involving a rough half-million dollars, the kind of case only a superb lawyer could handle. Mrs. Selby, a beautiful silver-gilt woman, made up her mind to see Mr. Wingate and tell him all about the letters she was being blackmailed about. You could trust him not to make a mistake. And maybe he could help about their Dorothy, who at thirteen seemed headed straight for jail as a career, as near as they could tell.

Billy eased away after dinner, so they could talk about him. He listened from the stair top, Anne knew

ILLUSTRATED BY ROY SPRETER

BILLY UNDERSTOOD. HE HAD TO LEARN THE FEEL OF HANDLING MONEY CORRECTLY, OR TERRIBLE THINGS WOULD HAPPEN TO HIM IN THE FUTURE. "YOU MEAN I'LL BE LIKE MOM?" HIS FATHER SAID STERNLY, "LEAVE YOUR MOTHER OUT OF THIS."

"And he is learning the value of money," explained Stanley happily. "Earn his own, if he goes ahead of his allowance. Fine way to get started, only way to do." He said, "Gives him a chance to experiment, accept responsibility. It's very important to get the right approach to finances. Training is everything."

"Absolutely," said Mr. Selby.

They had coffee in the library and good cigars. A fire glowing in the Adam fireplace. It was reasonably quiet, too, after the Lone Ranger ceased heigh-hoing from Billy's room, over the library. The Green Hornet was not on this night, thank goodness, but Mr. District Attorney was pretty noisy too.

As they settled down to bridge, Billy stuck his head in. "Mom, where can I find a big jug?"

"I don't know."

"I simply gotta have a big jug right now," he went on. "I need it."

Billy was persistent, once an idea percolated. Anne, being dummy, slipped out. "Darling, wait until morning."

"Aw, heck, I can't," he told her. "I gotta have just a big jug."

"Well, look in the fruit closet. Might be one there."

She slipped back to her place. Stanley was going down four spades doubled, but Anne was not noticing. She heard noises from the cellar. There came bangings and bumpings, a crash. A body was apparently being dragged across the floor. Mrs. Selby started and dropped an ace.

"Card exposed," said Stanley.

Mrs. Selby had a dark blue velvet dinner dress; she spilled ginger ale on it when the next crash came.

"It's just Billy," said Anne, "finding something."

THE cavalry of Lighthorse Harry Lee got up the stairs and the noise diminished. Mr. Selby was concentrating on a no-trump grand slam when the retreat from Moscow began.

"Boys," said Anne vaguely; "you know how boys are."

"Can't he do his homework?" asked Stanley. "Something quiet, like algebra?"

"Not while school is out."

"We're hoping to get him in Briarwood next term," said Stanley. "Wonderful school, but they take only boys they feel will be Briarwood material. In every way. We don't know about Billy."

Washington evidently made it across the Delaware by the time the game was over. The Selbys' game was not really up to par, and the Wingates, used to barrages, came out five dollars ahead.

"Such a lovely quiet evening," said Mrs. Selby, smoothing the blue velvet which cost a mint if it cost a nickel.

They came out into the hall.

"Hey, wait a minute!" Billy appeared at the head of the stairs. "I might be able to interest you ——"

Mr. Selby was adjusting a pure silk scarf, frosty white, around his prosperous neck.

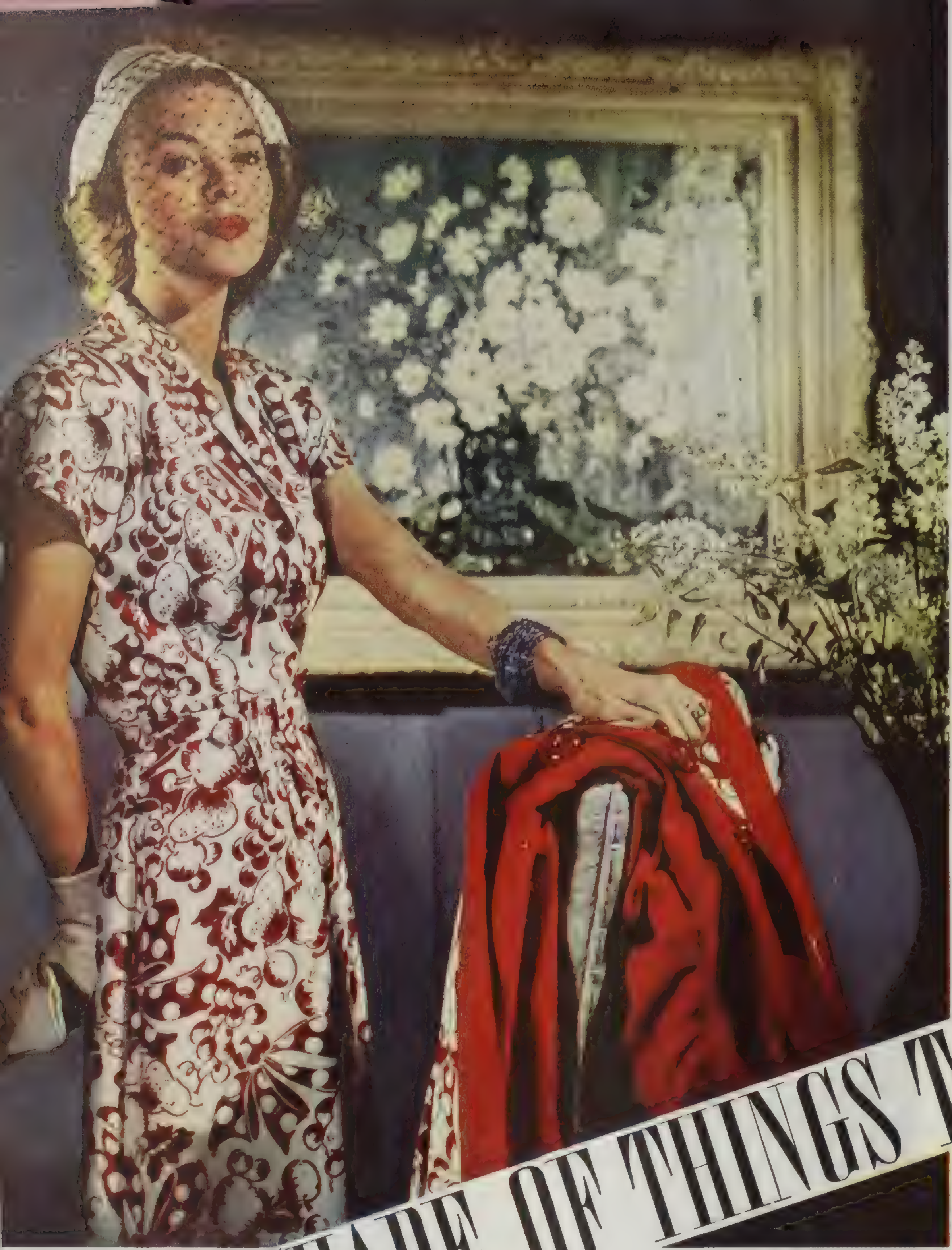
Billy came down the stairs, breathless, elated. "I got a business," he said largely. "Let me show you." In his arms he held a big demijohn, filled with black liquid. "I'm going to sell ink," said Billy, with a flourish.

"Look out!" said Anne.

But it was too late. The glass was slippery, and Billy had his eyes on his father,

(Continued on Page 84)

"O.K.," said Billy. "I guess I'll think up some kind of way to earn money."



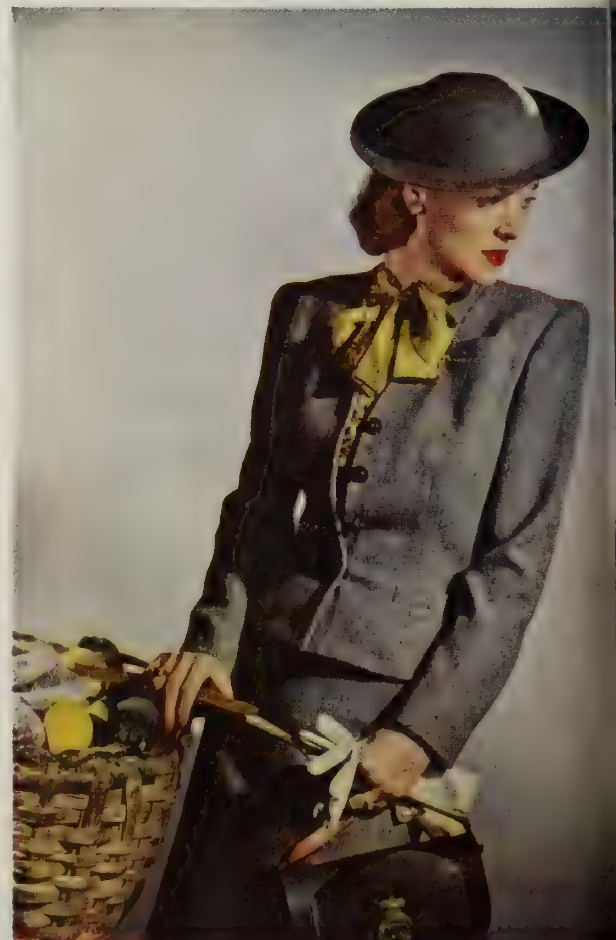
The ensemble returns: print dress with victory-red coat by Brownie; cap-sleeve dress now and summer.

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME . . .

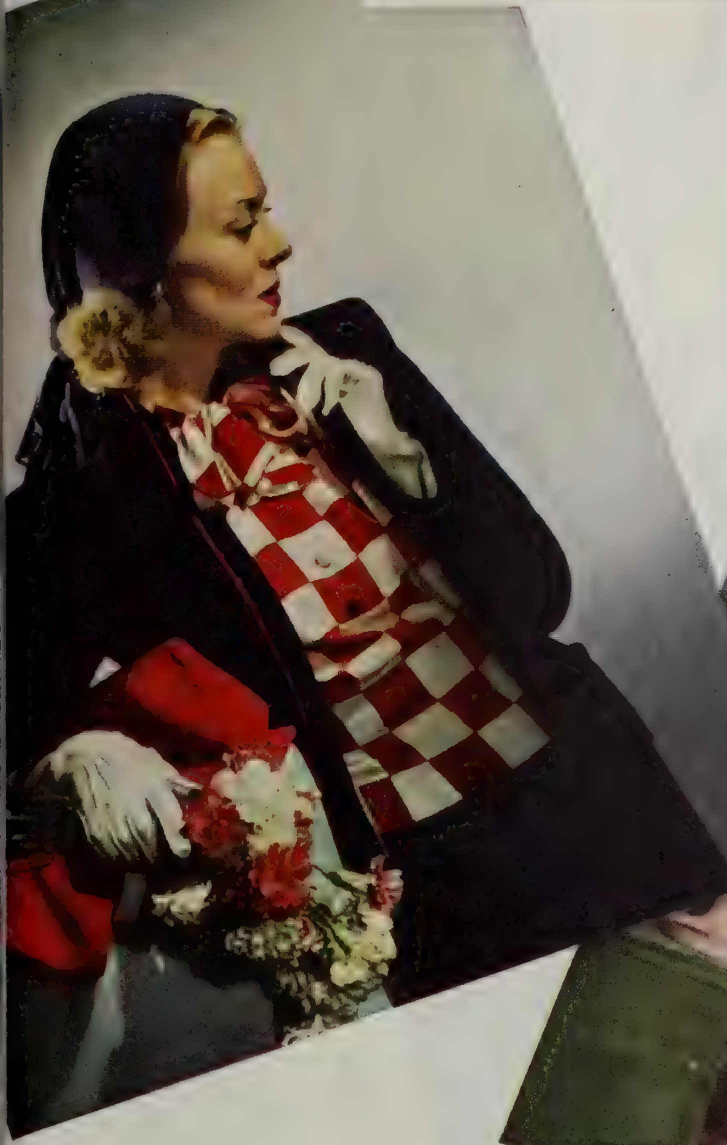
By Wilhela Cushman

Fashion Editor of the Journal

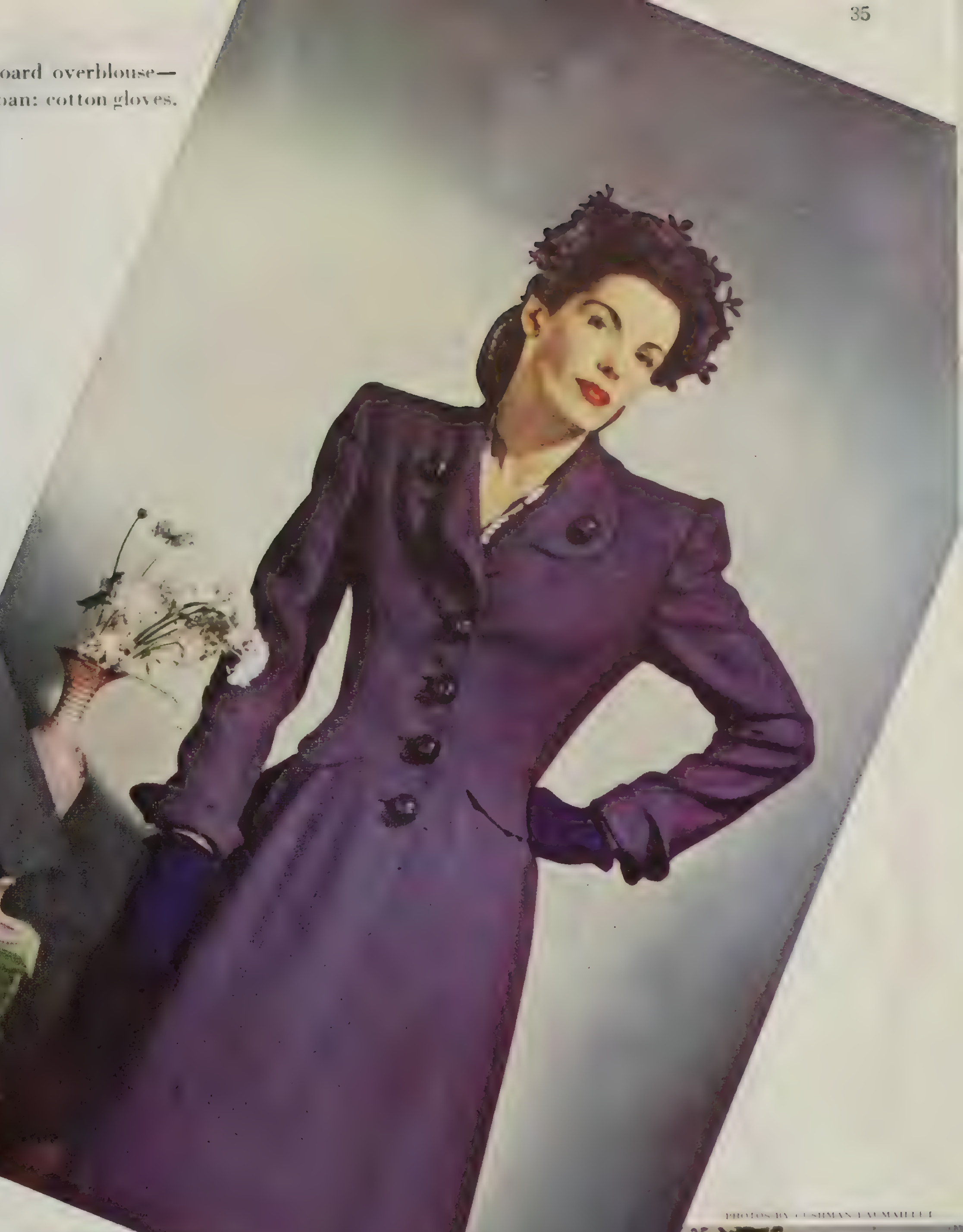
YOUR silhouette casts still a slimmer shadow this spring. The cardigan suit, the snugly buttoned coat dress, the box jacket, the two or four gore skirt, the tunic dress—all have the clean-cut, lean look American women love. Back upon the scene comes an old favorite: the printed dress ensemble with a plain-color coat. Boleros are in for the slim; the over-blouse is the new blouse; cap sleeves everywhere, from blouses to afternoon dresses; and sashes a sweet revival. Navy blue again is a leading spring color; victory red a bright badge of the season; black and white important in checks and prints; oyster gray and lemon yellow made for each other; rose pink a grace note in buttons and trimmings. Checks range from small to block-size; the white-ground print is a spring forecaster for summer. Gloves are very short or very long. Skirt lengths are the same. The shape of fashion changes subtly—see it on these pages.



Cardigan-jacket suit, pared straight and slim by Adel
Simpson, oyster gray; lemon-yellow print blous

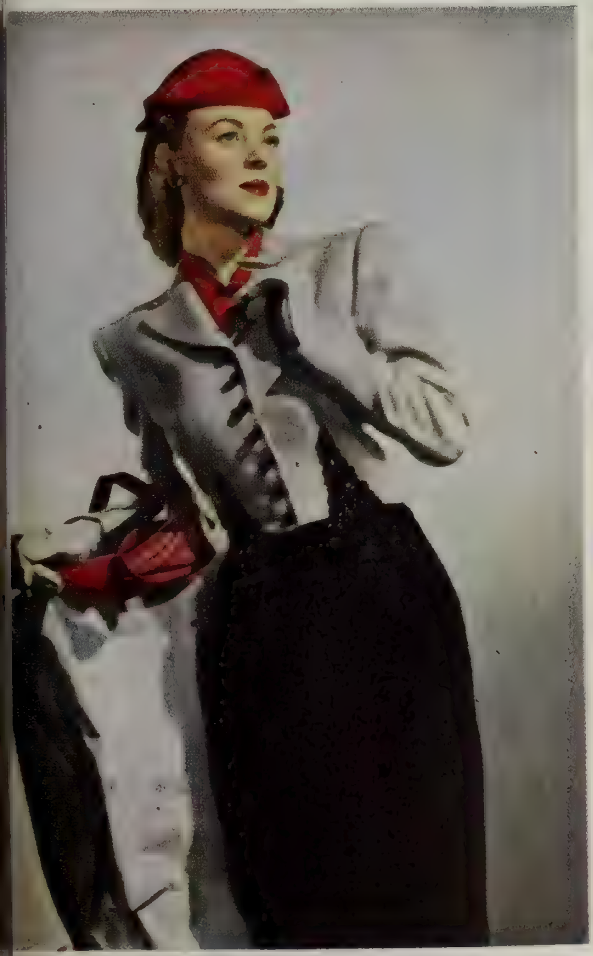


Suit with box jacket, checkerboard overblouse—both marks of 1944: knotted turban: cotton gloves.

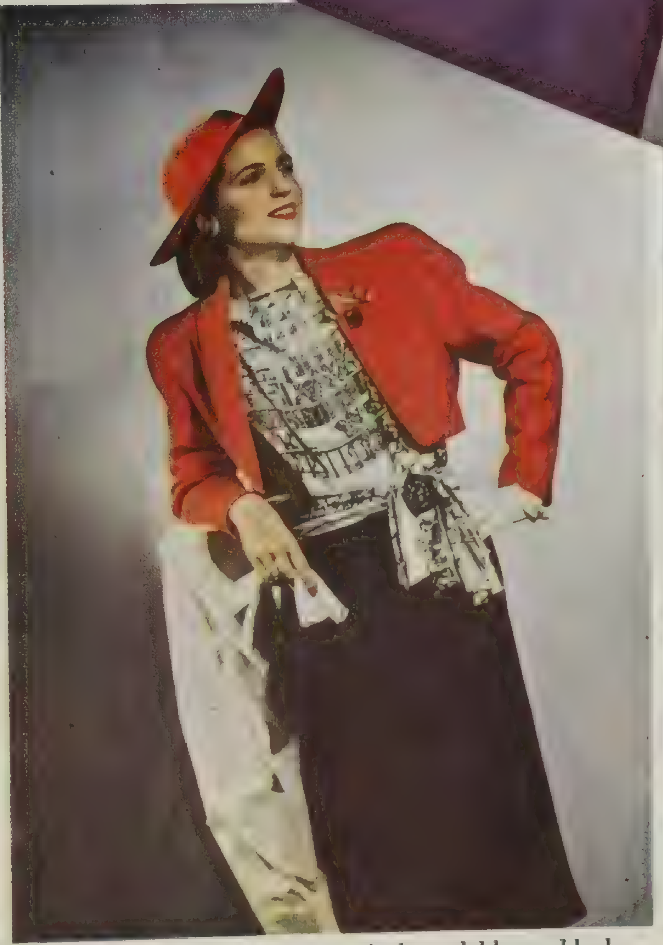


Princess coats are slim and flattering; this is an ensemble over a printed dress.

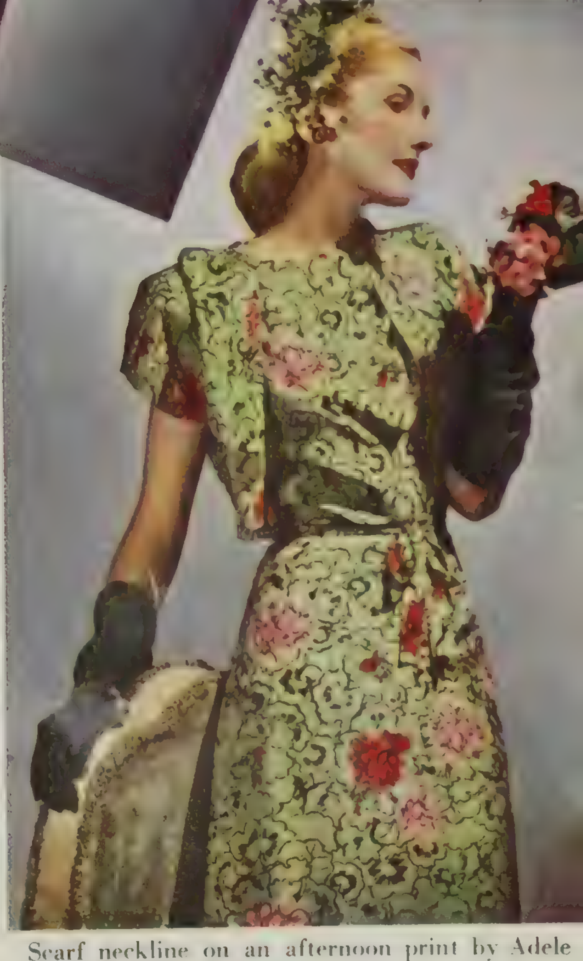
PHOTOS BY CUSHMAN LAUMAILLET



buttoned bolero with braid and tassels; beige and y blue a smart variation, with red bag and beret.

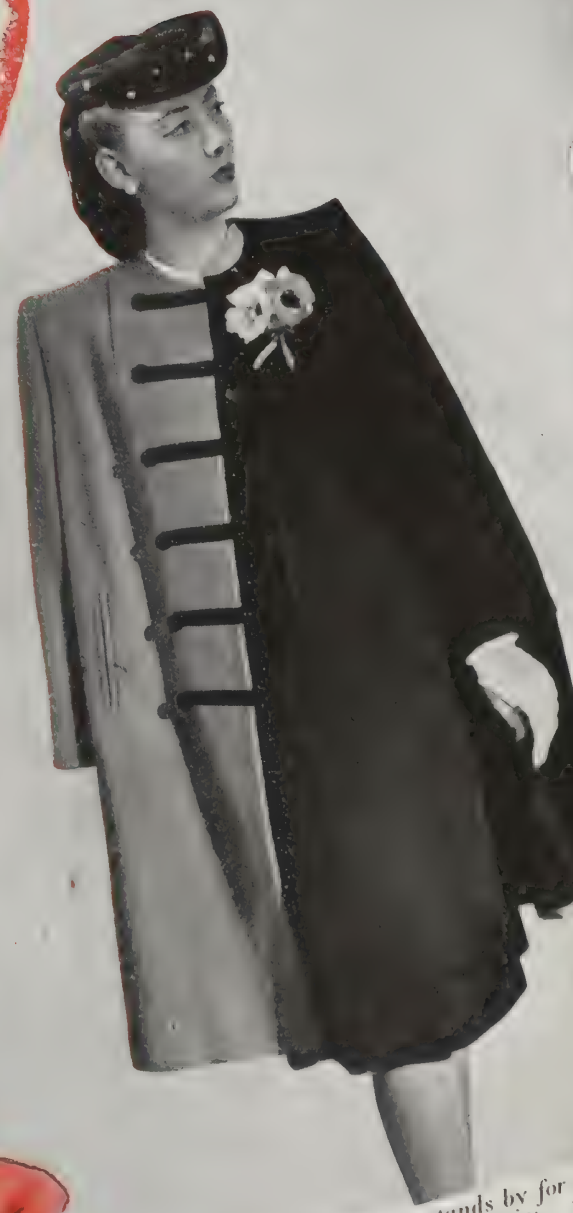


Boleros are in: this year's news is the sash blouse, black-and-white print; Nadja Buckley's pendant and ring.



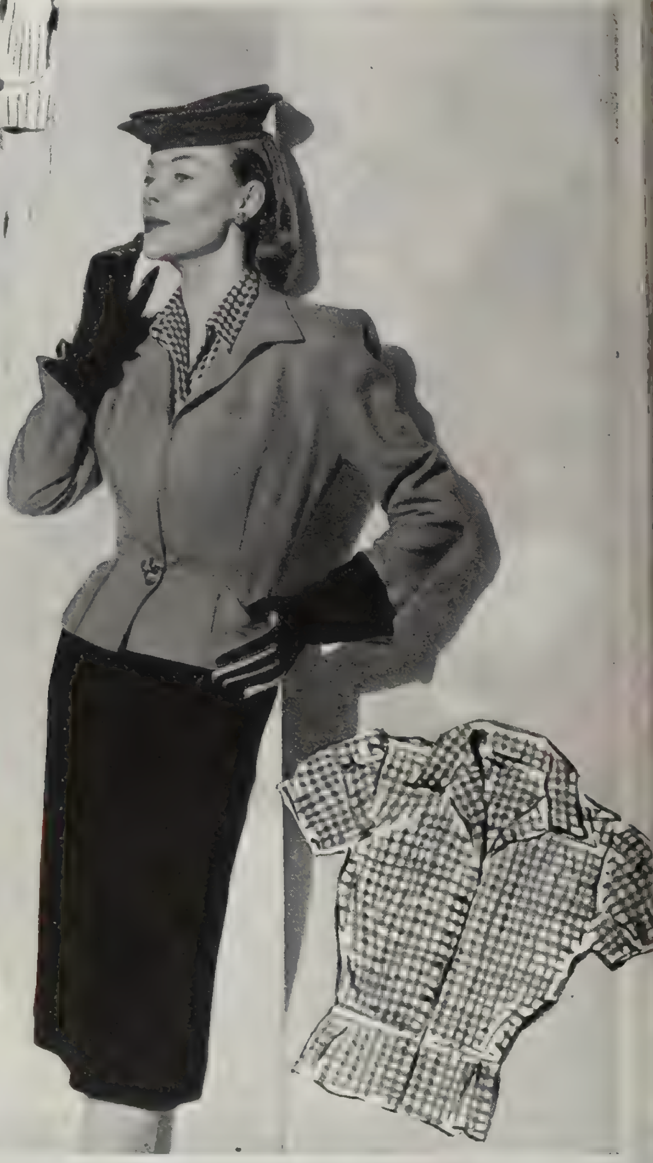
Scarf neckline on an afternoon print by Adele Simpson; John Frederics maidenhair fern hat.

The low-necked sweater makes still another costume to wear with either suit skirt.



Simple navy-blue suit stands by for travel or home town; Lilly Daché's Milan beret and Philip Mangone's victory-red coat.

◀ THIS . . . OR ▶



Alternate favorite suit has a red jacket, navy skirt; gingham blouse. Blouse and skirt can be worn without jacket for the South. Red felt beret.

The block-plaid shirt has a new small turnover collar and cap sleeves.

READY FOR ANYTHING

You and the world are on the alert; everything is checked for speed, mobility, performance. If your wardrobe is to be an asset and not a stumbling block in your life, it must be planned for time and motion, must be ready to go at a moment's notice, and be an easy-keeper. A good suit is your best pacemaker for North or South: a navy blue, or a two-color style (red jacket, navy skirt), combined with a crepe blouse, a cotton blouse, a new low-necked sweater, worn with a navy Milan or red felt beret and a straight multiple-purpose coat in victory red. The navy tunic dress is an important fashion to you, for a change into softer clothes; or, in its place, the two-piece polka-dot crepe. Pin your faith as well to a slim gray flannel coat dress for spring or fall; and wear a pretty cap-sleeve print to lunch, to dine, to dance. Include the red, white and blue plaid cotton dress, new fashion for spring, worn under a coat, like any crepe or wool. The drawstring pouch lives on; short white cotton gloves were never so right. The piqué half hat is fresh and adaptable. Plan your wardrobe like this—and it will work like a clock.

By Ruth Mary Packard

The two-piece soft dress is news; blouse worn in or out; carnations are back for boutonnieres.

l cotton for spring instead of summer, bray weight; worn now, North or South.

PHOTOS BY JAMES ABBÉ, JR.

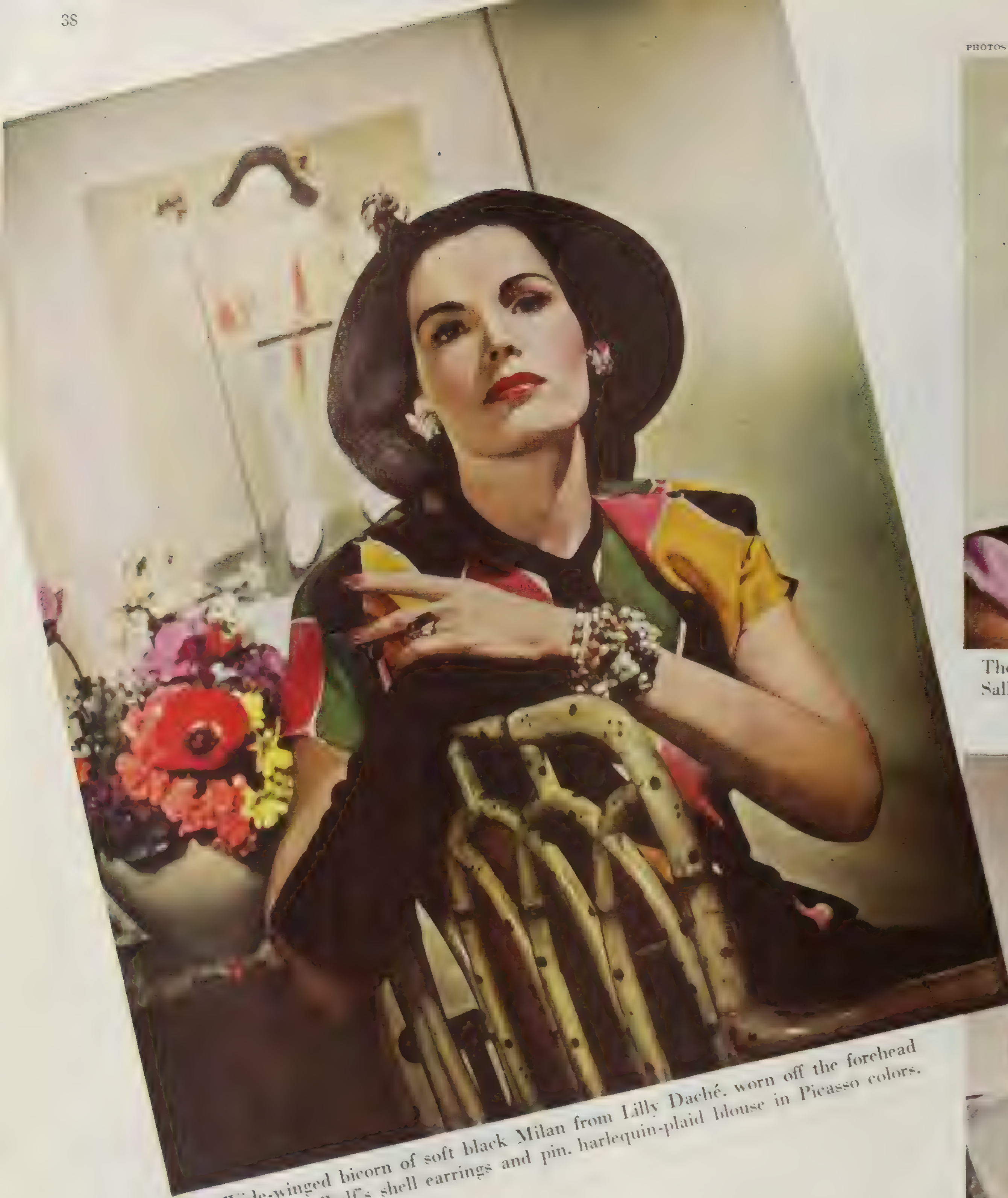
The tunic dress has a lovely line, is right for many times or places. Edward Paine's piqué hat goes with this or the polka-dot dress at the left.

Coat dress for spring or fall: gray chalk-stripe flannel with a detachable white piqué collar, worn with a gray felt cloche hat.

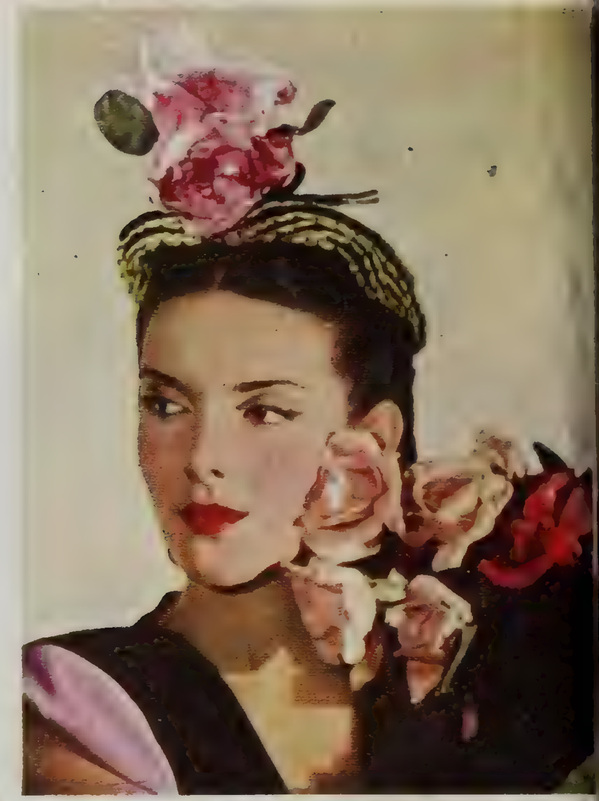
Red faille pouch holds everything; belt and gloves, changes for your suit.

The cap-sleeve afternoon prin[illegible] pretty picture from coast to coast, now or summer; worn with long dark rayon gloves.

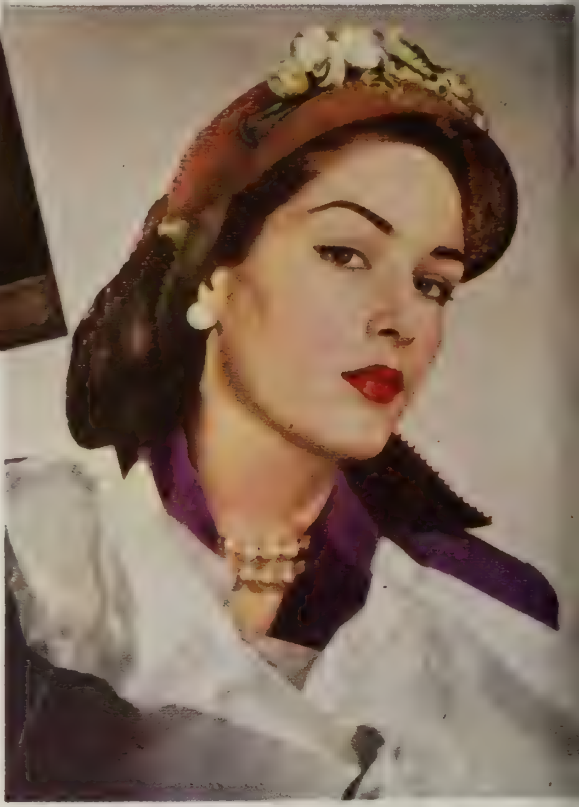
PHOTOS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN



Wide-winged bicorn of soft black Milan from Lilly Daché, worn off the forehead with Nina Wolf's shell earrings and pin, harlequin-plaid blouse in Picasso colors.



The return of the rose as romantic trimming
Sally Victor's Victorian bonnet of lacy straw bra

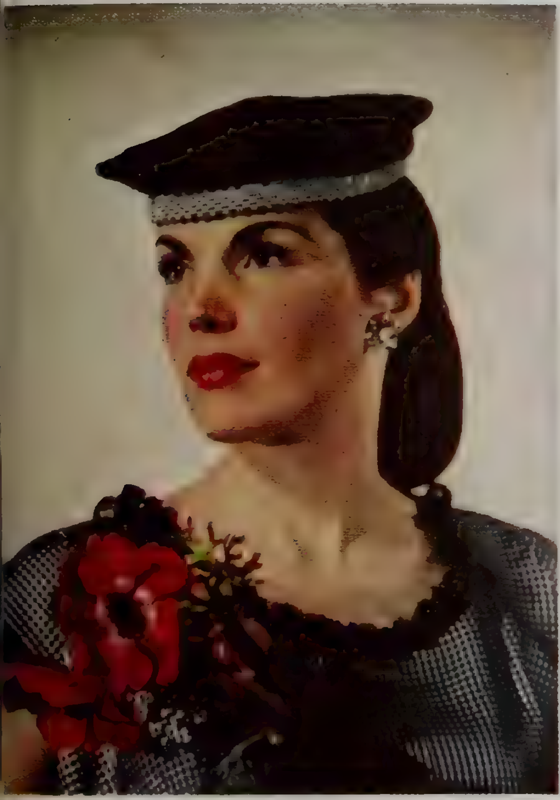


Demure brown bonnet with plastic-pearl ti
lilies, by Florence Reichman, ties under your chign

OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL BONNET

OH, what a lovely beret. Oh, what a wonderful feeling a new hat gives you on the first day of spring. Easter hats are pretty pictures, worn back of a sleek hairline revealing a smooth brow, or straight forward just above your eyes. The black hat is trimmed with rose-pink satin or a band of brilliants, or your own clip or pin; the white bonnet wears a cotton sash with gloves to match; a pale pink straw pairs off with a big pink bag. All straws are feather-light and soft as fabric; and the cotton hat is a real hat now, sleek and elegant, often trimmed with a single rose. Not so many flowers, not so many veils as other seasons have seen; your bonnet is a little less flippant, but still the most feminine thing under the sun.

By Wilhela Cushman
Fashion Editor of the Journal



wn beret, shiny black straw cloth on band of bril-
ts, by John Frederics; worn with checked surah.

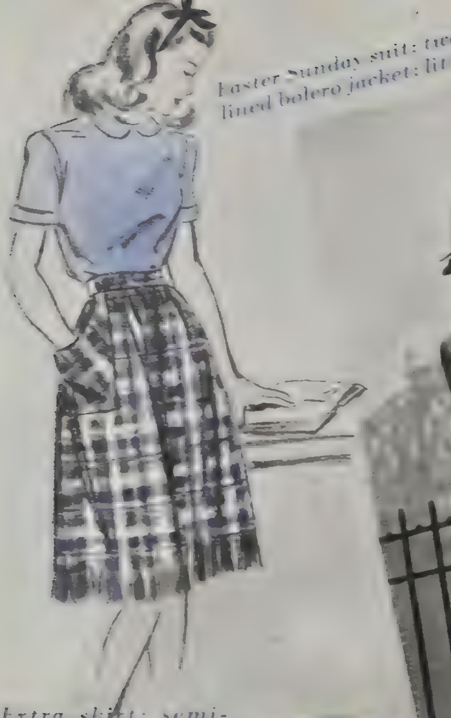
Easter Sunday sunbonnet of white toyo, tied with a cotton sash; by John Frederics, with gloves to match.

A cotton beret is an elegant thing, as designed by John Frederics, in navy check with matching gloves.

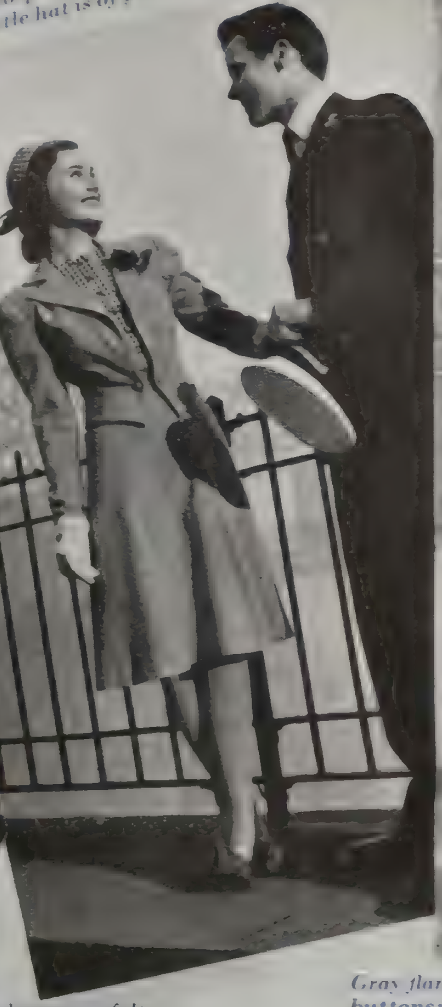
weled helmet of straw in Arabian colors, by Lilly
hé; hugs a pretty head and shows a noble brow.

Chinese inspiration, by Braagaard: shiny black horsehair with pink satin ribbon, worn forward tilted.

High cloche, by John Frederics, of petal-pink straw cloth with lattice veil, worn with Nadja Buckley jewels and portfolio bag.

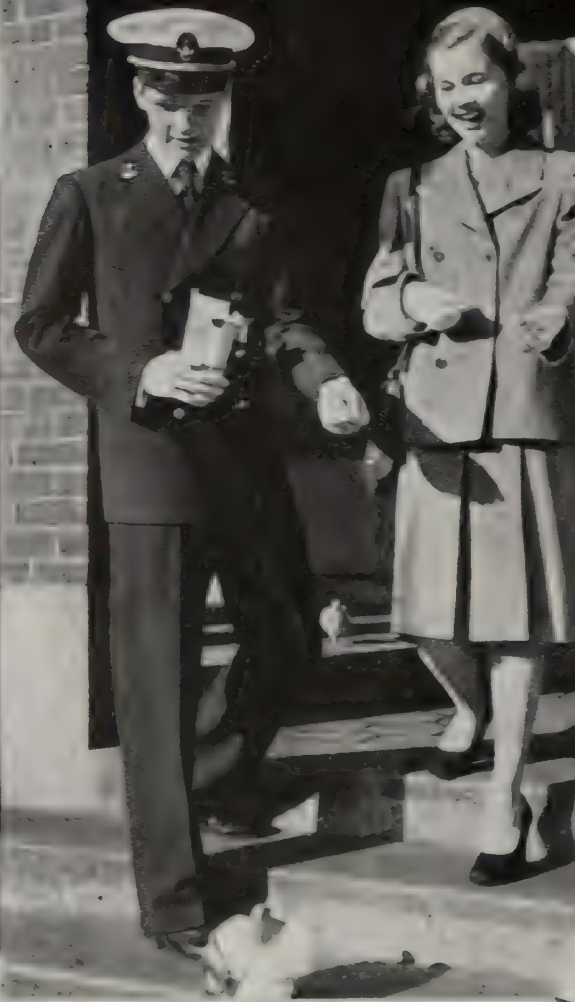


Easter Sunday suit: two-piece wool. Gin
lined bolero jacket: little hat is of gingham too.

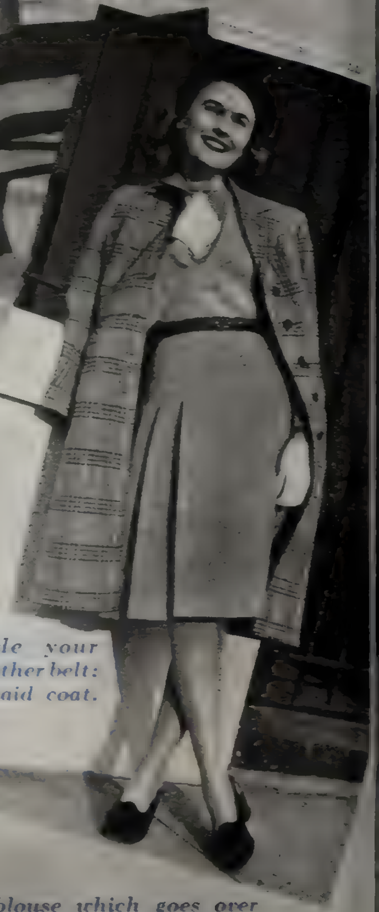


Extra skirt: semi-dirndl with fringed hem in a bright plaid.

New lines for new bonnets: felt with bows; grosgrain headband.



Gray flannel pea jacket with gold buttons; pleated skirt; and calot.

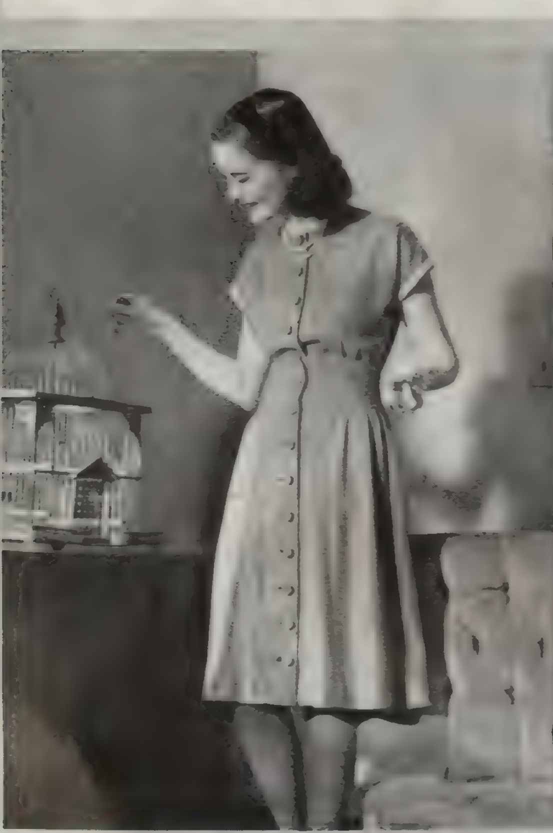


Sweater inside your skirt, narrow leather belt; small beret; plaid coat.

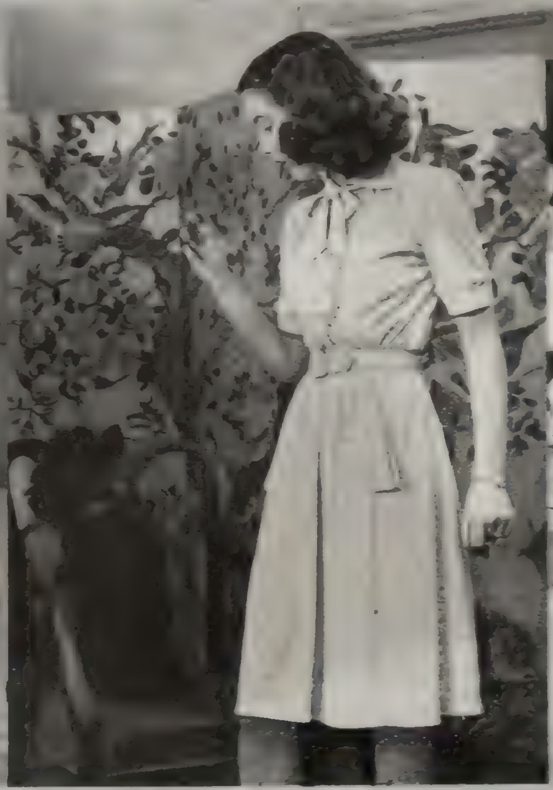
Piqué vest-blouse which goes over your skirts or under your pinafores.

For the First Time in My Life . . .

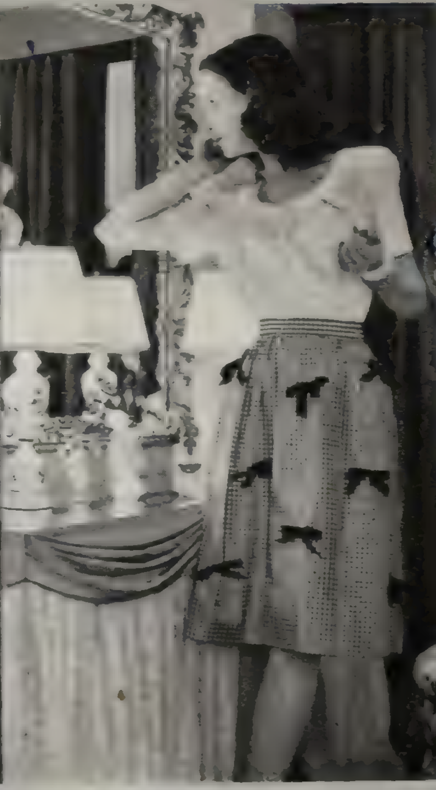
I choose my own new clothes: a two-piece wool bolero with a gingham-lined jacket and fresh flowers on my lapel for Easter Sunday; or a double-breasted gray flannel suit with bright gold buttons. For school and my Saturday job, a tailored sweater and skirt belted at the waist, a plaid topcoat and a tiny forward beret. *I wear my hair the newest way*—smooth and sleek with a headband, neat and trim with a net. A piqué blouse, a fringe-trimmed skirt, a pretty necklace are the little things that do the big things for my wardrobe. *I need some special dresses:* a button-down-the-front cap-sleeve wool for the latest fashion; or a checked taffeta skirt with velvet bows and a fresh white blouse to go dancing—for *I have a special beau.* **BY DAWN CROWELL**



High fashion for a low price: cap-sleeve wool in a two-piece button-down-the-front dress.



As smooth as your latest hair-do: rayon-jersey dress which comes in bright and pastel shades.



He has a date with an angel: YOU in a checked taffeta skirt, velvet bows; pretty white blouse.

Multicolore
shell necklac
tied with a bo
in back. Many
strand bea
choker t
sparkle ov
plaid dresse

Hot off the griddle

BY ANN BATCHELDER

WE USED to call them flapjacks in those unregenerate days of the hulled-corn man and the tin peddler. And flapjacks they're still called by woodsmen and campers. It's quite a trick to flip and flapjack. And that's why the men who preside at the campfire and the cabin stove take a lot of pride in the ancient art, and it's from this act of grace—the perfect flap—that we get the name flapjack.

Then came a day when more refined souls felt that the flapjack made in a rude skillet, or even on a hot shovel, should be elevated from a supposedly vulgar status to the higher culture. And so the griddle came into being and the name of this most delectable of cakes was changed to griddlecake, and among the less particular class it was known as a griddler. A sort of striving toward modernity—where language was to be largely shorn of the Lord Fauntleroy precision, along with its golden curls of flamboyancy. And this isn't so far away from the subject of this March meal as you may think. The words, the names applied to food are as important, almost, as the things that go to make it up. The French know this well, and that is the reason for the French menu, which I will take up with you at some future and more propitious time.

THINGS TO REMEMBER

Whether we call the cakes flapjacks, griddlers, griddlecakes or by that inexplicable misnomer, pancakes, some few simple regulations apply to all. And, by the way, why call these cakes pancakes? What earthly or otherwise truck have they with a pan? A pancake is a fried thing, like a fritter. It is mostly found, under that name, in station restaurants of the old school and smaller junctions. It is a thick and usually wildly flavored batter, enclosing a dejected piece of apple or peach, and it is served with a glutinous pinkish sauce, very cornstarchish and vanillined. And that is a pancake, although why it should be, I do not know.

When you hear or read of griddlecakes as being "fried," take no notice. No griddlecake worth a drop of sirup, or molasses either, was ever fried. They are baked on a griddle, just as safely and surely *baked* as any bread that ever came out of an oven. So much for that.

MANY ARE CALLED

They are legion, these hot-off-the-griddle eatables. There are delicate and delicious apple ones, and some folks go for nuts and cereals in theirs. You may have them for breakfast, for lunch, for supper, and who doesn't know of the marvel of *blinis*, that thin little cake enclosing the very king of appetizers, caviar—which, let us hope, will again adorn our tables when the old world sends us again the cream of her delicacies and delights? And crêpes Suzette—as French as the Arc de Triomphe, and as wonderful a dessert as ever came from a chafing dish at the hands of one who knows how and has what it takes to do it with. So the list is long—and not too long at that.

(Continued on Page 67)

WINS ORDERS FROM HEADQUARTERS
Washington, D. C.

100 POUNDS OF FAT SALVAGED produces 10 pounds glycerin badly needed for war purposes. With pork more plentiful than other meats, there should be more drippings for your salvage jar. Don't forget! Two meat points is your reward for each pound of fat turned in to your butcher.

Line a Day

1 This is my birth month. The birthstone is bloodstone. Wouldn't you know it couldn't be diamonds?

2 Diamonds or not, there's still an omelet to be had. Spread with apricot jam or marmalade before folding, sprinkle with grated cheese and run under the broiler to polish off. So there.

3 Cook up some macaroni. Put in a casserole with a rarebit for sauce. Season with two drops of Tabasco and a little grated orange peel. Cover with buttered crumbs and bake to the brown-and-bubble stage. This is the way of all casseroles.

4 *Answer-to-question dept.:* You are correctly informed, Maybelle. The man who asked for cheese sauce on broiled trout *was* never seen again.

5 Tuna fish and crab meat, fifty-fifty in a scallop, with a touch of w.k. lemon juice, is something to give the parson when he calls around suppertime.

6 And for dessert, why not halved or sliced peaches covered with partly melted cranberry jelly and chilled to a fare-you-well? Serve with almond-flavored custard.

7 When it's a flake muffin you will have, fold in the flakes at the last. Why? So they won't soften up on you, but stay crisp.

8 Favor to ask is not to sprinkle rolls with water when you reheat them. Just cover and heat as they are. To please me.

9 If there are folks to tea, let them have hot little muffins filled with Banbury-tart filling. Bet most of them never thought of *that*.

10 *Herb note:* Use herbs sparingly. For eggs and cheese—tarragon. For vegetables and spaghetti—rosemary, thyme. For sauces—basil, savory, marjoram. Here a little, there a little.

11 Never forget to cook a few pieces of lemon peel in the rice pudding. In boiled rice, too, this goes. Also in all custards.

12 *Something for the girls:* Shrimp in lemon jelly, very tart. Arrange on lettuce with cubes of tomato aspic. Mask with mayonnaise. Then to the business of the meeting.

13 For a hot dish, try the girls on oysters—oysters will soon be off again—with flaked salmon covered with cream sauce, broiled and served on toast. Pretty elegant stuff, this.

14 A delicious "de luxe" appetizer is cold sliced chicken spread with deviled ham, grilled on toast. I don't say "de luxe" very often.

15 Deviled ham and thin slices of sharp cheese treated the same way is another tasty bit. Keep them little. These aren't meant for a meal—but *might be*.

16 Ever tire of baked beans as such? Well, mash them. Season with onion, catchup and an herb or two. Make into croquettes, dip in egg and crumbs and fry. This is face-lifting for a baked bean.

17 *Inseparables:* Bacon and eggs, strawberries and cream, frankfurters and mustard, apple and cheese. Have you started your pots of sage, basil and chives?

18 *News Item:* Mussels are getting too well known to need praise from me. Any oyster receipt can be converted to mussels like anything. And they've some good ones of their own besides. Someday soon I'll spill the beans, and how.

THE NOSEGAY

FROM AN OLD CURRIER & IVES PRINT

ALMOST OVER

When March comes round it's safe to say
Spring is surely on the way.
When it comes, is it here to stay?

Under the secretive snow
Daffodils and tulips know
Now's the time to wake and grow.

Watch for the first nest in the tree
And listen for the songs to be—
Spring's immemorial minstrelsy.

19 Drain some raspberries, fold them into a meringue, chill. Cook down the juice with a little sugar to a thick sirup. Chill. Fill sherbet glasses with the meringue, pour on the sirup. Crown with half a peach. This is a receipt.

20 Ham with sweet potatoes—what could be better than that? Slice the potatoes—cooked and peeled, of course—in a deep pie plate. Funny, isn't it, how many things pie plates are good for besides pie?

21 Now cover the slices with shaved maple sugar (or brown), put dots of butter or margarine all over, sprinkle with mace or cinnamon, add a handful of raisins and bake. You know the rest.

22 If you get a steak, garnish it with sautéed green peppers, serve pineapple fritters and potato puffs. Then live with your memories and your hash.

23 As to those little fish cakes, mask them with hollandaise sauce, garnish with purée of peas *or* spinach. This is *really* something.

24 Then again *still* something, conceal a shrimp or a pickled onion in the middle of each cake before frying. These may be only appetizers, but how they melt away!

25 Baked pork tenderloin or spareribs need a little fussing with. Stuff some baked apples with raisins or whatever, and have a casserole of corn and tomatoes. Or scalloped potatoes aren't to be sneezed at. That's the kind of business that makes history.

26 *From an old cookbook:* "If a canary loses its voice, have a piece of salt pork in the cage and sprinkle it with cayenne pepper." Pork or bird?

27 Add enough horse-radish to mayonnaise to taste the *radish*, and make a spread for a ham-and-cheese on rye. Lunch-box notion.

28 *Reminiscence dept.:* When a sauce is done—beat it! Remember that? This is just to remind you.

29 Speaking of old times, there were those liver "collops." Chicken livers are best, calves' liver is all right. It's *colloping* that matters. Cut the liver into smallish pieces. Dip in salt, then in fine sugar, then roll in flour and sauté. A sour-cream sauce is sort of indicated.

30 When you come right down to it, sour cream and liver go hand in hand. Baked or broiled, fried or braised, you can't go wrong with the sour-cream jug. Cook it down, sort of natural, and the thickening will take care of itself. It does need seasoning, but don't you be afraid of that good sour taste. It does what liver needs—and does it right. As for collops, I'm trusting you to do your stuff. And don't say I haven't told you—more than once.

31 Well, here is March, deceitful as ever, but with a promise of better things around the orchard wall. If we can only trust the old witch.

By Ann Batchelder

FOR GOOD HEALTH

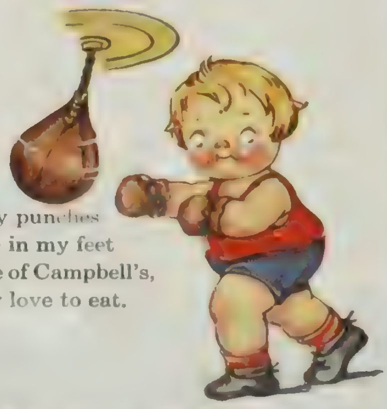
and Good Eating

America's favorite soup made from the world's finest tomatoes

"Yes, it's tomatoes for health," say the nutritionists, and recommend that all of us eat lots of them—often. Fortunately, that is easy and pleasant to do, for it is always "tomato season" in the household where Campbell's Tomato Soup is on hand.

But this soup is so much more than a means of getting health-protective vitamins! One look at its tempting brightness and you want a spoonful. One taste and you want a bowlful. And because so many people feel just that way about it, Campbell's Tomato Soup is first choice among the nation's families.

The secret is an exclusive recipe which calls for the most luscious tomatoes that grow—blending in fine table butter—then seasoning to a just-rightness. War-rushed families want and need more suppers and lunches built round a good soup like this!



The wallop in my punches
And the hustle in my feet
Are there because of Campbell's,
Which I dearly love to eat.

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

KINDS TO CHOOSE FROM: Asparagus · Bean with bacon · Beef · Black Bean · Bouillon · Chicken · Chicken Gumbo · Chicken Noodle · Clam Chowder · Consomme · Green Pea · Mock Turtle · Cream of Mushroom · Ox Tail · Pepper Pot · Scotch Broth · Tomato · Vegetable · Vegetarian Vegetable · Vegetable-Beef.

If you punched a clock when you went to bed

If you punched a time clock on going to bed, and again on arising, how many hours would your time card show?

Authorities say that adults need daily at least eight hours of sleep or rest in bed—children need considerably more. *This is especially true in these strenuous wartime days.*

Refreshing sleep comes more easily when you slow down and relax *before* bedtime. Try to forget your worries. They result in tension that defeats sleep. Try to have your bedroom dark, quiet, and well-ventilated. Bed clothing that weighs too heavily is an enemy of sleep. So is too much food, either solid or liquid, just before bedtime.

If you have difficulty getting to sleep, remember that complete relaxation is the next best thing. Relaxing physically means letting yourself "go limp all over." It is the exact opposite of tenseness.

You can teach yourself to relax. First, learn to recognize tenseness wherever it occurs in the body. Then, practice letting the tense muscles go limp. Try it at odd moments during the day—it is the secret of conserving energy.

Plenty of sound, *undisturbed* sleep is especially important to workers on a night shift. Someone—usually it will be the wife or mother—must take responsibility for planning the night worker's schedule on an orderly, regular basis. His bedroom should be away from family activity. A screen between window and bed will help shut out light. Some night workers have found that they go to the job more refreshed if they take their hours of sleep just before their working hours, rather than just after.

Healthy, normal sleep permits your heart, lungs, and other vital organs to "loaf" along. The body can then mend its worn-out tissues and build new ones. Your full quota of sleep should give you the renewed energy to carry you through the next day *feeling well, working efficiently, and in good spirits.*

To help you meet the increased pressure and strain of these busy days, Metropolitan will send you, on request, a free copy of a folder, *"Relax and Revive."*

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Name________________________

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City______________State__________

THERE IS SUCH STRENGTH

(Continued from Page 22)

need of air. The house and Erna's chattering stifled her. She walked briskly about for a few moments, then went into the summerhouse and sat there, thinking. Something indeed must have gone wrong; never had it taken as long as this. Octavia had spent several hours with *maman* the night before, reading to her, because *maman* had been so nervous and restless. *It has been said that people who are about to die have strange premonitions.*

As she sat there, Augusta was reminded of several odd incidents, episodes of such striking similarity that she wondered if unexpressed and wishful thinking actually held any power. There had been a teacher during her grade-school years, a bony spinster greatly despised. Augusta had spent hours plotting how to outwit this enemy. Suddenly the teacher had been taken ill of pneumonia and in a week or two was dead, and her successor was a placid, plump woman. . . . Then there had been a young lady in the parish greatly enamored of Doctor Fritzhoff. She had written him letters, telephoned him morning, noon and night. Augusta, after weeks of mental anguish over it, decided to visit the girl and heap upon her all her wrath. But it was never necessary. For some reason the family moved away from Laurelwaters and were never heard from again. . . . Last year there was the little colored girl who had followed Febby about for weeks. Febby had befriended the child and from that moment on was unable to be rid of her. She clung to Febby with a tenaciousness that was both distasteful and exhausting. Febby began to lose sleep and appetite. Finally she had appealed to Augusta and she, with fury in her eyes, had promised to speak to the brazen youngster the very next afternoon. But the interview had never come to pass. The child, scurrying across the street, had been struck by a trolley, and died on her way to a hospital. There had been many parallel instances. People not exactly important, or a real hazard to one's plans, but obstacles nevertheless. It would indeed be queer if *maman* recovered now.

What They Say About War Bonds

The men in the field expect you to watch out for their interests. They expect you to know the kind of world they will come back to, and they expect you to see to it that it is worth the sacrifices they are making. Buying War Bonds is the first of our obligations to them.

—ELEANOR ROOSEVELT.

Erna was waving a dish towel from the kitchen doorway and Augusta hurried to the house. She removed her wet wraps and Erna whispered shrilly:

"It must be over. Frau Müller just came out with the afterbirth."

Augusta's breath stuck in her throat. "Did—did she say what it was—a boy or a girl?"

Erna shook her head, "*Nein*, she was in too much of a rush."

Augusta hurried through the rooms to the front hall. The bedroom door was closed, but she opened it softly and stole inside.

At first glance she thought her stepmother was dead, so gaunt and gray-white did she look as she lay there, motionless. Doctor Wendell was bending over her, and when he straightened he laid aside a hypodermic syringe and wiped the drops of sweat from his forehead. He still wore a white apron, the sleeves rolled up above his elbows. He turned to Frau Müller, who was expertly bundling a squirming red infant into flannels:

"Give Mrs. Fritzhoff some more ergot in about an hour."

The old nurse nodded, and the doctor turned his attention once more upon his patient, a worried frown between his eyes. Augusta drew a deep breath. So. All had not gone well, then. She heard Doctor Wendell, apparently thinking out loud:

"I'll have to send for Miss Jackson. The baby can be your job, Mrs. Müller, but a trained nurse had best be on hand for a r currence of that hemorrhage."

Augusta moved closer and her mout tightened. Miss Jackson, indeed. A mo austere and impressive personage from large hospital in Chicago. Augusta looked *maman*, pleased that she was so desperatel ill, but angry that so expert an attenda was to care for her. That changed the enti outlook.

Mrs. Fritzhoff's eyes opened and que tioned the doctor. He went to her, drawi on his coat. "All is quite well now, Ale andra. You have your long-awaited son, an he is a husky one too. Weighed almost ni pounds and caused a bit of trouble. But yo and Ludwig are going to be very proud this boy." He smiled as *maman* looked him, then closed her eyes, drifting off agai as the last shreds of anesthesia drew h back into unconsciousness.

Doctor Wendell waited to feel her puls once more, then, satisfied that she was out danger, went to pack his instruments. H saw Augusta, standing near the door.

"You have a fine little brother, August I know you will help in every way to kee your mother quiet and comfortable. Mis Jackson will be over in an hour or so, an I'll be back this evening." He went away

Augusta waited until the blood ha stopped roaring in her ears. So it was boy. She moved across the room and sai "I'd like to hold him for a bit, Frau Mülle You had better take th mess down to the laundr The room looks like pigsty."

"*Ja wohl, Fräulein,* was chust going. Sit her and hold him and don rock yet," Frau Mülle told her. "*Ach,* he iss *schön* one for only eigh mont's!"

Augusta took the chil and sat down. The ol nurse hovered near by worried and uncertai Then, as Augusta glare at her, she went out, he arms filled with soile linen.

Augusta sat on in the gathering twilight the baby upon her lap. Wonder stirred he blood, and for a long moment she regarde the child's blue eyes and soft rosy skin. Th baby yawned, and she marveled at the ver fragile mechanism that kept it alive. By mere thread hung its life, a thin filament tha could be snapped in a second.

But it wouldn't be. This child must b made strong so nothing or no one would eve destroy it. It was clean, new material, a yet untouched and unformed. The familia tingle crept into her fingers again and sh dwelt pleasantly upon the prospect of shaping this child into definite form, its mind habits and beliefs subject to her directio and guidance.

Suddenly, against her will, her eyes lifte and encountered the grave, fearful glance o her stepmother.

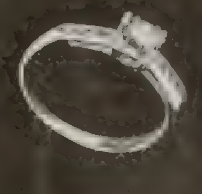
"You will not forget the promise yo gave me?"

"That is an unnecessary question, *maman* It is a very fine child. I shall be most happ to care for him."

Mrs. Fritzhoff closed her eyes and a moment later her husband came in, his fac gaunt with relief. Augusta left them an hurried out.

Mrs. Fritzhoff was not recovering as sh should. As the usual ten days slipped awa and the fever had not dropped to normal, a uneasiness settled like a depressing blanke over the parsonage. Miss Jackson, formidable enough to discourage any tentativ interference from Augusta, went efficientl about her work. Doctor Wendell was in an out a dozen times a day. Augusta avoide

(Continued on Page 48)



ENGAGED! MARY JANE MAXSON

of West Orange, N. J. to William B. Eppler of Maplewood, an army officer, now overseas. She is a graduate of Mary Lyon Junior College; he attended Princeton.

MARY JANE IS DEMURE AND SPRING-BLOSSOMY. Her smooth, silky hair has a baby-fine quality. Her exquisite complexion is so clear and so soft. "I just take care of my face with Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "The more I use it, the more I *love* it."

VICTORY FARM HAND—Mary Jane's work on the family's victory farm is no glamour job! *She's working where she's needed!* All kinds of jobs need women—farms, stores, transportation. Check Help Wanted ads—and U. S. Employment Service.

ANOTHER POND'S BRIDE-TO-BE

"S*he's so pretty!*" people exclaim after they meet Mary Jane Maxson. Her heart-shaped face has an irresistible sweet, elfin charm—quiet stillness one nute, mischievous laughter the next.

Mary Jane herself has *definite* and *practical* ideas out how to keep her lovely face looking its pret-st. "You've just got to have *sparkling clean skin,*" e says. "It has to look and feel soft, too. That's ty I'm so keen about a Pond's cold-creaming for my face *every night* and *every morning.* Pond's is such heavenly soft-smooth cream. It feels grand to use and makes your skin look so nice."

Copy Mary Jane's beauty care with Pond's Cold Cream. This is what she does!

First—She *smooths* Pond's snowy, fragrant Cold Cream all over her face and throat and pats with quick fingertips to help soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off well.

Next—She "rinses" with *more* fluffy-soft dabs of Pond's, working her white-tipped fingers all over her face in little spiral whirls. "This *twice-over* creaming with Pond's makes my skin feel *extra* clean, *extra* soft," she says.

Beauty-clean *your* face with Pond's *every* night and *every* morning. Use it for daytime clean-ups, too. You'll see why it's no accident engaged girls like Mary Jane, noted society beauties like Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, III and Britain's Viscountess Milton love this soft-smooth beauty cream. Ask for a luxurious *big* jar of Pond's Cold Cream today.

Today—many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price

ASK FOR A LUXURIOUS BIG JAR! Large sizes save glass and manpower! And it's so much quicker to dip fingertips of both hands in the wide Pond's jar!

SHE'S ENGAGED! *She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!*

How can this beauty be a shortening saver?

How could any cake be so soft and mellow and *rich* . . . with no eggs and only *two* tablespoons of shortening?

Well, look again—and you'll see that three *more* tablespoons of richness are provided by . . . peanut butter. Saving shortening—making "Food Fight for Freedom"!

Naturally, when you do tricks like this with recipes, you must have the special tenderness and fineness of Swans Down Cake Flour. And you need to watch a few points in mixing (see pictures below).

But you'll find this a very quick, easy cake! And as always, if you *"follow the Swans Down way"* in wartime recipes—folks will say, "My stars! The war must be over!"

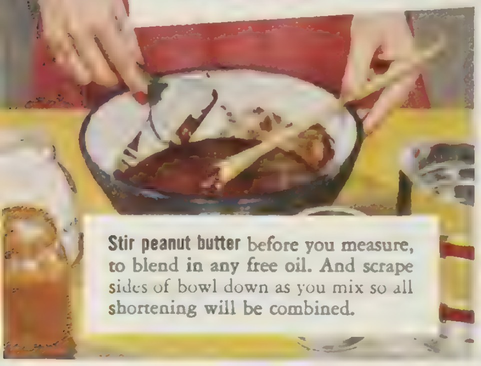
PEANUT BUTTER CHOCOLATE CAKE

1¾ cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
¾ teaspoon soda
¾ teaspoon salt
1 cup sugar
2 tablespoons shortening
3 tablespoons peanut butter
2 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted
1 cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla

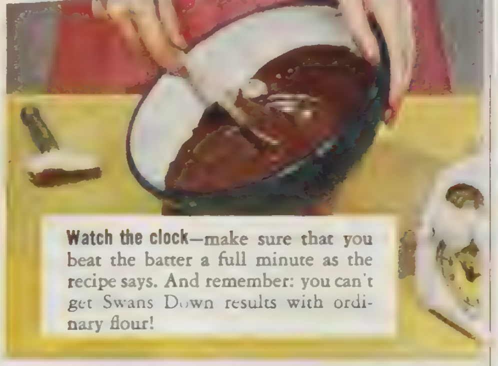
Sift flour once, measure, add soda, salt, and sugar, and sift together three times. Cream shortening and peanut butter until well blended. Then add melted chocolate and mix well. Add sifted dry ingredients, milk, and vanilla. Stir until all flour is dampened. Beat vigorously 1 minute. Turn into two 8-inch layer pans which have been greased, lined with waxed paper, and again greased. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 25 minutes, or until done. Spread Seven Minute Frosting or Chocolate Frosting between layers and on top of cake.

This cake may also be baked in greased 9x9x2-inch pan in moderate oven (325° F.) 30 minutes, or until done. (*All measurements are level.*)

Peanut Butter Cocoa Cake: Substitute for chocolate ¼ cup Baker's Breakfast Cocoa. Sift cocoa with dry ingredients.



Stir peanut butter before you measure, to blend in any free oil. And scrape sides of bowl down as you mix so all shortening will be combined.



Watch the clock—make sure that you beat the batter a full minute as the recipe says. And remember: you can't get Swans Down results with ordinary flour!

Swans Down makes wonderful cake—even with ration recipes!

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Send 6¢ for helpful wartime recipe booklet!
General Foods, Dept. L.H.J. 3-44, Battle Creek, Mich.
Please send me new 1944 edition of "How to Bake by the Ration Book"—Swans Down recipes to help me do my patriotic duty in saving war-scarce ingredients in cake, quick breads, etc. I enclose 6¢ in stamps.

*Name*____________________
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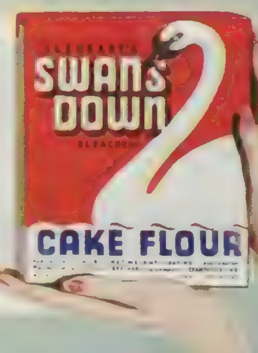
(Good in U. S. A. only) *Offer expires September 30, 1944*



(Continued from Page 46)

him, hating his concern. She waited, convinced that *maman* was doomed and nothing he could do would save her.

At the end of the second week, the patient's temperature fell steadily, nourishment stayed down. Tension lifted and relief spread through the house. Augusta could not believe what was happening. *Maman* was almost well! She heard her talking to Miss Jackson behind the closed bedroom door; she heard *maman* laugh.

Frau Müller came out of the sickroom chuckling. She looked at Augusta and nodded. "Mamma is much better, *Gott sei dank.*"

So. The crisis was past.

Augusta met Doctor Wendell face to face upon his next visit. Didn't he think that Miss Jackson was now an unnecessary expense and couldn't the care of the convalescent be entrusted to herself? Doctor Wendell, elated at victory, considered this. Miss Jackson, who was urgently needed upon another case, assured the doctor that Miss Augusta was quite competent to take charge.

Miss Jackson took her leave the next morning. Mrs. Fritzhoff, who had grown fond of the quiet, capable trained nurse, watched Augusta assume charge with wide-eyed apprehension. The door had no sooner closed upon Doctor Wendell and his orders for the day than *maman* realized, with a shock, that she was now at the mercy of one who hated her. She stared for a long moment at Augusta, busily making changes in the sickroom to suit her own ideas.

Doctor Fritzhoff came in and his wife said, "Ludwig, please call Richard back. There is something the three of us should talk over; it's important—please ——"

Augusta interrupted, "Doctor Wendell has gone to Chicago to attend an emergency appendectomy. He won't be back for hours."

Kiss: contraction of the mouth due to enlargement of the heart. —ANON.

For a day or two all went well, even though Augusta routed the comfortable and untidy disorder of the sickroom. Beneath her flying hands a sharp neatness emerged. The sickroom became a cold white laboratory. Mrs. Fritzhoff would follow the tapping feet, the flying hands, the eternally searching eyes. Anyone, watching, could not relax because of this tireless energy. Before the day was over *maman* had a headache and a slight fever.

That evening Augusta stood in the hall, listening to Doctor Wendell's car turn a distant corner, and glanced at the instructions in her hand: "Veronal, grs. v in hot milk if patient is nervous or unable to sleep." Slowly, she tore it to bits.

The next morning, very early, Augusta entered the sickroom and softly closed the windows, flung wide upon a wet cold night, and replaced the blankets stealthily removed from the bed after Mrs. Fritzhoff had safely fallen into heavy slumber from two tablets of Veronal given her in hot milk. Augusta saw almost at once that she was strangely changed. She roused the sick woman. It was difficult, and when *maman* did open her eyes she acted befogged.

"*Maman*, it is time to wake up now; come, drink this cold water."

Mrs. Fritzhoff put a thin hand to her throbbing head. "*Mon Dieu*, but I have made too great a burden of a night's sleep. It is still very early, is it not?"

"Almost six. And there is much to do."

Mrs. Fritzhoff sighed and closed her eyes.

Augusta took the temperature. 102.6°. *Schön.* The small remaining vestige of blood poisoning had been just sufficient, then, to send—with a bit of encouragement—a sudden flare of relapse coursing dangerously through the weakened system. Augusta put her strong cool fingers over the thin wrist and counted the pulse beats. How they raced! She went to the kitchen, took a tray of tea and toast back to the sickroom, locked the door behind her and turned to the bed.

"Now, *maman*," she announced briskly, "I'll put your dressing gown on you and you
can sit by the window and eat your b
fast."

Maman's eyes were sunken wells of te
"Augusta, I beg of you—no. I could n
get out of this bed; the very thought fr
ens me."

"The bed is a disgrace. It won't tak
minutes."

"Leave it, Augusta; what does it matt

"Nonsense, out you go. I'll help y
Augusta busily stuffed pillows into a c
wrapped a blanket about her stepm
and pulled her from bed, tottering and s
ing, and placed her in the armchair.

The sick woman was gasping from ex
tion and fear. "Augusta, I shall tell D
Wendell; he will be—very angry."

"No, *maman*, I don't think you w
dare tell Doctor Wendell anything.
ticularly if father and I happened to
the room at the time!"

Mrs. Fritzhoff leaned back and close
eyes. She was filled with horror, but sh
little strength for words. "Augusta—
mustn't do this—you mustn't."

Augusta pretended not to hear.
whipped sheets and blankets, flopped
the mattress. Mrs. Fritzhoff, sobbing
lessly, watched. She broke out into a
sweat.

"Augusta, please put me back to
now—the room is spinning. I shall tell
tor Wendell everything—I must. He
his wife are going to Vienna this summer
I shall ask them to take the baby to
Von Bergestadts."

Then Augusta stopped her work
stared. "And I suppose your sister w
agree to such a fantastic arrangement?

"My sister has been separated from
husband for ten years, although they
live under the same roof. I have wri
Baron von Bergestadt. It is better tha
has the child than
And I myself shall tell
father everything —

Augusta angrily in
rupted: "You can't
sibly know what you
saying. And I don't
to listen." As alw
whenever anyone interfered with her pl
she became quite pale with rage. She c
not tolerate meddling.

Mrs. Fritzhoff said in a weary whis
"If I don't get back to bed, Augusta, I s
faint—and you will have to call for help

Finished with the bed, Augusta com
Mrs. Fritzhoff's hair into two neat pl
She helped her back to bed then and the
woman sank into it with a long, quive
sigh. Augusta's right hand found the p
The respirations were very rapid, the ch
flushed, and *maman* seemed to sink alr
at once into a strange semistupor.

At eight o'clock the temperature was
Augusta had scarcely expected such h
long speed. The family came trooping no
downstairs and she cautioned them t
quiet, telling them that *maman* was n
well this morning. She sent them in to
breakfast and ran swiftly up the stairs s
would be out of breath and her voice r
shrill and frantic when she called D
Wendell.

"I have just taken her temperature a
is a hundred and four. You had better
right away."

"I'll be right there."

Augusta caught the frantic note i
voice before she clicked the receiver
upon its hook. She smiled slowly to he
It was too late now for him or any
specialist to do a thing.

She met her father in the downstair
and told him that *maman* seemed to b
fering from a slight relapse. She went
the dining room to have her breakfast
the girls.

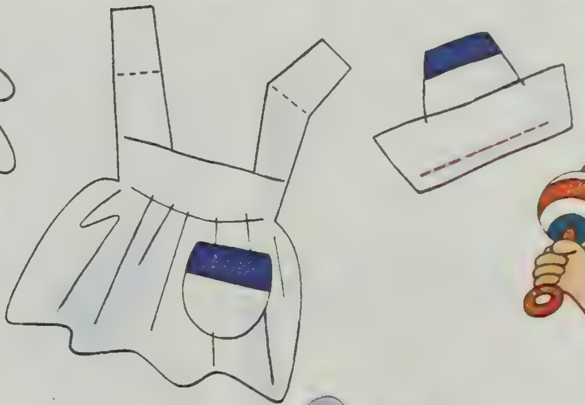
The doctor rang the doorbell before
were finished eating. He was frantic
the relapse, and hastened to the teleph
summon Miss Jackson back. He was u
to obtain her and called the hos
brusquely explaining to the supervis
begging her to send Miss Carlson at o

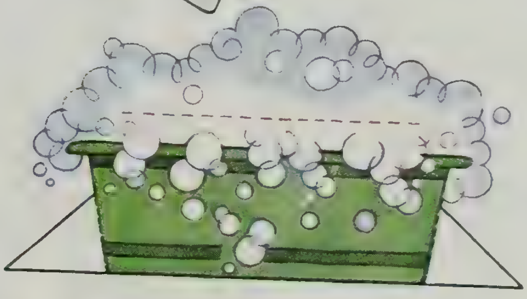
(Continued on Page 51)

SWAN'S CUT OUT FOR 4 BIG JOBS

a page for mamas—that little girls will like, too.

See what fun these cutouts are!
And see what fun Swan Soap can be!



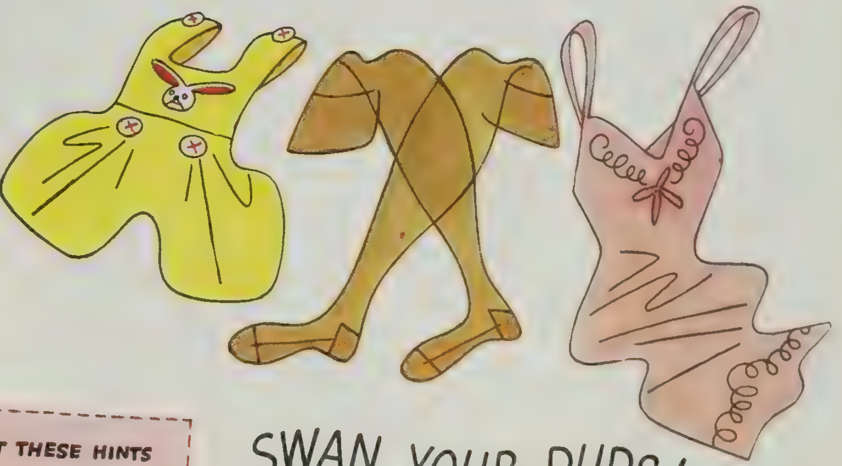


SWAN THE BABY!

1. What makes a baby jollier than a lovely Swan bath? Loads of foamy, white suds! Pure as fine castiles! Swan's a boon to war babies now that imported castiles are gone.

SWAN THE DISHES!

2. What makes a mama happier than a fast, sudsy dish soap that's kind to her hands? She's counting on Swan more than ever these days—now that a war-working family means more dishes and pots and pans.



SWAN YOUR DUDS!

3. What keeps nighties and slips and baby's rompers lovelier than a gentle Swan bath? So mild! So kind to colors! Swan will help your treasures last longer—and that's important these days.

SWAN THE FAMILY!

4. What keeps the family singing in the tub? Swan, of course! It's a wonderful fast-latherer! Swan's firm, too. Lasts and lasts! You'll find pure Swan is almost all the soaps you need—4 swell soaps in *one!*

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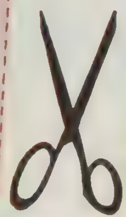
DON'T WASTE SOAP!

1. Don't leave soap in water. Don't make more lather than you need.
2. Beware of a wet soap dish! Keep it dry.
3. Wipe off grease and rinse all dishes *before* washing.
4. Save soap slivers; dissolve in boiling water to make soap jelly; use for dishes, shampoo, etc.



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How many pigs in this picture?

Can you count 'em? You're good if you get the right total the first time. There are ten, and the mother.

"So what?" you say, "what's a litter of pigs got to do with *me?*" And the answer is, "Plenty!"

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NATIONAL DAIRY
PRODUCTS CORPORATION
AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES

(Continued from Page 48)

In the lower hall Augusta stopped him. "I am quite capable of caring for her, Docor Wendell. There is nothing a trained nurse does that I cannot."

His answer was to glare at her, shove her side and go quickly into the sickroom, closng the door behind him. Doctor Fritzhoff wanted to follow, but Augusta told him to ake the morning paper into the living room and wait there.

MISS CARLSON arrived, and she was small and briskly efficient. How those two worked! Augusta, busy about her household tasks, topped occasionally to watch the frantic battle with death. Let them labor, let them apply every ounce of knowledge they posessed, let her father pray. She had done her work well and no one would ever know.

Doctor Wendell had to leave to look in on his other patients, and Miss Carlson had to atch a few minutes of sleep. It was during one of these lulls that Augusta stole into the ickroom and saw her father, seated beside he bed, reading to his wife. Augusta could not be sure whether her stepmother was conscious; she lay there so inert and gave no ndication of being aware of any sounds.

Doctor Fritzhoff looked up and stopped eading. "Augusta, I asked *maman* to name he baby. She reminded me that we had promised Doctor Eberhardtz to name the irst boy after him."

Augusta thought a moment. "That would be Martin, then, wouldn't it? Martin Alexander."

"Yes. Martin Alexander. A very fine name."

The third day a sensation of great weight lay upon the parsonage, an oppressive atmosphere of uncertainty. Doctor Wendell and Miss Carlson were busy with a treatment involving flasks of saline and lengths of rubber tubing. Augusta had heard Miss Carlson explaining to the bewildered Doctor Fritzhoff that it was a hypodermic injection of saline to replenish a lack of blood.

Period of Progress

BY S. H. DEWHURST

A feminine fad, be it slacks or a
new shade of russet,
Lasts only as long as the other
sex cares to discuss it.

Augusta told the girls to go off to bed, and the three of them huddled miserably together upon the stairway. Augusta and her father waited in the living room.

Doctor Wendell, coatless and haggard, appeared in the doorway. "Ludwig, I think you had better come in now."

Fritzhoff rose and turned to Augusta. "Won't you come too?"

She shivered and shook her head. "No. Please, I cannot tolerate deathbed scenes."

Doctor Wendell looked at her. "Yes, I should think so. Especially this one." He took the pastor's arm and led him from the room.

Augusta turned on the light in the small drawing room and sat there, waiting. She had dozed off when voices aroused her. Doctor Wendell came in with her father, who stumbled and dropped onto the nearest seat. The doctor said he would go for a glass of brandy, and Augusta sat forward.

"Father, is it all over?"

He nodded. "But what could she have meant? Richard said she was delirious, but I don't think she was. She spoke so rationally. But what do you suppose she meant?"

An icy tendril of fear encircled Augusta's heart. "Father, what was it she said?" she asked.

Doctor Wendell came in with a small glass of brandy and Fritzhoff drank it. "Richard, why did she make you promise to take the child to Vienna? There is something I don't understand."

Augusta relaxed. So—the baby. *Maman* had revealed things, then, upon her deathbed.

Augusta rose and went to her father. "What else did she say? What were her exact words, father?"

"She asked me to forgive her. Then she said *you* were not to have the child, that Richard and Bettina were to take it to Vienna to be brought up there. My son! Why—why ——"

Augusta drew a deep breath. "Father, she meant ——"

But before she could go on Doctor Wendell grasped her arm. "Augusta, don't—can't you see it wouldn't do any good? Later, perhaps, but not now."

She shook him free. "She meant the baby, father—don't you see? She was in Vienna in June, with *him*—oh, yes, I know all about that, father. The child was never meant to be born in April. It came as it rightly should have, in March." Augusta broke off in sudden alarm, staring at her father. Swiftly then she tried to intercede against his shock, to soften the blow. "Father, you should have guessed. How could you have been so naïve as to think she went to Europe just to visit her mother?"

The bewilderment upon Doctor Fritzhoff's face was visibly crumbling, supplanted by a slow, awful dawning, a comprehension that kindled his eyes, shocked his features into frozen enlightenment. He looked from one to the other. The silence in the room was enormous.

Doctor Wendell went to his friend and took his arm. "Come, now, Ludwig, we'll go up to your study. I'll stay with you for a while, and presently I'll give you a sedative. You need sleep."

Doctor Fritzhoff was unable to move. He kept looking at Augusta. "Why was it necessary to hurt me like this," he asked; "to take everything away and leave me nothing? How could you?"

Augusta raised her voice shrilly. "But, father, she has deceived you for years!"

"But I knew all that," Doctor Fritzhoff told her, "and overlooked it. I would rather not have known."

"Then you deserve to suffer," Augusta told him, "if you prefer lies and deceit to truth and honor!"

Doctor Wendell, too horrified to intercede any longer, tugged at the minister's arm. "Come, Ludwig, don't listen."

The stricken man sobbed and turned away.

Long after they had gone, Augusta stood where she was. She knew he was forever lost to her, and in the horror of everything else she had lost Martin too. She reached for a wrap and went out and walked rapidly beneath the waning stars. There was still her half sister Febby—and none of them had the insight or the intelligence to realize that there always would be Febby.

1917

AS THE war entered the third year, school became a routine of torment to Febby. Enmities began to develop and familiar faces were all at once cold and hostile. She began to grow expert with caution, hurrying to and from school rigid with shame and terror. Small boys tagged after Doctor Fritzhoff and threw stones and yelled insulting jingles. All this was because of Augusta's fierce defense of Germany. Her former reticence toward the neighbors had vanished, and she took it upon herself to point out to them the errors in their beliefs. Her belligerence was terrifying.

Octavia, glad that she was graduated, isolated herself with her books when she was not wrestling with Augusta over the rearing of small Martin. The war had prevented the Wendells from going to Vienna and, following an agreement between them and Pastor Fritzhoff, Octavia had been chosen to care for the child. This had been difficult, as Augusta's everlasting vigilance over him increased with the years and became more and more of an exhausting obstacle. It was not

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in Octavia's nature to fight; warring words and heated arguments made her ill.

Martin was growing into a handsome, sturdy lad. Octavia kept him with her as much as possible, took him on walks, sat with him in the summerhouse or in her own room reading the tales of Grimm and Andersen and the endless adventures of Peter Rabbit. Naturally, these sessions were sooner or later interrupted by Augusta, who insisted that Martin must not be spoiled and babied, that all such weaknesses as books and sand piles and woolly Teddy bears be permanently abolished. Martin was to become vigorous and strong, with a preference for fearlessness and combat rather than for nursery rhymes and toys.

During this period, just before America entered the war, another matter of considerable importance to Augusta returned to worry her: her father's renewed interest in Gretchen. The communicants, now that Frau Fritzhoff had been dead for almost three years, looked forward hopefully to a wedding. There were times when Gretchen and Pastor Fritzhoff seemed on the verge of announcing their engagement, and then weeks went by and nothing like a marriage seemed imminent. Doctor Fritzhoff was no longer the jovial and congenial man he once had been. Naturally he was lonely, naturally he grieved—but the years were passing and he needed a new wife. Who was a more desirable person to fill the role than the lovely and talented Gretchen Bach?

AUGUSTA heard all the rumors and smiled to herself at the general bewilderment. She knew how greatly young Gretchen longed to be head of the parsonage and mistress of the parish, and she knew, too, that it would never come to pass. Augusta had no intention of letting her own important position as ruler of the family be snatched from under her nose.

Doctor Fritzhoff had been ill with a heavy cold and Gretchen, worried because she had not heard from him in two weeks, decided to brave the stronghold that was Augusta and call. It did no good to telephone if *she* answered; her replies were curt, evasive and often rude. Gretchen swallowed her pride and walked to the parsonage through snow and wind, carrying a box of chocolate-cream mints, for which the minister had a decided weakness.

Doctor Fritzhoff, in his study, saw Gretchen turning in at the parsonage. His loneliness instantly lifted and he went to the head of the stairs and called to Augusta, "We are about to have a visitor, Gretchen Bach. Talk to her while I get dressed, and call me when coffee is ready." The bell pealed and he vanished. Augusta went to the door. "Well, Gretchen, *guten Tag*. Won't you come in?"

"Thank you, Augusta. I just came to ask after your father's health. Is he better?"

"He is, but I am sorry he cannot come down. He is still coughing quite badly. But come in by the fire and warm yourself."

Gretchen did. "I have brought him some of his favorite mints. The weather is quite dreadful, isn't it?"

"Is it? I hadn't noticed particularly."

Augusta watched Gretchen struggle with rubbers and wraps and saw that she was wearing a dark blue velvet dress with lace collar and cuffs, most becoming to her coral-tinted skin and bright gold hair.

They went into the living room. Gretchen sat on the edge of her chair and put her box of mints upon a near-by table. Augusta flicked a glance at it, but said nothing.

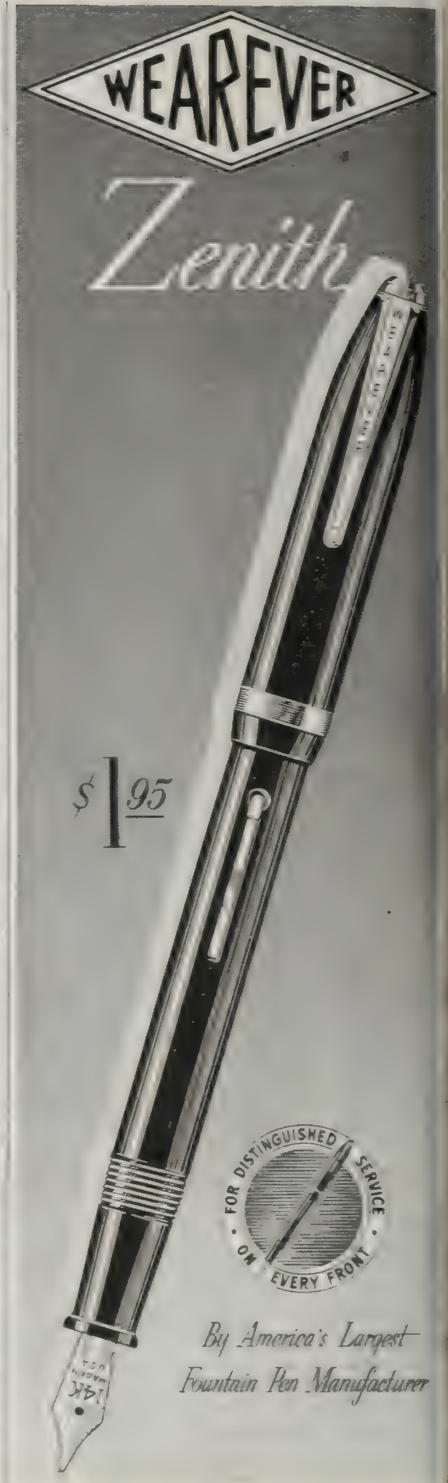
Presently the visitor ventured, "I saw Doctor Wendell yesterday. He said that Pastor Fritzhoff was much better and would probably be able to attend the festival in the *Gemeindehaus* on Saturday evening."

"Perhaps. He is still coughing."

"How is little Martin these days?"

Augusta stirred. "He is well, thank you. The girls are up in the attic with him, playing games. Octavia is not feeling well today and stayed in bed with her books."

"Oh, I am so sorry. Octavia is such a sweet girl. Everyone talks about her poems in the paper."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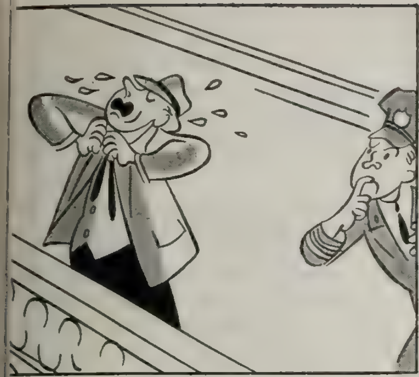

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There was a small silence. Presently Augusta said, with veiled impatience, "Was there something urgent which you wished to see father about? A message about the choir or the festival committee, perhaps? Could I help in any way?"

Gretchen looked away. It was going to be hopelessly difficult. "No—no, thank you, Augusta. Everything is going well. But we all hope Pastor Fritzhoff can come on Saturday."

Augusta made no attempt to keep dislike out of her eyes or voice. "What exactly was your motive in coming here today, Gretchen? My father is sick in bed; surely you knew that."

Gretchen, close to tears, interrupted. "You have no right to be so unkind, Augusta. I thought only to call and inquire after your father's health. We—we mean a very great deal to each other, and the sooner you begin to realize that, the better."

"Really, Gretchen, if you are hoping that my father will marry you I can assure you that you'll be disappointed. My father will never marry again—never!"

Gretchen's eyes flashed through her tears. "Yes, you will see to that all right, Augusta! You don't know how to be happy yourself, so you don't want anyone else to be. You can't *bear* to see anyone really enjoying life!"

Augusta stood up. "Now that you have made your visit quite clear, it is best that you go."

Gretchen did not stir. She said softly, "If I did not love your father so much I could make things very unpleasant for you, Augusta. Your father had every intention of marrying me, but there was something that seemed to hold him back. I see now that it was you. I want to marry your father and I will, even if I have to scare you into keeping your mouth shut!"

Take Your Choice

All the blessings of a household come through a wife. ***Hebrew proverb.***

Wise is the young man who is always thinking of taking a wife and never takes one. ***Italian proverb.***

Never strike your wife, even with a flower. ***Hindu proverb.***

Beat your wife before dinner, and again after supper. ***Russian proverb.***

Marriage is one year of joy, another of comfort, and all the rest of content. ***John Ray.***

Marriage is purgatory. ***Abraham Lincoln.***

—H. L. MENCKEN:
A New Dictionary of Quotations.
(Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.)

"Are you threatening me, Gretchen?"

"No, I'm just trying to point out to you that it's useless to interfere. I have loads of letters from him, very ardent letters. If he doesn't marry me they wouldn't make very nice reading in court, would they? Scandals have happened in parishes before. Usually a minister is barred from further pastorates because of them."

Sudden fright knocked against Augusta's chest, but she managed to ask calmly, "I thought you loved my father. Why deliberately try to ruin his career?"

"I'd rather die than hurt him. It's just—just that it seems such a shame when two mature people love each other and can't get married because someone else is set against it."

"Gretchen, can you imagine myself and you living together in the same house? You would be utterly miserable."

"Well, I had not thought of it like that exactly. You may be sure, if your father and I do marry, you won't be expected to live with us! . . . Well, I see that you are not going to allow him to come down while I am here, so I had best go."

Augusta breathed easier. She saw with a small stab of triumph that Gretchen realized she had been vanquished. "Wait just a minute. Don't go until I have let you in on a secret.

"POTATOES AN' FISHES MAKE VERY FINE DISHES" FOR ST. PATRICK'S DAY!
SURE, AN' IT'S TRUE, TAKE MY TIP TO FRY 'EM CRISPY AN' DIGESTIBLE THE EASY SPRY WAY
says Aunt Jenny

You can be a Better Cook in spite of shortages an' rationin'!

"WANT to s-t-r-e-t-c-h your ration points an' hear your folks brag about your cookin' even more than in peacetime? You can do it an' I'll tell you how . . .

"First place, count on Spry an' your fryin' pan real often to fix up leftovers into somethin' tasty. The crispy, delicate-tastin' fried potatoes you fry in purer, all-vegetable Spry are sure-fire hit makers . . . save usin' expensive high-point butter, too! An' foods you fry the Spry way are every bit as easy to digest as if baked or boiled!

"An' say, folks, if you want a great big hand for lighter, fine-grained cakes an' flaky tender pies, Spry's the shortenin' for you! Try it—see if everyone doesn't notice you're a better cook!"

Tender-Crisp Fried Fish

2 pounds fresh fish (haddock, halibut, cod, whitefish, mackerel, whiting, herring)	2 teaspoons salt
	½ teaspoon paprika
	1 egg, slightly beaten with ¼ cup milk
¾ cup flour	1 cup sifted crumbs

¼ cup Spry

Cut fish into serving pieces and dip in flour which has been mixed with salt and paprika. Dip fish in egg, then in crumbs. Fry in hot Spry in skillet, over low heat, until golden brown on both sides. Serve with wedges of lemon. Serves 6.

Wartime French Fried Potatoes—Wash and pare 6 raw potatoes (about 1 quart, cubed); cut in ½-inch cubes. Melt ⅓ cup Spry in heavy 9-inch skillet over full heat. Add potatoes. Fry quickly, turning often with wide spatula until crisp and golden brown, about 20 minutes or until done. Sprinkle with 1½ teaspoons salt and serve immediately. Serves 4.

Potato Shreddies—Grate 4 peeled raw potatoes; drain. Add 1 teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper, mixing lightly with fork. Measure ⅓ to ½ cup Spry. Melt part of Spry in heavy skillet over full heat. Drop small portions of potato mixture into skillet and spread each portion out thin. Fry over moderate heat until nicely browned on each side. Replenish skillet with Spry as potato mixture is added. Serves 4–6. *Variation:* Add 2 tablespoons grated onion to potato mixture.

Cottage Fried Potatoes—Wash and pare 4 raw potatoes. Slice ⅛-inch thick. Melt ¼ cup Spry in heavy skillet over full heat. Add potatoes, ½ teaspoon salt, dash of pepper. Cover and fry 5 minutes. Reduce heat, then uncover, and continue frying about 15 minutes or until tender, crisp and golden-brown, stirring occasionally. Serves 4.

"Wait for me, sweet," you said

I'd loved you, dear, since I wore pigtails. But I was always just "the kid next door".

And—now—there was to be a party to tell you "Goodbye".

I looked at my hands. Grubby and rough. My job takes the natural softeners from my hand skin.

At the office, one of the girls found me crying. "Use Jergens Lotion," she said. I never can thank her enough.

You held my hands at the party. "So soft," you whispered.

Come home soon, my darling. You'll find my hands soft. I'm keeping my hands nice for you by using Jergens Lotion.

Hollywood Stars use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1 over any other hand care. It's so like professional care. Helps bring back feminine softness to rough skin with 2 ingredients so "special" for this purpose that many doctors use them. Easy! No sticky feeling! 10¢ to $1.00 a bottle. Only—be sure and use Jergens Lotion.

JERGENS LOTION FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

You see we, as a family, have plans. My father dislikes the ministry and he is resigning. We are going east, to—to Philadelphia. Father wishes to write. And after the war is over we are going back to Munich. My father's people are important in Germany and my stepmother's family were of the nobility. The children will someday inherit a considerable fortune."

Then Augusta went to the door and waited. She was outwardly serene, her eyes purposely cold and contemptuous. Gretchen looked at her and bitterly tasted the helplessness of defeat.

What she did not know or could not guess was the wild fear that she left behind. Augusta waited until her visitor had gone down the block before she turned and dashed up the stairs. She tapped upon the study door.

Doctor Fritzhoff, dressed and shaved, opened it at once. "What a long time you were. Let us go down then."

She drew him back into the room and closed the door. "No, father. She has gone."

"Gone? Whatever for?"

Augusta took a deep breath and plunged. "Father, you have been very foolish. She threatened—she actually *threatened* us with scandal!"

Fritzhoff stared. "Scandal? Gretchen threatened *us* with scandal?"

"She wants to marry you. She said she had letters, very ardent letters. She said if you didn't marry her she would take it to court."

The minister stopped her with outflung hands. "But, Augusta, I fully *intend* to marry her."

Augusta's eyes flashed. "Father, don't be such an idiot. I refuse to have another stepmother, and this time one even younger than myself. Shame, father!"

"Your jealousy again, Augusta."

"My common sense, you mean. Listen to me. Martin is to be taken to Vienna eventually. Octavia is going away soon to study. Febby wants to go to New York. If you marry Gretchen, I'll go with Febby, and that leaves you and your new wife alone here with Julie. Very well, if that is the way you want it, if that is the way you honor *maman's* memory and her children—if you had rather our home be broken up and all of us scattered in different directions ——"

He looked at her quietly, and she hurried on:

"And that Bach family. What a breed! Relatives swarming all over the place. Gretchen would be enormously prolific and in a few years would be huge and slovenly with a brood of youngsters about her. You'd be poor and wretched with worries and debts, and never a moment of peace in which to write. Do you want such a future, to be stuck forever in this dreadful little parish?"

She began to see a flicker of uncertainty and distaste within his eyes. She had reached his most vulnerable spot: his great dislike of clamor and any invasion of his precious privacy.

Doctor Fritzhoff sighed. "Yes, it would be rather senseless at my age, I suppose. Only, there were moments when I thought ——"

"Father, I know what is best for us all. I know we've had enough of this stupid parish and it is best that we move on."

HE PASSED a long, thin hand over his tired face and nodded in an absent-minded way. "I wish I might receive a call to another parish. I think that would settle matters all around."

Augusta was silent a moment, wondering how she could best present the second stage in her campaign. "Father, why must it be another parish? It is time now that you devoted all your days to writing. We'll go back east. We'll find a place where you can have peace and quiet, but near enough to a metropolis so Febby can have her music."

He dismissed this with an impatiently outflung hand. "Oh, Augusta, don't go too far. I promise to give up the thought of marrying Gretchen, but I certainly won't leave here until I get a call to another parish."

"Father, we've got to go. Gretchen has more cause for a grievance than she is aware of. A scandal is a nasty thing to live down. You *can't* stay here and *not* marry Gretchen!"

He began to grow visibly concerned. "But where exactly could we go?"

"WHAT about Uncle Martin Eberhardtz? He is extremely wealthy and every summer he sends us cards from somewhere in New England. Vermont, isn't it? I shall write him and ask his advice."

"Very well, Augusta." Doctor Fritzhoff went to his chair and dropped into it, no longer interested.

Octavia had come down and was standing before the fire, coughing that peculiar dry cough of hers. It was odd, because she never seemed to have a cold along with it.

Augusta looked at Octavia keenly. "Octavia, are you feeling better?"

"I feel all right. What did Gretchen want?"

"She brought some mints for father. Octavia, I think when Doctor Wendell comes I'll tell him about that cough of yours. He might as well look you over."

Octavia was silent, staring into the flames. Then she sat down and looked at her thin, interlocked fingers. "Augusta, it isn't in your nature to be considerate of others. It won't do a bit of good to ask Doctor Wendell to—to give me any medicine, and then you go right along fighting with me over Martin. No good except to protect you in the future, should—should anything happen to me."

Augusta had to wait a moment to control her rising temper. She said shortly, "So you've already spoken to him?"

What you think of the folks in the old home town is just about their opinion of you.

—COLEMAN COX:
Believe It or Not.
(Coleman Cox Pub. Co.)

"Yes. I went to him because I want to be well by next fall when I go away to college."

"And will you be?"

"Yes. Unless you interfere. As you did in *maman's* case."

Silently, with unutterable hatred, they stared at each other.

Martin was having a birthday cake with three pink candles upon it. He crowed applause as he blew them out with one enormous puff, then looked about the table with large eyes as everyone clapped.

Febby, late as usual, came in still glowing from hours on the pond, her skates slung over her shoulders. She greeted everyone, rumpled Martin's blond curls and said, "Happy birthday, pie face!"

Augusta said, "Well, Febby, are you going to sit down or aren't you? We've been waiting long enough for you. I can't understand why you don't glance at a clock now and then."

"There weren't any to glance at near the pond. But Colin had on one of those new wrist watches. He's going to enlist."

Augusta poured coffee and frowned. One might have known it was either Colin Bardley or that Lowenstein boy. Perhaps half a dozen other gangling youths. Now that Febby was halfway through high school, the phone did nothing but ring and ring.

They discussed the music contest. Everyone felt sure that Febby would win first prize and the scholarship. The contest was given every three years by Miss Beeckman, the music and drawing teacher, and the scholarship had been donated by her late father, once a professor of music in London.

Febby said casually, "The questions were almost too simple. I answered every one correctly. I could have made up a better quiz myself."

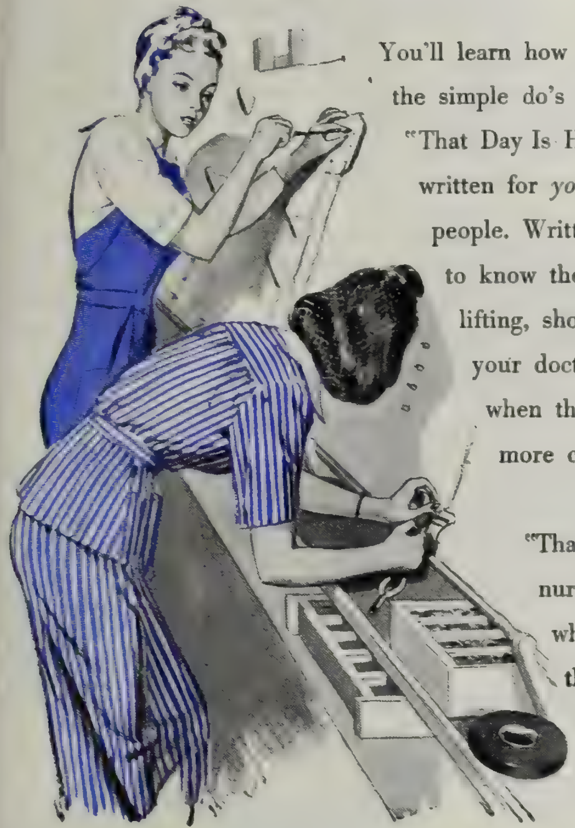
Doctor Wendell cleared his throat. "Well, Febby, most of the people taking the contest haven't had your great advantages in music and literature. Besides, you are a born musician, don't forget; it is your work and your love."

(Continued on Page 56)

"I don't want to be an Absentee—but what's a girl to do?"

I know how important it is to stay on the job. So do plenty other women who miss work on "trying days". We *know* how much our plant—our country—depends on us, when every minute counts! But how *can* we keep going, at times when we feel like this?

Here's the Answer!



You'll learn how to feel better, when you learn the simple do's and don'ts you'll find in the booklet, "That Day Is Here Again"! It's a brand new booklet written for *you* by "problem day" specialists—the Kotex people. Written for *every* woman worker—who needs to know the facts about sleeping, diet, exercise, drinking, lifting, showers. It tells how to curb cramps. When to see your doctor. Gives advice for older women; and for when the stork's expected. Tells about tampons. And how to get more comfort from your sanitary napkins.

"That Day Is Here Again" is the answer to an S. O. S. from a war plant nurse. She reports that their *greatest* number of absentees are women who miss 1 to 3 days every month, frequently on "trying days". To aid these workers, and the war effort, Kotex offers this helpful handbook free of charge to *all* women!

Don't Lose Another Minute!

Send today for *your* free copy of the 24-page booklet, "That Day Is Here Again"! Remember, each time you stay at home—you slow up production—keep our boys *away* from home, longer! We take pride that we are able to give you this authentic information. Just as we take pride in the fact that more women use Kotex* Sanitary Napkins than all other brands of pads put together—to help them keep going in comfort!

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That day is here again...

TO WAR PLANT NURSES AND PERSONNEL MANAGERS. We'll gladly send you (without charge) a new instruction manual "Every Minute Counts". It serves as a "refresher" course for plant nurse or doctor—makes it easy to conduct instruction classes on menstrual hygiene. Specify whether you also want free jumbo size charts on Menstrual Physiology. Mail request to: Kotex, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois.

(*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

How to make a mean, ornery mule-headed iron behave

Does it stick, pull, balk, when you iron starched things?

Don't stand for it! Do this: Dissolve Satina in your starch—thick or thin.

Presto! Three lovely things happen!

1. Your iron suddenly behaves like an angel . . . goes gli-i-ding over every starched piece, smooth as smooth. Won't stick. *Won't balk!* Result: your ironing's done easier . . . sooner!

2. Satina gives your starched pieces a "like-new" finish. Smooth. Glossy. And that finish helps clothes resist dirt . . . makes them easier to get clean next washing. *Looks* so "spick and span" too.

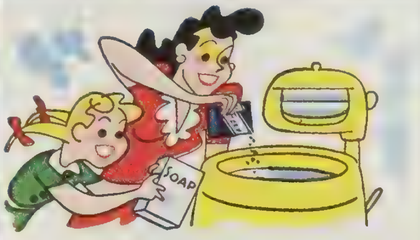
3. M'mmmmm! Satina leaves your starched things smelling so-oo-o good. Such a fresh, clean fragrance!

Satina

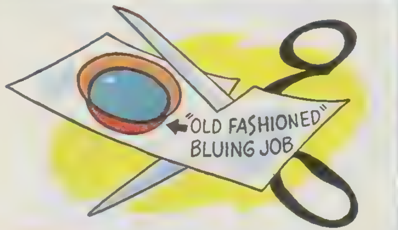
Just a few pennies buy a whole month's supply of this time-saving, temper-saving, work-saving Satina.

Get a package—now. Today!

IT'S SO EASY, NOW, TO BLUE YOUR WASH SPARKLING WHITE



Just dissolve La France in your washing machine or tub right with your regular soap—La France blues perfectly *while you wash!* And your clothes come out *whiter, brighter, lovelier!*



Notice . . . you *cut out* that extra separate bluing job! Because La France BLUES IN THE SUDS, on an average wash you save 37 minutes' work over old-fashioned bluing methods!

Blues right in the suds!
Use it with soap
La France
La France
Blues in the Suds _Whitens clothes... saves time and labor

No bluing streaks or spots, either! It's so *easy* to blue clothes perfectly, the La France way. Get economical La France today. Use it regularly to keep your clothes sparkling!

(Continued from Page 54)

The telephone shrilled from the study and Febby, dashing away to answer it, was gone a long time. When she returned she had changed.

Octavia, who seemed to sense what was wrong, said softly, "Febby, it doesn't matter—don't take it so hard."

Febby turned on her and shrieked out her fury and disappointment. "But it does—it *does* matter. Damn them anyway—*damn* them!"

Everyone began talking in an excited clamor, Doctor Fritzhoff rebuking her sternly for her appalling profanity, Augusta insisting upon being told if it had anything to do with the contest.

"Of course it's the contest! That was Aaron Lowenstein. He and Rebecca took it too. Their older brother works on the paper and he has just seen the list of winners. He told Aaron to call me and tell me not to be too disappointed. Naturally that was all he could say. But I know—favoritism, prejudice—who won the scholarship!"

Octavia started to speak, caught her breath and coughed instead, then looked at Augusta. Naturally Febby would not get first prize. Not with Miss Beeckman, an Englishwoman, as judge! So much for Augusta's rabid pro-German tirades.

Augusta reached the paper first the next morning and spread the sheets wide. There it was. Deborah Grayfield, winner of the gold medal and the scholarship. Febby and Aaron Lowenstein had received honorable mention.

For nine days the town blazed with gossip. Augusta went to call upon Miss Beeckman and gave her a piece of her seething mind. The questions and Febby's answers were published and any musician invited to find a single flaw. Miss Beeckman was challenged to produce the Grayfield girl's answers, a demand that went unheeded. Editorials on fair play and prejudice were written; letters pro and con poured in upon the editor.

> **Keep the faculty of effort alive in you by a little gratuitous effort every day. Every day do something for no other reason than its difficulty, so that if an hour of need should come it may find you trained to stand the test.**
>
> —WILLIAM JAMES:
> Quoted in Speaking After Dinner.
> By C. K. Wright. (Geo. Allen & Unwin, Ltd.)

Febby, frozen into silence, refused to answer the phone or to have any part in the arguments. But for her it marked the end of her high-school years. Nothing could induce her to return.

Augusta, recognizing something of her own indomitable will and strength in Febby's set, white face, kept her distance and said nothing. She was waiting for a letter from Uncle Martin Eberhardtz.

Miss Beeckman, sadly heckled, decided she had better right a wrong if she expected to remain on the school faculty the next year. Loathing the task, she called upon the Fritzhoffs to beg Febby to return to school.

Febby faced the teacher in the Fritzhoff living room. She said, "No matter how much you argue, Miss Beeckman, I am not going back to school. But I wish you would look over the contest papers once more. And—and *this* time don't cheat! If you're fair about it, Aaron Lowenstein will get the scholarship, and he needs it. I hope I hear that Aaron gets first prize. Good day, Miss Beeckman."

AUGUSTA, coming down the stairs, almost ran into Miss Beeckman in the front hall, making for the door. She hurried to the living room. "What happened?"

Febby shrugged. "She just thought she could honey me back to school, that's all. I told her to go jump in the lake."

Octavia was suddenly in the doorway. "Febby, she was your guest. No matter what she had done, you had no right to talk to her like that."

"Oh, well, not in those words exactly. But I let her know she needn't expect me back to Laurelwaters High. Not me!"

Octavia asked, "Why not? You're being very silly and childish, Febby."

"Go back *now?* After I've been raving around here that I never would? I guess not!"

Augusta said, "That's enough interference, Octavia. It's already settled. Febby doesn't have to go back."

Octavia turned toward Augusta, and Febby looked from one to the other. As usual, she was torn between two factions. Suddenly all three of them were quarreling violently, their furious words pelting helter-skelter about the room, reaching back to the kitchen, rising up to the study.

THE telephone jangled and no one moved. It kept on ringing and finally Febby, thinking suddenly that it might be Colin, dashed for the stairs. She came flying down to fling herself into polo coat and rubbers. Her face was flushed and there were fresh tears in her eyes.

Augusta grabbed a sleeve and detained her. "Well, Febby, what are you up to now?"

"Colin has enlisted, he is leaving tonight. I've got to see him before he goes."

Colin was in the library when Febby entered, tall and handsome in his uniform, trying to appear gallant and important and succeeding only in looking boyishly bewildered.

She stood and appraised him. "Colin, why have you done it?"

Then she saw that he was not alone, that he had been talking to his father, who came forward. "Good afternoon, Febby. Don't you think that what Colin is doing is loyal and patriotic? We are very proud of him."

"Of course. But why doesn't Colin wait to serve his own country? If all the boys left to help the British, who would be left to fight for America?"

Colin put out a hand. "Febby, please ——"

Doctor Bardley said, "Febby, you're one of the most popular girls in town, and you are very intelligent. Don't let the rabid prejudices and hatreds of that sister of yours influence you too greatly."

"But suppose Colin doesn't come back?" Febby went on. "It's not our war. I can't understand why American boys have to go over there and die!"

Doctor Bardley began to grow angry. "As long as there is a Germany there will be wars."

A red mist swept across Febby's eyes. "Well, if that is the way England feels, let her kill off Germany by herself. But can she? No. She needs France and Canada and *America*—and in between, when there is peace, she ignores us and hates us again as usual!"

"My word, you *are* German, I can see that!"

Colin shrank from listening further. He took Febby's hand. "Father, I guess we'll go for a walk. I'll see you later."

Febby said, "Good night, Doctor Bardley."

"Good night." Doctor Bardley turned and Febby saw that his shoulders were suddenly stooped. She guessed that he wasn't too sure that Colin would come back from France.

Colin and Febby walked along, something bright and warm gone from their friendship. They said good-by in front of the parsonage, suddenly shy of each other. They shook hands and Febby stammered that she hoped he'd be all right, to take care of himself. He smiled and nodded, trying to stand taller and to look brave. She kissed him quickly, then turned and ran in, choking on tears.

The next day was April sixth and America declared war on Germany. Colin went up to Canada and Febby returned to school.

On a morning in June the letter finally arrived. Augusta took it to her father in the study. She stood and looked at him, noticing with dismay that his hair was rapidly turning white. Within the past few months he had aged alarmingly.

(Continued on Page 58)

Thrifty Pork Dinners

Armour shows you how to prepare three fine dinners with pork . . . America's most plentiful meat

Do you know how to turn a pork shoulder into a delicious, succulent roast? Here Armour shows you how—and it's a good trick to know these days when, even though other meats are scarce, your meat man usually has pork.

All cuts of pork are equally nutritious—the richest of all meats in Vitamin B_1—and an important source of other vitamins, minerals and high-quality proteins. For these low-cost dinner suggestions, Armour selected shoulder cuts that are usually easy to get.

For a point-easy, quick dinner on your busy days, use the new recipe given here for Star Bacon and Hot Potato Salad. It takes just a few slices of Star Bacon to provide the enjoyment of a big meat serving, because Star Bacon is so wonderfully flavorful. Star Bacon is made from selected bacon sides—then sugar-cured and smoked over hickory and hardwood fires to heighten flavor.

Next month, watch for more recipes from Armour kitchens, developed by food economists who specialize in helping you make the most of meat.

Pork Shoulder Steaks in Creole Sauce

4 pork shoulder steaks (about 2 lbs. of blade bone or arm steaks) cut ¾ inch thick
1 tbsp. drippings
1½ tsps. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper
¼-⅓ cup water
1 tsp. Worcestershire Sauce

Dust pork steaks with flour. Brown in drippings. Add seasonings. Simmer steaks in water until tender (about 30 min.) If desired, steaks may be cooked in the creole sauce for last 15 min. of cooking time.

Creole Sauce:

3 tbsps. pork drippings
½ cup chopped onion
½ cup chopped green pepper
3 tbsps. flour
⅛ tsp. pepper
½ tsp. salt
2 cups tomatoes

Brown onions and green pepper in pork drippings. Blend in flour, salt and pepper. Gradually add tomatoes and stir until thick. To serve, pour sauce into platter. Arrange steaks on the sauce. Serves 4.

Star Bacon and Hot Potato Salad

6 slices Star Bacon
½ cup chopped onion
½ cup chopped green pepper
¼ cup vinegar
⅛ tsp. pepper
1 beaten Cloverbloom Egg
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. sugar
1 qt. cubed hot cooked potatoes

Fry bacon until crisp but not brittle. Pour off fat as it accumulates during frying, and save. Remove bacon from frying pan and keep in warm place. Lightly cook onions and green pepper in bacon drippings. Add vinegar, salt, pepper, and sugar. When heated through, add a little of the mixture to the beaten egg. Pour back into skillet and blend with rest of mixture. Add potatoes, blend lightly and serve topped with bacon strips. 4 servings.

Pork Shoulder Roast with Stuffed Onions

5-6 lbs. pork shoulder roast (shoulder butt or fresh picnic. If smaller quantity is desired, ask meat man to remove several steaks. Freeze them in your refrigerator to serve later in Creole sauce.)
1 tbsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper

Place roast on rack in roasting pan. Rub with salt and pepper. Roast uncovered in 350°F. oven for 40 to 45 min. per pound or until thermometer placed in center of roast registers 185°F. Serve with stuffed onions made as follows: Remove centers from 6 large cooked onions, leaving 2 or 3 outer layers. Add chopped onion centers, ½ cup grated Cloverbloom Cheese and ⅓ cup buttered bread crumbs to 1 cup medium white sauce. Stir until cheese is melted. Fill onion shells. Top with more buttered crumbs. Bake in 350° F. oven 20 to 30 min.

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7TH ST.
PINE ST.
AUCTION

For Sale — One Pail!

1 Attention all housewives
— tomorrow at nine,
Certain goods will be auctioned
at Seventh and Pine.

2 There are two or three brushes,
a slightly used pail,
Some safety-belt rope,
and rags by the bale.

3 They'll be sold by a lady
who's *washed* glass for years,
Who's learned to clean windows
sans effort, *sans* tears!

4 She's found that with WINDEX
(that joy and delight)
She can just lift a finger
and make glassware bright!

5 The sprayer is patent
and works like a flash
And the cost for each pane
comes to one penny—cash.

6 So don't be a pail-slinging,
rag-rubbing slave.
Discover the time and work
WINDEX can save!

GET BRIGHTER WINDOWS QUICKER WITH—

WINDEX

WINDEX is a *must* for house cleaning! No streaking, no film, when you insist on this noninflammable, oil-free cleaner that costs but a fraction of a cent per window pane. Don't trust cheap substitutes!

FOR ECONOMY, BUY THE BIG 20-OUNCE SIZE

Copr. 1944, The Drackett Co.

(Continued from Page 56)

He shook himself rather sheepishly. "I must have fallen asleep. What is it, Augusta?"

"I have a letter from Uncle Martin Eberhardtz. Don't you recall that we talked about moving? I wrote Uncle Eberhardtz about it and he replies that he has spent twenty summers in New England. He owns property there and says we can have a fine old house in—it looks as though it might be Verdune, doesn't it? A small village on the shore of Lake Champlain. Since his wife died, he no longer goes there. He has good friends in Verdune, the Fergusons, and they will help us when we get there. . . . Father—are you listening?"

Doctor Fritzhoff roused himself. "Yes, Augusta, I'm listening."

"It is a much better place than this to stay in until this war is over. And we can go any time. You can resign whenever you like."

That reached him. He frowned. "Resign? But I thought you were talking about a vacation."

She tried to explain, but he quickly lost interest and finally she abandoned the effort altogether. Augusta went downstairs. She walked out to the front porch and sat in a wicker chair, thinking. She could type out his resignation and ask him to sign it. It was best that she tell the church council that he was too ill to conduct services any longer. The past few Sundays she had watched him in an agony of fear. He went through the routine automatically; years of practice and training carried him safely through the rituals from altar to pulpit back to altar again without a mistake, while his true self and his mind were apparently busy elsewhere. But where? What did he think about, so locked up within himself that no one could reach him?

> Of all the things you wear, the most important—your expression—costs nothing.
> —ANON.

Augusta gave a sigh, and rose to go into the house. She stood in the hall and listened. The parsonage seemed unnaturally quiet. Then she heard Erna clumping down the back stairs, hurrying into the dining room. Augusta turned, and as soon as she saw Erna's staring eyes she knew.

Erna was stuttering, "*Fraulein*, come quickly! It is Octavia."

Augusta ran up to the girls' room, Erna at her heels. Augusta closed the door and stared. Spread over the counterpane were Octavia's books and papers, and her open outflung hand upon them. Augusta stirred and drew a deep breath. There were times, indeed, when her secret hopes and plans materialized in a disconcertingly premature way. Why did this have to happen *now*, just when they were about to pack up and move east?

Swiftly she searched the days for telltale fragments. There had been no recent quarrel over Martin. She had insisted upon the girls' helping with the spring cleaning, rearranging furniture and hanging clean curtains. Octavia had once stopped to say rather breathlessly, "I'm not supposed to lift heavy things, Augusta." Yes, it could have been that, but no one would ever know, unless Febby ——

"I'LL call Doctor Wendell, and don't stand there sniveling, Erna! Everyone knows she hasn't been at all well since that attack of scarlet fever."

Erna nodded, her tears dripping, choking incoherently. Augusta went across the hall to the study. Her father was asleep and never heard her at the phone at all.

Febby, coming back from an hour of music with Rebecca, saw Doctor Wendell's red car in front of the parsonage, and broke into a run. She knew it must be either her father or Octavia.

She raced into the house and there, in the hall, stood Augusta, Erna and Doctor Wendell, while, in the living room beyond, her father sat staring at the floor.

Doctor Wendell caught her as she made for the stairway in a blind rush. "Febby, don't go up. It's no use now."

She struggled, then stood quietly, staring at him. "But—but I was just talking to her! I told her I'd be right back!" Febby's eyes met Augusta's and she cried out, "Augusta, it was because—because ——" She stopped, frightened and uncertain. It was because Octavia had helped shove furniture around the other day. Augusta should have *known* better. Febby turned to accuse her, but there stood Doctor Wendell, looking curiously from one to the other. No sense in saying anything further; he had never liked Augusta anyway, and maybe—maybe —— But *Octavia!*

ALMOST twelve hours later, when the visitors had finally stopped coming, when the telephone was silent, when Octavia lay in the Louis XVI room off the front hall, lit only by candles, Augusta went into the living room and saw Doctor Wendell sitting there alone, looking unutterably weary. He nodded to her to come in and sit in a chair opposite him and after a moment she did.

Doctor Wendell said quietly, "Augusta, I understand Octavia moved furniture the other day."

"She didn't have to. She did it of her own accord."

Doctor Wendell didn't go on with it. He said, "This time you were luckier. Octavia would not have lived very long, no matter what medications or care she received. But she could have been spared for another few years, and in that time she might have given the world some truly fine poems. But you couldn't wait that long. Was that it, Augusta?"

Augusta did not answer, but her mouth tightened.

He said, "You should have allowed your father to marry Gretchen. Perhaps it would have averted this distressing lethargy of his. Augusta, I'm going to France sometime this summer. I am going to a certain base hospital over there. I wanted to discuss Martin's future."

"Yes? What about it?"

"I've written Baron von Bergestadt. As soon as the war is over I can come back for Martin. In the meantime ——"

"But we are moving, Doctor Wendell. We are going to Vermont. The change will be good for father; he will never get well here."

Doctor Wendell thought this over. Yes, that much was true, certainly. "I hadn't heard that your father had received a call to Vermont, Augusta."

"It wasn't a call. Father is going to retire for a while. When he is better he will write. When the war is over we shall all go back to Germany, Martin included. We're going to live in Munich. We've had enough of America; we should never have come here in the first place."

Doctor Wendell sighed and abruptly got up to go, said good night. He went from the house with a slight shiver.

It seemed to Augusta that during the last few days before they left Laurelwaters the obstacles that crept up to prevent a smooth removal were more troublesome than the move itself.

There was, unexpectedly and dismayingly, an enormous number of bills to be taken care of. Doctor Fritzhoff had become so incompetent he no longer paid any attention to ordinary household duties, and Augusta was forced to pay rapid visits to truculent butchers and grocers, to merchants, gas, light and phone companies, and even, horribly, to a certain undertaking establishment. When all were at last appeased, she was shocked to discover but eighty-seven dollars remaining in the bank.

After a sleepless night pondering the wisdom of appealing again to Uncle Eberhardtz, she rose and dressed, determined not to push his generosity too greatly; he had already given them the house and had hinted in his letters that all of them would eventually be helped further. Naturally that meant he would remember them in his will.

(Continued on Page 61)

Our Nightly "wish session" is a game Betty and Dot and I have played since our husbands joined the Marines and we started living together. (Or sweating it out in our kitchenette fox hole, so Betty says.)

We're each allowed three wishes. The first two are always the same. Each of us wants (1) Her man. (2) A home. And then on Wish #3, the lid really flies off!

Betty won the Distinguished Wishing Cross!

Tonight, I started with a bang (I thought). "No more of this mink coat routine, gals," I said. "I'm going practical! I wish for a General Electric dishwasher! The kind you used to read about, before the war! Doesn't swear. Doesn't chip Aunt Agatha's frail china. Leaves 'em all clean as a whistle!"

"Hmmm," said Dottie. "That gives *me* an idea! *I* wish for one of those G-E all-electric kitchens! A whole kitchen outfit that works together to do *everything!* Electric range, refrigerator, dishwasher—and a do-funny that G. E. calls a Disposall! It fits in the sink—goes whir-whir, and eats up all the garbage!"

And then Betty stood up very straight—her eyes all sparkly!

"We-ell, aren't you a bunch of pikers! Listen! I want my whole home electric! Planned that way from attic to cellar, *right in the blueprints!* With G-E wiring, heating, kitchen, laundry. Why, you have no idea the things that're going to happen when I push a button!

"And I'm not 'just wishing'. An all-electric house is something people like us can afford! So I'm making plans now. Every War Bond I buy has that house's name on it. I've got enough for the first room already!"

And *that's* when we gave her the medal!

Need advice on a wartime household problem? Just write to the General Electric Consumers Institute. Even in the midst of wartime production, their staff of experts has been specially maintained to help you solve housekeeping problems. Address General Electric Consumers Institute, Dept. LHJ 3-4, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

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Rich golden broth! Plump egg noodles! That's LIPTON'S NOODLE SOUP!

FOR REAL COME-HITHER, there's nothing like Lipton's Noodle Soup!

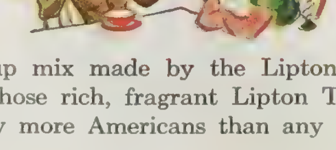
Just lean over the bowl and whiff that savory, old-timey aroma. Look into the clear, golden broth—see those oodles of noodles, *so many* you get some with each spoonful!

Then take your first taste! Bliss! Full-bodied, home-made flavor! And with each sip, wonderful, delicious undertones of parsley and onion! M-m-m-man—what soup!

One taste is all you need . . . all *anybody* needs! For when store demonstrators hand out sample cupfuls—*8 out of every 10 women who taste Lipton's Noodle Soup buy some then and there!*

You try it! Just empty one Lipton envelope into 1 quart boiling water . . . cook 7 minutes . . . ladle up 4 to 6 savory servings—almost 1½ times as much soup as the average can makes!

Lipton's Continental Noodle Soup is a prepared soup mix made by the Lipton Tea people, whose rich, fragrant Lipton Tea is bought by more Americans than any other brand.



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(Continued from Page 58)

Captain Richard Wendell, now in uniform, l called to say good-by a week ago, and s by now on his way to France. But be- e he left he had said, looking about the all drawing room at all the *objets d'art*, ever you need money, sell some of these ngs. There are dealers in Chicago who large sums for such treasures." Well, one ght as well take his advice. Augusta called ealer in Chicago and finally succeeded in ting an appointment. She could take the ernoon train.

Augusta went to the parlor and swiftly nned the contents of cabinets, tables and ntel. Then, upon a Sheraton sofa she ced the Meissen figurines, the figures with hestra instruments, the gold and enamel gs, small boxes of brilliant Limoges and ttersea enamel.

Febby wandered in and stared, distressed. e picked up one enamel egg, which opened reveal miniatures of *maman's* ancestors, d begged to be allowed to keep it. But gusta's open hand was adamant.

'No, they must be d. Give it here, bby, and stop de- ning me. I've got catch the one- rty train."

Augusta began apping each piece cotton and tissue per, and stowing em in a deep valise. ady at last, she essed in her neat ack suit and white k blouse, a plain ack hat, got into a tion hack and was ven to her train.

Febby watched the out of sight and nt upstairs to *man's* old room. gusta had been re, too, sorting, cking. There was arge box, filled with *man's* favorite lit- leather volumes Shelley, Baude- re and Elizabeth rrett Browning; green plush al- m, silver-framed otographs of rela- es; her gold fili- e brushes and mir- rs and combs, and small black moire- vered box with a at-of-arms in raised amel.

Curiously, Febby ted this and ex- ined it. The fa- liar crest that had ways been on the letters from Europe! She ok the small case and something rattled side and she opened it. A curled heap of arls and amethysts and a tiny gold cruci- . A rosary—and it had belonged to *maman!* bby took it out and twined it about her ist. How lovely it was. But of course, all lgians and French people were Catholics. *aman* must have had to change when she arried a Protestant minister. It must have en hard for her.

There were tiny words inside the cover on the silk: *Pour ma belle Alexandra, yours l'amour*. Charles, Brussels, 1896.

Charles. That was Aunt Catherine's hus- nd in Vienna. Baron von Bergestadt in e green plush album. Febby turned to the g book and found the picture. A handsome an, certainly, but strange how much he emed to resemble someone. Someone fa- liar. Just a minute now, it would come.

Transition

BY RUTH LOIS SIMONDS

All through the drowsy winter afternoon
While the snow fell like velvet round the house,
The cat slept silken and curled before the fire;
The child with his book, enchantment on his face,
Sprawled on the polished panels of the floor.
Apple-pie-baking fragrance spiced the air.
The distance tinkled of table-being-set.
The clock spoke from halfway up the stair:

The heart dared dream a moment the lost sound
Of feet stamping the threshold, the windy door,
The cheek ruddy with cold, the wide embrace;
The head lifted the thought beyond desire.
From a bomb-pitted island to the west and south
Came the returning kiss, salt-dried against the mouth.

OULD it be Martin, who was so blond? es, Martin looked exactly like this hand- me Uncle Charles, the husband of Cath- ine, but who, peculiarly enough, swore ernal love to the beautiful Alexandra. *aman* had visited them in Vienna the spring before Martin was . . . she had left them in July . . . and it was eight months later that Martin was born . . . and everyone said he had come prematurely, in March instead of in April as was expected.

The sudden tumble of shocking facts and figures into Febby's mind bewildered her for only a brief period. Very slowly, very gently she put the album back into the packing box.

MR. BLUMENTHAL'S office was in a building on Michigan Avenue. Augusta drew a deep breath, grasped her valise more firmly, then entered.

She saw an outer office, where a stenographer sat at a desk, busily typing. The girl looked up. "Oh, you must be Miss Fritzhoff. Mr. Blumenthal is expecting you."

Augusta was ushered into a large apartment, the sumptuousness of which made her blink. Two men rose from either side of an enormous, elaborately carved desk.

"Miss Fritzhoff, we are indeed glad to see you," said the younger. "I am Guy Blumenthal, and this is my father. Pray be seated. We can place the bag right here on the desk."

The older man, large and florid, with brilliant black eyes, a shock of pure white hair and a fine aquiline nose, bowed, murmuring rapidly in French that he was pleased to see her.

The bag was opened and Augusta helped remove the pieces, piling the tissue and cotton neatly in a small heap beside her. She said quietly, a trifle defiantly, "There is the lot. And do handle them carefully, because I am well aware of their great value. If I do not think your offers are fair I shall go elsewhere."

There was a short silence and the men exchanged glances. Then the younger one cleared his throat and said:

"But most certainly we shall be fair, mademoiselle. And we have already noticed that what you have to sell apparently has come from an extremely valuable collection."

Augusta tapped her fingers against the chair arm. She loathed these men and she was impatient that the transactions end as quickly as possible. But she knew absolutely nothing about the monetary value of any of these articles.

The younger man was holding one of the enamel eggs, the largest. He said under his breath, "Lovely—very lovely indeed. I have seen duplicates, but none so fine—there are similar ones in the Imperial Palace in Russia." He ran his fingers over the jewel-studded frame and opened the sides, staring intently at the portrait miniatures inside.

Both men then picked up magnifying glasses and were busy with them for several moments. Once the older one jerked open a drawer and drew forth a much-worn catalogue and thumbed busily through its pages.

Finally Blumenthal, *père*, announced, "For this we shall give to you two hundred and fifty dollars. Is that fair enough, mademoiselle?"

Just in time Augusta checked herself from asking if he meant the lot or just one piece. She managed to shake her head deprecatingly. "I'm so sorry, monsieur. But that

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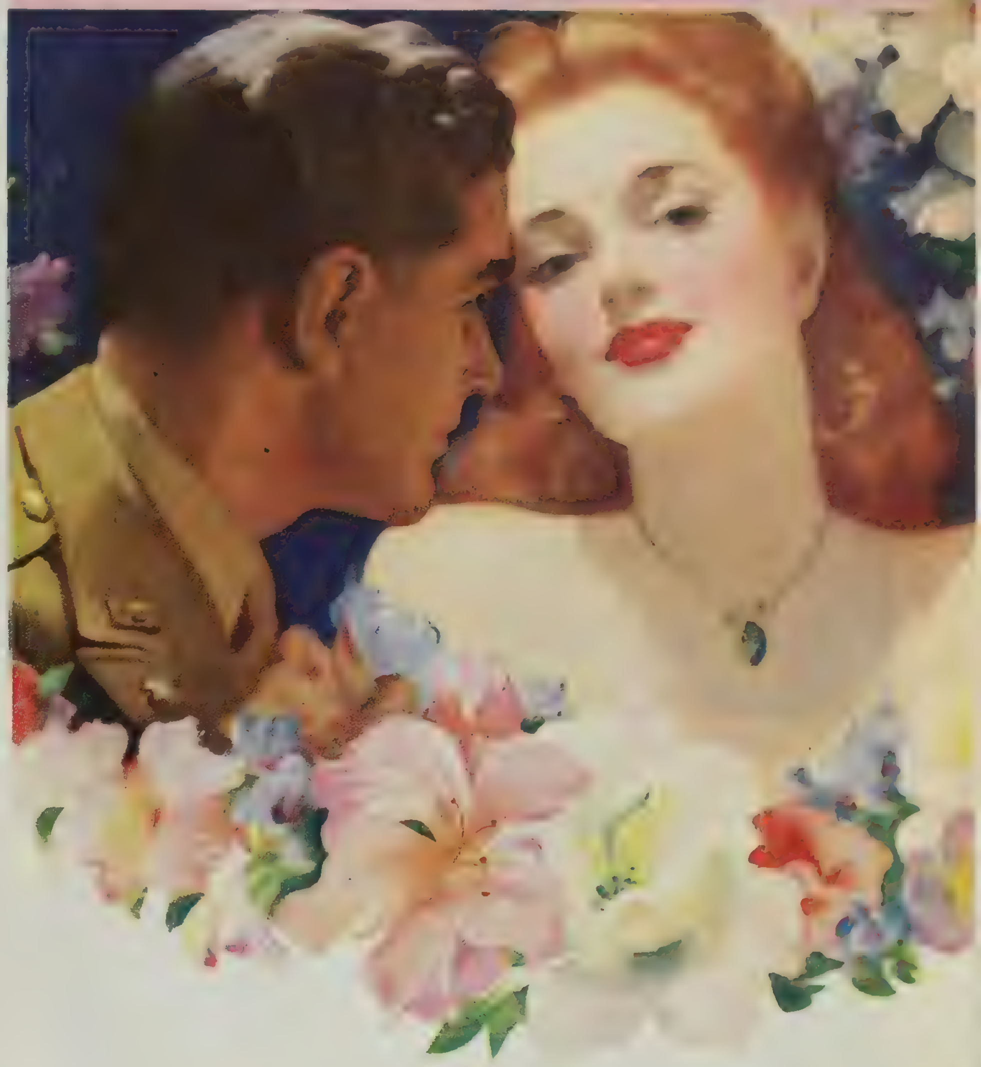

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is my most valuable piece. I should be able to get—to get at least five hundred for it."

She hardly dared breathe. Again she saw an almost invisible look of incredulity dart between the two. There followed a great deal of controversy, and finally the father turned to the son and shrugged.

"Very well, then. We shall give you five hundred for it—and two hundred, then, for this one? And a hundred and fifty each for these two? Now for the unique collection of orchestra players. In as much as we have a client who would want it, we are willing to pay you a thousand dollars for the six of them. I'm sure you will agree to that as a satisfactory sum?"

Augusta's brain whirled. Could these delicate little bits of fantasy be worth that much? If he were offering her a thousand, that meant that the man who wanted it would probably be made to pay *five* thousand. She said rather stammeringly, "No, please. Three thousand."

"*Three* thousand? But mademoiselle must realize ——" There followed then shock, amazement, humorous shrugging. Augusta, now understanding the game perfectly, stuck to her figure.

The rest of the transactions were speedily completed. The small Dresden figurines with the porcelain-lace skirts, the Meissen street singers, the Mennecy flower vases, the Sèvres potpourri vase, the Bow and Chelsea statuettes, the colorful Furstenberg plates were sold for ten and fifteen dollars apiece. Young Mr. Blumenthal scribbled down each item and the price opposite.

"Do you wish cash or a check, Miss Fritzhoff?"

"Cash, if you please, monsieur."

He disappeared into an adjoining room and returned. Augusta took the thick roll of bills and counted them. Four thousand, eight hundred and fifty dollars. The two men went with her to the outer door, and Augusta felt that they watched as she made her way to the elevator.

Finally the street was reached and she walked along hurriedly, carrying the empty bag and clutching to her side her bulging pocketbook. In the train, at last, she took out a notebook. She carefully inscribed each item sold and the price obtained. Why had the sum ended at *four* thousand? She stared out the window, frowning. Should it not perhaps have been fourteen thousand, or even *forty* thousand? Yes, she was sure it should have been a great deal more. Otherwise why should two perfect strangers part so willingly with such a vast amount of money? They knew that they would receive five times as much when *they* disposed of the pieces. Her heart began a familiar thundering of rage. Well, there was nothing now that could be done about the money, or people like the Blumenthals either. But one would remember. And at some future time the score would be made even.

➧ **On the morning of a bishop's departure from a charity bazaar Father Burke met him on his way to the station. "You'll be late for the train, my lord," he reminded him.**

The bishop looked at his watch and, taking the father by the arm, walked leisurely to the station, to find that the train had gone.

The bishop looked again at his watch. "Well, Father Burke, I had absolute faith in my watch."

"But faith without works is dead," was the witty reply.

—J. C. PERCY:
Bulls and Blunders.
(Mecredy, Percy & Co., Ltd.)

So this was Verdune. A small town spread out in a valley indented in the center by a basin of the lake, hemmed in by mountains. Augusta had not expected such beauty. She stared grudgingly at the eighteenth-century brick houses facing the village green. The town itself, with its winding tree-shaded streets, looked as though a giant housewife kept it in constant order, and its neat white stores, the post office, the red-brick bank, the whitewashed brick high school with its ancient bell tower, all looked, strangely, sparkling clean.

There was a tall white church, and, huddling beside it, a white frame parsonage. Augusta gave a slight shiver, glad that they need no longer live in a parsonage. Their own house, isolated by considerable acreage from all neighbors, stood far back from the road, surrounded by great old oaks and elms, with a privet hedge around it, and gardens in the rear that straggled off toward wood and finally to the shores of Lake Champlain. Here stood a boathouse under birches and weeping-willow trees, with a small dock.

They had expected the friend of Uncle Martin to be at the station, but no one had been there save a gaunt, weather-beaten old soul, dozing in an archaic car. Upon seeing the group on the platform, he came slowly to life and ambled up to them. The man explained that he was old doc's hired man and he was to drive them to their house, as doc was out in the country, settin' Ezra Plimpton's leg.

The whole family and all the luggage were somehow stowed away in the rattling old car and it set off.

When they had finally reached the house, old Doctor Ferguson had driven up and introduced himself. He was a stocky, white-haired man, with a gentle voice and eyes that could light now and then with a sly humor. He seemed to warm most easily toward Febby, who politely asked after his wife and family. He smiled and said he was a widower, that his eldest son was in France, and that there were two younger boys, both of them away for the summer. His house was run by an elderly female whom he referred to as Strummy. He asked them all over for dinner.

Augusta, disliking him, refused shortly, explaining that her father was ill and exhausted from the trip. Moreover, there stood in the kitchen a huge hamper of food. She herself was anxious to become familiar with her new home, but she suggested that Febby could go.

Doctor Ferguson was delighted. Privately thinking the Fritzhoffs every bit as queer as they had thought the hired man, he turned to go. Febby, only too happy to go with the old doctor, sank beside him in his car, and they drove off toward the village, Febby chattering excitedly all the way.

The Ferguson house was one of the red-brick ones facing the green and had been built by an ancestor in 1789, the doctor explained. Febby, steeped in European traditions since birth, was enchanted. Houses and people had always interested her. This one had square bright rooms and was the most smiling and sunlit house she had ever seen. Neither the ugliness of time nor any sorrows seemed to have touched it very deeply. Doctor Ferguson mentioned his wife tranquilly, with no trace of grief or resentment at his loss, and with the same impassivity indicated the photographs of his three sons. Febby stared. They were all extremely handsome. There were Alan in uniform, David, resembling his father, and Larry, the youngest, dark-eyed, with a quizzical eyebrow and a dimple in his chin.

Febby smiled and held up the picture. "I like this one the best."

Doctor Ferguson nodded, drawing busily on his pipe. "So do I," he said. "I like Larry best too."

"Would you want to tell me why?"

"Oh, for several reasons, I guess. He looks like his mother, he has such a good sense of humor and he was the only one of my boys who wanted to study medicine."

"And what do the other two want to do?"

"Alan was a writer. He hated war and I can't imagine him over there knee-deep in mud. He was a dreamer and played the piano very well. Dave's going to be a lawyer someday. Make a good one."

Febby said eagerly, "I play the piano very well too. Someday I'm going to Munich to study."

"So? That's interesting, but why Munich? We have good schools here in America. For instance, the New England Conserv-

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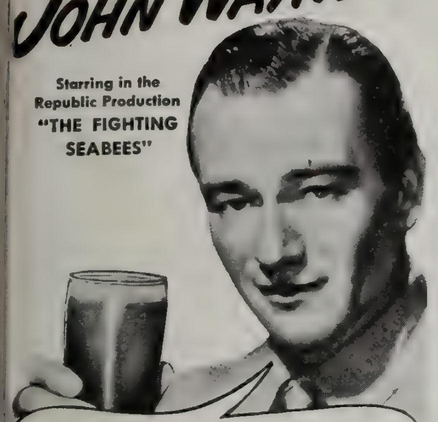

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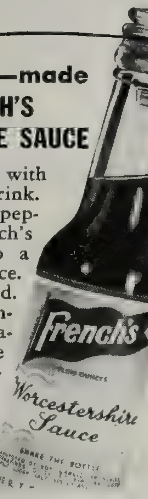

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atory in Boston, and ever so many in New York. How good are you?"

Febby glanced at the piano, a fine old Chickering, and said she would play some Chopin and let him judge for himself. He sat and puffed on his pipe while she played several preludes and waltzes. When she finished she turned for his comments, but he had stopped puffing on his pipe and was absorbed in cleaning it.

Presently he spoke. "Listen here, my girl, the war might last for a long time. You'd better plan on some good school here in America. Looks to me like you're headed for the concert stage."

Febby nodded, pleased. "Oh, I know I am. But my sister Augusta thinks I should wait until we get back to Munich. She says the war will be over soon now."

He blew into the pipestem to test it. "Oh, she's sure about that, is she? Well, the American Army may bring the whole thing to a head any time now."

He talked on of the boys and their childhood, of some of his patients. When he fell into a silence Febby concluded she had better go. She assured him she could find her way and said good night to him as he stood in the wide doorway. In the street she turned and saw him still standing there. She waved again and smiled.

Febby walked briskly along in brilliant moonlight. She was under a glowing spell. For the first time in her life she felt completely American. It was indeed a new world. Oh, she loved Vermont, she loved New England, and she loved America.

When she reached the house she saw a light in the library. Augusta sat alone at a large Chippendale desk and there was something sharply white about her face. She looked at Febby, motioning her to come in and sit down.

AUGUSTA sighed. "If only things didn't happen before I was *ready* for them! He is no more. They telephoned a message from the Western Union office."

"Who is no more?"

"Uncle Martin. He died this morning. He was almost seventy, but I should think he could have waited awhile."

Febby said wonderingly, "Then we're rich! We were his only heirs, you said. Augusta, that means we're wealthy!"

Augusta tapped a book with a paper knife. "Indeed it does. Now, if the war would end, we could go back to Germany."

It fell with the force of crashing crystal upon Febby's new happiness. The old fear crawled painfully back into her heart. Swiftly she said, "Not I, Augusta. You and father and Martin, maybe. But Julie and I stay here. We are going to love Vermont and are both going to forget that Germany is our home. I just won't go back there, Augusta!"

"And who is it who wants to become a concert pianist? And how is one to reach the concert stage without study in Europe?"

"Well, to study, perhaps, to stay a year or two to study in Munich or at the Paris Conservatoire, but even that isn't necessary. Doctor Ferguson said there were good schools in New York and Boston."

Augusta waved an impatient hand. "Go up to bed, Febby, and stop being so childish. The war is bound to end next year, and that means that we can go home. For good. Now off to bed with you, and don't forget that I'm in charge of this family and what you and Julie think or want doesn't matter in the least. Not in the least, Febby, and don't ever think it will!"

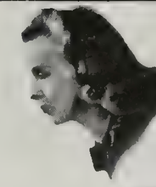
Febby's first impulse was to fight wildly back. But she ran from the room, up the wide curving stairway to the beautiful upstairs hall. Quietly she closed her bedroom door and went to the window, where she knelt in the moonlight, whispering that it was necessary now to begin to stand on one's own feet, to believe as Octavia had, to free oneself forever of Augusta so that in the future not even strength such as hers could tear one from a place such as this.

(To be Continued)

"The 1-Minute Mask makes such a lovely quick difference in my skin"

—says MRS. W. WOOSTER RICHARD

One of New York society's youngest and most attractive Navy wives, Mrs. Richard is charmed with this swift and effective method of "restyling" her complexion—a 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream.



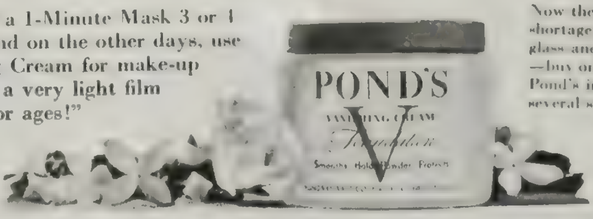
"*When powder snags* on my cheeks and nose—and when my skin looks just half-fresh, half-bright . . .

"*I hide my face* under a snowy 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream," says Mrs. Richard. "—Nothing shows but my eyes! Then for 60 seconds I just relax—while the Cream's 'keratolytic' action loosens and dissolves tiny powder-catching flakes of chapped skin—and dulling specks of imbedded dirt, too! Then I tissue everything off—*clean* . . .

"—*And gloat over the heavenly effects* of my 1-Minute Mask! My face looks cleaner and lighter—and when I feel how much smoother and softer the Mask has made my skin, I know my make-up problems are over. And they are! Powder goes on perfectly—and stays!"

Glamorous Mrs. Richard suggests:

"Give yourself a 1-Minute Mask 3 or 4 times a week—and on the other days, use Pond's Vanishing Cream for make-up foundation. Just a very light film holds make-up for ages!"



Now there's a glass shortage! Help save glass and manpower—buy one BIG jar of Pond's instead of several small ones

TAKE A JOB! THE MORE WOMEN AT WORK—THE SOONER WE WIN!

2 inches from where you cleaned that celery

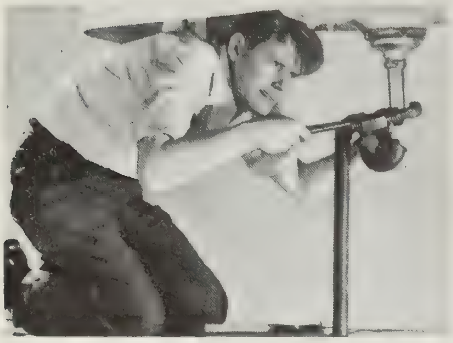
DANGER!
Sewer Germs
~~MEN~~
AT WORK

your sink drain is swarming with billions of Sewer Germs

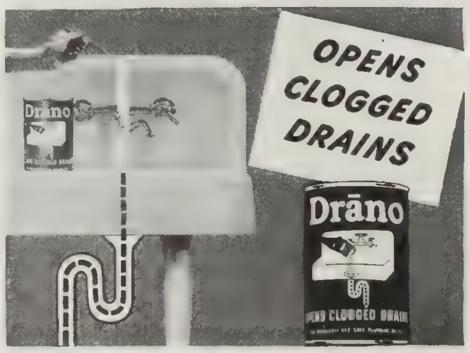
Survey by Molnar Laboratories, New York City

Remember—sink scrubbing can't touch them...

but **Drāno** boils these dangerous Sewer Germs out



Drāno opens clogged drains too; makes your sink sanitary



Get **Drāno** now. Keep drains clear, your sink safe. Use regularly.

Never over 25¢ at any drug, hardware or grocery store.

SAVE YOUR WASTE KITCHEN GREASE
It's needed to make explosives!

Drāno *banishes Sewer Germs!*

Copr. 1944, The Drackett Co.

What Do You Know About Divorce?

BY PAUL POPENOE
Director, American Institute of Family Relations

Check the answer that you believe to be correct.

1. While the population of the United States has increased 300% since the Civil War, the number of divorces has increased
   ☐ 600% ☐ 1000% ☐ 2000%
2. As compared with Canadians, residents of the United States go into the divorce courts
   ☐ twice as often ☐ ten times as often ☐ twenty times as often
3. The highest divorce rate in the civilized world is that of
   ☐ Japan ☐ United States ☐ Soviet Union
4. The average length of a marriage which ends in divorce is
   ☐ 1 year ☐ 5 years ☐ 10 years
5. The average length of a marriage which does *not* end in divorce is
   ☐ 23 years ☐ 34 years ☐ 45 years
6. Of all marriages in the United States, those that will end in the divorce court represent
   ☐ 1 in 5 ☐ 1 in 10 ☐ 1 in 15
7. The most serious of the common faults of wives, in the opinion of their husbands, is
   ☐ poor management of income ☐ nagging ☐ not affectionate
8. The most serious of the common faults of husbands, in the opinion of their wives, is
   ☐ insufficient income ☐ selfishness ☐ not affectionate
9. As compared with college-graduate men, the frequency of divorce among college-graduate women is about
   ☐ one half as great ☐ the same ☐ four times as great
10. The number of children ever born to the average couple going into the divorce court is
    ☐ 0 ☐ 1 ☐ 2 ☐ 3
11. Compared with the number of divorces, the number of desertions and separations in a community is about
    ☐ one half as great ☐ the same ☐ twice as great
12. Classified by religious affiliations, the largest number of homes broken by "divorce, desertion or separation" is found among
    ☐ Catholics ☐ Protestants ☐ Jews
13. The divorce rate of the Hollywood motion-picture colony, compared with that of Southern California in general, is about
    ☐ the same ☐ twice as high ☐ six times as high
14. Wives who receive alimony after a divorce are about
    ☐ 1 in 2 ☐ 1 in 10 ☐ 1 in 20
15. The greatest increase in divorces is found during times of
    ☐ prosperity ☐ depression
16. The proportion of divorcees who later remarry is about
    ☐ 1/3 ☐ 1/2 ☐ 2/3
17. When a divorced person remarries, his (or her) chance of being happy in the second marriage is about
    ☐ 1/3 ☐ 1/2 ☐ 2/3
18. After a divorce, the proportion of persons who admit they would like very much to remarry the lost partner is
    ☐ 1/10 ☐ 1/4 ☐ 1/2
19. When two persons who have been separated by divorce later remarry *each other*, their chance of finding happiness in a second trial of the same combination is
    ☐ 1/3 ☐ 1/2 ☐ 2/3
20. The American city with the highest ratio of divorces to marriages is
    ☐ Denver ☐ Los Angeles ☐ Miami ☐ Reno ☐ Seattle
21. Compared with children from unbroken homes, children from homes broken by "divorce, desertion or separation" become juvenile delinquents
    ☐ twice as often ☐ four times as often ☐ eight times as often
22. Compared with offspring of happy homes, the chance of success in marriage of two persons, each the product of an unhappy home, is
    ☐ 10% less ☐ 25% less ☐ 50% less

Answers

1. About 2000 per cent; while in the same period the number of marriages has increased only 600 per cent.

2. The Canadian divorce rate, which has shown virtually no change during the past quarter of a century, is now about one twentieth that of the United States.

3. The United States is tops. Japan formerly had the world's highest divorce rate, but this began to decline following a restrictive law which the empire adopted in 1897. The Japanese divorce rate is believed now to be about one half that of this country. Russia had

(Continued on Page 66)

Talk about good neighbor policy! Rutherford's Hypower Chili Con Carne is as *hot as a rhumba*, as *smooth as a waltz*. It's "saludos amigos" (Hi, Neighbor) in any language. And Con Carne means with lots of good, fresh meat, specially chosen to blend with the true Mexican spices, according to famous Rutherford recipes.

Rutherford's HYPOWER
CHILI CON CARNE

For quick appetizing lunches between wartime appointments, for folks who drop in for that after-the-show snack, for that worried housewife whose ration points are low (Rutherford's you know, is economical in points, too), for that dizzy time when He's home on furlough and moments are precious, Rutherford's Hypower Chili Con Carne is just the trick. Prepared in spotless kitchens with government inspected meats, Rutherford's Hypower Chili Con Carne is packed in sanitary easy-to-handle tins. If chiliburgers make your mouth water, if you miss the old tamale man with the pushcart and the bell, if you want to enliven diets, be sure to send for Rutherford's Hypower Brand Mexican food recipe book.

FREE RECIPE BOOK.
Many taste-tempting dishes are suggested in the Free Recipe Book. Use coupon below and mail to
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Please send me a copy of your latest Recipe Book.

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HOT OFF THE GRIDDLE

(Continued from Page 43)

The true griddlecake lover eats in the kitchen—when he can. He sits at the broad scrubbed table, flanked by a deep-lipped pitcher of the fruit of the maple tree, with those dishes and platters of what goes to make up the perfect griddlecake meal, such as golden butter, sweet and fresh and melting on the hot cake—or margarine, which also is accustomed to a griddler's role—with brown and well-spiced sausages or bacon as crisp as a new note and almost as thin. There he sits, and as the lace-edged cakes are baked and come hot off the griddle, he eats his fill. That is a profile of the true and ardent griddlecake fan.

Barring the privilege I've written of, let's hope the dining room is next door. And you know why.

NOTHING FANCY HERE, NOTHING NEW

You can't beat the old-fashioned wheat cakes when you come right down to it. And when it's wheat cakes and sausage, you won't find a New Englander who doesn't sound off about the glories his family partook of along the griddlecake trail. For they're a legendary delicacy and as full of tradition as a back-country biscuit is of saleratus!

With today's ready-to-use mixes, you can make all the known varieties of griddlecake and start some of your own. But here's my receipt.

Just Griddlecakes. Sift together 2 cups of flour with 3 teaspoons of baking powder, ½ teaspoon of salt and 4 tablespoons of sugar. Beat 2 eggs very light and add 1½ cups of milk. Beat into dry ingredients and add 4 tablespoons of melted shortening or salad oil. Beat very thoroughly and, if the batter isn't thin enough to "spin out" on the griddle, add a little more milk. Bake on a hot griddle.

IF THEY'RE BUCKWHEAT CAKES

Of course, the queen of all griddlecakes is the buckwheat. If you are in some blessed zone where the fresh-ground flour abounds, you're in luck. For the fresher the buckwheat, the sweeter that incomparable tenderness and flavor that becomes a first-rate buckwheat cake better than mourning ever became Electra. It's an overnight proposition. So plan to start your cakes latish in the evening.

Buckwheat Cakes. Put into a large pitcher 1 pint of warm water, ½ cake of fresh yeast dissolved in lukewarm water, 1 teaspoon of salt, 2 tablespoons of molasses and enough buckwheat flour to make a very thin batter. Cover and leave in a warm place to rise overnight. In the morning, beat the mixture down. Add 1 teaspoon of baking soda dissolved in a little warm water. Beat well again and bake on a hot griddle—turning once and having the cakes as crisp around the edge as an autumn leaf, and about the shade of a good oak leaf too.

Keep your batter thin. You can always add a little warm water, can't you? I always do, for I don't like cakes like cushions. Especially buckwheat.

SAME SUBJECT—ANOTHER VERSION

Rice is a big favorite of mine. In muffins—especially in muffins—or plain, boiled with butter and a piece of fruit; with a curry or with any creamed dish on earth, rice is all right with me. And what I've just said goes for rice griddlers. And this is the way I like them.

Rice Griddlecakes. Sift 2½ cups of flour, 3 teaspoons of baking powder, ½ teaspoon of salt and ⅓ cup of sugar together. Beat 2 eggs. Add 1½ cups of milk mixed with ½ cup of cold cooked rice and 3

(Continued on Page 69)

Why No Equal Has Ever Been Found For The
HOT OATMEAL BREAKFAST!

All Authorities Agree on These Facts*

More than 30 nutritional elements are known to exist in natural, whole-grain oatmeal. Naturally, ready-to-eat cereals which add 2 or 3 elements by synthetic means, do not duplicate the combination of oatmeal's health and vitality factors.

Consider the following outstanding oatmeal advantages:

*For Growth of Children. Oatmeal leads wheat, corn or rice cereals in Protein, absolutely necessary for building muscles, for normal development of children. (Protein is the main element of meat.)

*For Adult Strength and Energy. Oatmeal leads all natural cereals in Vitamin B_1. Both Protein and Vitamin B_1 are essential for energy and strength.

*To Fight Fatigue. Oatmeal leads all natural cereals in food energy.

These are just three of oatmeal's benefits. Don't you want your family to have all of them? Especially since Quick Quaker Oats is prepared as easily and quickly as the morning coffee.

Why not let your family enjoy and benefit from the stimulating warmth of the hot Quick Quaker Oats breakfast—a natural, whole-grain breakfast—each morning?

No equal has ever been found for the hot oatmeal breakfast.

"Yes, in everything there's Always One That's Best!"

TWICE RICH..

this juice that's pressed the exclusive Libby way!

We begin with the kind of tomatoes that make a gardener throw out his chest in pride. We pick these plump beauties on the very day when their juice is most **RICH IN FLAVOR** And, most rich in vitamins, too!

Then comes our own special way of protecting that fresh-from-the-vine juice. Actually our experts have devoted years to the delicate job of retaining the precious tomato vitamins. Libby skill and Libby speed work together to *keep* our sparkling juice rich-tasting and **RICH IN VITAMINS**

Tomato juice, packed with *such* care, is rich in Vitamin A and Vitamin C—a good source, too, of Vitamins B₁ and G. There's a grand share of the vitamin alphabet for you in each glass of this Libby refreshment.

Of course, because of Uncle Sam's needs, we don't have as much tomato juice for you as usual. But when you *do* see a can of Libby's, snap it up. Tomato juice fanciers say *sure enough* they can taste the extra goodness of our TWICE-RICH JUICE—with the very first sip.

When your dealer is out of tomato juice, take Libby's Pineapple Juice—or any *other* one of our famous Family of Juices.

Libby's

LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY

(Continued from Page 67)

tablespoons of melted shortening or salad oil. Mix well and bake on a hot griddle. These griddlecakes are wonderful spread with jam or jelly. And with maple sirup they are divine. With creamed chicken, you'll find that you have a meal that you can stake your reputation on.

CORN-MEAL STAND-BY'S

I don't want to forget, before I start on corn-meal cakes, to say that besides being good with sirup and such, they are first-rate fillers-in to go with salt pork and cream gravy, or ham or fried chicken.

Corn-meal Griddlecakes. Pour 2 cups of boiling water over 1 cup of corn meal. Add 1 tablespoon of sugar and 1 teaspoon of salt. Let it stand until cool. Add 2 beaten eggs and 3 tablespoons of melted bacon or salt pork fat. Sift 1 cup of flour with 3 teaspoons of baking powder and add to the batter with 1 cup of milk. Beat until smooth and bake on a hot griddle.

Instead of corn bread or cracklings, they fill a place that sometimes doesn't get filled; and while a hot corn muffin is one of the miracles when it's really miraculous, still and all a corn-meal griddlecake is stupendous—if that's the word I want, and I guess it will do.

GOOD TO THE LAST CRUMB

Go on. I'm not copying *anybody*. Just speaking of bread—simple, like that. And a way to bring bread right into the griddlecake circle. And welcome, too, not just a rank outsider. Toast and griddlecakes have always been rivals, but when bread becomes part of a griddlecake, what can you do? This sweet companionship is come about in the manner that is hereinafter set forth and specified.

Bread-Crumb Griddlecakes. Soak 1½ cups of bread crumbs in 1½ cups of scalded milk until soft. Add 2 eggs, beaten, and 3 tablespoons of melted shortening or salad oil. Sift ½ cup of flour with ½ teaspoon of salt and 3 teaspoons of baking powder. Now mix everything together. Bake on a hot griddle. And these are nice for luncheon. Even serve them with creamed chicken or any creamed dish.

SURPRISE ITEM

It may surprise some of your friends if you turn out a batch of spiced molasses cakes—right off a griddle instead of out of an oven. But so it may be if it happens that you're in the mood to do it, and as a nice luncheon or supper treat, *you* won't be surprised how they go over.

Spiced-Molasses Griddlecakes. Use the receipt for wheat cakes, but add ¼ teaspoon each of cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg. Beat 2 eggs as in the regular receipt and add ¼ cup molasses (in place of sugar). Add the milk to this (1¾ cups is about right) and the 4 tablespoons of melted shortening or salad oil. Bake on a griddle as usual. These are pretty special, as it were. Try them with hot applesauce and a frizzle of ham, if you have it.

NOT FOR BREAKFAST

I don't have to tell you that these are *not* for breakfast, not for anybody's breakfast, unless for someone who has reached the point where spinach can't be let alone. For that one, why bother with a griddlecake? Some leaves will do as well, leaves and vinegar.

Spinach Griddlecakes. Beat 3 eggs until light. Add 1 cup of thick spinach purée and ½ teaspoon of grated onion. Sift 1½ cups of flour with 1 tablespoon of sugar, ¾ teaspoon of salt and 2½ teaspoons of baking powder. Add to the batter with 2½ cups of milk and 3 tablespoons of melted shortening or salad oil. Bake on a hot griddle.

This griddlecake has possibilities worth developing as a main dish. Serve with cottage cheese and vegetables on a meatless night or with creamed ham with or without mushrooms.

Tomato Griddlecakes. Use the regular griddlecake receipt, but substitute tomato juice for the milk—double the salt and add ¼ teaspoon of baking soda to the dry ingredients. For thinner griddlecakes, add a little water rather than more tomato juice. You might try these for a hot sandwich meal—thin hamburgers between two tomato griddlecakes. Serve with chili sauce, or make a brown pan gravy out of the meat drippings.

They are good with a highly seasoned cheese rarebit or a plain cheese sauce. No sirup here, no sirup. And just the same here as with all such works, griddlecake and sauce must be hot. You have to plan on that. And you know why.

TO ROUND OUT A MEAL

If I am going to have or to serve griddlecakes and sausage, I don't want anything more except lots of good hot coffee and perhaps a spot of fruit to top off with. But if you must have a menu from soup to nuts, make the soup light and thin—or better still, just tomato or a mixed-vegetable juice. Serve a relish or a salad (chiefly to keep the appetite going for more griddlecakes) and end up with fruit.

In case there weren't enough griddlecakes to satisfy everyone, you might serve a whiff of a cooky such as these along with the fruit. But not for me!

Sweet Snacks. Cook 1 cup of sweetened condensed milk with 3 tablespoons of brown sugar in top of the double boiler until thick. Remove from the heat and add 3 cups of corn flakes. Drop from a spoon onto a greased cooky sheet. Decorate the cookies with pieces of maraschino cherries or candied cherries—½ cup of nuts is a good addition to the batter if you choose to do it. Bake in a moderately slow oven, 325° F., ten to twelve minutes or until golden brown and firm to touch. Careful not to burn. Slip onto a rack to cool and become crisp.

CAN I SAY MORE?

Yes, I could. I could tell you things you maybe never dreamed of on this fascinating subject of the delectable griddlecake, one of my favorite and favored subjects. But you know how I am. If you gave me a green light, I'd shoot right through the next red one and never know it was there. That wouldn't do, so I'll let things go, just so far and no farther. But when you get the griddle out, remember me. Whether it's one of those gorgeous polished stainless steel ones, or the old iron one such as I was brought up with, never washed, but just wiped and oiled and put away for next time, think of me. I don't know of any very good reason why you should, but I like to think you will, just the same.

WINS **ORDERS FROM HEADQUARTERS**
Washington, D. C.

RATIONING MADE EASY: Stamps will be good for longer periods. All stamps will have a value of 10 points each. Making change with red and blue tokens will be easy. After March 20th you'll have only one ration book (4) to look after. Keep these changes in mind.

Velveeta main dishes to the rescue!

ESPECIALLY WHEN POINTS RUN LOW

½ LB. OF VELVEETA . . HEARTY "PROTEIN DISH" FOR SIX!

Besides protein (*complete, high quality protein!*) Velveeta helps supply food energy and important milk minerals. Also vitamin A and Vitamin G which is riboflavin of the vitamin B complex. Reasons *enough* for serving Velveeta dishes often, yet Velveeta's deliciously rich yet mild Cheddar cheese flavor is *another* good reason! And so is the low cost of dishes such as this Velveeta Fondue with Tomato Sauce:

In the top of a double boiler melt ½ lb. of Velveeta, sliced. Blend in ¾ cup of milk; remove from heat and cool. Combine with 3 beaten egg yolks, 1½ cup soft bread crumbs, ½ teaspoon each of salt and dry mustard. Fold in 3 stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into 6 well greased custard cups, place cups in a pan of hot water and bake about 30 minutes in very moderate oven. (325°). Unmold and serve with Tomato Sauce.

NOTE: If you sometimes can't get Velveeta don't blame your dealer. Millions of pounds of Cheddar cheese, from which Velveeta is made, are going to our fighters and allies!

Your Garden should be "growing" now

Right now the plans for your Victory Garden should be shaping up... "growing" in your mind. This year every family must produce as much of its own food as possible... for our nation will need tremendous food supplies to make and hold a just, victorious peace. Plan now to plant a garden of the most nutritious vegetables. That will be good for your family... and a real service to your country!

Copr. 1944 by Kraft Cheese Co.

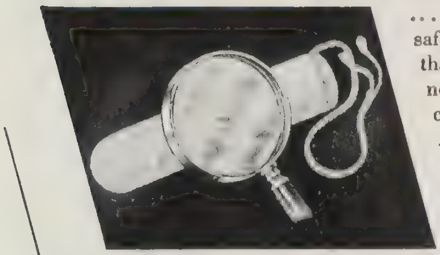
The World's Favorite Cheeses are made by KRAFT

3 ways to tell a Fib

(FROM ANY OTHER TAMPON)

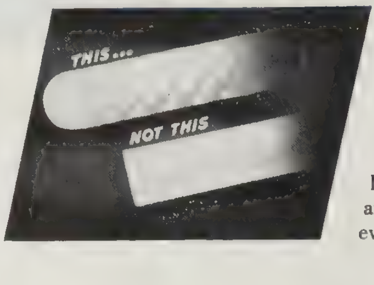
Only FIBS* of all tampons give you all three . . .

1. Fibs are "quilted"



. . . for more comfort, greater safety in *internal* protection—that's why, with Fibs, there's no danger of cotton particles clinging to delicate membranes. And quilting *controls* expansion . . . so Fibs don't fluff up to an uncomfortable size which might cause pressure, or irritation, or difficult removal.

2. Fibs have rounded ends



. . . smooth, gently-tapered ends . . . for *easy insertion!* Unlike any leading tampon you've ever tried. Your own eyes tell you that Fibs *must* be easier to use! You'll like the just-right size of Fibs; they're not too large, not too tiny. In fact, Fibs are *so* comfortable, you don't even know you're wearing them!

3. Fibs—the Kotex* Tampon

. . . a name you know, a tampon you can trust. No other brand is made of Cellucotton, the soft, *super* absorbent used in Kotex and demanded by many of America's foremost hospitals! In Fibs, as in Kotex, there's no compromise with quality . . . you get protection as safe as science can make it.

(*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

The Kotex Tampon for Internal Protection

The regular Ranch House crowd on big nights is 300. That's probably more of a congregation than the old church ever had.

TEEN-AGE ROUNDUP

A small town builds for the future with a Ranch House.

BY REBECCA WELTY DUNN

AN EXASPERATED proprietor of a drugstore in a large town in Kansas put up a sign, "High-School Students Must Not Stay Here More Than 15 Minutes." That was his way of solving the youth problem which every community, large or small, is facing in these war years. All over the country the young people ask, "What about us? We have no place to go."

In Arkansas City, Kansas, a small Midwestern town of about 13,000, the answer to this question is the Ranch House, a recreation center for teen-agers. Although it has been in operation only since last September, it has been the inspiration of many communities which are planning similar clubs. During November 3500 signed the register. Even on school nights more than 100 come. On Friday, Saturday and Dude Ranch party nights, nearly 300 play games, read, peer through the stereoscope and dance to the raucous, but cherished, juke box.

We had no wealthy benefactor, no appropriation by a community chest, no solicitation of harassed businessmen, but we did have $650 in voluntary contributions and—best of all—townspeople, both young and old, who were artistic, interested and willing to work. The churches of the town made the largest contribution. At a meeting of the city federation of churches the apportionment of 10 cents a member was agreed upon. One church gave $100. Many clubs and individuals contributed toward this fund for redecorating the building, refinishing the floors and renovating donated furniture. A druggist gave all the interior paint.

Ranch House was established in a fine old stucco building, formerly the Methodist church. It is given us rent-free and we are very grateful. We also have the use of several adjoining lots which we plan to equip for badminton, croquet and basketball.

THERE are seven rooms in the building: the lounge, the Chuck Wagon, the Cook Shack, the game room, the reading room, the junk room and the Corral.

The lounge, which the visitor enters first, is most attractive with its blue-and-red color scheme, its comfortable divan and ranch chairs and a really beautiful desk where the members register. This desk had been in a school basement for years, but after much scraping off of paint, ink and varnish is now blond.

Through a narrow hall is the Chuck Wagon, where pop, candy and gum are sold over a pine counter with a red linoleum top. Beyond this room is the Cook Shack, with its stove, pop dispenser, cupboards, popcorn machine and all the good confections to delight the inner child.

Opposite the Chuck Wagon is the game room, with its three tennis tables, a small pool table and many shelves for games and puzzles. The reading room has bookcases and tables for magazines and playing games. The junk room is naturally for storage.

In the center of the building a room, formerly the audience room of the old church, is now the Corral. It contains a piano—bought for $15—and a juke box, and has an excellent waxed hardwood floor.

FROM 60 names suggested by the townspeople, "Ranch House" was selected by the Junior Council. This is appropriate, for there are many large ranches near our town. Some have as many as 14,000 acres. It is not at all unusual to see cowboys striding down the street, wearing wide-brimmed white hats, levis, gaudy shirts and high-heeled embroidered-leather boots. Many of our club members wear cowboy clothes at our Dude Ranch parties. Arkansas City was the scene of the historic run to the Indian Territory, and the young people are happy to keep alive the traditions of the old West.

They realized, too, that the Western decorations would be not only picturesque but inexpensive. Many people donated valuable wall decorations. In the lounge a handsome Mexican serape blends nicely with the red-fringed blue curtains that hang from brackets whittled from forked sticks. In this room there is a striking bright red mural of a cowboy on a violently bucking bronco, painted by a fifteen-year-old artist member.

On the Chuck Wagon wall another painting by this same young boy depicts the chuck wagon, cook, campfire and even the "vittles." An old-fashioned red-checked tablecloth serves as a window curtain here.

On the wall of the game room is a poster by a local artist of the boys' idol, two-gun Buck Jones. The curtains are decorated with the Ranch House brand, a sunflower. This is the state flower, and gorgeous bouquets are placed about the rooms when they are in bloom. A rare orange Indian rug beautifies another wall.

A pair of mounted pheasants, two deer heads and a magnificent buffalo head adorn the walls of the Corral. The boys and girls

(Continued on Page 72)

NEW? NONSENSE! I'M A WHOLE YEAR OLD ...BUT I LEAD A LUX LIFE!
SUE BOUGHT ME OVER A YEAR AGO—I LEAD A LUX LIFE, TOO!

NEW-NEW-NEW

hat's the way clothes look when they lead a **LUX LIFE!**

MY FAVORITE BLOUSE LOVELY AS NEW, THANKS TO LUX!

sts show colors stay lovely up to 3
es as long with Lux care. Avoid harsh
shday methods for rayons, as well
silks and wools—all colors. Use
ewarm Lux suds.

COLORS STAY LOVELY LONGER WITH GENTLE LUX CARE!

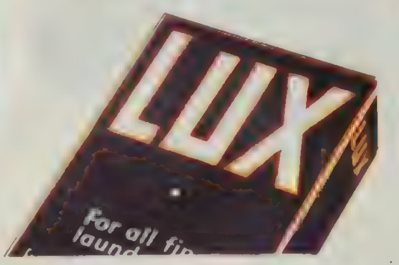
Everything we have is precious now. Give pretty rayons, cottons, nice household things gentle Lux care. Don't handle roughly. Don't use too-hot water or strong soaps.

JIM'S RAYON SHIRTS LOOK WONDERFUL ...SINCE I CHANGED TO LUX!

Sports rayons, men's rayon shirts, your own colorful slacks and blouses lead a long life when they lead a Lux life. It's thrifty care these days! Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

DON'T WASTE SOAP

Use all the Lux you need to get rich suds, but no more than you need. Don't use more water than necessary. Whenever possible, wash several garments of the same color in the same suds.



Why waste your dimes? Keep up with the times!

MEDS are safe and comfortable —and only 19¢

FOR 10 IN APPLICATORS

Enjoy the modern freedom of internal sanitary protection at Meds' thrifty price—a month's supply for only 19¢!

- Meds are made of fine super-absorbent COTTON.
- Meds' dainty applicators make them EASY-to-USE.
- Meds satisfy INDIVIDUAL needs.
- Meds' exclusive "SAFETY-WELL" absorbs so much *more*, so much *faster*—up to three times its own weight in moisture—assuring you greater comfort, greater protection.

"Next time," why not try Meds?

Perfected by a woman's doctor and accepted for advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

(Continued from Page 70)

love the buffalo best of all. On Halloween they tied an enormous orange crepe-paper bow around his neck and he seemed to look down upon the masqueraders benignly. A mural of covered wagons and horsemen in brilliant red marches around the room. This was done last August by hot and somewhat disheveled girls who climbed up on ladders to paint this cavalcade. One of the city commissioners made the chandeliers from three wagon wheels which he found in the river. These he hung from the ceiling by chains. Over the windows is a matching cornice of rustic logs.

On the wall of the reading room hangs a tawny mountain-lion skin. At the windows are strings of colored Mexican gourds. The rugs are Navaho.

The furniture was a major problem for a time, but attics and basements were ransacked, gallons of red, yellow and blue paint were used, and by the time we were ready for the opening reception, the Roundup, everything was comfortable and attractive. There are only three pieces of new furniture in the entire building, two hide ranch chairs and one small matching table. All the rest have memories. There is an antique divan rescued from a storage company, and a wicker chair reupholstered in Mrs. Stanton's erstwhile dining-room curtains. One seventeen-year-old said, fondly patting a rocking chair, "Daddy used to rock me to sleep in this when I was a baby." What though the dressing table in the girls' powder room was formerly just an old box? Now it is glamorous in delicate pink chintz—left from the draperies—and an overskirt of filmy ruffled marquisette, given us by a Navy bride. The glass top was cut from a bookcase door. The girls are especially proud of this room, for so many of them helped paint, tack and sew. Woe be unto any girl who would mar it by so much as one lipstick mark.

Boys and girls, as well as many adults, worked nearly all the long, hot summer washing windows and woodwork, polishing floors, painting and renovating. Perhaps that is one reason why they are so fond of Ranch House.

We have 521 members at present, and more join every week. Club members pay dues of 50 cents for a six-month membership. A child who does not have 50 cents may work for Ranch House two hours and earn a membership. Each person must read the rules before being issued his membership card. The rules prohibit smoking, drinking of alcoholic liquor, swearing and any misconduct. Members sign the register, giving time of entering and leaving. The hours on school days are from 4:00 to 5:30 and from 7:00 to 9:30. Closing hour on Friday, Saturday and holidays is 11:00. The club is not open on Sunday nights.

THE city pays the utilities bills. We have a small revenue from the juke box and the Chuck Wagon. The money from dues is used for janitor service, maintenance, magazines, games, music and parties. We have no paid director. The chairman of the Youth Recreation Board supervises.

In Arkansas City the first step in solving the youth problem was to establish the Youth Recreation Board, composed of thirty-nine adults. These members are the city manager, superintendent of schools, city commissioners, president of the school board, members of the child-welfare committee and representatives of the scout organizations, ministerial union, city federation of churches and many clubs—representing thirty-five organizations altogether.

The Junior Council of twenty-four young people was chosen by the high-school faculty. They drew up the constitution and made the rules. They plan the parties. They like being called the ranch hands, and the president is called the ranch foreman. The church members take an active part in the management. Each church in turn furnishes the thirty-four hostesses required for each week.

People come from miles around to visit Ranch House. The guest book is fascinating. The officials of a large neighboring defense city visited us before making plans to use the $10,000 provided by its community chest to establish five youth centers. They were kind enough to say that we had been helpful. Soldiers and sailors home on leave say, "I wish we'd had this when we were growing up." Inquiries have been received from the South Pacific and the Aleutians. They say in substance, "Tell us about Ranch House. Sounds like fun."

The members are remarkably well behaved. They are, of course, noisy, but never rude or disorderly. Very seldom must an offender be reminded of the rule: If a member's name appears on the hostess' report for misconduct more than once, that member must surrender his card.

THE question is sometimes asked, "Are you reaching the underprivileged class?" We are. We reach the privileged class also. Any person is welcome who behaves well. We have grimy-faced boys and girls wearing "rummage sale" clothes and needing haircuts. We have also, boys in expensive leather jackets and girls with soft, shiny hair wearing pastel-colored sweaters. They all crowd around the juke box; they all wait—more or less patiently—their turn at the tennis tables; they all play parcheesi, dominoes and checkers and get along peaceably together. The magazines are dog-eared and worn to shreds by being handled by many hands, some not too clean, others carefully manicured.

Is this institution of value in combating delinquency? We sincerely believe it is. Parents and teachers commend it. They say the young people get their lessons promptly and are ever so good at home so they may go to Ranch House. We are not so egotistical as to believe we can reform children with criminal tendencies, although we welcome any such child who cares to come. Our aim is to keep all the good children good. On Halloween not one child's name appeared on the police blotter.

We have a motherly person as hostess at the desk. Now and then some young person will confide in her. One evening a dirty, ragged boy said he intended to stay up all night. After Ranch House closed he planned to go to the midnight show and then meet the four A.M. train and carry his papers. He said he had no mother and his father didn't care what he did, so he didn't go home for days at a time. When asked if he had eaten anything that day he said, "Sure. I had two candy bars." Then he added proudly, "I earn $2.15 a week." The hostess put her arm around this neglected thirteen-year-old as they talked and he liked it. The Ranch House will try, figuratively, to put its arms around all such pathetic children.

The furnishings are a little of everything, mostly donated, but painted over by club members—that's half the fun.

problem hair

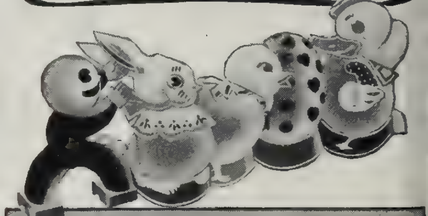
MADE LOVELY AGAIN

Cheer up! . . . It's easy now to have glamorous hair. Use soapless ADMIRACION. One shampoo shows the difference. Your hair becomes radiant with stunning high-lights. TWO TYPES—"no lather" in red carton or "foamy" in green carton. At your Beauty Shop ask for ADMIRACION.

ADMIRACIÓN
OIL SHAMPOOS

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

The Dennison Handy Helper says:
"MAKE EASTER GAY THIS EASY WAY"
Dennison
EASTER EGG DECORATIONS



YOU NEED THESE, TOO!
Transparent Mending Tape • Mailing Labels
Gummed Reinforcements • Index Tabs
Shipping Tags • Crepe Paper • Gummed Labels
DENNISON MFG. CO., Framingham, Mass.

KEEP IT SWEEPING!

YOUR Wagner can't be replaced just now, but it can be renewed at the factory. We authorize no traveling repairmen. Ask your dealer about our *factory repair service*.
E. R. Wagner Mfg. Co., Dept. J, Milwaukee 9, Wis.

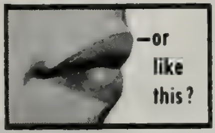
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

WAGNER Komb-Kleaned Sweeper
Better, Easier "PICK-UP"

FREE BOOKLET ON REQUEST
ZION LACE CURTAIN MILL, ZION, ILL.
Manufacturing Division of Marshall Field & Company, Inc.

HOW TO GUARD LIPS against roughness, dryness, soreness—other externally caused lip troubles

Lips like this?


—or like this?

Here's an amazingly effective way so many men in our Armed Forces follow to help protect their lips. A way that guards against roughness, dryness, soreness—and other painful lip troubles caused by sun, wind, and cold. Apply Fleet's Chap Stick daily. Use before exposure to wind and weather. Chap Stick is made especially for the lips. It's gently medicated. Lubricates, promotes healing, helps guard lips against painful and unsightly lip conditions. Only 25¢ at drug counters.

On Duty with U.S. Forces
Alaska to Africa

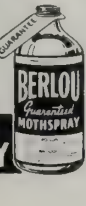
STOPS MOTH DAMAGE FOR FIVE YEARS OR BERLOU PAYS THE DAMAGE

Moths destroy hard-to-replace rugs, furniture, clothes, all year around. Prevent moth damage with odorless, stainless, inexpensive Berlou. Saves servicemen's clothing for duration. Stands repeated dry-cleanings. Only Berlou backs all claims with

Written 5-Year Guarantee

If Berlou fails, we repair, replace or pay value of article. Berlou is sold by leading department, furniture, drug and hardware stores. If your dealer can't supply, we will.

Better Cleaners Offer Berlou Service
Write for Free Moth Control Booklet
Berlou Mfg. Co., Dept. 17. Marion, Ohio



BERLOU Guaranteed MOTHSPRAY

TSENEVOL, INC.

(Continued from Page 26)

"Head for home, youngster, papa's working." G.W. waddled across to his hassock, squawking indignantly.

Jeff produced a clean brush out of his belt and Dina started to play. She played well, with an assurance and a warmth that made the old song come to life. Now and then she would turn around and smile at Jeff, and the old stool would whine gently. It was the only sound in the room outside of the splash-splash of Jeff's brush and the occasional mixing of the paint.

My arm began to get numb. Bill's leer looked glued on. It was like having a nightmare from which I couldn't extricate myself. I wondered briefly when I was going to faint.

Suddenly my stomach rumbled with the vigor of a P-38. Jeff was so startled he dropped his brush. Bill looked embarrassed.

Dina hit a distraught chord. She looked at me. "You poor baby," she said swiftly, "you look as wobbly as G.W. You told me you didn't have dinner, too, and I forgot about it. Jeff, we're bears, both of us." She put a firm arm around me. "Come on, I'll fix you up this minute."

She did. She was the most efficient person I think I've ever known. Underneath that tawny hair and those eyes and that whimsey there were hard common sense and a sweetness that was deep-seated and true. In ten minutes Bill and I were having dinner. It was leftovers, but it had finesse and imagination. There were peanut-butter sandwiches, dignified by avocado slices, and tomatoes stuffed with leftover something that was magnificent.

"You can have coffee," Dina said, "but I recommend the milk shakes. They are the Tsenevol specialty. They ——"

Bill interrupted her. "Tsenevol," he said. "That's the sign on the door, isn't it? What does it mean, anyway? Pat thought it might be Russian."

Jeff shuddered and Dina grinned at him. "Oh," she said. "Well, no, it's not Russian. You see, I'm a sentimentalist and Jeff is kind of an embarrassed romantic, even if he won't admit it, so I have to disguise things as much as I can. Tsenevol is Lovenest spelled backward."

Jeff smiled at us apologetically. "I have to humor her," he said, "with help so hard to get these days. . . . Let's get on with the milk shakes, you blatant romantic."

"As I was saying," Dina said, "the milk shakes are the Tsen—Harvey specialty. We both like chocolate milk shakes better than anything, so last Christmas Jeff bought me one of those professional shaker things like they have at soda fountains. The war has made inroads on the ingredients, but they're still good."

They were too. The milk shake melted me completely. I looked at Bill sternly. He was on his second and blissful. Jeff went out to answer the phone.

★ "Charlie" Wilson was a pal to her children. And people said she looked like her fourteen-year-old Bitsy's older sister. That's the way it *should* be, young Mrs. Wilson thought. Stoutly she put aside those rumors that Bitsy was going to roadhouses, and that her sixteen-year-old Clare was breaking up Elsie McCarey's home. "Charlie" was not prepared for the juvenile crimes she found at home, and her shock is ably told in Adela Rogers St. Johns' new serial about juvenile delinquents,

They're Only Young Once

Beginning in the
APRIL JOURNAL

"Flowers! from Him!"—Truly,
Evening in Paris
is the Face Powder of Romance!

To MAKE a lovely lady even lovelier . . . that is the purpose for which Evening in Paris was created. Its sheer-velvet texture touches your skin with a soft bloom of color . . . the haunting perfume which belongs only to Evening in Paris surrounds you always with the sweet Fragrance of Romance.

Remember, it rests with you to create the moment, the mood for love. Then it is that you should wear lovely Evening in Paris face powder . . . so enchantingly yours for Romance.

Face Powder $1.00
Perfume $1.25 to $10.00
(*All prices plus tax*)

Tune in "Here's to Romance," starring Dick Haymes, with Jim Ameche and Ray Bloch's Orchestra—Thursday evenings, Columbia Network.

Evening in Paris face powder
BOURJOIS
NEW YORK

DANIEL
GREEN
The MILITAIRE, around $5.00
The JUDY, around $4.40
When you find this name on the sole you know they're genuine
Comfy
SLIPPERS
DANIEL GREEN COMPANY · DOLCEVILLE · NEW YORK
BUY WAR BONDS

"I'm going to tell them," I said, while Dina was in the kitchen. "We can't drink their milk shakes and eat their peanut butter and keep on being—well, incognito."

"This is wonderful," Bill hissed at me. "I'm having the time of my life. Don't spoil it."

"I've got to. They're really swell and we're just taking advantage of them."

"Who's taking advantage of who?" Dina said, arriving with a bowl of raspberries on one arm, the cream bottle balanced on the other. "That's not in our line."

I fixed Bill with my coldest stare. "It's not in ours, either," I said, "so you'd better know that we're just—phonies I guess you'd call us."

"Phonies!" Dina echoed. "Jeff, hang up that phone this minute. We're feeding phonies."

Bill had his nose deep in his milk shake. I hated him. Jeff came in and looked at us uneasily.

I took a deep breath. "It's this way," I said. "We aren't models. We never saw your ad in the paper. We're just apartment hunters and we knocked on your door to find out if yours was for rent or if you knew of one that was, or something, and then—well, here we are using up your chocolate sirup, and we should have told you right off, only somehow we never got much of a chance."

Bill emerged from his milk shake and looked at the Harveys pitifully. The room was so quiet you could have heard G.W.'s fin drop. Then Jeff laughed. He laughed so hard his paintbrushes started shaking like *maracas*. He laughed so hard his eyes got teary, and he had to wipe them with his napkin. Bill jumped as if somebody had taken a pot shot at him.

Jeff was trying to say something. "The power of advertising," he managed between gales. "You can get anything you want by it." He waved a fork at his glum wife. "Last month it was a penguin, this week it's two apartment hunters." He borrowed my napkin and mopped at his face.

Dina started to laugh. Until you have heard Dina giggle in a Georgia drawl you don't know what they mean by contagious laughter. Bill and I joined in helplessly.

"Can I lead a good Christian life in New York City on fifteen dollars a week?" a young man once asked Dr. S. Parkes Cadman.

"My boy," was the reply, "that's all you can do."

—EDMUND FULLER: Thesaurus of Anecdotes. (Crown Publishers.)

Jeff finally had to stop for breath. "It's you folks who deserve the apologies," he declared. "My wife, characteristically, never gave you a chance to explain. Here you were, soberly searching for an apartment, and you land in a madhouse. You look for a room and you end up in a woodland scene with an order to put on some rustic sex."

"I liked that part fine," Bill said with a wide grin. "That was when I got really interested in the deal. And then my wife had to go and spill the beans."

"Your *wife!*" Dina said, aghast. "Why, I thought ——"

JEFF patted the top of her head as one would a small child. "You think too much, little girl, and too fast. But this time you did me a good turn." He looked at us tentatively. "As apartment hunters you're darned good models, you know. Would it be an imposition if I asked you to finish the piece? I've got a good start on it and it's got to get out tonight."

So once again we climbed the stairs to the studio. Dina played and G.W. sat beside Jeff and every once in a while somebody would remember and start to giggle and the laughter would climb the walls of the room.

But somehow the picture got finished that night. It was good too. There was a simple distinction about it, and a good strong line that made it ring truer than the usual commercial art illustration. Bill told Jeff so and Jeff beamed like a baby.

"I want to be a painter," he told us seriously. "A good one, I mean. I was an art major at college, followed by art school for two years. Then the Army got me and we landed up here. So I do this commercial stuff evenings to keep my hand in."

"And the money comes in handy," Dina supplemented, "and let's go downstairs and get something to drink."

Bill and Jeff discovered that they were with the same Air Force photographic unit. Dina knew the sister of my Georgia roommate and didn't like her either. There was a lot to talk about. They told us that they had been married almost a year. We were going to celebrate our fifth month's anniversary Saturday.

"Isn't that wonderful, Jeff?" Dina said. "They celebrate by the month too."

"Sure," Bill said. "That way we can reach our golden-wedding anniversary while we still know what's going on."

WE FELT the same way about Hollywood too. As Bill said, it was a pretty neat place to be fighting the war from, but as a permanent residence, unh-uh.

"It's like that Saroyan play," Dina said. "No foundation, all the way down the line no foundation."

"It's too beautiful," Jeff said. "There's nothing left for the imagination to work on. You dream better dreams when you look out over water towers and subway stations."

We agreed like that on Roosevelt and Chinese food and Ingrid Bergman. We were united against modern furniture and cats and the unctuous school of radio commentators. They found out that Bill was going to be a doctor until the war got him, and more than anything else he wanted to go back to med school.

"I met him at somebody's party," I told them, "and the only reason he was interested in me was that I had my arm in a plaster cast and he wanted to examine the setting job."

Dina looked at Jeff and winked. "Can I tell them how I met you, honey?" she inquired gently. "Or have they had enough for one night?"

"Go on," Jeff said, stretching out on the floor. "Only because I think we're going to see a lot of them and they might as well know all. But is there nothing sacred to you, my sweet?"

Dina curled her pajamaed legs under her and rested her incredible head on Jeff's knees. It could have been only Dina's autobiography.

Dina had her own orchestra in Atlanta, Georgia. They were known as Diane and Her Georgia Crackers. The Dina originated with Jeff: "Short for Dynamite," he explained. Jeff first got a look at Dina when the Crackers played for the senior prom at the University of Georgia.

"She appeared on the bandstand to lead the band in their theme signature, Diane," Jeff said reminiscently. "I had a date, but from that moment I fed her to the wolves."

He asked Dina to go out after the prom. She refused. He tried calling her home. The number wasn't listed. He tried her at the office. She was always busy. Faithfully he followed the band. Wherever the Crackers were playing there was Jeff, right up in front, eyes on Dina.

"Faithful Old Dog Tray," Jeff said. "I felt like a fool, only I couldn't stop. It got so that every time I showed up the boys would break into I Don't Stand a Ghost of a Chance."

"And when he wasn't around they would play Where, oh Where Has My Little Dog Gone?" Dina added with a grin. "This went on for a year. I kept right on refusing to see him. When you're leading a twelve-man orchestra you're open to a lot of those college-boy tactics, so I made it a standing rule to refuse all dates. How did I know that Jeff doesn't recognize a standing rule when he sees one? Then my tenor sax decided to get married and his girl objected to the hours, so he went into the insurance business. One day I got a letter from Jeff asking for an appointment, 'business, not pleasure.' He marched into my office with those blue eyes and a saxophone under his arm. I told him

NOW HAVE A
Lush-Plush Bathroom
WITH EVENING DRESS
RAYON TAFFETA "SHOWERS"

Of course you can have a lush-plush bathroom! Let Textron Rayon Taffeta "Showers" turn on the glamour! Full evening dress beauty in a thrilling range of 12 colors!

Daffodil Yellow . . Peachbloom . . Sea Blue . . Leaf Green . . Horizon Blue . . Pink . . Old Gold . . Dahlia Red . . Winter Rose . . London Grey . . Blackout Black . . Snow White.

Water-repellent; mildew-resistant. With a reverse hem that lets water cascade off; embroidered rustless eyelets; an almost invisible center seam.

Six by six feet of swish and shimmering luxury in Shower Curtain Shops of leading stores. "Showers" and Matching Window Curtains, $5 each.

Slightly higher on the Pacific Coast and in Canada

TEXTRON *Showers*

I hadn't known he was a fellow musician. He said he wasn't until six weeks ago when one of the boys mentioned that I was losing my tenor sax to another woman. 'I couldn't have that happen to you,' he said, 'so I went out and took lessons. Listen.' I listened. He didn't play the best tenor sax I ever heard, but he could read music and the devotion was too much for me. I hired him."

Jeff kissed the top of Dina's ruffled head. "So in between art school I was Diane's Cracker No. 12 for a year, and then came Pearl Harbor, and the Army got me the same time Dina did. The farewell appearance of the Georgia Crackers was at our wedding, when they played the wedding march."

We finally left. The Harveys stood at the door and waved good-by and the moon, like an M-G-M special, shone on the sign TSENEVOL hanging above their heads. It was bright enough to tell time by. My watch said two A.M.

Dina came apartment hunting with me. Frantic landladies were ready to shut the door in our faces until Dina would stick her golden head in and state her case. Her smile held the trust of a small child who is putting her life in your particular hands. Invariably the front door would open.

It was thus that we met Mrs. Hibbons, a sensible woman who was so seduced by Dina that she temporarily lost her mind. Mrs. Hibbons said mournfully that the only vacancy she knew of was a house. She was afraid it was a mite too big for just two folks, but maybe we would like to look at it anyway, seeing as how she couldn't bear to send two such lovely young ladies away empty-handed, looking straight at Dina with that drowning look they all get.

The house was high up in the Hollywood hills. It had an acre of ground outlined by jacaranda trees in misty purple blossom. It had three bedrooms and three baths and a living room with a massive Dutch fireplace at either end. A bay window stretched the length of the living room and framed the entire valley. It was really something. I looked at it and there was nothing to say because it was so good and so unsuitable for Bill and me, or for anyone else who didn't have A Household and seven sheep dogs.

I LOOKED at Dina. She had curled those long legs under her on the outsize divan and was ticking things off on her fingers and muttering to herself. By now I knew Dina well enough to know that she would talk only when she was ready, and before that she would make noises that meant ideas were chasing one another around in that yellow head.

Mrs. Hibbons looked at Dina hopefully. I don't really believe that she cared as much about renting the place as she did about making Dina happy. It was amazing, the effect that girl had on total strangers.

"A john for each of us," Dina was muttering, "and a fireplace apiece, and the attic can be half studio, half playroom. . . . Do you like it?" she asked me suddenly, in a normal tone of voice.

"Sure I like it," I said. "I think it's wonderful. So let's get out of here before it breaks my heart. If it's still here in ten years and the war is over I'll be back for it."

Dina wheeled on Mrs. Hibbons. "It's a deal," she said. "When can we move in?"

I blinked rapidly. "Now listen, Dina," I said. "This is no time for comedy."

"Comedy!" Dina said, looking injured. "I've never been more serious in my life. You like it. I like it. So we'll combine forces and take it over. If two can live as cheaply as one, why can't four live as cheaply as two? See, there's a john and a fireplace apiece ——"

"And the studio and the playroom can come out of the attic along with the cobwebs," I interrupted. "But how about the money?"

Mrs. Hibbons looked as though she had been knighted. She named a figure that must have been about half the asking price. It was still more than Bill and I had figured on, but look, there was a bathroom apiece and twin fireplaces. . . .

CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
A Portrait by Maria de Kammerer

A Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick will help you

Be Alert...and Alluring!

By CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF TANGEE

You needn't take off your attractiveness when you put on a uniform! That's a suggestion I pass along to you from the many women with whom a Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick is always "regulation."

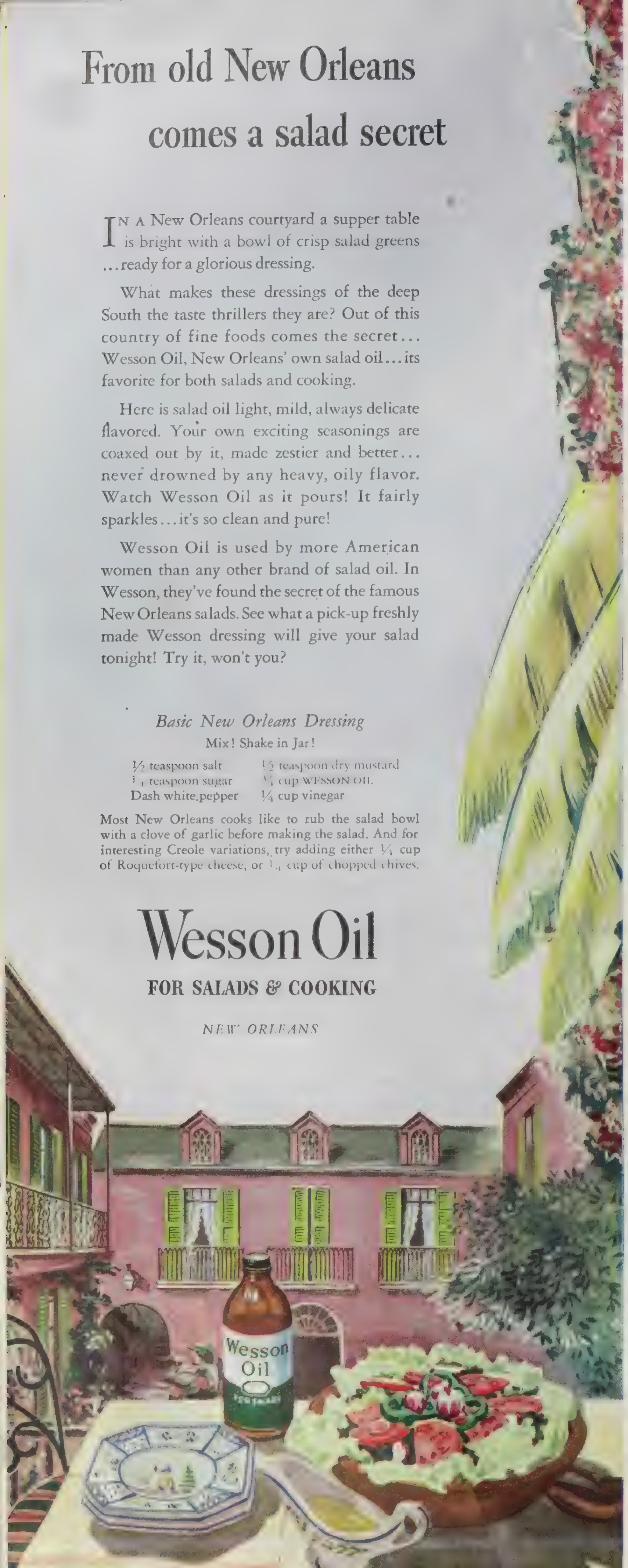
Here, at last, is a lipstick that combines rich, natural coloring with a softness and smoothness of texture never before achieved. Whether you choose Tangee Red-Red, Tangee Theatrical Red, Tangee Medium-Red, or Tangee Natural . . . you can trust it to keep that satin-y sheen despite hours on duty in all kinds of weather!

And whether you're "on the alert" . . . or frankly alluring . . . don't forget to match your complexion with your own right shade of the new Tangee PETAL-FINISH Face Powder and the companion rouge to your Tangee SATIN-FINISH Lipstick!

TANGEE *Lipsticks with the new Satin-Finish*

TANGEE *Face Powder with the new Petal-Finish*

NEEDLE HITLER WITH YOUR PIN MONEY—BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



From old New Orleans comes a salad secret

In a New Orleans courtyard a supper table is bright with a bowl of crisp salad greens ...ready for a glorious dressing.

What makes these dressings of the deep South the taste thrillers they are? Out of this country of fine foods comes the secret... Wesson Oil, New Orleans' own salad oil...its favorite for both salads and cooking.

Here is salad oil light, mild, always delicate flavored. Your own exciting seasonings are coaxed out by it, made zestier and better... never drowned by any heavy, oily flavor. Watch Wesson Oil as it pours! It fairly sparkles...it's so clean and pure!

Wesson Oil is used by more American women than any other brand of salad oil. In Wesson, they've found the secret of the famous New Orleans salads. See what a pick-up freshly made Wesson dressing will give your salad tonight! Try it, won't you?

Basic New Orleans Dressing

Mix! Shake in Jar!

½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon sugar
Dash white pepper
½ teaspoon dry mustard
¾ cup WESSON OIL
¼ cup vinegar

Most New Orleans cooks like to rub the salad bowl with a clove of garlic before making the salad. And for interesting Creole variations, try adding either ¼ cup of Roquefort-type cheese, or ¼ cup of chopped chives.

Wesson Oil

FOR SALADS & COOKING

NEW ORLEANS

So the Sergeant Harveys and the Corporal Gilmans took over Tsenevol, Inc., which Bill said was pushing things a little far, but Dina told him it would grow on him, ask Jeff. When the boys first saw the place they wanted to know what we were going to do with the extra room and bath—take in a colonel?—and Dina said, "Certainly not. That's for G.W. What do you expect him to do, use ours?" They had no answer to that one, so we moved in.

Dina fixed up G.W.'s room with his hassock and a picture of Admiral Byrd to make him feel at home, and decorated his bathroom with penguin decalcomanias she found in the dime store. We had a housewarming, with most of the post present and wide-eyed, and then we settled down.

It was an ideal arrangement. The boys left at the same time in the morning and got home the same time in the evening. We split the gas and the food and took turns doing the dishes. G.W. was so satisfied he gave up biting people, even those we knew he didn't like.

I was so contented I found myself forgetting now and then that Bill was in khaki instead of tweed and this couldn't last forever. I asked Dina once whether it was right to be so happy when you read about those boys fighting in the Kasserine Pass, and she said, "Jeff and Bill's chance at that isn't far off, and until then they deserve the best time they can get."

So we didn't talk about the war much, and we never asked the boys any questions. We paid the first month's rent and I held my breath, and we paid the second month's rent and Tsenevol, Inc., was still intact.

Dina and I got drafting jobs out at Douglas Aircraft. I liked it because I like doing things with my hands, and reading blueprints was like doing a crossword puzzle. But just as the routine was getting Dina, they put her in the production-control department as a sort of trouble shooter, and she was a natural. She has the kind of mind that cuts clean through to the core of a problem, whereas mine sort of dangles around the outside for a while, examining all possibilities. I am forever seeing both sides of everything, so I can never take a firm stand. Dina always knew right off.

Evenings we rearranged the furniture and taught G.W. to salute and played records. We liked Mozart and Beethoven garnished with a little Billie Holliday, and the Harveys leaned to the moderns like Stravinski and Shostakovich. So even our combined collections complemented each other.

We lit a fire almost every night, even when it was too warm to have one. As Dina said, "When you are blessed with two fireplaces it is criminal not to use them, even if you have to suffer to do it." So one night we would light ours and the next night the Harveys lit theirs. The boys did their spit 'n' polish there, and Jeff sketched Dina with the flames setting her hair on fire—or maybe it was vice versa; I never could decide—and Bill would look over his med books "just to keep his hand in," he would laugh, only it really wasn't very funny and we all knew it.

Or we'd just sit and talk our heads off. I remember one night we were talking about having children in wartime and Dina had been quiet for a long time. She was lying with her eyes closed and I wondered whether she was asleep.

I was arguing that a child was the greatest security a woman could have in this kind of world, and Dina suddenly rolled over on her side and spoke more angrily than I have ever heard her.

"There's a time for everything," she said, "just like it says in the Bible. And this isn't the time for children. There's so little time left, maybe, it ought to be just us now. Nobody else at all."

The war came close that night, closer than we usually let it.

Like the Sunday when we went on a picnic down in the valley. The yucca trees were white exclamation points on the hills, and the scarlet eucalypti made red polka dots against the sky. I was putting the vacuum bottle back into the picnic kit we had gotten

Brighten every meal with the tangy flavor of this all-purpose sauce. Serve it at the table, use it in cooking.

Unrationed
... costs little

SPANISH SAUCE

Saute 1 cup sliced onion in ¼ cup drippings until tender. Add 1 diced green pepper, 2½ cups of cooked tomatoes, ¼ tsp. salt, 1 tsp. sugar, 1 bay leaf, 3 cloves, 1 tbsp. Derby Steak Sauce. Cover and simmer 30 min. Remove cloves, bay leaf. Serve hot. Makes 2 cups.

GLASER

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Also Derby Barbecue Sauce • Hot Sauce • Worcestershire Sau

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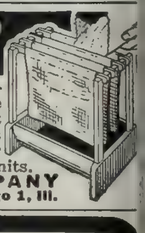

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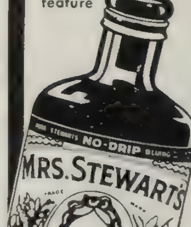

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FREE—*Valuable Booklet "Home Washing Guide" Write Stewarts Bluing, LH3 Minneapolis 3, Minnesota.*

The south side (the sunny side) is the best place to tap a sugar maple tree to get a high yield of sap.

Enjoy real maple sugar flavor

Nothing can match the flavor of real maple sugar. And we make sure you *get* it in Vermont Maid Syrup.

We take maple sugar with good, full flavor. Then blend it with a combination of cane sugar and other sugars which enhances the maple flavor—makes it richer . . . more delicious.

This blend gives you the same true maple sugar flavor in every bottle.

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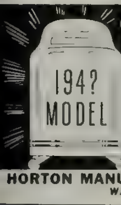

100%★10%★NOW!

100% of HORTON Employees are investing 10% of income in War Bonds . . . hastening the day for a return to Peace. Your 10% helps, too!

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ZEST FOR WAR-TIME MEALS . . AND MEAL PLANNING

The natural, vital red of Sunshine Pimientos . . . plus their mild, spicy taste . . . are the best kind of invitation to hearty eating! Get one of the new glass jars today. Use Sunshine Pimientos in scrambled eggs, omelets, meat dishes, salads, and many other ways. They're a real inspiration to wartime cooking. America's Favorite Garnish, rich in Vitamins A and C. If your grocer is out, be sure to try again.

POMONA
PRODUCTS
COMPANY
Griffin,
Georgia

for a wedding present from Bill's Aunt Katherine, and I remember Dina was lying with her head in Jeff's lap, trying to get her face burned without blistering her nose. Everything smelled that specially fragrant end-of-summer smell and Bill looked across at me and smiled. I knew what he was trying to say. Jeff was humming Diane softly and painstakingly winding and unwinding a golden curl around his finger.

I closed my eyes and tried to fix that moment in my head so it would last a long time.

"The chief fault I find with Sunday," Jeff said dreamily, "is that tomorrow is Monday and ——"

"There is no tomorrow," Dina said. "There's only today."

Bill stood up too quickly and looked down at us.

"Don't say that," he said shortly. "There is a tomorrow and it's going to be good. Better than today even."

Dina said, "It couldn't be better than today," and picked herself out of Jeff's lap. But we knew, all of us, what Bill meant. It was still early, but we went home soon after that.

That was our last picnic. Monday night Dina was held up in a late conference and I waited for her. By the time we got home the boys were already there. They came out to meet us, just the way we always did, with aprons tied around their waists and that home-from-work kiss that is somehow different from all others. They told us to hurry and wash up, dinner was almost ready. The evening paper had been carefully refolded, waiting for us on the low table by the couch.

Jeff said, "Set the table with those white things with the flowers all over them that I like." Setting the table was usually their job. "And let's use the good china and the Gilman silver for a change."

> ➧ **The most telltale thing about a woman is her mouth, and the most telltale thing about a man is his voice. No amount of cosmetic can turn mean lips into kind ones, and no amount of histrionic talent can give the ring of sincerity to the voice of a man who does not believe what he is saying.**
>
> From News of England, by Beverley Nichols. (Copyright, 1938; reprinted by permission from Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc.)

"Hey," I said suspiciously, "what is this? Is someone getting married or something?"

Bill looked at Jeff warningly. "Let's just call it an Or Something party," he said, and they went into the kitchen.

As food goes, it wasn't a very good dinner. There was no disputing the fact that the potatoes were done to a crisp and the chops were certainly not too rare. But we ate everything in sight and they beamed at us and acted generally like small boys at a wienie roast.

After dinner we offered to wash the dishes, and the boys accepted readily. When we came into the living room they were sitting quietly reading the papers. It looked the same as every other night. Except that they had changed into civilian clothes.

For a long minute nobody said anything. Jeff had on his gray flannels and a white shirt, and Bill was wearing his Dartmouth jacket with 1937 on the pocket. It reminded me of long, sunshiny summer vacations. It reminded me of my first college house party. It reminded me of the farewell dance at the club, when the first boys had been drafted. It looked wonderful and terrifying and somehow terribly sad.

"Well?" Bill said abruptly. "Say something. Don't just stand there like two ninnies. To look at you you'd think you'd never seen a civilian before."

I glanced at Dina and for a minute I thought she was crying. I must have been wrong, because she went over to Jeff and said, "Let's see your draft card, mister," and then she kissed him hard and everything was all right again.

Make his Lunch-box say: "HAPPY SURPRISE!"

She's packing a "surprise" of delicious Betty Crocker Ginger Creams in one of the smart new transparent lunch boxes!

THEY'RE mighty hard to beat . . . these Betty Crocker Ginger Creams. Simple drop cookies like these are very easy to make! And so flavorful. So moist.

Success is assured when you use Gold Medal *"Kitchen-tested"* Enriched Flour. More than 150 individual blending, milling and testing operations insure its unvarying uniformity. You'll find it superb for delicate pastry, fluffy biscuits, tempting cakes, and if you bake bread—for high, golden-crusted loaves!

For top results use Gold Medal with the Betty Crocker recipes in the sack. You'll pronounce this combination the surest, easiest, simplest way to baking success! GENERAL MILLS, Inc., Minneapolis, Minn.

Betty Crocker says: "These cookies are cake-like and should be kept in an air-tight container. Perfect with a glass of milk. They take very little shortening. Recipe has been carefully tested by my staff."

Betty Crocker Ginger Creams

Perfect results assured only with GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Enriched Flour*

¼ cup shortening . . . ½ cup sugar . . . 1 small egg (or ½ large egg) . . . ½ cup molasses . . . 2 cups sifted GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Flour . . . ½ tsp. salt . . . 1 tsp. ginger . . . ½ tsp. each of nutmeg, cloves, cinnamon . . . ½ cup hot water . . . 1 tsp. soda

Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, cream well. Blend in well-beaten egg, then molasses. Sift flour, salt and spices together, stir into molasses mixture, stirring in alternately with the hot water in which the soda has been dissolved. *Chill dough thoroughly.*

Drop, by teaspoonfuls, about 2" apart, onto lightly greased, heavy baking sheet. Bake about 8 minutes in moderately hot oven (400°). Recipe makes about 4 doz. cookies (2" in diameter).

Thin White Icing

Cover the tops of some of cookies, while still slightly warm, with icing made by blending together ½ cup *sifted* confectioners' sugar, a few drops of vanilla and 2 to 3 tbsp. top milk or cream (*using just enough to make icing easily spread*).

Eventually
Why Not Now?

**Now enriched with 3 "B" vitamins and iron to new higher gov't. standards. Important as source of protein, too!*

PRODUCE AND CONSERVE
SHARE AND PLAY SQUARE
FOOD FIGHTS for freedom

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ONE A DAY
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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
MULTIPLE VITAMIN CAPSULES
8 VITAMINS
IN ONE TINY
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Help Keep Up Your GET UP AND GO
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Are you heading for a vitamin deficiency that might sap your "get-up and go" and cause your sparkle to fade? Nature never intended you to go through life feeling fagged-out, nervous, irritable, suffering from colds. Nature intended you to feel good, but it's up to you to see that you get, among other essential substances, plenty of vitamins to insure you against a vitamin deficiency and its consequences.

Any normal, physically sound person can get his full, basic daily supply of all the Vitamins whose requirements are known, for as little as 3⅓c per day. That's real economy! And when you consider the ease of taking only *one* capsule daily instead of 3 or 4, you'll say that's real convenience too. One capsule daily is all you take—all you pay for.

Yes, here's the Multiple Vitamin Capsule modern people have waited for . . . hoped for—the new One-A-Day (brand) Multiple Vitamin Capsule made by Miles. Next time you visit your druggist, say "One-A-Day, the 8 Vitamin Capsule."

"One-A-Day" (brand) is the registered trademark of Miles Laboratories, Inc., makers of One-A-Day (brand) Vitamins.

"What's the idea of the masquerade?" I demanded. "The MP's will get you if you don't watch out."

"It's good for the soul to get out of uniform once in a while," Bill said. "I'll bet even my red corpuscles are looking olive drab."

Jeff said simply, "Just for one night let's play there isn't a war."

I should have known then. I've often wondered if Dina suspected. If she did, she never let on. We lit our fire and Bill put on the Beethoven violin concerto and we planned a motor trip to Mexico. We made out a menu for our first anniversary which consisted mainly of steak and banana splits. We planned a trip back East for the Army-Navy game, and we built a house—two of them, with a connecting picket fence that opened by an electric eye—and two garages lined with white-walled tires for helicopters. Dina and I wore nothing but nylons and the boys had whipped cream on absolutely everything.

The fire burned low and the room was quiet with daydreams. I wondered what everyone was thinking, and then I knew that we were all thinking the same thing.

Dina reached up and touched Jeff's face. "A penny," she said, "a nice prewar copper penny, bearing no resemblance to an undernourished dime, for your thoughts."

Jeff walked over to the fireplace and tapped his pipe thoughtfully on the stone. "I was thinking," he said, "of the first play mother took me to see. It was The Wizard of Oz. Afterward we went backstage and I met the wizard. And he was just a tired old man whose corns hurt him. I cried all the way home."

It Isn't Logic

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

So now, my sweet belligerent,
After all the things we've said,
The scorching insults we have hurled
Against the other's head,
You discover I have grown
Strangely precious for a shrew,
And I confess in some surprise
I'd rather kiss than strangle you.
That love should burgeon from such strife—
It isn't logic, but it's life!

The last log fell into the embers and Bill pulled me up. "Like Cinderella," he said, "we lose our civvies at midnight. Let's turn in."

I guess Jeff told Dina that night. The next evening Bill came home alone and told me that Jeff was leaving for a POE—port of embarkation. Dina came home late and said, "Well, now we are three," and went to bed. There was nothing to say to her and we didn't try. But when Bill kissed me good night it said all the things we hadn't said to Dina.

A week later, the day before their anniversary, Dina got a telegram from Jeff: "How about an anniversary in San Francisco. We'll paint the town red, white and blue. Time's awastin'." Dina went down and smiled at the ticket man in the railroad office and he wangled her a reservation on The Lark for that night.

WE PUT her on the train. I told her to give Jeff a large kiss for me and Bill said to tell the big lug to hold on to his hat. She wore Jeff's camellias and his favorite green suit, and her eyes shone so the tears behind them made twin rainbows.

I got a telegram from Dina on Monday: "He sailed the ocean blue and his saucy ship's a beauty. War is hell." On Friday there was another one: "Going back home to mother for a while. Keep the home fires burning." The third came the following week. It said: "The Sunny South isn't, or maybe it's me. Send a suitcase of clothes collect. Tell G. W. to give you both a wet kiss for me."

Then there was silence. Bill was on maneuvers in the desert and Tsenevol held memories like echoes. G.W. spent his days commuting hopefully between the door and the window, but by the end of the first week he settled mournfully down on his hassock and even a shopping trip did not cheer him.

On the first of October, a blue-and-gold day that made me wonder whether the wind was beginning to whip around the corners of Rockefeller Plaza and how the sea lions in the Central Park Zoo were feeling, a letter came from Dina. She said she was sorry about the silence, but she hadn't felt much like writing. She had received an "Arrived safely" wire from Jeff and his APO number was c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, so at least the Germans could rest easy. Enclosed was a check for their share of the rent for Tsenevol.

"Please take it," Dina wrote. "Jeff wanted you to. He said the three months at Tsenevol, Inc., were the happiest he had ever known and he would like to know that if was all still there, the twin fireplaces and G.W.'s private suite. Remember, Pat, when you asked me if it was right to be so happy? When Jeff said that, I knew my answer was right. Stay there with Bill as long as there is time. You must. I know."

"I'LL be back. I couldn't take it right now. Give me time to get used to this lone-woman act. I've had the offer of a job here. They are opening up a rest home right outside of Atlanta for boys who have been sent back from overseas, and they asked me to take charge of it. I'd like to do it. Somehow it will bring Jeff closer. I'll know a little of what it is like over there. And if anything happens to him I'd like to think that he was in a place that was pleasant and happy. I think I can help here."

After that Dina wrote quite regularly. She had inveigled her father into donating a glass-enclosed sun porch, and she was painting sunflowers on the ceiling. She sent for her records. They were going to form the basis of a record library for The Homestead. She had raised a fund for a de luxe reproducer by canvassing the town personally.

"I was absolutely shameless," she wrote. "I rung in everybody in town from Mr. Briggs, the butcher, to Mr. Carlson, the president of the Atlanta Trust Company. We even had money left over, so I invested in three radios for the bathrooms. I always wanted one in mine."

Bill came back from maneuvers, Indian-brown and disgracefully healthy. He got a three-day pass and we took G.W. and went up to Carmel. G.W. plowed up and down the beach and went wading and seemed happier than at any time since Dina left. The day after we got back Bill was told that he had been accepted for officers' training school.

Three days later he left for Miami. He would have to live in the barracks while he was at school, and the town was already bursting its seams. I finally promised I would go back home.

I wrote Dina and told her the news. I got a letter by return mail saying how happy she was for us. She wrote that the boys had harvested thirty Victory Gardens and she was up to her eyebrows in canning. Saturday night she had gotten the Earl Carroll girls to put on a show at The Homestead and the boys were looking much better.

At the end of the letter she wrote: "Now that Bill is gone, why don't you visit me for a while? You can stay at mother's and you can help me during the day. The boys would love it. So would I."

There was one last sentence, all by itself. It said, "I haven't had a word from Jeff in six weeks."

So I locked up Tsenevol, Inc., and G.W. and I rode the day coach to Atlanta.

(Continued on Page 80)

4 silly syllogisms

1. All harness horses wear collars. Your Uncle Joe wears a collar. Therefore your Uncle Joe is a harness horse.

This syllogism wouldn't fool you for a minute. It might *sound* like reasoning, but you'd know it was phony without even taking a second look at Uncle Joe.

2. All Airedales have big feet. Most policemen have big feet. Therefore most policemen are Airedales.

Would you fall for this one? If so, just try calling the next policeman you meet an Airedale and see what happens.

3. All turtles bask in the sun and go swimming. All bathing beauties bask in the sun and some also go swimming. Therefore some bathing beauties are turtles.

If you'd never seen a bathing beauty, you might get tricked into believing this one. Actually, you know the only connection between the two is an occasional turtle-neck sweater.

4. Coffee is a hot, mealtime drink enjoyed by many people. Postum is a hot, mealtime drink enjoyed by many people. Therefore Postum MUST taste like coffee.

This one—which is just as silly as the others—has really taken in a number of people.

They think of Postum as a coffee substitute. They expect it to taste like coffee.

Now—why *should* they expect Postum to taste like coffee—any more than they'd expect coffee to taste like tea? Actually, Postum is a distinctive, hearty, delicious drink in its own right. Millions of Americans love it for its robust, full-bodied flavor! Just catch a Postum fan as he's about to lift a steaming cupful to his lips—*he'll* tell you!

Postum-

ONE OF AMERICA'S GREAT MEALTIME DRINKS

TUNE IN: The Aldrich Family, Thursday nights, NBC Network. One of America's great radio programs, written by Clifford Goldsmith, sponsored by Postum, a product of General Foods.

How to measure the "Breath of Life"

ONE evening, a scientist took his Dextrose Energy Meter to "Stars on Ice" the popular skating revue at the Center Theatre, Radio City in New York. There he measured the energy expended by the skating stars in their acts. For example, he found that Carol Lynne needed 4¾ ounces of dextrose to replace the body energy expended per hour of fast skating.

After the show the girls like a quick "snack" to replace the body fuel used up. Favorite "pick-ups" are ice cream, fruit juices and soft drinks—all rich in dextrose, food-energy sugar.

© Corn Products Refining Co.

That contraption hiding Carol Lynne's face is the Dextrose Energy Meter—a scientific instrument to measure the energy expended on whatever the wearer is doing.

Doing her housework, Carol uses the equivalent of 2¼ ounces of dextrose sugar per hour.

PERHAPS you never bought pure dextrose sugar. But many popular foods contain it. Bread, candy, ice cream, soft drinks, cereals, canned fruits and juices, jams, jellies, prepared desserts — these are only a few of the foods wherein dextrose adds energy value —and improves flavor and texture.

When you buy foods, look for mention of "dextrose" on the labels. It is your assurance of genuine food energy — at no extra cost.

Corn Products Refining Company
One of the producers of dextrose sugar

Dextrose is a pure white sugar, mildly sweet, refreshing to taste. It is the one sugar your body uses *directly* for energy.

In fact, whenever you think of energy, think of dextrose—for dextrose *is* food energy in its purest form.

dextrose
food-energy sugar

The Bulletin Board

Take a look at your canned-foods shelf. Make a note of the foods the family liked best—those you didn't can enough of. Start using up your canned goods between now and the time your garden starts "giving." You'll need the jars to start canning the surplus from this year's Victory garden, and there's more danger of spoilage if you hold over home-canned foods through summer.

Housecleaning Hints

- Brush on a film of boiled laundry starch—one tablespoon per quart of water—after you wash painted walls. Next coat of dirt will wash off 1-2-3 zingo with the starch.
- Try a small paintbrush, dime-store variety, for cleaning hard-to-get-at corners.
- A paste of equal portions of salt and flour moistened with vinegar will lend luster to discolored brass or copper. Let the paste harden. Wash off with water.
- Dust walls from the floor up. The fine threads of dust hang down. Best implement is a broom covered with flannel.
- The window sills will be easier to keep clean if you wax them after washing.

Slants on Sewing

- Keep needles threaded with different colors for quick repairs on Billy's trousers or Susie's buttons.
- Go over "ready mades" for weak spots. Secure hems, buttons, seams before they cause trouble. "Stitch in time" is still good advice.
- Reinforce worn spots on children's clothes with guards made of old leather purses.
- Use a thimble inside a glove finger, and a flashlight inside a stocking at night, for "darning balls."
- Salvage hooks, snaps, slide fasteners, buttons from worn-out clothes.

Baby doings. If your baby's dish is the kind with a hot-water compartment underneath, you can put the right amount of canned vegetables or fruit sauces to be served in the several compartments and let the hot water do the warming up. This saves using several pans to heat baby's meal.

Cozy News. Tea now back to normal supply. We'll have 20,000,000,000 cups to drink up this year.

Latest in leftover tricks. Mashed potatoes are all ready and waiting to make potato soup. Thin the potatoes with milk and water, add some bouillon paste, chopped scallions, salt, pepper.

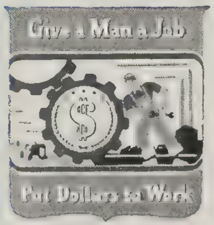
Bread freshener. When sliced bread gets dryish, but still is not exactly stale enough to put in the "use for bread crumbs" class, spread the slices lightly with melted butter or margarine; put back in paper wrapper, tie together and heat in the oven.

SAFETY SIGNALS

- Paint the top and the bottom cellar and attic steps white. This lessens the danger of nasty falls if the stairway is dark.
- Keep pins, needles, kitchen knives and matches out of little children's reach. Give warning of furniture-shifting sprees, so "late daters" don't bump into unexpected chairs.
- Train children to house toys in big storage box so they don't clutter the floor.
- Hang on when heading toward high places—use a step stool or solid chair, and don't forget to step in the middle of the chair.
- Keep small rugs away from head and foot of stairs. Anchor them securely in other places.
- Wipe up spills on kitchen floor to prevent nasty falls. Turn pot handles in to guard against burns from hot-food upsets.

Another Use for Bread Wrappers

Open only one end of the wrapper when you remove bread. Leave other end sealed. Use for storing fruits, crisping washed vegetables—radishes or carrot sticks—in refrigerator if you haven't room for them in the crisper. Commercial-type transparent refrigerator bags you have been using for this purpose are not always available these days.



WHEN we have the urge to get the convenient kitchen we really need but can't buy now, let's put that money into the uniform of fighting dollars — War Bonds — and let it help speed Victory.

In the meantime, let's put whatever time we can spare from our war work into planning the kitchen we want when the war is over, so that we can be sure it will be perfect in convenience and appearance.

Youngstown Pressed Steel will send a beautiful new booklet, brimful of helpful ideas for planning new kitchens or remodeling old ones.

Youngstown Kitchens
YPS

YOUNGSTOWN PRESSED STEEL DIVISION,
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Dept. L-344, Warren, Ohio

Please send YPS booklet, "Get Acquainted With Your Kitchen". ☐

Please send Loose Leaf Scrap Book, "Practical Ideas for Kitchen Convenience"—Price 35c. ☐

I plan to build ☐ to modernize ☐

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IT'S AS "Easy as Pie" TO PLEASE THE FAMILY

YOUR family won't leave a crumb when you serve a delicious Kre-mel pie. This tempting, tasty dessert is the sweet that really completes the meal. And it's just as good for you as it is good to eat, for Kre-mel is *rich in dextrose*, food-energy sugar. Kre-mel pies, and puddings too, are so easy to make that even school-girls are sure of perfect results.

Delicious Lemon Pie or Peppermint Chocolate Pie

Either of these smooth, creamy pies is easily made in a few minutes with Kre-mel. The recipes are on the back of the packages. Top with meringue or wartime whipped cream.

Creamy Butterscotch Pie

Mix Butterscotch Flavor Kre-mel with ½ c. milk in sauce pan. Add 1½ c. milk; cook over low heat, stirring constantly until mixture thickens and reaches a boil. Cool; pour into baked pie shell. Top with wartime whipped cream.

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— HASTY, TASTY PUDDING AND PIE
— KRE-MEL DESSERTS, OH ME, OH MY!

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2+2=BANKRUPTCY

(Continued from Page 33)

awaiting approval. The demijohn missed Mrs. Selby by several inches and landed on the Oriental prayer rug in the hall. Mr. Selby gave a nimble leap, accompanied by a cry.

"Aw, heck," said Billy, "I just got it made."

Mr. Selby's white scarf had broken out with freckles, and Mrs. Selby gave sorrowful looks at the hem of her blue velvet. They left rather hurriedly while Anne mopped up the fluid, which actually did seem to be ink, judging by the way it acted.

Stanley said, "Billy, why can't you watch where you're going? Now look at what you did."

"And I lost my ink," wailed Billy. "I was going to make a killing on my ink."

"Practically you did." Anne sat back on her heels, wrung out inky cloths. "I hate to think of the rug bill. Stan, how much was that scarf worth? And what did you do with my vinegar? In the jug?"

"I just poured it out in a pan, a big pan."

"My aluminum canner, no doubt," said Anne. "May as well pour it down the drain; I can't have that pan ruined."

As they went to bed Stanley said thoughtfully, "Well, he did have an idea. Make something in bulk and retail it in small containers. You can't say that isn't business."

"Um," said Anne. "I'm not saying anything."

The next day, Billy was noticeably absent.

Essie was in a temper. The ink had sunk in the varnish, she said. She had to work all morning on the floor.

"What all 'at boy put in his ink?" she asked.

"Well, I don't know. I just hope the cleaner can fix the rug. That is—that was—my favorite rug," Anne said. "Anyway, we certainly made an impression on the Selbys."

WINS! Want the answers to hundreds of wartime housekeeping problems? Order the WARTIME HOMEMAKING MANUAL from the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania, No. 2007, 25 cents.

Butter-Cutters: Use enriched margarine or combine it with butter. Gelatin and milk help stretch it. Use *only* as a spread. Softening helps to spread it thinner. Use jam, jelly or peanut butter for occasional pinch hits.

Billy came in around five. "Hey, mom," he said, "I got a good business now. This is going to fix everything fine for me. How'd you like to place an order with me?"

"Order for what?" She was apprehensive.

"I'm getting up early and going to the wholesale market," explained Billy, jingling things in his pockets and winding his feet around the chair. "I'm taking orders for cheese and eggs. I'm a cheese-and-egg man."

Anne looked at him. "What's the catch in it?"

"NO CATCH at all. People don't want to get up and get down there early and everything is cheap. Then I deliver it and make a cent a pound. I been taking orders all day. Got a dozen customers already."

"I hope you don't get into trouble."

"How could I?"

"Nobody ever knows."

Stanley was pleased. "Now you'll see," he said. "This is real education. The ink was really just an accident. I told him to lay off that—too hazardous. But cheese and eggs are fine."

"Um," said Anne.

Billy was very busy. "Got to ankle along," he said, whenever a small errand reared its head. "Mis' Barton wants a quarter pound that moldy cheese, Mis' Smith wants half pound that stinking Rockford, Mis' Green is waiting for two and a half pounds that Camembert soup."

Anne hired old Wilks to mow the lawn when it got so high she couldn't see over the top, she said. The next week Stanley had t come home early and mow it.

"Why not pay Billy for this job?" he said after the grass catcher fell off the fiftiet time.

"He's too busy with his orders," explaine Anne. "It takes him all day. He goes al over town. He made fifty cents last week."

"Can't he do a few chores around th house at night?" Stanley was flushed fro standing perpetually on his head.

"At night he makes up his accounts," sai Anne. "After all, you wanted him to do this darling." Her voice was mild as milk.

STANLEY said, "Well, I'm tired. I had very hard day. I want to rest and read an get my breath. I've got a real tight proble to solve legally. Let's don't even turn on th radio."

Anne got his slippers and fixed the ligh exactly right. He had the stock-marke news, an especially good cigar, his comfortable old chair.

"This," he said, "is what the doctor ordered." He relaxed with a sigh of content

"I've got to run over to Jamieson's," sai Anne. "We are organizing a new scrap drive I'll be in early. When Billy comes, tell hi he needs a bath before he goes to bed."

"Have a goo time and don' hurry." Stan wave at her. "All I wan to do is rest."

Five minute later the phon rang. Stan swore a he got up and wen to answer it.

"Is Billy there?" an exasperated feminine voice cam over the wire.

"No, he's out," Stan said. "This i Mr. Wingate speaking."

"This is Loi Green," she said "Will you tell hi when he comes tha I want to chang my order for tomorrow? I want thre quarters of a poun of American blue i it doesn't take th last ration stamps instead of the half poun of sharp Cheddar."

"Wait a minute," said Stan. "I bette write that down."

He got a pad; the pencil was broken of and he had to chew the end to get a nubbi of lead exposed. He wrote down the order

"Thank you so much," said Mrs. Green "How are you and Anne? Why don't yo come to dinner one night next week?"

Stan sighed. Anne could manage this better. "I'll have to see; I may be called away," he said vaguely.

"Any night will do," she said. "I've mean to call before, but you know how it is—unless one just gets to the phone ——"

Stanley went back to his paper, couldn' find the place. His cigar had burned dow too far and sunk a hot tooth in the bes cherry table. He got his feet up and relaxe once more.

The phone rang.

"Blankety-blank," said Stan, getting up again.

"Hello, may I speak to Billy Wingate?" a voice asked.

"Billy isn't here. This is Mr. Wingate."

"Well, I wonder if I can leave a message? This is Mrs. Oakes speaking, from Highcrest Drive. I missed Billy today, but I want t order an extra half dozen of the best brow eggs, Grade A, and half a pound each o Swiss, sliced thin, American blue, unsliced, cream with chives, not olives or pimiento, and—let me see now—oh, yes, Bel Paese."

(Continued on Page 86)

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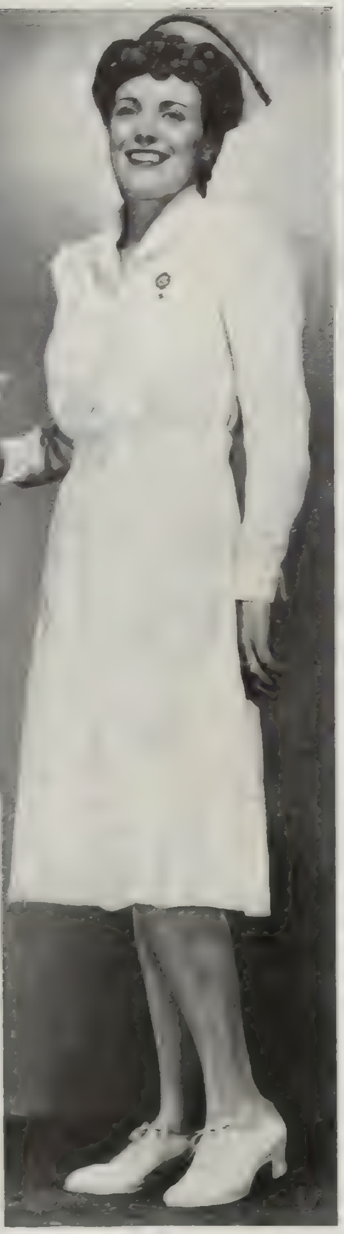

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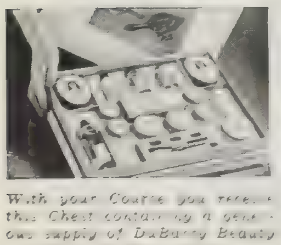

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(Continued from Page 84)

"Just a minute," said Stan dizzily. "I better write it down."

"And by the way, Mr. Wingate," purred the strange voice, "I have been intending to get in touch with you for some time. Now that I have, the Highcrest Round Table meets every Tuesday night to discuss world events and cultural life, and we do need a lawyer next week while we discuss China—you know, settle about immigration laws and all that. Could you come?"

Stanley muttered something off the record. If he loathed anything more than round tables, he couldn't think what it would be, except possibly underdone pork. But a lawyer had to build up good will. And when he was nailed at the phone like this, no secretary or wife to sift out the call, he was helpless, he was committed.

Savagely he closed the door. No more phone calls, he said. He stretched out on the sofa, stiff from the battle with the grass catcher. He relighted his dead cigar.

The phone rang.

He wouldn't answer. It rang again. Of course it might be Willis, calling about the Preston suit. Or long distance from Cleveland about the realty company. It rang again. It might be an accident to Anne, so careless, never looked where she went. Crossed streets like a pin wheel. Anne under a truck —— He bounded to the phone.

"Hello, is Billy there?"

"No," he said.

"Well, may I leave a message for him? Tomorrow is my day for cottage cheese and sweet butter, but I am having company and so I want half a pound more cottage cheese and another container of sweet butter. And a quarter pound of pimiento cream to make cheese apples with. It's important; will you be sure to tell him?"

"I'll write it down," said Stanley.

He jabbed at the paper, broke the pencil again, fished for his pen which was dry. Got the list down, hung up, stared at it. The blank woman never said who she was! He rang Central furiously.

"I'm sorry," she said with a honey voice, "we are not allowed any longer to trace phone calls. I have no record."

Anne came home at eleven and found a perfectly incoherent husband.

"This simply has got to stop!" he finally managed to utter in a strangled tone. "This is no home, it's a madhouse!"

"Well," said Anne, "I don't think Billy can afford a secretary as yet." She was emptying ash trays. Her back was turned. "If Billy is going to be in business, I expect he has to have some help from his family. Just taking a few phone calls ——"

"A FEW phone calls!" Stan groaned. "Woman, I took twenty-three orders, one anonymous! Cheese and butter are coming out of my ears. Where is your son?"

"Our son," Anne said serenely, "is out getting new orders from people who aren't home except at night."

Stanley gave her a wild look and rushed upstairs. "I can't operate a switchboard business," he flung at her.

"I think Billy made forty-five cents this week," said Anne. "Isn't that remarkable?"

Stanley said nothing.

It was eight in the morning when the next call came.

"It's for you, pop," said Billy. "I'll ankle along with those orders you took down. I hope you didn't make any error. My customers are awful particular."

"Mr. Wingate," said a harassed voice, masculine this time, "I'm calling for the wholesale cheese-and-egg market."

"What for?"

"Well, it's this way, Mr. Wingate. You have a son named Billy?"

"Yes. What's wrong?"

"Well, he's been buying stuff every day here from us; he buys it wholesale, all right, but he wants we should cut it up for him in pieces. He gets a ten-pound piece and wants it cut in halves and quarter pounds. Frankly, Mr. Wingate, we just don't have time to do it. Half our men have gone to war, we're just getting by—and he's driving us

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absolutely nuts. Not that we don't want to help the kid when he's so hard up for money, but you can see our position."

"Yes. I see."

"So if you'll just take it up with him ——"

Three important colleagues of Stanley's turned up that day from the firm of Burton, Burton and Barton. Stan asked them for dinner—steak. Not just go to the club and have the same old unrationed chicken glue.

As Stan opened the front door, he cried genially, "Here's where we hang out."

AN OVERPOWERING smell met them. A strong, oddly penetrating, rather pungent, rather musty odor. The house reeked with it. Stan plunged in. Billy looked up. He was standing at the dining-room table with a knife poised in one hand, an earnest frown on his forehead. The table, the buffet, the tea wagon and three dining-room chairs were covered with newspapers on which lay cheese in various sizes and shapes and odorous content.

"Billy!" cried Stan.

"Hey, look, pop"—Billy waved the knife—"I need some help. I got to do my own cutting; the guys won't do it any more. They said you said they didn't have to."

Stan sat down on what proved to be the vegetable scale. "Where's your mother?"

"Mom's out. She says she'll be home soon as she can, but she lost her pivot tooth and can't see your company till he puts it in again. She ate chops at a luncheon."

Stan put his hand to his head. "Get this cheese out of here pronto," he said. "I have three important men in the hall, if they haven't fainted."

"Gee, pop, Essie won't leave me in the kitchen; she says all the food's going to smell so. I already tried the tool bench in the garage, but an awful lot of cats and dogs gathered around, and flies and things. What'll I do?"

"Just get it somewhere so I can air out the house."

"You see, pop, I am having a lot of trouble." Billy waved the knife again. "It's not so easy to cut off just a quarter pound of blue. I don't want to cheat Mrs. Green—give part of her piece to Mrs. Oakes. Besides, Mrs. Oakes is awful rich and they weigh everything to be sure they don't get short weight. The cook told me so."

"You do not remember my name?" a lady said one time upon meeting Henry Clay.

"No," was the prompt and gallant response, "for when we last met long ago I was sure your beauty and accomplishments would very soon compel you to change it."

—EDMUND FULLER: Thesaurus of Anecdotes. (Crown Publishers.)

Stan said, "You take that cheese fast to your room. I'll help you later."

"Essie said I daren't. She got no time to vacuum cheese all up the stairs and upper floor."

"Is Essie the boss here or am I?"

"Essie," said Billy promptly.

Mr. Wingate's guests took chairs out on the lawn, which was damp and chilly but full of fresh air.

Anne came home in time to help Essie with dinner. "What do we have for dessert?" she asked.

"Cheese," said Essie grimly.

"Maybe you better whip up a chocolate soufflé instead."

"Mis' Wingate, how long you expect Billy going to be in business?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Anne vaguely. "It's his father's idea. I think the cheese business, though, has run its course. From something that Mr. Wingate let drop, I think so."

"It seems odd we don't hear from Briarwood," she said to Stan in the pause for station identification that night. "I'm terribly anxious. Do you think we ought to write again? I wish I'd seen that blank."

"He couldn't make a mistake on it," Stan assured her. "It was a perfectly open-and-shut thing—age, eyes, hair, weight, et cetera. No margin for error there."

"Then they just don't want him," she said.

"He'll have to go to High, if it is across the tracks," said Stan. "It's just our luck to have the only really poor high school in the state right in our town. He'll never get into a decent college from there. Maybe we can get a tutor or something."

"Or you could help him one evening a week with his Latin," said Anne innocently.

Stan remembered, with pain, helping him with his arithmetic. "No, thanks," he said. "I can stand being told I'm old-fashioned once in a while, but not every half hour."

"Well, we may as well hunt up a tutor," said Anne dispiritedly. "I knew there wasn't much chance; they are all full at Briarwood, and Billy's past record isn't outstanding. It would have taken a miracle to get him in." She added, with a faint smile, "But think of the wonderful business head he is developing."

Stanley looked suspiciously at her, but her eyes were demure.

Anne said, "He has made at least a dollar the past few days." She patted Stan's hand. "And by the way, darling, the bill for the rug came. It's seventeen dollars. Mr. Zakian said he never saw a rug so completely ruined. And I had to get Mr. Wilks to revarnish the floor underneath; Essie just couldn't manage it. Something in the ink seemed to just eat away the varnish. Mr. Wilks will be here for his pay Saturday. Six dollars."

Stanley moaned.

"And there's one more small item," said Anne gently. "The cheese seemed to soak into the taffeta bedspread in the guest room. I had to have it done at the French place, and they are going to charge five-fifty. It looks almost as good as new. Do you want to write a check, or does that go on my house budget?"

Stanley groaned.

The next day was a big one for them. Stanley had to open a case in court at the county seat, a very doubtful case, an attempt to break a will because one witness had gone to the kitchen for a drink of water while one page was initialed by the testator. An eighty-year-old man had willed away a sizable fortune to a healer who had discovered how to live forever by sucking lemons through a straw.

The children, four of them, ardently wished to break the will; so did Mr. Wingate, who disliked quacks.

Anne went up to the city for a defense council meeting and a national Girl Scout campaign and a planned-parenthood conference for Okies. Anne had read Grapes of Wrath.

They came home after dinner, Stanley in that excessive fatigue from trying to turn the law against itself to give justice. Anne had a headache and her feet ached.

SHE said, as they met at the station, "I got so worked up over those poor people I had an emotional crisis, darling. So I walked a mile to calm down. You know my feet always hurt when I do that." She said, "Stan, let's have a good cold snack and go to bed." She sighed. "Think of having nine children and no money and tuberculosis!"

"Yeah," said Stan, "think of having one child. It's plenty!"

It was half past nine as they drove up to the house. It was brilliantly lighted from stem to stern. They hurried in. They moved with one accord to the library.

Billy was on his knees in the middle of the floor. He had a large cloth in one hand, an odd mixture of brown and black on his face, a smear of white over one eyebrow, and a man's oxford perched on his other hand. The floor was completely covered with shoes. There were slippers, oxfords, sandals, moccasins, play shoes, pumps, tennis shoes. Dozens and dozens of shoes. Bottles of polish and cans of wax and bottles of whiting and Anne's best cashmere sweater lay beside Billy. Obviously the sweater made a good polishing cloth.

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"Gee, mom, I'm glad you're back," said Billy simply.

"What are you doing?" Stan stumbled over a riding boot and caught himself, knocking the best Battersea enamel on the floor and breaking it.

Billy waved something that looked like Stan's flannel shirt. "This is my new business," he said. "But the thing is, I got 'em all polished and now I can't kind of manage to sort 'em back together again."

Anne sat down. "Billy," she said, and no more.

Billy sat back on his enormous tennis shoes. His face looked pale under the shoe polish. "Hey, mom," he said, "I got the whole shoe-polish business for this whole end of town. Gosh, I been polishing all day. I had to borrow some old rags of yours and pop's."

Anne shuddered, relinquishing her sweater.

"I used all the rags before Essie left." He cocked an eye at Stan. "It seems hard to get pairs back again."

Over the sea of shoes, Stan's eyes met Anne's. Billy's thin figure drooped over an open-toe sandal.

"You go on to bed," said Stanley. "Mother and I will sort the shoes."

Anne fixed a tray. Billy hadn't stopped to eat when his quandary became plain to him. Because, he said, he promised all his customers delivery by eight in the morning—one feature of his service: they got their shoes right back, not waiting three days like at the Greek's.

> **Elihu Root told a story about himself and his efforts to correct the manners of his office boy. One morning the young autocrat came into the office and, tossing his cap at a hook, exclaimed, "Say, Mr. Root, there's a ball game down at the park today and I want to go down."**
>
> **"James," said Mr. Root, "that isn't the way to ask a favor. Now you sit down in my chair and I'll show you how to do it properly."**
>
> **The boy took the office chair and his employer picked up his cap and stepped outside. He then opened the door softly and, holding the cap in his hand, said quietly to the small boy in the big chair, "Please, sir, there is a ball game at the park today; if you can spare me, I would like to get away for the afternoon."**
>
> **In a flash the boy responded, "Why, certainly, Jimmie; and here is fifty cents to pay your way in."**
>
> MASTER BOOK OF HUMOROUS ILLUSTRATIONS — WILLIAMS. (Cokesbury Press.)

Billy got to bed, fell instantly asleep. Anne went back to the devastated area.

"All we need is system," said Stan, from the door. "Men and women first separately."

"Some women's shoes look about the same," said Anne dubiously, "but we have to start somewhere." She knelt among the oxfords.

At midnight they were still sorting.

"Give me a Stetson," said Anne, "in place of a brown Walkover. Got any College-bred there?"

"No, but here's an Enna Jettick," Stan said.

"Hand me that pump." Anne pushed her hair back. "If it's an I. Miller, I can use it."

"It's a Matrix, size 6B," said Stan.

"He must have eaten a few," said Anne. "We're never going to come out even."

"I've got an odd Bean moccasin," moaned Stan, "and a four-inch-heel spectator sport."

Anne crawled under the davenport. "A few seem to have gotten in here," she said. "Here's the missing Gold Cross, I think."

At one-thirty Stan stood up and stretched his aching back. Anne was tying together, by the laces, a pair of Archsupports, size 8½C.

Not a word was spoken as they crawled upstairs and went to their room. Anne stopped in Billy's room. He was sleeping like a baby, arms up, palms turned to the air. A lock of hair fell across his forehead. Anne bent and smoothed it back.

They overslept, getting down late to breakfast. Stan said, "I've got to have a talk with your son, a really serious talk."

"Um," said Anne. "You going to dissolve the shoe-polishing business?"

"I certainly am."

The phone rang. Anne answered it.

"Mr. Morse calling from Briarwood," said a voice.

"Yes, Mrs. Wingate. . . . Yes, it is. . . . Yes, I'm his mother."

There was a long pause, a muffled sound from Anne, a faint laugh, another pause, then the phone was hung up and Anne came back to where Stanley was rubbing his head and thinking about aspirin.

"Well, darling," said Anne, "they want him at Briarwood."

"Well, well! I suppose because of my being well known in the legal profession they decided to forego the marks."

"Not exactly," said Anne, sitting down on the arm of his chair. "They're admitting him on a different basis."

"On what basis?"

"Because, so far as they know, he's the only pagan who ever applied for entrance to Briarwood," said Anne.

"What?" shouted Stanley.

"Yes. Seems under religious affiliation they have Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, and so forth, and so on. But nobody ever crossed them all out and wrote in 'pagan' before. Mr. Morse thinks the school might benefit by one pagan."

"Hey, mom"—Billy poked his head in the door—"was that for me?"

"Billy, why did you say you were a pagan?" asked Anne.

"Oh, that"—he waved an already dirty hand—"well, you made it sound swell; I just thought I'd be one, that's all." He sat down and reached for a hot muffin. "It was swell of you to sort those shoes," he said. "I might have been sued if I hadn't got 'em back. People are kind of sensitive about shoes these days. Look, pop, I have a swell new idea—I'm going to get a job downtown at the florist's. Delivering flowers. They advertised for a boy yesterday."

Stanley looked at him. "No," he said, "no, you aren't."

"Well, why not, pop, forevermore?"

"Because," said Stanley, in his most dignified voice, "I do not wish to find myself, somehow, carrying bouquets about town. It would not," he said firmly, "look right for a well-known lawyer. It might even," he added, "give rise to comment. Neither your mother nor I can deliver flowers."

"But I'm the one going in the flower business," protested Billy.

"Appearances are deceitful," said his father.

Billy looked desolate. "Gee, pop, what'll I do if you keep interfering with my earning money?"

Stanley reached in his pocket and drew out his wallet. He extracted a bill. He passed it, folded, across the table. "When that's gone," he said, "come to me and I'll see what I can do to find a little more."

"You mean you don't want me to work any more?"

"I'm only human," said his father. "I can't stand it."

Billy, with four muffins held in two hands, loped to the door. "Hey, mom," he said, "maybe I won't need that dollar you gave me this morning for a day or so. Spend this first."

Mr. and Mrs. Wingate looked at each other over the breakfast table.

"Darling, you're wonderful," said Anne. "You solved the whole problem. Like a lawyer."

"So you gave him money too. What for?"

"Well, I only paid him not to shine any more shoes," said Anne.

"Well," said Stanley, "It's still the only principle."

"It's perfect," agreed Anne, "except it didn't work for us." She laughed suddenly, coming around to sit on the edge of the table beside him. "It's just because we're all pagans," she said.

Stanley looked at her. "Darling," he said, "on second thought, I believe it would be cheaper for you to get the mink and not try to save that extra money."

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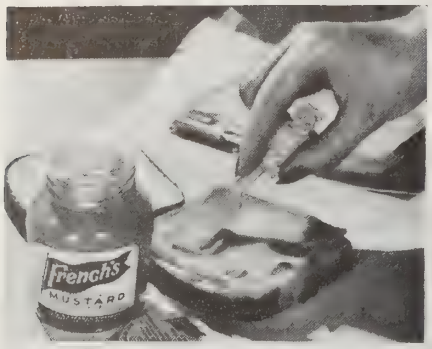
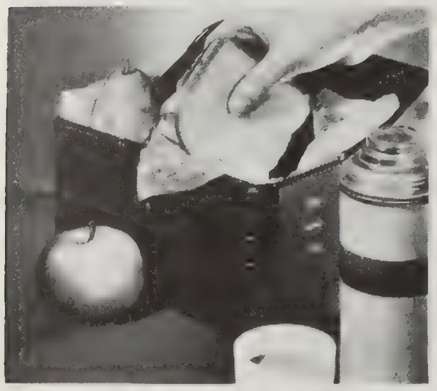


a hungry man



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HOUSE OF COBWEBS

(Continued from Page 17)

hesitating—but always lovely and always disturbing, drawing Bunny away from his painting and me away from my writing. A happy interval—too happy to last long.

Like a dream changing into nightmare, Camilla's image came back into my vision. Camilla, standing on the corner of the Via Tornabuoni, staring at the blond girl who was more lovely than herself. Camilla sitting at a table in the square, telling me that she would forgive and forget if I would go back with her to London. I remembered her white, furious face as I refused. She said, "You will never marry *her!*" I remembered her last look, as she walked away. Again I stood confronting my own ugly thoughts, while my brother said, "I could have strangled her!" and Aunt Rachel anxiously protested, "Don't talk like that!"

Again the scene shifted, and I saw the great square of San Marco on a rainy night. I saw the floor of the square shining in the rain, the shadows of the people walking under the arcade lights. Here in Venice Elizabeth Dillon and I had met again. There, for a few days, we had been alone, and our life had hung in the balance. And there at last my brother had followed her again—and for the first time in his life he had distrusted me. Perhaps not without reason, I thought, as I felt Elizabeth's presence close to me, warm and alive, almost within my reach. And then her image faded, too, as I stood on the deck of a ship and watched the towers of Venice sinking lower and lower against the evening sky.

With that last view, a chapter closed. War had shut down like a curtain over all familiar things. My brother had married Elizabeth Dillon and they had gone back to New York, and I had gone on to Greece and from there on eastward.

I saw only the glimpses of a journey that had carried me half across the world, flying eastward over the hills and villages of Palestine, over the Euphrates, a huge brown river winding like a snake through the pale desert of Iraq, over the wild Persian hills and the Gulf of Oman. Bombay harbor, shrouded in mist, and a rusty little freighter lying at the dock. Through the monsoon in the Indian Ocean, and around the Cape. Through winter, and on into summer again in the Atlantic.

AND then at last, on this cool October afternoon, the docks of the Jersey shore, as strange to me as though I were landing in a foreign port. I saw people standing on the dock. I looked for Bunny, who was not there. But a girl was waving to me, a girl who seemed to know me, but whom I had never seen before in my life. She threw her arms around me and kissed my cheek. Then, as she drew back, she blushed, and for the first time I saw her face distinctly, the narrow, pointed chin and generous mouth, the brilliant dark eyes.

"I'm sorry," she said. "You are so exactly like Bunny that I forgot you didn't know me."

"And who are you?" I asked, smiling.

"I'm your Cousin Serena."

"One of the cousins whom Bunny kisses? In that case ——" I kissed her quickly on the lips. She was small and slight, and when she was embarrassed she looked very young. "Where is Bunny?" I asked.

"He was away when your cable came. So Aunt Rachel and I came to meet you."

"And Aunt Rachel?"

"She was tired after the long drive, so I made her stay at the apartment, and I came down alone to take care of you."

"Take care of me?"

"See you through the customs, you know, and all that. It's so long since you've been home, I thought you might not know your way around," she said seriously.

I DIDN'T smile. After traveling half around the world, it was rather pleasant to be met at the end of the journey by a young and pretty cousin, who thought I might need help in getting off a boat. I allowed myself to be helped until I and my luggage were in Serena's car.

As we headed for the Holland Tunnel, I said, "I still don't know who you are."

She looked at me in surprise. "I'm your Uncle Henry's niece—your Aunt Rachel's niece by marriage."

"Then you've been kissing me on false pretenses. You are not my cousin at all," I said severely.

She laughed, a low, sweet laugh.

We drove through the tunnel, and I looked up and saw the towers of New York, close and yet fantastically remote, as alien and lovely and surprising, after fifteen years, as though I had never seen them before.

Serena drove easily through the traffic. We stopped at an apartment building in Fifty-eighth Street. The last time I had seen Aunt Rachel had been two years ago, on the deck of a ship in Naples harbor. And now the moment had come that we had mentioned then so casually: "When we meet again." The interval of two years became, in that moment, less than nothing. There was no gap to be bridged.

In one of the plain black dresses she always wore, Rachel looked exactly the same as when I said good-by to her in Naples. She had the beauty that can never quite disappear—the beautiful bones and calm lines that can never grow ugly with age. She stood looking at me in silence, while Serena talked on like a self-possessed child trying to make two older people feel at home.

"No, I didn't have any trouble finding him." She laughed. "All my life I've heard those stories about you and Bunny getting mixed up. But I didn't really believe them. It has to be seen to be believed!"

I laughed, as memories of the old joke came crowding back, the tricks that Bunny and I had played almost from the time we were old enough to talk, each of us pretending to be the other until everyone around us was thoroughly exasperated and confused.

"You've not only got Bunny's face and voice," Serena went on, "but all his little mannerisms, even his laugh. Are you really Bob, or just Bunny playing a trick on us?"

"It's not really so hard to tell the difference when you see us together," I said. "Bunny's a little more heavily built than I am, and his face is a little wider through the jaw."

"But he has the same coloring—that black hair, and dark complexion, and those light eyes," Serena said, studying my face in the impersonal way that one might look at a portrait. "Even your hands are the same, artists' hands. And you both have the same ugly attractiveness that one doesn't grow tired of."

"My dear!" Rachel said, trying not to smile. But Serena wasn't listening.

The Annulment

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"It's funny," she said seriously, "but I feel as if I knew you very well. As you are, I mean—not just as Bunny's double. As if I'd known you all my life."

"She has heard Bunny and me talk about you so much, you see," my aunt said gently.

It crossed my mind to wonder if Serena had ever heard the last of those stories about Bunny and me, the final joke that ended in scandal and something like tragedy.

"It's the old fable of the good brother and the bad brother," I said lightly. "The bad brother has come home at last."

"I know which is the bad brother," Serena remarked calmly. "I know Bunny!"

"What's he like now as a married man?" I asked. "I can't imagine it, somehow. Is he very much changed?"

"You don't suppose anything will ever change Bunny, do you?" Serena said. "With those eyes?"

Rachel protested, "My dear, you are too young to talk that way." She turned to me. "He's very happy, Bob. I always thought he was wrong when he said marriage would never do for him. But I never thought he would find a woman like Elizabeth. She's the one woman who could have made him happy."

"She knows how to hold him," Serena said. "Whatever she thinks, he'll never know it. She'll never let him find out that she's jealous and possessive."

"My dear," Rachel said, "Elizabeth isn't ——"

"Darling, all women are jealous," Serena said calmly, "and most men give them cause."

Rachel laughed gently. "Don't let all this nineteen-year-old worldly wisdom give you the idea that Bunny and Elizabeth aren't happy, Bob. They are, and you'll know it the moment you see them."

"When's that going to happen?" I said. "Where are they?"

"In philadelphia. They'd started just before your wireless came. We sent it on to them, but it evidently hasn't reached them or we'd have heard." She smiled at me. "I'm afraid I was glad to have a good excuse for coming down to meet you. Henry thought the long drive might be too much for me."

I wondered whether the length of the drive had been Uncle Henry's only reason for objecting to it. He'd been on my side, fifteen years ago, but I knew it had been more for Rachel's sake than from any strong conviction of my innocence. Realizing that I should have made them sooner, I made the proper inquiries about him and, after Rachel had told me that he was well and taking a late vacation at Berry Hill, I asked about the others—who hadn't been on my side. Aunt Mathilda was in town, Rachel said; Uncle John and Aunt Minerva were still up at West Linton, and so was Louisa.

"Louisa's married, you know. To Eugene Renault, from Harrisburg. He's a lawyer and he's gone into partnership with Henry and taken over a lot of the work—which I'm glad of."

"How do they feel about my coming home?" I asked.

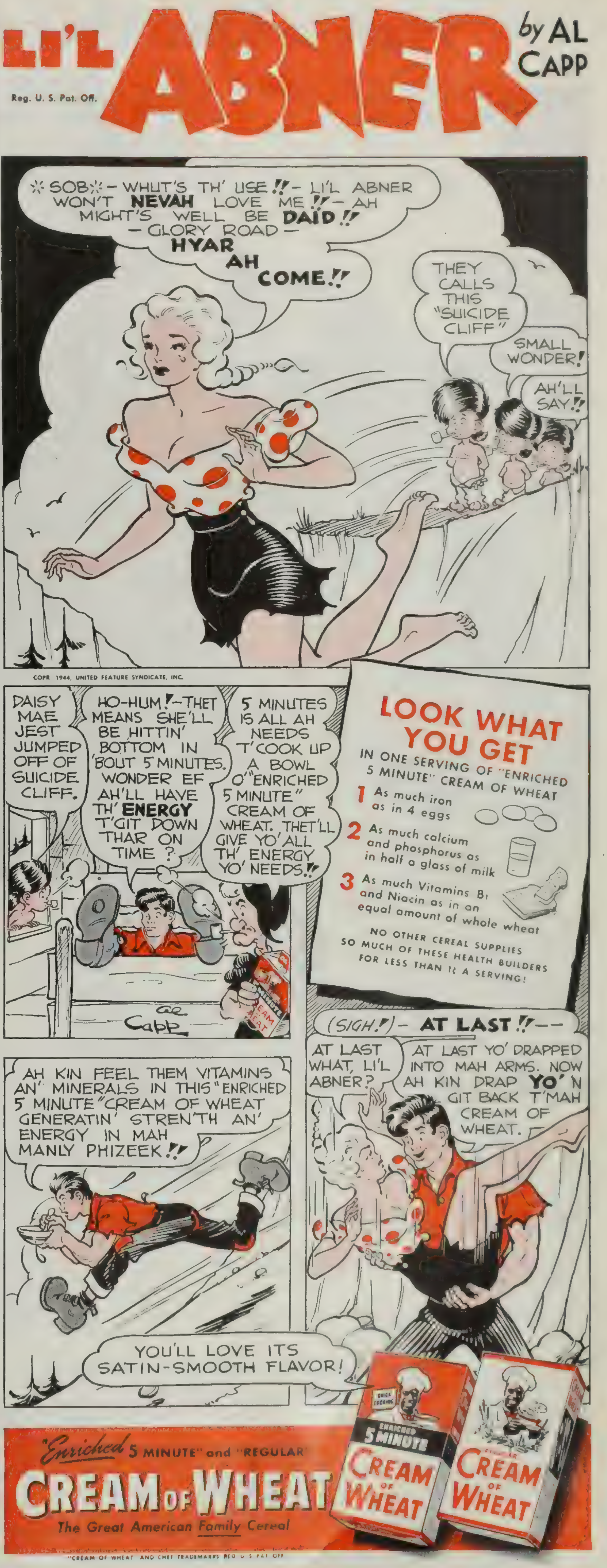
Rachel hesitated. I fancied that a shadow crossed her face. It was Serena who answered: "They're all prepared to forget the past." There was a quiver of scorn in her voice.

"If they wouldn't talk so much about forgetting it," Rachel said, "it would have been forgotten long ago." There was a faint flush in her face, and I knew that she was angry, though her voice was gentle still.

"They're all just spiteful old women! Yes, Uncle John is an old woman too," Serena declared. "And the whole story is fantastic. It *wasn't* you! I've always known it wasn't you—ever since I was old enough to hear the story. How could they all be so stupid? How could anyone know Bunny and not realize the truth? And they all adore him—all those prim and proper old ladies!"

"My child," I said, "whatever you may think, don't say these things to anyone else. It won't do any good to stir it all up again.

(Continued on Page 93)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(Continued from Page 91)

t wasn't Bunny's fault. He told the truth, and no one would believe him. They believed the evidence. I was the one who got caught. I was in the woman's room. Whether was framed or not doesn't really matter now. There was no question that it was one of us. And as far as the scandal goes, what difference can it make which one it was?"

"It makes a difference to those who love you," my aunt said.

I laughed a little. "What difference does t make even to *you?* You love Bunny, don't you?"

"Yes, of course," Rachel said, "but ——"

"Of course she loves Bunny!" Serena interrupted. "She loves me, and she loves Uncle Henry. She loves all of us. But she'd give the whole lot of us in exchange for you! No matter what you had done. She would love you just the same if you had committed murder!"

"Don't say such things!" Rachel protested.

"They're true things," Serena said. Her eyes were very bright and dark, I thought irrelevantly, and very beautiful. They looked straight into mine. "And you know they're rue, don't you, Bob?"

"Yes," I said, "I know."

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II

RACHEL and I were alone together. It was late, and after Serena left us Rachel had suddenly grown silent. I looked at her curiously. Something of the brightness had gone from her face.

"It's time for you to go to bed," I said.

"Not yet." She shook her head. "There's something I've got to tell you, Bob."

I waited.

"I hoped that when you came home you'd have a chance to begin all over again, without he past hanging round your neck."

"Are you still worrying about the family?" I said.

"It's worse than that."

"Can anything be worse?" I said, trying to make her smile.

"Yes, I'm afraid so." There was a little pause. "It's—it's about Camilla. She's here in New York. She wants to see you."

My mind recoiled from the thought.

She took a letter out of her bag. "Give it to me." Even to my own ears my voice was a stranger's voice. I stared down at Camilla's neat handwriting as it flowed across the page.

> BLANKSHIRE HOTEL, NEW YORK.
> APARTMENT 309.
> October —, 1940.
>
> *Dear Mrs. Clifton*: I am writing to you because it seems to be the only way to reach my husband. I've had no word from him for nearly a year.
>
> I'm sure you would find some excuse for that, as for everything else he has done. But I must ask you to tell him, as soon as he arrives, that I must see him at once. It's an urgent matter. I understand, through the bank and the steamship offices, that he is on his way home from the East, and that the ship is expected to dock on Friday. Under the circumstances, I don't want to go down to the dock to meet him. But I shall be here in my apartment between ten and twelve on Saturday morning, and if you will give him this message I'm sure he will understand that it's best for him to come and see me then.
>
> Yours sincerely,
> CAMILLA ARNOLD.

I crushed the letter in my hands. "I know what this means. Another scene—ending in the same way they always end—with me so sick with disgust that I want to cut my throat. Or hers." I stopped. Rachel had got up from her chair, and we stood staring at each other. I could see my own thoughts reflected in Rachel's frightened face. Formless thoughts, growing out of rage and hate, unacknowledged and yet always present, like a shadow half seen behind one's shoulder—in that moment they had taken shape at last. And suddenly, with a cold clearness, I saw myself close to the border of sanity. "I'll never go back to her," I said. "Never!"

Rachel took the letter from me, and smoothed it out. She was frowning as she read it. But when she looked up, her frown was thoughtful rather than angry. "Are you sure that she wants you to go back to her?"

I stared at her.

"She doesn't say so in the letter," Rachel said. There was a pause. Then she went on: "Was there never—was she never interested in any other man?"

"Interested?" The question was not easy to answer in simple words. "Never seriously. If you knew Camilla ——"

"I know what Bunny has told me. I know there have been other men. And if any of those men had really been serious ——"

I shook my head. "None of them ever was. Except in Camilla's imagination. She had that strange idea that some women have—that every man who was attracted by her must be in love with her. But the attraction never lasted. She could be charming when she wanted to, but no one could get to know her well and not realize the coldness that lay underneath the charm. You see, she doesn't really like men. And that's the one thing that a man can't fail to realize, sooner or later." I stopped there, remembering Rachel's generation. She was in some ways extraordinarily unconventional in her ideas, but never in her language. I had to remind myself that she might still be shocked by some of the things that people of my generation find it natural to talk about.

"And yet," she said quietly, "she wanted men to be in love with her."

"That's what they all want, all neurotic women of her kind. Only they don't want to pay the price."

"But you don't know what may have happened in these past two years. She's been living alone in London. You don't know ——"

"No," I said slowly, "I don't know, of course. But somehow I don't believe she'll ever really want anyone else—or that she'll ever be willing to divorce me."

Aunt Rachel shook her head stubbornly as she reread the letter. "I think she's willing now, Bob. More than willing. Anxious. I think that's what she wants to talk over with you tomorrow."

I KNEW better, of course. I knew Camilla. And yet, suddenly, absurdly, I caught myself hoping, almost believing, that I didn't know her, that it was Aunt Rachel, judging on hearsay and a crumpled letter, who really knew her. The hope stayed with me in the primness of Rachel's guest room; it kept sleep away from me, till at last I got up and dressed and tiptoed out of the apartment.

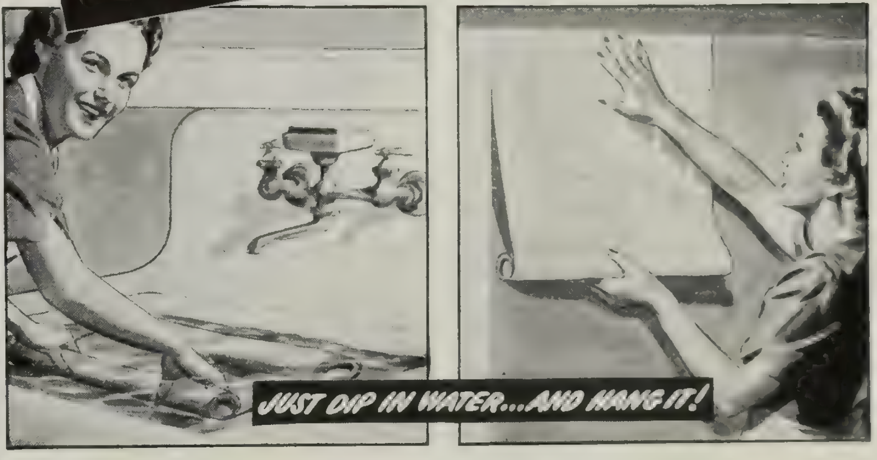
The streets were almost empty, but I did not walk alone. Camilla's shadow walked with me. I saw her smile, and I heard her voice. I saw her as the pretty blond girl

(Continued on Page 95)

THOUSANDS OF WOMEN CHEER

This Miracle Wallpaper You Put Up Yourself!

AMAZING TRIMZ TRADE MARK
READY-PASTED WALLPAPER
NO PASTE! NO TOOLS! NO MUSS!


JUST DIP IN WATER...AND HANG IT!

Q.—"What do I do before I wet it?"

A.—Not a blessed thing, except take the roll out of the attractive box, and cut the paper to correct measurements. Then, just dip it in water—and hang it! Thousands of women are *proving* that *anyone* can do it. This miracle wallpaper comes precision-trimmed to fit and match perfectly. Goes up like a postage stamp—dries in 20 minutes—is guaranteed to stick or your money back!

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A.—Lady, you'll be surprised and delighted. There are lots and *lots* of patterns . . . real beauties . . . washable, fadeproof and style-tested so you're sure they'll look smart on your walls. See the guide chart at the store, which shows how to select the right patterns and colors and tells how much you need.

Q.—"Must cost a lot, hmmm?"

A.—Gosh, no! Costs as little as $1.98 a box, complete with matching borders, nothing else to buy. Three boxes do an average room. And the cost of the paper is the *only* cost. That means a *big* saving. See how easy and how much fun it is to do one room—and you'll soon be doing over the whole house!

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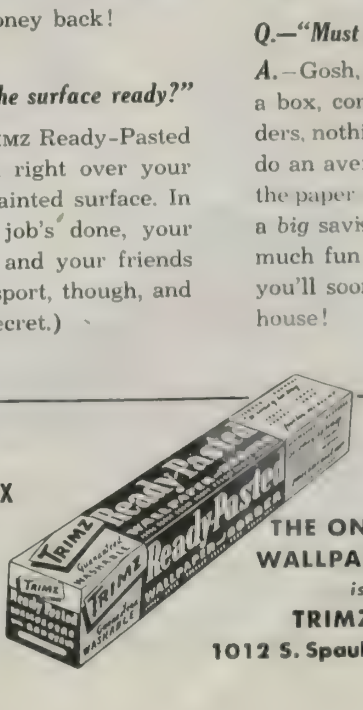

THE ONLY READY-PASTED WALLPAPER IN THE WORLD
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Have a Coca-Cola =

...or welcoming hor

These days there can be more real welcome in a snack shared in the kitchen than in many an old-time banquet. And with ice-cold Coca-Cola to add refreshment, you have all the makings at hand for a good time. As our men in camp and overseas so often tell, in

all the world there's no

than those three fam

Have a "Coke". At you

P. X.'s around the gl

for *the pause that refre*

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How to
vartime leftovers with
I GIANT PEAS
BRAND

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food.

and friendly grati-

ans of Green Giant

ocer's shelf. Out of

fresh-flavored peas

ideas for leftovers

er than new." Try

ee!

But don't make the mistake of thinking that "just any peas" will do the trick. There has to be quality in the seed, grown in the pods, and captured in the cans. That's the seed-to-can kind of quality you get in Green Giant Brand peas, "packed at the fleeting moment of perfect flavor."

Packed only by Minnesota Valley Canning Company. headquarters, Le Sueur, Minnesota, and Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Tecumseh, Ontario. Also packers of Niblet. Brand whole kernel corn.

Potato Croquettes. Make croquettes er mashed potatoes and leftover am (ground). Dip in beaten egg, ead crumbs, fry in deep fat and rounded by Green Giant Brand ream sauce.

Sea Food Scallop. Make a scallop of 2 cup leftover cooked sea food or fish and 2½ cup leftover stewed tomatoes. To regular sea soning of salt and pepper add 2 tbsp chopped onion and 1 cup chopped celery sautéed, and 1 tsp. chili powder. Combin with one 20-oz. can Green Giant Bran peas and bake in buttered casserole in ho oven for 30 minutes.

Ring (Left). Make a moist bread stuffing of leftover bread and bake in ring mold. Turn out, garnish wit fill with leftover chicken or ham, creamed, and Green Giant Brand peas. **Shepherd's Pie** (Right). Add on Giant Brand peas to diced leftover beef and leftover gravy. Season with salt, pepper and Worcestershir buttered casserole. Place mounds of leftover mashed potatoes (to which chopped chives may be addec and bake in a very hot oven (450° F.) until potatoes are browned.

(Continued from Page 93)

d met on an English June day at Henley the river. And I saw her as a woman with at girl's face and eyes and lips and body—e woman I had lived with for six years. As looked back on that life, I saw myself as ough I were looking at someone else—meone whose thoughts were frightening ıd strange. It was to escape from those oughts that I left London.

But I hadn't escaped them. They had me back to me like a recurring nightmare. could see Camilla's face as she had looked ıen I left her. I could hear the last words e had said to me, the unforgivable words at I shall carry with me till I die. After al-ost two years I had come half around the orld to find those thoughts waiting for me New York. To find Camilla waiting r me.

Sometime in the small hours I walked ıck along Fifth Avenue. The hateful ıoughts came with e.

III

VEN the longest ght must end, and ıen it is morning, ıd the ugly dreams ave faded. In their ace is the pleasant ality of breakfast Rachel's dining oom. And Rachel, as lways, without a air out of place, the erfect picture of a reat lady, in all times nd places and situa-ons, always the ame. And Eunice, o, in her prim black ress, the perfect ervant, equally un-hanging. Each of hem the finished roduct of their time, f the gracious world hat seems to be fast lipping away from s. And last of all, ut not least pleasant, erena coming in late, ith sleepy face and air in loose curls. erena wearing a eep red satin house oat, that showed up er dark hair and eyes nd honey-colored kin.

"Darling, I know vhat time you came n!" Rachel said. 'You didn't sleep nuch, did you?"

"You must give ne time. When I try o sleep, I still feel he ship pitching and ear the sounds of the ea—and then I wake nd find myself in a big, quiet bed, at home, nd I can't quite believe it."

"When we get home to Berry Hill, you'll leep better," Rachel said.

"Yes, when we get to Berry Hill." For ifteen years I had visited Berry Hill in dreams, time and time again. I had stood on he lawn and looked across the valley at the ow Pennsylvania hills. I had seen the woods bright with the colors of fall, or covered with snow, or in the lovely transition of April and May. Every change of season seemed to bring on these dreams, no matter where I was. So I said, "When we get to Berry Hill," but I could not believe that in a few days I should be there. I felt as though an impassable barrier stood between me and all the things I longed to see—and now that they were so close to me, I could no longer see them clearly, as I had seen them when I was many thousand miles away.

Rachel avoided the obvious fact that my going back would depend on what happened this morning. She chatted on, telling me which of the trees had been cut down, and what changes had been made in the house, as if she were quite unaware of the unpleasant appointment before me.

"I've got to go," I said at last, getting up abruptly.

I thought I saw relief in Rachel's face. "Yes, you must go," she said.

"We'll wait for you here," Serena said, and I knew that she must know almost everything. "Don't make it too long," she added. The casual way she ignored all the ugly implications was oddly comforting.

As I entered the hotel I thought, *In half an hour I shall be walking out through these doors. It will be finished. This afternoon, perhaps, I'll be on my way to West Linton.*

I waited at the desk while they telephoned up to Camilla's apartment. "Mrs. Arnold says to come right up." There was a little delay as I waited for the elevator. Then I was getting out at the third floor. "Apartment 309? Down the corridor, and turn to your right." Funny how those little details stick in my memory. I can see myself walking down the corridor. There is 310, and around the corner, 309. I ring the bell and wait for a minute. And then I see that the door is not quite closed. I push it open, and go in.

Prayer for Housecleaning

By Elizabeth Coatsworth

It is we women who this morning pray
To You to bless the cleaning of our houses.
With Your green grass the little hills are gay,
And once again the cow in meadow browses.

The small leaves brighten up the branches brown,
The thickets hide the wayside ugliness.
Let us make haste to take the curtains down,
And sweep the rugs outdoors with thoroughness.

Let us make haste with scrubbing brush and soap
To scour our houses till they, too, may shine,
And out of bright, fresh windows view the hope
That makes the countryside so gay and fine.

But quietly and tranquilly may we strive
All things indoors to bring unto Your order,
Remembering the joy that stirs the hive,
The shining peace upon the tulip border.

It seemed to me an endless time that I waited for the elevator. It was like a nightmare in which I was running, running with interminable slowness, away from the horror in the room behind me.

The elevator man looked at me oddly. "Anything wrong?"

"Yes," I said. "In 309. Come back with me and ——"

"Better report it to the manager." He evidently did not want to be involved.

Then I was back at the desk, talking, as a man talks in sleep, about something—an accident—in 309. They were trying to hurry me away, not wanting a disturbance in the lobby, but, as I turned, my eye was caught by the clock behind the desk. Some mechanical instinct of self-preservation must have made me speak as I did. Certainly I did not reason it out.

"That clock," I said. "Is it right?"

They all looked at it and someone said, "Yes, it's right." It said ten minutes past ten.

Then we were in the manager's office, and I was saying, "You had better telephone for the police."

The manager's dignified presence seemed to crumple. "Suicide?"

"It looks like it," I said.

"Why didn't you telephone from upstairs?"

"I didn't want to touch the phone." The answer must have come from my subconscious self. I had never thought about the phone, or about anything, except to get out of the room as quickly as possible.

I heard the manager telephoning, became aware of a doctor's professional eyes appraising me through rimless glasses. Then we were in the elevator. We were walking down the corridor, a little procession—the manager, the doctor, the desk clerk and I. We turned the corner and then, suddenly, we stopped.

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Good food plenty of it in delicious variety...with NON RATIONED Van Camp's TENDERONI*

Rationing is just an incident in the winning of the war to clever women who use Van Camp's Tenderoni to keep meals varied . . . interesting . . . nourishing. A meal in itself . . . light, white, fluffy Tenderoni is the delightful ingredient that gives substance to an infinite variety of combination dishes with meat, cheese, fish, chicken, vegetables . . . making these foods go further . . . enhancing their flavor and appeal to all appetites.

Tenderoni does this because it is different from all ordinary macaroni or spaghetti . . . different as an angel-food cake is from a loaf of bread because of the egg-white in Tenderoni, plus Van Camp's patented process. This exclusive method gives Tenderoni a thin wall that cooks quickly (only 7 minutes) . . . holds its shape after cooking . . . is tender but not doughy • *Ask your grocer for Tenderoni. Enjoy it often. Try this Tenderoni recipe that gives new flavor to an old favorite.*

TENDERONI TOMATO RAREBIT

1 (6 oz.) package TENDERONI
1 can condensed tomato soup
1½ cups grated American cheese
⅛ teaspoon pepper

Cook Tenderoni according to directions on package. Heat soup; stir in 1 cup of the cheese, and pepper, and continue heating until piping hot. Place hot Tenderoni on a serving platter; pour over sauce, and top with remaining cheese. Makes 6 servings.

Tenderoni is a product of Van Camp's . . . famous for fine foods for 83 years.

***** *Tenderoni is a registered trade-mark for Van Camp's patented product.*

They all turned and stared at me, and then they turned again to stare at the man who stood before the door of 309.

At my brother, Bunny.

I stared, too, I suppose. It was like finding myself, unexpectedly, before a mirror.

Bunny was the first to speak. His tone was unperturbed. "So I got here before you, eh?" He made a casual gesture toward the door. "I've been ringing the bell, but she doesn't answer."

"You didn't go in?" If the sharpness of the manager's voice surprised Bunny, his expression did not show it.

"I couldn't get in," he said. "The door's locked."

A wave of relief flowed over me. I must have closed that door, though I did not remember doing it.

"What are you doing here?" the manager was asking.

"I came to see Mrs. Arnold." Bunny's voice was suddenly sharp, as if for the first time he realized that there was something underlying all this talk. "What *is* this? What's it all about?"

"That's what we have to find out," the manager said.

He unlocked the door with a pass key. He warned us not to touch the knob. The doctor went in first and we followed him into the entrance hall. He told us to stay there and went on into the sitting room alone. From where I stood I could not look into the room, but I could see my brother's face as he stood in the doorway. And the look of it told me, with absolute certainty, that he had not been in that room before. He moved forward a little, until he was inside the room. I could see only the back of his head, but I could see what he saw as if I were looking over his shoulder.

"She shot herself." someone was saying.

"Shot herself?" Bunny's voice came back to me sharply. "What with?"

Then silence. Silence that was uttering the word that my mind had been desperately trying not to hear. And Bunny turned slowly, and our eyes met.

A teacher was examining her class in the catechism and asked, "What is the outward and visible sign in baptism?" and the inevitable bright boy answered, "The baby."

—SIDNEY F. WICKS: Stories for Speeches. (F. Muller, Ltd.)

The hours that followed are a blurred confusion in my mind. I remember that the hall was suddenly full of uniformed men and of the buzz of their voices; I remember waiting, waiting endlessly, while unknown mysteries of police routine went on in the next room; I remember that I tried to keep my scattered thoughts away from the riddle of Bunny's presence and that the weight of unsaid things between us made the time of waiting seem interminable. More distinctly I remember holding, for an uncomfortable interval, the center of the stage. I was in the room again. Out of the blur of faces and voices, one face had materialized, and an impersonal voice, and a pair of cold eyes watching mine. I had a sense of nakedness, as I felt myself stripped of all the reserves and decencies of my private life.

"You can identify this woman?"

"SHE is my wife, Camilla Arnold." I spoke very slowly and carefully, like a man when he is drunk and trying to show that he is sober.

"You were the first person to find her?"

"I suppose I must have been. I seem to have been the first one to report the ——" I stopped.

"You were not living with your wife?" I had already given the Fifty-eighth Street address as mine.

"No. I had not seen her for two years."

"When did you see her last?"

"In Florence, about two years ago."

"What were you doing there?"

"I'm a writer," I said, giving the explanation that usually covers every form of eccentricity. "I've been living abroad for many years. I landed in New York yesterday."

More questions. Short, staccato questions, and my briefer answers. No, Camilla and I weren't legally separated. Yes, she'd stayed on in our London house after I'd left it. No, I'd had no idea that she was in New York until yesterday, when I found h letter asking me to meet her here betwe ten and twelve this morning.

"What time did you get here?"

"At five minutes to ten. I happened notice the clock, because I didn't want to late. I stopped at the desk, and they tel phoned up to announce me. My wife to them to send me up and ——"

"*She* told them?" The pale cold ey flickered a little.

"Yes—at least I thought she did. Th telephone girl said: 'Mrs. Arnold says come right up.' You will have to ask th girl whether it really was my wife's voice."

The detective made a note. "Go on."

"THEY told me the number, and I went u in the elevator."

"Did the elevator man go to the do with you?"

"No. He only directed me. I rang th bell, but there was no answer. Then I sa that the door was not quite shut, and I a sumed that she had left it like that, expec ing me to walk right in. I stepped insi and said 'Camilla?' but there was no answe I was a little surprised, but I walked on in the sitting room, and I saw her. Just th way you saw her when you got here."

"She was dead?"

"Yes."

"How did you know?"

"I knew. I could see that she was."

"From the look of the wound, you thoug she must be dead? You didn't touch her"

"No."

"What did you do?"

"I went down ——"

"Why didn't you telephone down?"

"I couldn't get at t telephone without distur ing the body."

"You didn't see a gun?"

"No."

"You went witho touching anything?"

"Nothing—except t doorknob. I shut the do so that no one could go in I would swear to that, matter what happened.

"You went down in the elevator. It w ten minutes past ten when you got back the desk and it was just ten when Mrs. A nold told them to send you up. So you h ten minutes in which you rode up in the el vator, walked along the corridor, came and found the body, and got back downsta again. Allowing three minutes each way, if was Mrs. Arnold who answered the phor she was killed between ten and ten-three— she was killed before you got here." A litt pause here. "And whoever did it had thr minutes in which to get away. . . . D your brother come here with you?"

"No," I said.

"Then how did he happen to be here?"

"You'd better ask him," I said.

"All right, Jerry. Bring in the other on

But instead of Bunny, the policem brought the elevator man who had broug me up and taken me down. "We just g hold of him," the policeman said. "I thoug maybe you'd want him first."

"All right." The detective turned to t elevator man. "Where have you been?"

"I was off duty." The man was nervo

"When did you go off?"

"About a quarter past ten. I'm suppos to go off at ten, but my relief was late."

"Did you bring anybody up to th apartment just before you went off?"

"Yes," the man said. He looked towa the doorway just as the policeman ca back with Bunny. The elevator man point at Bunny. "That's him. I brought him and took him down, maybe five minu later. He said something was wrong in he but I thought he was tight or something. didn't pay no attention."

"But you're sure he's the man, are you

"Sure, I'm sure."

"Sure it wasn't this one?" The detecti took him by the shoulders and swung h around so that he was facing me.

(Continued on Page 98)

COOKING AUTHORITIES AGREE

More than 250 ways from soup to dessert to use point-saving Salad Oil

"AND HERE ARE JUST A FEW OF THEM..."

CREAM OF BROWN ONION SOUP

2 medium onions, minced
3 tbsp. Mazola
3 tbsp. flour
2 cups bouillon
1 cup milk
½ tsp. salt

Cook onions in Mazola until brown—in top of double boiler over direct heat. Remove from heat, add flour, blend thoroughly. Add bouillon and milk and place over boiling water. Cook until thickened, stirring frequently. Season. Sprinkle with grated cheese if desired. Serves 4.

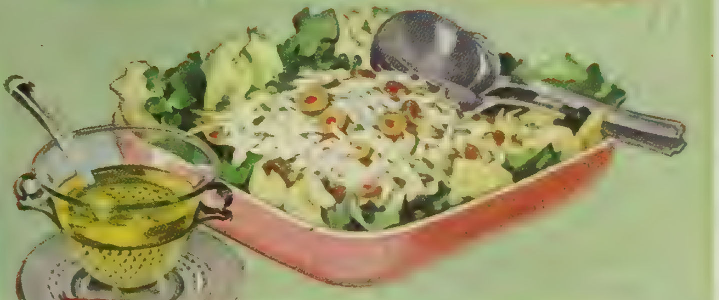
BROILED FISH FILLETS

Use fish fillets or steaks about ½″ thick. Place on oiled broiler rack with top of food 2″ below flame. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Brush with Mazola. Broil 5 mins. or until brown; carefully turn. Spread with 2½ tbsp. mayonnaise made with Mazola. Sprinkle with flour, salt and pepper. Broil 10 mins. or until tender and brown. (1½ lbs. serves 4.)

CURRIED CHICKEN FRICASSEE

1—4 lb. chicken, cut-up
¾ cup flour
1½ tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper
½ cup Mazola
1 tsp. curry powder
1½ cups milk
1½ cups water

Roll chicken in 6 tbsp. of the flour, ½ tsp. salt, and the pepper, combined. Brown quickly in Mazola in skillet; remove to Dutch oven. In drippings left in skillet, blend rest of flour, salt and curry powder, add milk and water gradually, stirring smooth; cook until thickened. Pour gravy over chicken. Cover; simmer 1½ hrs. or until tender. Serves 5.



OLIVE COLE SLAW with FRENCH DRESSING

¾ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. paprika
¾ cup Mazola
⅛ tsp. pepper
1 tsp. sugar
¼ cup vinegar
¼ tsp. dry mustard

Measure all ingredients into mixing bowl or glass jar. Beat with rotary beater or shake to mix thoroughly. Shake or beat just before serving. Makes 1 cup.

Mix ½ cup sliced, stuffed olives with 3 cups shredded, raw cabbage. Toss with salad dressing until well mixed. (1 tbsp. minced onion and green pepper may be added, if desired.)

PIE CRUST (LEMON MERINGUE PIE)

2 cups sifted flour
½ tsp. salt
½ cup Mazola
Cold water to moisten (about ¼ cup)

Sift together flour and salt. Mix in Mazola lightly with fork or pastry blender. Add water, a little at a time, and work lightly with a fork. (The dough should be soft.) Roll out at once on floured board. Makes top and bottom crust for one 9″ pie, or two 9″ pastry shells. (Use Lemon Flavor Kre-Mel Pie Filling to make this delicious favorite.)

Food authorities, in modern cook books, magazines and newspapers, now specify "salad oil" in hundreds of savory recipes.

Mazola is a pure vegetable oil, as good to eat as the golden corn from whose fully ripened hearts it is pressed.

Save butter by using Mazola for frying and "melted" shortening. Mazola is as superior for general cooking as it is for making delicious fresh salad dressings.

HELPFUL HINTS

Baste roasting chicken with Mazola to keep skin tender and delicious.

Use Mazola for greasing muffin and cake tins; oil broiler racks with Mazola to prevent meat from sticking.

Before baking, brush potatoes with Mazola to keep skins soft.

MAZOLA *makes so many good things*

© Corn Products Sales Co.

A table treat from old NEW ORLEANS

...Brer Rabbit

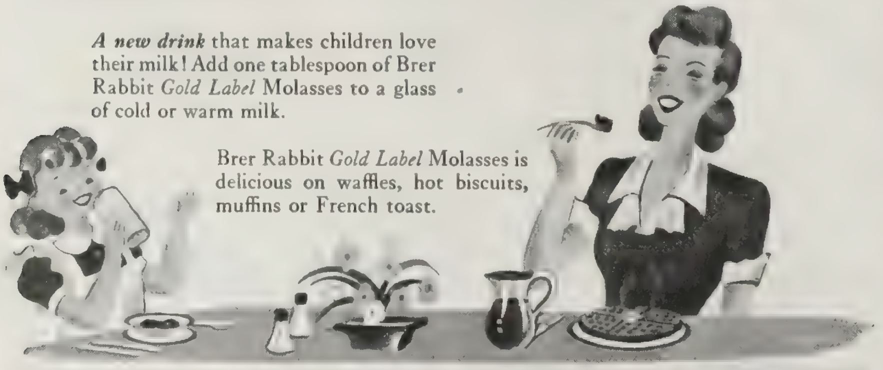
GOLD LABEL Molasses

The luscious old-plantation flavor of Louisiana sugar cane—sweet and mild for table use. That's what you get in Brer Rabbit *Gold Label* Molasses. This highest quality, fancy, light-colored New Orleans molasses is a delicious treat on pancakes, waffles or French toast . . . on cereal . . . and as a spread for bread.

Try this sweet and mild table molasses—in the Brer Rabbit bottle with the gold-colored label. Or—if you wish a dark, full-flavored type, try Brer Rabbit *Green Label* Molasses, recommended for cooking. Both *Gold Label* and *Green Label* are real New Orleans molasses!

A new drink that makes children love their milk! Add one tablespoon of Brer Rabbit *Gold Label* Molasses to a glass of cold or warm milk.

Brer Rabbit *Gold Label* Molasses is delicious on waffles, hot biscuits, muffins or French toast.



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(PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

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City State

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(Continued from Page 96)

Even at that moment I could almost have laughed at the man's expression. He looked helplessly from me to Bunny and back to me again. "He was wearing a light-colored suit," he said. "Light gray or—or maybe it was light brown."

Again I could almost have laughed. The suit I was wearing was a nondescript fawn color and my brother's was an indeterminate gray.

"Well, which one was it?" the detective demanded.

The man looked at Bunny and then at me. He shook his head. "I don't know," he said.

Suddenly I knew that the futile questioning had gone far enough. Too far. There mustn't be any room for doubt about my having been here before Bunny.

"What's the use of asking him?" I said sharply. "He can't possibly be sure which one of us came up with him. But I'm sure. I remember him, even if he can't remember me. He brought me up and took me down again. My brother"—I was careful not to look at Bunny—"must have come up with the other operator—the one who came on duty at ten-fifteen."

"All right, Jerry," the detective said. "Go get the other elevator boys. Get all of 'em." He swung around to face Bunny. "And let's have your story, while we're waiting. When did you get here?"

IV

"I CAN'T be sure to the minute," Bunny said. His voice was quiet, easy. "I knew the number of the room and I wanted to get here as soon as my brother, so I came straight up. There was no answer when I rang, and I thought I must have made a mistake about the number. I was just about to go down when my brother turned up, with the others."

"So you must have been on the way up while I was in the manager's office. *After* I'd been here and found Camilla."

> **A father gave his little boy a quarter and a nickel, telling him to contribute at the missionary meeting. When it was over the father asked which he gave and why.**
>
> **"I gave the nickel," he replied, "for the preacher said we must give cheerfully and I couldn't give the quarter cheerfully."**
>
> —JOHN G. VAUGHN: Diamond Dust in Dew Drops. (Post Pub. Co.)

I had a feeling that I'd said it too eagerly. But the detective didn't seem to notice. He was looking at Bunny. "What did you come for?" he said.

"I wanted to be present at the interview," Bunny said evenly.

"Just why?"

There was a small pause. Then Bunny said, "Just to see fair play."

I could see the flicker of satisfaction in the detective's eyes. "So you were afraid there was going to be trouble?"

"I knew my brother's weakness where his wife was concerned," Bunny said. "She could always make him do anything she wanted by working on his feelings. But she couldn't work on mine. That's why I wanted to be present. I didn't know what unreasonable things she might ask for—and get—besides a divorce."

I had no idea what Bunny was trying to do. I knew—and I knew he knew—that whatever Camilla had wanted of me, it had not been a divorce.

"Oh. So she wanted a divorce, did she?" the detective said. "Why?"

"There was another man. In London."

I listened with a curious sense of detachment. It was all a lie, of course, but it was told with a subtlety and cleverness that would have fooled the devil himself, that might even fool a New York police captain.

"My brother was willing to give her her freedom," Bunny went on, "but it isn't so easy to get a divorce in England. I knew she was here to persuade my brother to—to give her grounds for an English divorce."

All this, purely the invention of Bunny's brain, was so exactly what Camilla would have done if she had wanted a divorce, that it almost convinced me, as it seemed to convince the detective.

"I knew he'd do whatever she wanted," Bunny said, "but I wasn't going to let him do that if I could help it. That's why I came."

"So you were the one who hated her?"

I should have known that this was coming, and yet there was no way that I could have prevented it. Ever since we were boys Bunny had been the one who did the talking when there was something that we had to talk ourselves out of, and I'd been the one to listen helplessly, as I was doing now.

"I didn't hate her," Bunny said. "You don't hate people like her. You pity them, as you pity people with crippled bodies. She was a woman with a twisted, neurotic mind. She wouldn't let herself be happy. She had everything, but she wasn't satisfied. She always wanted something more."

"This other man, in London," the detective said. "What's his name?"

"Gerald Jesson," Bunny said.

I knew he was only making things worse. The police were sure to find out that Camilla's affair with Jesson had been broken off. They were sure to find out that I was the one who had wanted the divorce, and that Camilla had refused to give it to me. And then the weak point of the whole lie struck me for the first time. Camilla's letter. Rachel still had it. The police would get it from her before she realized its importance. And when they got it ——

As if in answer to my thought, the detective produced the letter. *Bunny must have brought it with him,* I thought helplessly. They'd found it when they searched him, as they had searched me, looking for the gun. I wondered why Bunny had bothered to tell all those lies, knowing all the time that the detective had the letter. I watched the man read it. When he looked up his eyes met mine without expression, but I knew they must be seeing guilt in my face.

"So," he said, "this urgent matter she wanted to see you about was a divorce, was it?"

"Of course," Bunny said, before I could grasp the meaning of the words.

I stopped listening. I was trying to believe that there could be two interpretations to the letter. I had read it last evening in the fog of preconceived anger in which I read all Camilla's letters. I remembered now that Rachel had said something about its meaning not being clear. But from the moment I heard of Camilla's being in New York, the idea of seeing her had confused my reason and my judgment.

The detective was still asking questions, and my brother was answering them. Their voices would fade away and then come back, as voices do when one is on the point of falling asleep.

"No, I'm not wasting any sympathy on her," I heard Bunny say. "Why should I pretend? You'll find out soon enough that I didn't like her. That's the only thing my brother and I ever disagreed about. When they finally decided to separate, I thought it was the best thing for both of them."

"And maybe you thought, with her out of the way, it would be better still? Maybe you hated her enough to put a bullet in her?"

"MAYBE I hated her enough to do just that," Bunny said imperturbably, "but not enough to do it without a gun."

The detective did not seem, as yet, to have any answer to that.

The questioning went on interminably. Another elevator man was brought in, the relief who had come on at a quarter past ten. He remembered bringing me up, with the manager and the doctor. But he had not seen my brother. "He must have come up in the other car," he suggested. But the man who ran the second elevator, though he remembered bringing Bunny up, was vague as to the time. It might have been before ten or after ten-fifteen. The detective let him go and began again on me.

Until you have had the actual experience of being involved in a murder case, you cannot realize how little the participants know

(Continued on Page 100)

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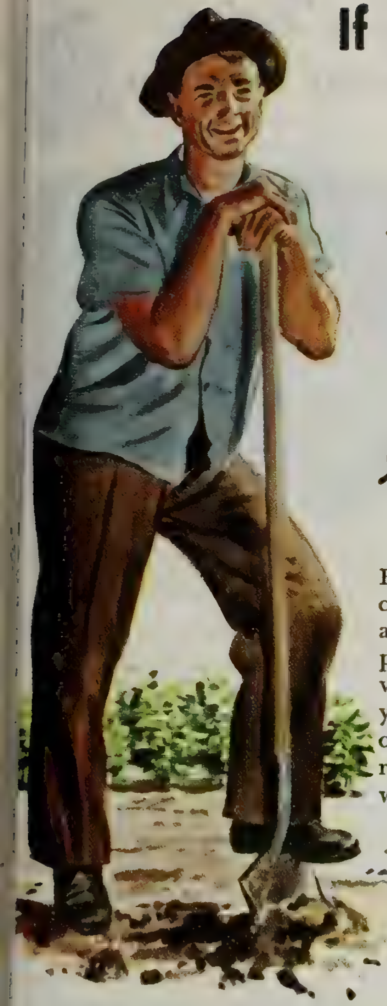

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(Continued from Page 98)

about what is going on. Even the suspect doesn't know how much evidence there is against him. They ask him questions, but he doesn't know what they think of his answers. They take his fingerprints, but he doesn't know the result of the tests. Perhaps when they search him, he can guess that they are looking for a gun. But they don't tell him whether or not they have found one elsewhere. Only the fact that by the end of the day no gun had been shown to me, made me think that they had found none. If they had, I was sure they would have confronted me with it. And I was certain they would have arrested me on the spot.

After hours of questioning, first at the hotel and afterward in the district attorney's office, where we were interviewed separately, and I was asked all the same things over again in different words and with different variations, they let me go home, merely warning me that I must hold myself ready for further questioning at any time.

I don't know what time it was when I got back to Rachel's flat. I know it was evening, for the lights were on in the sitting room. Rachel and Serena were there. My brother was there, too—the police had let him go before they had released me. I suppose all three must have been afraid that I should be held, but nothing in their faces showed it.

I must have been still suffering from shock. It was not until I had sat there awhile that my brain began to clear, and I was able to put into words the question that had been lying at the back of my mind. It was the first chance I'd had to speak to my brother, except in the presence of the police. A strange way for us to meet, after two years' separation.

"Why?" I said. "Why did you tell all those lies?"

"Because, my dear boy, they'd found that letter in my pocket. It had to be explained. And there was only one safe way of explaining it—to make them believe that it was Camilla who wanted the divorce."

"And suppose they find out that she didn't? Your"—I paused a moment—"our having lied about it makes things so much worse."

"And how are they going to find out? Camilla never told anybody that you wanted the divorce, I'm willing to bet. If she talked at all, it had to be the other way around. You know Camilla. When Jesson ran out on her she told you that she was through with him, didn't she?"

"Yes, but ——"

"But you still don't approve of telling lies, do you?" Bunny wagged his head at me. "It's lucky I was there to tell them for you."

"You didn't have to drag yourself into it as a suspect," I said.

"Well," Bunny said, with his characteristic smile and shrug, "I thought we ought to give the police a run for their money. As the man said at the peep show when the little boy asked whether it was the French or English fleet that was a-burning—'Whichever you likes, me little dears! You pays your money and you takes your choice!'"

"Please, Bunny!" Rachel said. "This is no joking matter!"

"What else is it but a grotesque, fantastic joke? I can see Camilla laughing over it, wherever she is—only she never had any sense of humor, blast her eyes!"

"Bunny, please don't!"

"You want me to show proper respect for the dead, do you? You were blaming me just now for telling lies to the police. And now you are shocked because I'm telling the truth. We all know what Camilla was—a woman possessed by a devil. A devil that tortured her till in revenge she had to torture you. She didn't want you, but she wouldn't let you go. She was one of those neurotic women who don't know what to do with a man when they get him. One of those ——"

"Don't, Bunny!" Rachel interposed. "Please don't say such things in front of Serena."

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Bunny's eyes gave Serena a curiously thoughtful look. "Yes," he said. "Yes, I'd forgotten. But I don't think it really matters. If Serena doesn't understand now, she never will. And if she does, I've told her nothing that she doesn't know."

"I think I know," Serena said slowly, "what kind of woman Camilla was."

"You all know," I said. "Which means that you know I had a—a motive. And the police will know it, too, if they don't know it already. You made it worse by trying to confuse the issue, Bunny."

"No," Bunny said. "They can't bring charges, can they, till they decide which one of us to bring them against? And at present they've got us so mixed up that they'll never get us straight again. Those elevator men ——" He was actually laughing!

"My word, Bunny!" I said. "This isn't a joke! We're not amusing ourselves this time by fooling people. It was a lot of fun, once. But it stopped being funny fifteen years ago. And now ——" I stopped there. There was a trace of the old, stubborn smile on his face. "How did you happen to be at the hotel?" I said.

"I TOLD the police the truth about that," he said. "I came straight here as soon as I got Rachel's wire. I got here a few minutes after you had left. Rachel showed me the letter. I didn't stop to talk it over. I was furious. I took a taxi to the hotel, and went up to the apartment. I knew the number. I had the letter in my pocket. I suppose I was going up in one elevator while you were coming down in the other. And that's how it happened. If we had planned it we couldn't have confused the police any more completely."

"And how do they know," I said, "that we didn't plan it?"

"When did we have time to plan it?" Bunny said. "You never saw me till we met at the hotel."

"We've got to prove that. Why didn't you keep out of it? Isn't it bad enough for one of us to be ——" I stopped. "Don't you see what you've done? I had an obvious motive. You had none. But as an accessory before or after the fact ——"

"All this," Bunny interrupted composedly, "is going a little too fast. They can't convict either of us on motive, or opportunity, or anything else—until they find the gun." He gave me a thoughtful look, behind which I could feel something unsaid. Between us, as between all human beings, there were some barriers that could not be crossed. There are times when each of us must stand alone.

Rachel broke the small silence. "And they haven't found it?"

"I don't think so," I said. I met my brother's eye and stopped. There was that something still unsaid between us.

"They won't find it," he said.

"I think both of you are quite mad," Rachel said. She looked very pale. "If the police could hear you ——"

"This is just silly," Serena said quietly, as though she were years older than Bunny or I, and rebuking us for our bad manners. "You don't have to prove anything to us."

As I looked up I was silenced. As long as I can remember anything, I shall remember Serena's eyes, very bright and dark, with the vulnerable look of a child's eyes in them.

"We know someone killed her," she said. "There was no gun found, so she didn't do it herself. But it wasn't you, Bob, and it wasn't Bunny. We don't have to waste time proving that, because we know it. She *answered* the phone. Someone was standing beside her when she answered it. Someone who knew you were coming. Someone who meant to have you walk in and find her. You know that wasn't Bunny," she said, turning around to look at me again.

I couldn't say a word. And this time even Bunny couldn't answer her with a joke.

"So," she went on, "she hung up the receiver. And someone shot her. He had five minutes to get away. He could have gone up the stairs, or down, to another floor, without anyone seeing him. The stairs in hotels are almost never used. It was all planned, by someone who knew you were coming, knew you had a motive." Her voice sounded as though she were describing something she had seen. It half convinced me, as the most fantastic story does when it is told as if the storyteller really believes it. "It was an appalling chance to take, but he had to take it." It was like a sane person speaking to mad people. "And it succeeded, didn't it?"

"But who?" I said stupidly, as though I expected her to answer that question too.

We talked late. When I went to my room, I stood at the window, looking down into the street. I heard a small sound behind me and turned. Bunny came in. He asked for a cigarette and I gave him one. He lighted it, his hands steady, sat on the bed and smoked in silence. He was putting the cigarette out carefully in the ash tray on the bed table and I was watching his hands, sinewy and graceful, when he looked up and spoke.

"What did you do with the gun?"

I simply looked at him blankly. I saw his face change.

"You didn't ——"

"No," I said.

He accepted my answer just as he would have accepted it if I had been guilty. Rachel and Serena believed in my innocence. They couldn't believe anything else. But to my brother it made no difference whether I was guilty or innocent.

"I thought it was unlike you,' he said. "So there *was* someone else." He sounded as if he had not seriously considered the idea until that moment. "That invention of Serena's must have been somewhere near the truth. There was someone else." He looked at me thoughtfully. "Someone who hated her worse than you did!"

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V

THE next day was Sunday. I don't remember what we did and said until, a little after noon, Great-aunt Mathilda came into the living room. She was dressed all in black, except for the beautiful old yellow lace at her neck and wrists, and the purple bow on her black cane. It was a tall cane that made one think of a very ancient Tosca. She wore a hat that seemed to me the same one I remembered from my childhood; and in her hand he carried an object that I believe is known as a reticule. She must have been nearly eighty, but her eyes were black and very bright, and they seemed to see far more than any other eyes I ever had the misfortune to encounter.

She gazed at me with an unnerving stare, so long that I thought she was not going to speak to me at all. When she did speak, it was not to me.

"Poor Rachel!" she said. "How terrible for you!"

Rachel didn't answer her. "This is Eugene, Bob," she said. "Louisa's husband."

I became aware of the man who stood behind Aunt Mathilda. He was tall, heavily built, about forty, with a pale smooth face and very light blue eyes. He nodded at me, but before either of us could speak Aunt Mathilda went on:

"Well, Rachel, you have your wish at last! A pleasant reunion, isn't it, after all these years?"

"A sad one for Bob," Rachel answered quietly.

(Continued on Page 103)

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ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

(Continued from Page 101)

"Very sad," Eugene added, murmuring omething about "deepest sympathy," but is effort was useless. No one could stop unt Mathilda now, until she had said hatever she meant to say.

"Well," she said, as her eyes passed over e slowly, "there is nothing for it now but r the family to stick together."

"Of course," Eugene said soothingly, we'll all stand together." He had seated imself beside her, and she turned and put er hand affectionately on his arm.

"I know that you will stand by us, ugene."

"I'll do all I can, Aunt Mathilda." He eemed to be the only one of the family who as not afraid of her, and she certainly reated him with more respect than she did ny of the rest of us.

WE MUST get the best lawyer in New ork to defend him," she said. "There is no ay we can escape *this* scandal. But it will ook better if we stand by him. And it looks ad enough anyway. The police will rake up verything, of course: his life in London, hat fast set that he and Camilla lived with. nd those books of his. And if it comes out hat as a boy of twenty ——" She stopped, s though becoming aware for the first time hat Serena was in the room. "This is not a ery suitable subject for a young girl's ars," she added.

I saw Serena's small pale face, cold with nger. I waited for the outburst that I could ee was coming, but Bunny turned quickly nd put his hand on her shoulder. She ooked up at him and whatver she saw in his eyes ilenced her.

"Aunt Mathilda is ight," he said. "We've got o stick together. It's the nly thing to do." He urned to Aunt Mathilda. There is one little point ou've overlooked," he vent on, in a pleasant onversational way. "The olice haven't made any harge, as yet, against either of us." There vas a rather awful silence. My brother miled slightly. "Of course you know," he aid, "that I was there too. In fact, there's little confusion in the minds of the police s to which of us was there first."

A gossip is a person who talks to you about others; a bore is one who talks to you about himself; a brilliant conversationalist is one who talks to you about yourself. —ANON.

Encyclopedia of Creative Thought,
Edited by Martha Lupton.
(Maxwell Droke.)

"Charles!" Aunt Mathilda could not peak calmly now, as she could when the uestion involved me only. "You are not rying to shield him *this* time?"

"I am only trying to tell you what hapened. The elevator man swore I was Bob. doubt if they'll ever get us straightened ut."

"This is very unfortunate!" Eugene said, s though it were something that could have een avoided with proper care.

"Unfortunate! It's all nonsense!" Aunt Mathilda said indignantly. "How could *you* ossibly be involved in it, Charles?" She vas so angry that I knew she was frightened.

"We are both involved," my brother said. There's no getting away from that. And here is a third person also involved, whom ou have not yet considered."

"A third person?" Aunt Mathilda said harply. "Who?"

"The man," Bunny said slowly, "who was n Camilla's room, who stood behind her vhen she answered the telephone, who"—e paused, and I looked around the circle of aces; even Serena looked as startled as hough the idea had been entirely new to er, as though she had not been the one who irst suggested it—"who shot her through he head, and who went out and left the loor ajar."

There was something terrifying to me in his talk about the unknown man, faceless nd nameless, who had been in Camilla's oom only a few moments before I went into t. Who had left the smell of gunpowder still anging in the air, from the invisible weapon hat he had taken with him. He had melted way into nothingness as though he had ever existed; he was a mere figment deluced from a visible act of violence. And yet I could feel his presence close to me, inimical and frightening. I had an irrepressible little shudder of horror, a queer instinctive warning that had nothing to do with reason.

"Is that the police theory?" Eugene asked.

"No. It's my theory," Bunny answered.

"Of course," Eugene said thoughtfully, "it's the obvious line for the defense to take—that she was involved with some other man."

As he spoke, the theory seemed to fall to pieces. I saw it, not as the truth, but as a built-up defense which a prosecuting attorney might or might not succeed in pulling down.

Eugene went on: "Is there any evidence that there was another man?"

"Who knows how many men there were?" Aunt Mathilda said, her voice trembling a little. "I suppose she was no better than he was." She was still speaking of me in the third person, as though I were not present. "We all know what *his* ideas are about fidelity in marriage. You only have to read his books. He has lived for fifteen years among people who have neither morals nor religion. It would not matter if he had brought this scandal and disgrace only on himself. But he has brought it on us all. Even on me—an old woman who had hoped to live the rest of my life in peace and quiet. Even on you, Eugene."

"Aunt Mathilda," Eugene said quietly, "you are upset and overtired. You had better let me take you home."

"Yes. The shock has been too much for me," she said. "I'd better go home."

She got to her feet slowly. I saw that she was badly shaken by the shock of finding that Bunny was involved. I knew what she was thinking. She hated me for the outward likeness which had a second time involved Bunny in a crime of which she believed me guilty. She went out, slowly and feebly, leaning on Eugene's arm.

I wondered what he really thought. As a lawyer, he would hardly assume I was guilty without having weighed the evidence. Or did he assume it, as my great-aunt did, on the evidence of character alone?

As the door closed upon them, Bunny turned and his eyes met mine.

"Damn her!" he said in a low tone of concentrated violence. "Damn them all! Sitting back and condemning a man unheard—just because he's not a hypocrite like them!"

Rachel put her hand on his arm. "Please don't," she said. "I know how you feel, but ——"

"I wanted to say it to her face!" Bunny went on. "To both of them! And I didn't. I didn't say a word. I didn't dare to. I was afraid of her! If she went to the police with that talk ——"

"She won't, I'm sure," Rachel said quietly. "You did quite right not to offend her. The only thing to do was to say nothing. The hardest thing in the world to do, my dear."

Eunice came to the doorway. "Mrs. Arnold is here," she said.

VI

I HAD never thought of Elizabeth as Mrs. Arnold. I stared at her as blankly as though I did not know who she was. She was more lovely than I remembered. Lovely, and calm, and serene, with the beauty of fine features and delicate coloring and grace of movement; with the face of La Bella Simonetta, and the quiet eyes of Venus born from the sea.

A thousand memories rushed over me. I saw her as she stood in the church of Santa Maria Novella, with a handkerchief over her shining head. I saw her in a hundred other scenes: in the streets of Florence, in the square in Venice, in the theater of Vicenza. If only we could go back! How different the world had been then, how small our griefs and pains!

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OPPORTUNITY FOR WOMEN *Ambitious women who want to earn ex-*

It was Serena who broke the silence. "Don't you know which one is which?"

"She knows," said Bunny, behind my shoulder. "She never made a mistake."

"Do you remember the swans," I said, "on the lake of Geneva?"

"Yes, Bob, I remember," Elizabeth answered.

"You knew me, even in the moonlight."

Bunny walked across the room. There was a look in his eyes—the look that makes a claim more definite than a caress. Elizabeth did not kiss him. She only looked at him.

"Why are you here?" Bunny said. "I thought we decided, when I telephoned you last night, that you'd better stay on at West Linton."

Elizabeth opened her handbag and took a letter from it. "I thought this might be important. Too important for me to trust anyone else to bring it."

Bunny held out his hand.

"No, it's for Bob."

I put out my hand to take the letter. English stamps, a London postmark, and the familiar neat handwriting. My memory of the past two days was wiped out. It was a matter of moments before I came back to the present, to realize that the letter had been written by a dead woman.

Serena's voice seemed to come from a long way off. "It's from *her?*" I don't think I answered, or needed to answer. I was still holding the unopened letter in my hand. It was postmarked June. Addressed to Jerusalem, readdressed and forwarded, it had been traveling for four months, following me half across the world. And yesterday the woman who wrote it had died. Whatever she had had to say four months ago, it could not matter now.

Never marry a widow unless her first husband was hanged.
—SCOTCH PROVERB.

I opened the letter almost without curiosity:

PLYMOUTH, ENGLAND.
June —, 1940.

Dear Bob: It is now nearly two years since you walked out of the house, and for many months you have not answered my letters. It is only through the bank that I even know your address.

I am writing to inform you that two nights ago our house was demolished by a direct hit, which totally destroyed everything in it. I came home in the evening to find it a heap of smoking ruins. Fortunately, I was with friends, who brought me down to Plymouth, where I have been recovering from the shock.

Perhaps it is the shock which has made me see things clearly at last. I have tried to make allowances for everything you have done, even for your leaving me at such a time to go through all these horrors alone. But it's no use. There is nothing to do but to end it altogether. The least you can do is to make it as easy as possible for me to get a divorce.

I can make no plans until I am stronger, but I hope that I may hear from you now, at any rate. C. R. A.

I read the first part of the letter with that sense of helpless futility with which I used to listen when she raved at me. But the final lines left me staring blankly and stupidly at them. I looked up from them and met my brother's anxious gaze. Without a word I handed the letter to him. He read it quickly and then, without looking at Elizabeth, he handed it to her.

He said, "A million other letters have gone to the bottom of the sea and this one comes through! I made up a story out of the whole cloth and all the time it was true! She *did* want a divorce. And"—he stopped—"and there *was* another man!"

"YES," I said. "That would be the only possible reason for her writing this letter."

"And this letter," Bunny said, "is going to help convict the man who killed her."

"How?" I said. "It doesn't say anything about him."

"Of course it doesn't," Serena said. "She didn't want you to know there was anybody else. She meant to put all the blame on you. She meant to be the injured wife up to the very end!"

"Poor Camilla!" I said. "How she tormented herself for nothing! I would have let her divorce me, on any grounds she chose. But she didn't trust me. She couldn't trus anyone."

"And yet," Rachel said quietly, "she mus have trusted *him*—whoever he was."

I stared at her. For a few moments no on spoke. Then Serena said:

"Yes, she trusted him. A cold-bloode murderer."

There was a knowledge in her eyes that n young girl should have had. It seemed to m that her face had changed, even since ye terday, and she was no longer a child tryin to look older than her age. It gave me little pang of useless regret. To whatever li Camilla touched in passing she brought h gift of hate and bitterness.

"SHE couldn't trust you," Serena went o "But she trusted him, till she turned fro the telephone, and looked into his eyes ar she saw the eyes of a murderer."

Again I felt the pang of regret. There wa no pity in her voice.

"But why?" she went on. "Why did h have to kill her? To keep her from tellin you about him?"

"Of course!" Bunny said. "That's i That's why she didn't tell you his name—b cause he didn't let her! Because he nev meant to marry her. He cheated her, as s had always cheated everyone else. When couldn't go on cheati her, he killed her. And h somewhere in New Yor reading about it in t newspapers, and hopi that you'll hang for But he doesn't know abo this letter!"

"A letter," I said gloomily, "that does even mention his existence."

"A letter," my brother said, "that pro you had no motive for killing her. If s wanted a divorce ——"

"But," I said, "I didn't know she want a divorce."

They all stared at me.

"Don't you see?" I said. "The letter ca a day too late."

"No," Bunny said. "That letter w written four months ago. Only the five p ple in this room know that you only got today."

He picked up the envelope, which s lay on the table where I had thrown it. turned it over in his hand and looked at postmarks on the back, that recorded so of the stages of its journey. I did not Serena's small quiet movement, but it w she who struck the match. The paper fla up, and the charred fragments dropped the ash tray which Elizabeth pushed acr the table. Even Rachel took her share in illegal act as she crushed the fragments.

"Now," said Bunny, "we'll show that l ter to the district attorney. You got months ago. We've destroyed the o proof that you didn't."

"I hope so." Rachel's tone was not qu so steady. "I suppose no one at Berry saw that letter when it came? If M tha ——"

"No," said Elizabeth, "Martha away."

"Thank God," said Bunny softly. Martha had seen it ——"

I could imagine what would have h pened. There would have been no way prevent her from talking. She never any love for me.

"And Henry?" said Rachel. She looked anxious. "You know Henry w tell even the smallest lie. Did he see letter?"

"No, I'm sure he didn't. No one saw it me. I didn't say anything about it, eith"

Rachel still was not quite satis "Bob," she said, "what did you tell the lice when they questioned you yesterd You didn't tell them you'd had no let from Camilla in the last few months?"

"No. I only said that I didn't know a thing about her coming to New York."

"Luck has been with us," Bunny softly.

"It was luck that you hardly ought have counted on, my dear," Rachel said

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She added, "It is very dangerous to begin juggling with the truth."

Bunny laughed.

"Of course, I had no right to count on it. I said the first thing that came into my head. I was desperate, and I took a desperate chance."

"You thought I'd done it, didn't you?" I said.

He looked at me and laughed again. But the laugh ended abruptly as we all became aware of the thin sound of the doorbell.

As we stood waiting, my eyes fell on the ash tray, in which a few charred fragments still remained. Serena picked up the tray and went out of the room. No one said a word.

Eunice came to the door and said, "Mr. Renault would like to know, madam, if you feel like seeing him." Then Eugene was in the room murmuring conventional phrases. He wanted to know if there was anything he could do, if he could help in any way.

"I was very sorry for what happened this morning. Aunt Mathilda wasn't herself."

"She seemed very much like herself," Bunny said.

"At her age," Eugene said, "one must humor her. It would be very unfortunate if she said some of those things to the district attorney. That talk about an old scandal ——"

"You know about that, I suppose?" said Bunny.

"Louisa has mentioned it," Eugene admitted, with a rather doubtful glance in Rachel's direction. "It's too bad that these things can't be forgotten." His eyes came back to Bunny with an expression in them that flickered for a moment, and passed. I could have sworn that it was a look of understanding. My brother may have been Aunt Mathilda's fair-haired boy, but I did not imagine that Eugene was under any illusions. "And a jury," he said gravely, "will always be unfairly prejudiced by such a story."

"A jury," Bunny said quietly, "will have to consider the evidence. First of all, they've got to have a motive."

"Yes." Eugene's eyes avoided me. No doubt he knew all about that, too, from Louisa. "I've heard there was some trouble between your brother and his wife. Naturally I ——"

"Whatever trouble there was between them, it was over," Bunny answered. "They had been separated for two years. And she was going to get a divorce. What motive would he have had for killing her?"

"A divorce?" There was incredulity in Eugene's tone. "I didn't know there was any question of that."

"That's why she came to America."

"That alters the case," Eugene said quietly. "If it can be proved."

"It can be. My brother has a letter from her, asking him in just so many words, to let her divorce him."

There was a little pause. Eugene's pale, clear eyes made me feel as if I were already on trial, under the cold eyes of a prosecuting attorney.

"You have the letter?" Eugene asked. I had the impression that he was still unconvinced.

"Yes, he kept it, luckily," Bunny answered.

"And it is quite explicit?" Eugene put the question, not like a member of the family, but like a lawyer weighing evidence.

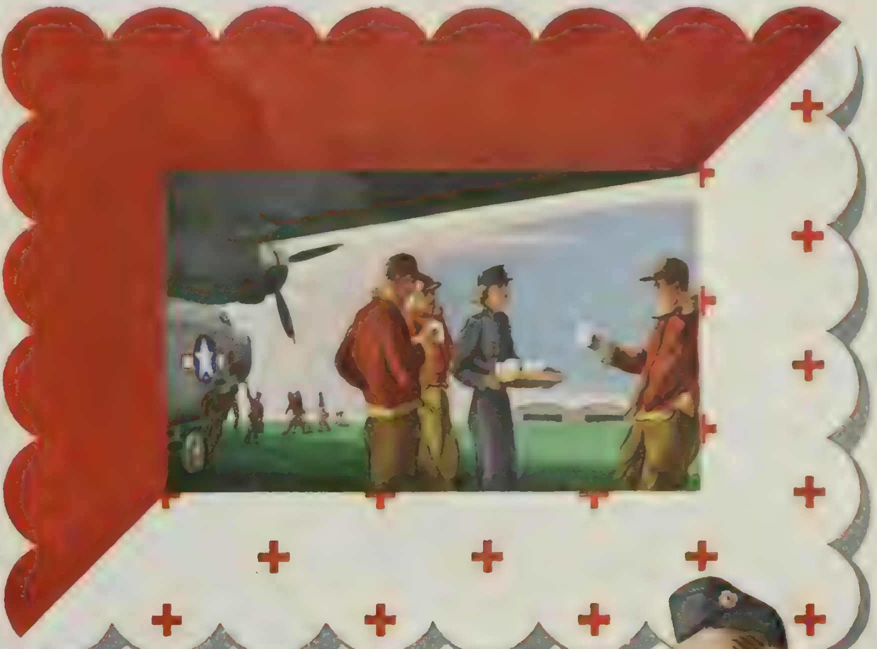
I felt a queer chill run down my spine. It was the merest chance that Eugene had not walked in a few minutes earlier. How would he have considered it was his duty to act? I could hardly conceive of his taking part in the destruction of evidence.

"Oh, yes, quite," said Bunny. "You can see it, if you want to." He looked at me, and just as my hand moved toward my pocket I caught the warning in his eyes.

"I'll get it." I went to my room, waited a minute, and returned with the letter. I handed it to Eugene.

He read it very slowly. When he looked up at me his eyes were unexpressive, as though he still reserved judgment.

Miss America 1944



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6 *slices Enriched Bread*
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Top with 6 *more slices of Bread*
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2½ *cups Milk*
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Spread lightly with salad oil or melted butter. Sprinkle with seasoning (such as salt, onion salt, celery salt, paprika, or poppy seed). Bake 5 to 8 min., on ungreased heavy baking sheet, very hot oven (475°). About 5 doz. crackers.

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"Explicit enough, isn't it?" Bunny said. "It tells everything but the man's name."

"The man?" said Eugene.

"If you had known Camilla, you'd know that there must have been a man or she never would have written that letter."

Eugene was still holding it. He looked at it, frowning, as if he thought he had overlooked something in it. "You're assuming," he said, "that she was interested in some man at the time she wrote this letter and that this man was responsible for her death. An Englishman whom she knew in London four months ago. It should be easy to trace such a man. Not many Englishmen travel to New York in these days."

"It might have been an American who'd been in England," Bunny said. "She might have met him there, and followed him—or even have come over with him. Those are things for the police to investigate."

"If there *was* a man," Eugene said, "I hope the police will get some evidence to prove it. Something more than this letter."

"The police have to prove their case, if they can," Bunny said. "We don't have to prove my brother's innocence. This letter is proof that she wanted a divorce, and that therefore he had no motive for killing her. And the police still have to produce the gun with which she was killed. Until they do, or until they can prove that there was a gun somewhere within reach of my brother's hand, they can't even charge him with the murder."

"No," Eugene said slowly. "Unless the gun was hidden somewhere near, they have no case. If they don't find it ——" He hesitated. I could almost see the idea that passed behind his eyes as he looked at my brother. He was wondering if Bunny could possibly have had time to get rid of the gun for me.

"I wonder what he really thinks," I said when he had gone.

"It's hard to tell with Eugene," Serena remarked.

"I imagine he thinks you're guilty," Bunny said.

"You and me both," I said. "He thinks that you got rid of the gun."

Rachel protested anxiously, "Don't say such things! Why should you imagine he thinks anything like that? He is certainly standing by us. And after all, he's not bound to us by any ties of duty, except as Louisa's husband."

"And as a partner of Uncle Henry," Bunny added. "He can't turn his back on us, no matter what he thinks."

"No, I suppose not," Rachel said. "But he has gone out of his way to come and see us twice today. And that means something, in our position."

"Of course it does," Bunny answered. "Every trifle's important to us. What Aunt Mathilda may say, what Eugene may think, this letter"—he held it up as he spoke—"if Martha had seen it, if Elizabeth had mentioned it, if the police knew when we got it—any one of these little things might mean ——" He put his hands over his eyes. "I'm tired," he said. "I feel like a man in a nightmare, fighting a shadow!"

VII

BUNNY threw a newspaper on the table in front of me. There was something odd about his manner that made it impossible for me to tell whether the news was good or bad. I picked up the paper with the sense of disgust that the mere sight of a printed page had begun to inspire in me. But the headlines, this time, were not the ones I had learned to dread.

RAF PILOT SOUGHT IN
ARNOLD MURDER

My eyes raced down through lines of smaller type: Gerald Jesson, RAF pilot on transatlantic ferry service, who was said to have been friend of Mrs. Arnold . . . known to have been in New York on morning of the murder . . . now on his way back to England.

"I don't believe it," I said. "It isn't possible."

"Why?" Bunny said.

"Things don't happen like that. It can't be the same man."

But it was the same man. There was a picture of him, taken in New York, with three other pilots on leave from Canada. All four of them had been due at a night-club party, as guests of a news weekly, on the night before the murder. Jesson hadn't turned up.

"I still can't imagine him as a murderer," I said.

"No. And I shouldn't have imagined him as a hero, either," Bunny said. "But he is, and he was here the morning Camilla was killed. And the night before. And he wasn't at the party with the other pilots. I can guess where he was."

"BUT why should he kill her?" I said. "It says here that he was going back to England that same day. Why should he commit a sordid, cold-blooded murder—of a woman—before he went?"

"You know Camilla," said Bunny. "She could drive any man to the point of murder."

"A man," Rachel said, "might have become unbalanced under the strain of war."

"Yes," said Serena. "After all, what was the death of one woman, whom the world could do so well without? It must seem a small thing, to a man whose whole life is to meet and fight against wholesale murder."

"If it was Jesson," my brother said, "then the murder was not done in cold blood."

I did not answer. The ugly picture evoked by his words had brought in its train a series of other pictures. I saw Jesson in London, Jesson's eyes when he looked at Camilla, Camilla laughing, excited, her face lighted up with that strange sparkle that was almost beauty. And I remembered Jesson's face one day when they quarreled.

> **When you see a snake, never mind where he came from.**
>
> —CECIL HUNT: Hand-Picked Proverbs. (Methuen and Co., Ltd.)

In order to understand Camilla, one must understand what her life in London was like, from the time that she was a young girl. Her family was good enough, but not particularly distinguished. Her father had been an army officer, but not in the cavalry or in a guard regiment. They had a little money, just enough to make her feel inferior to the set she belonged to. Her cleverness only made her scornful and bitter, as other girls in her set, less pretty than she, less intelligent, with not much more money or family, were married and happy, while she was still traveling about the world with her mother, pursued by a succession of undesirable men—undesirable because they had no money or social position or serious intentions of marriage. After seven years of this, when I first met her, I believe she would have married almost anyone. And I had a little money, which counterbalanced my being an American and a writer.

I don't think that our happiness lasted a week—perhaps not even a day—after we were married. And yet it took nearly six years to convince me that she really hated me. Her coldness was not that armor of defense which, once broken through, reveals the warmth and passion of a living woman underneath. There was nothing but an icy emptiness that went through to the core of her heart.

She wanted love, but she was quite incapable of inspiring it. She had a sort of emotional impotence, forever tormented by desire which could never be gratified. Disappointed in me, disgusted, sick of me, she still pursued the illusion of love, always just out of her reach. She would get interested in some new man, and during the first few weeks she would see in him everything that I was not, everything that she had never found in anyone else. Those qualities, of course, didn't exist in any living man. Certainly they didn't exist in Gerald Jesson.

He had too much money, and he had left the army because it bored him. He was a good-looking, stupid, full-blooded animal. And yet Camilla seemed to be infatuated

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with him. Perhaps she had some idea of marrying him. But I did not believe that marriage was any part of his intentions.

The affair broke up quite suddenly. I don't know how or why, but it seemed to be over. It had happened before, and somehow we had gone on. But this time it was different. Something had happened to me too. She had used up all I had to give, and there was no more pity left in me, no more rage, nothing.

When she turned to vent her disappointment on me, I was passive and still. I looked at her with a curious detachment. But something stirred in my thoughts—an idea, cold, passionless and deliberate. It was the more horrible because it did not horrify me. I was like a man in a dream, who looks into a magic mirror and sees a strange and monstrous shape that is himself—and yet the ugly vision can neither surprise nor frighten him.

I left England because it is not good to live with such thoughts. I made my reckoning with life, and wrote off my marriage as a bad debt. I had never wanted anything but a commonplace conventional life, and the commonplace was the one thing I had never been able to attain. But there are other things in this life besides the whole loaf of bread.

And then I had come half across the world, to see Serena Clifton standing on the dock. The one woman in the world for whom there could be no compromise with happiness, as far as I was concerned.

I had believed that only death could release me from the woman I hated. Well, death had released me, and yet I was not free.

VIII

I WAS free, though, thanks to the discovery of Gerald Jesson's presence in New York on that Saturday morning, to go to Berry Hill. To go home. And, for some reason I have never clearly understood, I wanted to make that journey alone. At the last moment, as we were all boarding the train, I invented a forgotten, urgent errand and persuaded the others, even Bunny, to go on without me.

So, when I topped the rise, it was late. There had been a shower, but now, under the ceiling of dark clouds, the light from the west lay on the hilltop. Across the valley a few early lights were winking in the mist that shrouded West Linton, and before me, in the rain-washed dusk, the white house stood out against the background of dark trees and gray sky.

I had left it under a shadow, fifteen years before. I was coming back to it under a blacker shadow. But my heart beat faster as I stood on its doorstep and rang the bell.

The maid who opened the door was a stranger to me, but she greeted me as if she knew me well. Evidently my likeness to Bunny impressed her; she forgot her manners and stared. And then Serena came running down the stairs, and somehow the maid was gone, and Serena and I were alone in the hallway.

In the dusk her face looked pale, her eyes very dark, her small figure like a child's. And as I kissed her she put her arms around my neck, and her lips were tightly closed, like a child's lips. She drew away almost immediately, but I still stood with my arm around her.

"They're all here," she said. "Uncle John and Aunt Minerva, and Louisa, and all."

"Good Lord!" I said.

"Anyway, Aunt Mathilda isn't here."

"That's something to be thankful for." I could not help laughing. "Just think how happy we could be if we had no relations!"

She made a face at me. "Is that nice?"

"*You're* no relation, thank God!"

I was still holding her, and before she could stop me I kissed her again. I let her go then, but not quite soon enough. The hall was flooded with a glare of light that made us both blink. I looked up, and saw Martha standing on the stairs. She had turned on the light from the landing. No doubt she had been watching and listening. She looked much the same as I remembered her, with that firm, strong cast of countenance that grows only more rugged as the lines sink deeper. As she came down the stairs her

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eyes sparkled with their old light, as when she had caught me in some misdemeanor as a small boy. She always had the gift of turning up when she was not wanted.

"Well, Mr. Robert! So here you are at last." She managed to convey just the right note of reproach mingled with forgiveness.

"Yes, Martha. I can hardly believe I'm really here. But it all looks just the same. You haven't changed, Martha."

"I'm afraid I couldn't say the same of you. You *have* changed."

I laughed. "Naturally. I'm not a boy any more."

"You must be thirty-six," she said.

"Thirty-five, Martha."

"And after all you've been through!" She shook her head. "Poor Mrs. Arnold! What a terrible thing!" She was still looking at me with her bright eyes. I could feel my face stiffen. Serena interposed quickly, putting her hand on my arm.

"They're waiting for you, Bob. Do you want to go up to your room first?"

A successful marriage is an edifice that must be rebuilt every day. — ANDRÉ MAUROIS: The Art of Living. (Harper & Bros.)

I saw Martha's gaze drop curiously, following the movement of Serena's hand. There was something about the glance that seemed to give significance to the casual gesture.

"I'd like to see my room," I said.

Serena let go my arm, and turned to run up the stairs. I followed her. We stood in the doorway of the familiar room. Everything was the same: the wallpaper, the furniture and pictures, the tree outside the window, its outlines dark against the evening sky, and the lights of West Linton winking through the dusk.

"This always was your room, wasn't it?" Serena said.

"Yes," I said. "It's so strange—because it's all so unchanged." I laughed. "If it weren't for Martha, I'd believe I was dreaming."

"And what are you saying about me?" Martha had followed us. I suppose she thought it was not quite the thing for Serena to show me to my room. It's curious how a virtuous woman's thoughts can lend impropriety to the simplest things. At any rate, she had managed to break the spell. The room was no longer a dream of my childhood. It was a room, nothing more.

"All right," I said wearily, "let's go down and face the family."

The drawing room seemed full of people, and there was a hush as they all stopped talking and turned to look at me.

For a few moments the faces were a blur. Then Uncle Henry, tall, thin and distinguished-looking, came forward and shook my hand, and Louisa, a handsome woman in riding breeches and boots, who shook hands like a man. She had been a serious-looking young college girl when I had seen her last. Now she looked as if nothing in life could embarrass her or shake her poise.

"Nice to see you back, Bob," she said, with a calm heartiness which was so perfect that it gave me no feeling of ease.

I went on around the circle. There was Aunt Minerva, a dim reflection of her mother, Great-aunt Mathilda. Her faded and wrinkled face, lacking her mother's character, was nearly as old and lined. And there was Minerva's husband, Uncle John, a white-haired man with a ruddy face, who looked like an English country gentleman and almost talked like one. He greeted me with rather too hearty cordiality. And then it was over and Bunny, standing a little back from th crowd, caught my eye and winked.

We made a little group at one side of th room, Bunny and Elizabeth and Serena an I. The conversation which my entrance ha interrupted had broken out again, bu though the general attention was no longe fixed on me, I had the feeling that they wer watching me.

"What kind of convention is this?" I sai

"Be careful, Bob," Elizabeth whispered "they'll hear you. They came to show thei good intentions, I'm sure."

"To give you the light of their countenance," Serena said with a little quiver c scorn.

"Go easy, my dear," I said, "or they' think I'm having a bad influence on you. know how you feel. Bu I know what they can d to you. I was only abou your age when I walke out in the middle of tha last family conference. I was here in this room, an they were all sitting i judgment on me, just a they are now. And here I am, as if nothing had happened ——"

I broke off as Louisa came up to us an began asking me about my journey. Sh did it beautifully, carefully avoiding a mention of New York. Perhaps she did it little too well, for it did not make me forge anything.

The ordeal was over presently. The visitors withdrew to their own firesides, to tal me over at their leisure. We had a quie family dinner, and I slept in my own roo waking in the morning among the old su roundings, to resume the old life.

IX

AT FIRST, when I walked down the mai street of West Linton, I held myself stiffl conscious that people were looking at m and wondering if I were a murderer. It began to dawn on me gradually that they wer paying very little attention to me. In thi quiet country town no one seemed to ca about a woman who was murdered in Ne York.

In the shops and restaurants and filling stations everyone seemed to know an like my brother, and when I was with hi they received me with casual friendliness asking me vague questions about my lif abroad, and then going back to their ow more interesting affairs. When I was alon they usually greeted me as "Bunny," treating me as a friend and an equal, while I trie not to give away my identity. It amuse me to lose my personality for a while. A long as Bunny was not with me, it was no necessary to make any explanations. Thes days were like a calm backwater of life i which I paused awhile, looking neither forward nor back.

But there were only two of those goo days. On the third morning, when I drov into town wit Serena and bough the New York papers, the Arnol case was again o their first pages an Gerald Jesson' name leaped at m from the headlines

He was dead. Hi plane had crashe in landing at a British airport. But few hours earlier h had been cleared o all possible suspicion of responsibilit for Camilla Arnold' death.

A woman name Maxie Strickling, a Austrian refugee had come to th New York polic with a circumstantial and strongl

(Continued on Page 110)

Burn Packing Material From Servicemen Abroad,

With the discovery of many serious insect pests in the packing of Christmas and other parcels coming from servicemen abroad, the U. S. Department of Agriculture urges the immediate burning of all packing material in such packages.

If allowed to escape, insects or eggs may cause new flare-ups of pests, such as Mediterranean fruit fly, that have been wiped out in continental United States; and may introduce new pests comparable to the Japanese beetle. Hundreds of pink bollworms, as yet unknown here and as dangerous as the boll weevil, have been discovered in packages coming through Northern ports on their way to families in the Cotton Belt.

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"Learning to alter or make a dress is EASY— with Singer help," we said. And we told her about our lessons in make-over and alteration, and in home dressmaking. (We also teach cutting and fitting, and home decoration. $1.50 for two hours of individual instruction or $10 for the complete 8-lesson course.)

"Oh, and I can get my sewing notions here— this is wonderful!" Our Notions Counter had caught her eye. Shoulder pads, thread, shields, bindings—all sewing needs are handily collected in one spot. Trimming tricks, too—rickrack braid, ruffling, peasant embroideries—all at pleasantly low prices.

"Look—you have collars! Dickies! Jabots! Sweet ones!" she exclaimed. "I can make old dresses seem new, just by adding these!" "Right!" we said. "And don't forget that we can take troublesome finishing jobs off your hands—making buttonholes, covering buttons and buckles, pinking seams, making belts—"

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Dress Rehearsal

"It's complete, Paul, dear — or will be, as soon as you come home. And, meantime, your bride isn't forgetting how to sit across the candle-lit table from you and be your perfect hostess. So I've arranged things just as I'll have them for you . . . with soft candlelight, the beautiful sterling silver we chose before you left, sparkling crystal, and our snow-white linen. In my imagination I can see you sitting opposite me — just as you will be doing some day soon."

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TAUNTON MASSACHUSETTS

(Continued from Page 108)

corroborated story of his having spent the night before the murder in her apartment, and the morning of the murder, until his train had left Grand Central at noon, in her company.

There were witnesses to substantiate her testimony as to Jesson's presence in her flat at the hour when Camilla had been killed. Not even I had any doubt, as I read her statement, that it was true.

There was a picture of her. The face of a young girl. It was not beautiful—the mouth was too wide, the chin too heavy, the nose too short, giving almost the look of a Slav type—but it had a quality that would have made me believe her story even if there had been no witnesses to support it. In spite of what her statement might mean to me, I felt a stab of sympathy for her, and a kind of respect. Except that Gerald Jesson had been able to fascinate them both, this girl had nothing in common with Camilla. Maxie Strickling must have loved him. I was queerly certain that even now, when she knew it had not been necessary to save him from arrest, she would not be sorry that she had sacrificed her good name to clear his memory.

I had time, before Serena finished her shopping and rejoined me, to telephone the New York district attorney from a booth in the hotel and offer to come back. To my amazement, even more than to my relief, he told me to stay where I was.

"We know where you are," he said. "Any time we want to talk to you we'll let you know."

I was in the car when Serena found me. She read the story swiftly and in silence. Then her eyes, very large and dark, lifted to meet mine.

"I knew it was impossible," I said. "These things don't happen. I knew all along that there was something radically wrong with the picture of Jesson as the murderer. It never convinced me. I couldn't believe that once he was through with Camilla he'd ever bother with her again."

> **A kindhearted man, seeing a peasant woman carrying her child along the dusty road one hot day, offered to relieve her of her burden for a part of the way. She replied, "No, thank you, I go lighter with him than without him!"**
>
> —CHAS. EDWARD LOCKE: The Eternal Masculine. (Abingdon-Cokesbury Press.)

"Will this mean ——" She stopped. "Will they ——"

"No. Not yet, at least." I told her about my talk with the district attorney. "I think my calling him put me in a good light with him. He was quite polite to me. He even told me something. They've found out that in all the time Camilla was at that hotel only one person ever called her on the telephone. A man. Two weeks ago, while I was still in the South Atlantic. They evidently think there's something odd about that. Nobody ever came to see her at the hotel. Nobody ever telephoned to her except this one man. But she often went out at night. I have an idea that the police think she may have gone out to meet the man who telephoned. The man who killed her." There was a rather longer pause, and then I said, "Do you believe that there was such a man?"

"She didn't kill herself," Serena said quietly. "There's no other alternative, is there?"

"Only one."

Her eyes met mine, and she said, "If I never know who killed her, I'll still know it wasn't you."

I sat still. At last I said, "If there's one thing worth learning on our journey through life, it is to be grateful to those who have faith in us. That faith that we need so much. Whether we deserve it or not, we can't do without it. As long as there is one human being who believes in us, there is still hope for us."

"I am a woman," Serena said, and I did not smile as she said it. "And women don't see things as men do. A woman's loyalty is different from the loyalty of men. If it's the real thing, nothing can shake it. It requires no proof. If it does, then it's only a shadow, not worth the name of love." She said it quite unconsciously, as though she were talking about someone else. "If you did something which in other people's eyes would seem criminal or treacherous or cowardly, I shouldn't look for explanations. Because I believe in you. Because you *couldn't* do anything that would destroy my faith in you."

"I don't deserve such faith," I said. "In my thoughts I have often been guilty of murder. I wished often that Camilla were dead."

"I never knew her," Serena went on. "I never saw her. But she's alive in my thoughts. I can feel her presence close to me, because she's close to you. I can feel her in your mind, twisting and distorting every one of your ideas. I can feel that she hates me."

"My dear, you're becoming fanciful," I said.

"Fanciful? You call *me* fanciful? With your ideas about being guilty in thought?" She put her hand over mine. "Let's go home," she said. I started the car.

When we went upstairs, we met Bunny in the corridor outside Rachel's sitting room.

"What's happened, Bob?"

"It's a long story," I said. "I think I'd better tell it to you and Rachel at the same time."

We went in. Rachel was sitting in her big chair. Martha was hanging up dresses in a closet. She looked at me with a faint smile. I kissed Rachel dutifully, because I knew it annoyed Martha, and sat down wearily. Bunny gave me a cigarette and lighted one himself. He knew that Martha objected to cigarette smoke in Rachel's sitting room, though Rachel did not mind herself. There was a pause. Aware of Martha in the background, waiting for what I had to say, I continued to sit stubbornly silent.

"Martha," said Rachel, without raising her voice, "never mind the rest of those things. I'm sure you must be tired."

"I'm not supposed to be tired, madam," Martha said, going on with her work, her flat bedroom slippers padding softly over the carpet.

"Martha," said Rachel, "you heard what I said. Please go at once. And see that we're not disturbed." She had not raised her voice, nor looked around. But Martha heard the tone.

She stood still, a long claret-colored velvet evening dress over her arm. I saw her face flush. Rachel turned and looked at her. The color drained from Martha's face; only two little spots of rouge showed on her wrinkled cheeks. "I'm going, madam," she said. The door closed behind her.

"She was my mother-in-law's favorite maid," Rachel said. "Henry would think it was the end of the world if I dismissed her. But I'm afraid she'll never forgive *you*, Bob, because now I have humiliated her before you."

"You'd better look out, Bob," my brother said. "She'll get back at you. She always does. No one ever got the better of Martha in the end."

"All this fuss," I said wearily, "over what? She'll hear soon enough anyway. Only I couldn't talk about it before her."

"What is it?" Rachel said anxiously. "I knew there was something wrong when I saw your face."

Before I could answer I saw Martha in the doorway. Her face was hard and cold.

"Martha!" said Rachel sharply. "I thought I asked you not to disturb us."

"I only came to tell you, madam, that Mr. Renault is here, and would like to speak to you."

"Tell him I'll be down in a few minutes ——" Rachel stopped. Eugene was standing behind Martha, quite unconscious that he was intruding. Rachel received him in her usual calm manner, while Martha

(Continued on Page 112)

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Utica Sunshine Dairy
Watertown Hendershore
White Plains Dellwood D'y
Yonkers Dellwood Dairy
NORTH CAROLINA
Asheville Southern Dairies
Eliada Farm Dairy
Boone New River Dairy
Concord Clear Springs Farm
Durham Durham Dairy
Elkin Klondike Farm
Hendersonville
McNaughton Farms
High Point Clover Brand
Kings Mountain Archdale D'y
Laurinburg Silver Cup D'y
Lexington Coble Dairies
Mount Airy Hatcher's D'y
Mt. Pleasant Green Hills
Winston-Salem Selected D'y
NORTH DAKOTA
Fargo Fairmount Cream'y
OHIO
Akron Akron Pure Milk
Belle Isle Farm
Chestnut Ridge Dairy
Mountrose Dairy

Cincinnati Opekasit Farms
J. H. Berling Dairy
Cleveland & Suburbs
Dairymen's Ohio
Farmers' Milk Co.
O. A. Dean Dairy Co.
Franchester Farms
Schneider-Bruce Dairy
Telling-Belle Vernon Co.
Columbus Diamond Milk
Dayton Grocer's Coop.
Himes Brothers Dairy

Shoemake Farms, Inc.
Dover Cappeldale Farms
Hamilton McGreevy Dairy
Lancaster Bennett Dairy
Mansfield Raemelton Farm
Mt. Vernon Jewell Milk
Sandusky Esmond Dairy
Springfield Citizen's Dairy
& Lynn Guernsey Farm
Toledo Babcock Dairy Co.
Wooster Ideal Dairy
Youngstown Sanitary Milk
OKLAHOMA
Ardmore Primrose Farm
Tom Cooper Farms
Enid Jerry [illegible]
Oklahoma City
Gaylord Guernsey Farm
Meadow Lodge Farm
OREGON
Eugene Chula Vista Dairy
Hillsboro Morningdew F'ms
Medford Cloverhill Farm
Portland Fairview Farms
Shedd Prairie Rose Dairy
The Dalles Foley Lakes D'y
PENNSYLVANIA
Allentown Hess Lehigh
Altoona J. E. Harshbarger
Ambler Meyer's Dairy
Ambridge Taylor Milk Co.
Beaver Falls Bonnie View
Berwick Corner Park Farm

Berwyn Chesterbrook Farm
Bethlehem Mowrer's Dairy
Big Run [illegible] Co.
Brockport Keystone Dairy
Butler Moser's Dairy
Chadds Ford Hill Girt Farms
Chambersburg Dairy
Chester Miller-Flounders
Cornwall Fairview Farms
Donora Triumphant Dairy
Doylestown Smith's Son D'y
Gardenville Farms

Easton Moyer's Dairy
Easton Sanitary Milk Co.
Ebensburg Webster Griffith
Elizabeth Mentor Farms
Ellwood City Fisher's Dairy
Erie Meadow Brook Dairy
Frommknecht & Heidecker
Fayette City Patterson D'y
Franklin Biery Guernsey
Greensburg Silvis Farms
Hamburg Paul R. Kohler
Smith's Model Dairy
Harrisburg Goose Valley
Harrisburg Dairies
Hatboro Gardenville Fms.
Ivycrest Dairies
Hazelton S. C. Price
Modern Sanitary Dairy
Honesdale
Bethany Homestead Farms
Hummelstown Geo. Fromm
Indiana Indiana Dairy Co.
Jenkintown Taylor's Dairy
Johnstown
Johnstown Sanitary Dairy
Somerset Dairy Co.
Kane Ideal Farms
Kennett Square
Brandywine Manor Farm
Lancaster Queen Dairy
Landisville Sunny Side Farm
Lebanon Hershey Choc. Co.
Meadville Moore Davison
Mechanicsb'g Konhaus F'm.
Monongahela Mapleview

Newton Sq. Liseter F
Norristown [illegible]
Levengood D
Oil City Biery Guer
Parkers Landing
Parker's View F
Phila Breuninger's D
Pittsburgh Lewis Da
Page M
Pottstown Levengood D
Lonicera F
Pottsville J. H. Bro
Pulaski Pleasant A
Quarryville Norwood
Reading Riveredge F
Clover F
St Lawrence D
Roxborough [illegible]
Wood-Narcissa Da
Scranton Glendale Fa
Shamokin Sanitary
Shippenville Gruber &
Stroudsburg Penn-D
Terre Hill White Oak F
Tunkhan'ck Shadow Br
Uniontown Garner D
Friendship Hill Da
Wayne Brookmead Da
Waynesboro Antietam F
West Chester Eachus Da
Auchmeader F
Wilkes-Barre Glendale F
Goodleigh Fa
Wilkinsburg Chas. G. T
Williamsport Milk Produ
Willow Street C. H. Wit
York White Rose Fa
York Sanitary M
RHODE ISLAND
Barrington
Cedar Lane Fa
Cranston H. P. Ho
Pawtucket H. P. Ho
Providence H. P. Ho
Warren Cedar Lane Fa
Warwick H. P. Ho
Woonsocket H. P. Ho
SOUTH CAROLINA
Charleston West End Da
Columbia Edisto Farms Da
Zimalcrest Fa
Hartsville Guernsey Da
Moncks Corner Gippy P
Orangeburg State Colle
Spartanburg Hill Top Fa
SOUTH DAKOTA
Sioux Falls Lakeside Da
TENNESSEE
Germantown Kilallo Fa
Knoxville Farragut Fa
Memphis Gayoso Fa
TEXAS
Dallas Cabel
San Antonio Dairyla
UTAH
Logan Cache Meado
Salt Lake City Arden Da
Cloverleaf Da
VERMONT
Bellows Falls
High Meadow Fa
Bennington Fillmore Far
Brattleboro Maynard's D
Springfield Estey's Da
VIRGINIA
Alexandria Dairy Co.
Denbigh Burkholder Da
Fairfax Willowmere Far
Fredericksb'g Farmers' C
Galax Round Hill Fa
Kenbridge Guernsey Da
Lynchburg Westover Da
Lynnhaven Bayville Far
Norfolk Bayville Fa
McClenny Dairi
Portsmouth Pine Grove Fa
Richmond Lakeview Da
Curles Neck Dair
Richmond Dairy C
Virginia Dairy C
Roanoke Clover Cream
Garst Brothers Da
Roanoke Da
Virginia Beach Bayville F
WASHINGTON, D. C.
Thompson's Da
Wakefield Da
WASHINGTON
Bellingham Fircrest F'ms, I
Hillview Da
Bremerton Price's G. Da
Everett Arown Da
Olympia Meyer's Da
Port Orchard Price's Da
Seattle Marymoor Fa
Golden Arrow Da
Vancouver Golden West
Middale Guernsey Da
WEST VIRGINIA
Charleston Quincy Da
Imperial Ice Cream C
WISCONSIN
Appleton Schaefer Da
Ashland Howard Joy
Chippewa Falls
Clover Dairy C
Eau Claire Uecke Da
Dolly Madison Dair
Fond du Lac Luxerin Fa
Green Bay Delwiche Fa
Kenosha Milk Pro's. Co-C
La Crosse Dolly Madis
Madison Bowman Farm
Manitowoc Sorge Da
Menasha Gear Dairy C
Milwaukee Gold
Guernsey Dairy Co-C
Racine Progressive Da
Stevens Pt. Altenburg Da
Superior Russell Cream
Tomahawk
Ta-Ma-Awk
Watertown Wilkin's Da
Waukesha
Fox's Guernsey Da
Wausau-Bridgeman-Russe
West Bend Decorah Farm
Wisconsin Rapids
Wis. Valley Cream
WYOMING
Casper Dairy Products, I
Douglas Judevine Crea

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More Wartime Energy Than Steak
ONE QUART OF
GOLDEN GUERNSEY
MILK

HAS GREATER ENERGY VALUE THAN A HALF POUND TENDERLOIN*

In a time of food scarcities the emphasis is on nutritional values. That's why it is doubly important for you to know now that one quart of GOLDEN GUERNSEY Milk gives you more energy value than these other fine basic foods: a half pound of steak . . . or 2½ pounds of chicken . . . or 10 eggs. And with your food budget under pressure, you'll also want to extend the comparison to costs!

You may wonder how a milk that is available nationally can have consistently superior qualities. The answer is that GOLDEN GUERNSEY Milk, produced on thousands of carefully selected farms, comes only from fine Guernsey cows and must meet the high requirements of national supervision by GOLDEN GUERNSEY, INC. It's so good that it is always kept separate, never mixed with ordinary milk. And the high quality is further guaranteed by your own milkman.

You can actually see as well as taste the special goodness of GOLDEN GUERNSEY. Not only in the half pint of cream that tops each quart but throughout the bottle you will notice the rich yellow color that stands for extra butterfat, more food solids. As for the distinctive taste, watch the faces of your family when they first experience its delicious flavor!

GOLDEN GUERNSEY Milk is distributed in more than 2,000 cities. If your milkman can't supply you now, bear in mind that milk producers and distributors are willingly working longer hours under great difficulties to meet an increasing demand for their product. And tell him to start delivering the "bottled energy" of GOLDEN GUERNSEY Milk as soon as he possibly can!

* *1 qt. GOLDEN GUERNSEY Milk — 778 calories . . . ½ lb. Tenderloin — 540 calories.*

GOLDEN GUERNSEY

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BUY MORE WAR BONDS

Martex

BATH TOWELS • DISH TOWELS • CHENILLE MATS

(Continued from Page 110)

stood in the doorway, a faint smile on her lips. She knew it was her business to have asked Eugene to wait. Her eye met mine, and then she closed the door softly.

Eugene had begun to unfold the newspaper he was carrying when he noticed the two in my hand. "You've seen this, then?" he said.

"YES. But Rachel and Bunny haven't," I said. I gave one of the papers to each of them. Eugene and Serena and I waited in silence while they read the story. When they looked up Eugene said:

"You realize, of course, what this means?"

"Naturally. Quite as clearly as you do," I said. He was looking at me oddly. I knew what he was thinking. He had always suspected I was guilty, and now he was sure.

"I knew Jesson wasn't the murderer. I always knew it." I stopped. Eugene was staring at me as if he thought I was on the point of making a confession of the murder.

"How did you know it?" he said.

"Because," I said slowly, "the murderer was a very different sort of man. Cold-blooded, calculating, clever. He hasn't made a single mistake. So far, it's the perfect crime. The crime in which the murderer is never suspected. There's nothing to connect him with it—nothing but a voice on the telephone."

"What's that?" said Eugene.

"The police have found out that someone called Camilla on the telephone—while I was still on the ocean."

"Someone called her on the telephone? Is that all? What good is that to us? A dozen people may have called her."

"That's just it," I said. "A dozen people didn't call her. Only one. That's why the telephone girl remembered it. Because there was only one."

"And how are they going to trace that one call?" Eugene asked.

"They can't, of course. But the whole thing's odd. Apparently she knew no one in New York, and yet the day after she landed this man called her. She went out quite often at night, and they suppose it was to meet him. And yet he never came to the hotel."

> **Women give us solace, but if it were not for women we should never need solace.**
> — DON HEROLD.

"They're supposing a great deal, aren't they, on the strength of one telephone call?" Eugene said. "It may have been a shop, or a travel agency, or who knows what?"

I considered this.

Bunny said thoughtfully, "Well, Eugene, you seem to have eliminated our only possible alternative. That leaves only Bob and me. *I* might have been that voice on the telephone. I wasn't on the Atlantic Ocean."

"Don't be absurd," said Eugene. "You were at West Linton. No one suspects that you ——"

"Let's face the facts, Eugene. If Bob is arrested, what price my liberty? You can bet that I'll be charged as an accessory, and if one of us is convicted we both will be. You'd bet on that, Eugene, wouldn't you—anywhere outside the present company?"

"Bunny, don't talk like that!" Rachel interposed with unusual sharpness. "Eugene is only trying to help us."

"I'm only considering it from the legal point of view," Eugene said. "*We*, of course, assume that Bob is innocent—and you, too, Charles. But if we should have to prove that innocence we'll need something more than an unidentified voice on the telephone, something more than an unidentified man who left no clue, who wrote no letters. Whom Camilla—Mrs. Arnold—never mentioned in her letters. Somebody who either covered his tracks too carefully, or—has it occurred to you that perhaps there were no tracks to cover?"

"What do you mean?"

"You're assuming that there must have been a previous association with this man. You imagine, from some letter she wrote months ago, that the affair began as far back as that. Because there are no traces of him
you think he must have been very cleve
How do you know that she didn't meet hi
in New York? How do you know what kir
of man she might have picked up there, or o
the boat? A few days would have bee
enough. When these things happen, it's n
always the cleverness of the criminal, b
sometimes merely the foolishness of the vi
tim. We discuss the criminal psychology
a Landru, but we might better question th
sanity of the women who are so ready to p
their life in the hands of a Landru."

"Are you suggesting ——" Bunny b
gan.

"I'm merely calling your attention to ce
tain possibilities—and the difficulties the
may involve," Eugene said.

"It could hardly have been a Landru
this case," Bunny said. "It wasn't done f
money. Nor by a maniac. I think it w
done in cold blood by someone who wante
to get rid of her. He was probably qui
sane. Unless," he added, "you hold th
theory that every murderer is more or le
insane?"

"That's a matter of opinion," Euge
said.

"Personally," Bunny went on, "I believ
that a perfectly sane man can be driven
homicidal mania by a neurotic woman.
you say, some women really ask to be mu
dered. There are cases, like this one, in whic
I could almost sympathize with the po
devil who did it." He paused. Eugene sa
nothing. "If Bob and I weren't mixed up
it," Bunny added, "I shouldn't care wh
committed this murder. I shouldn't want
know. In fact, I'd rather not know."

"You mean that you would condone th
murder?" Eugene said, looking at him cu
ously.

"I would, except for one thing. For lea
ing that door open. For letting Bob and n
walk into that blooc
mess. For that ——" H
got up, taking the new
paper from the table. H
looked for a minute
Maxie Strickling's pictur
Then, suddenly he ripp
the paper apart, crushe
the pieces in his fingers ar
flung them on the floor. "For that," he sa
with a queer cold violence, "I'd like to g
my hands on his throat."

X

IT ALL began when I was twenty, with tha
unlucky affair that caused my long exi
from home. It was not my brother's fau
that the woman framed me, but she did it b
cause she hated him. There was a publ
scandal, and when Bunny tried to tell th
truth, the family all believed he was lying
protect me. When I was expelled from co
lege he followed me and, though he final
went back home, he never went back to co
lege. The family never forgave me for tha
No matter what happened, they would a
ways believe the worst of me.

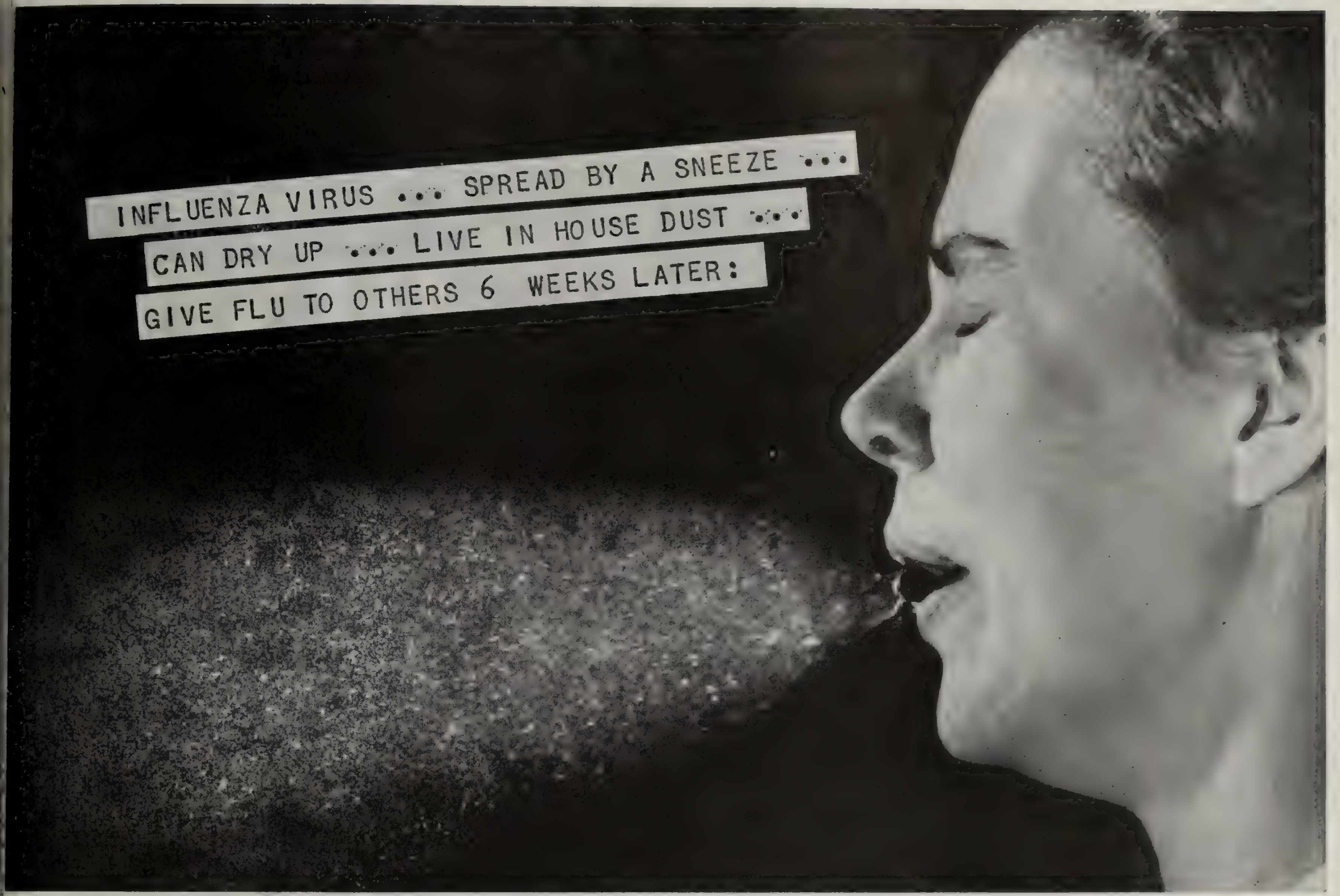
After Maxie Strickling's story becam
known, the family believed that once aga
Bunny was lying to protect me. That f
a second time I had drawn him into di
grace and scandal. No one could imagi
that he had any motive for killing m
wife, but everyone knew that he wou
perjure himself for me as readily now
when, they thought, he had lied to save n
before.

They had to stand by me. For Bunny
sake they had to tolerate me as an inmate
my uncle's house, and receive me in the
own. And they did just that. But I kne
what they were thinking.

As long as it touched no one but Bunr
and me, I could bear up under it. M
brother damned them all with frank impa
tiality. And as for me, my hide was thic
As long as the police did not put me
prison I was beyond caring for lesser thing
But there was one chink in my armor th
even I was not aware of, until at last m
fond relatives spied it out.

The first time it dawned on me was o
day when I was paying a dutiful visit
Uncle John and Aunt Minerva in their sma

(Continued on Page 115)


INFLUENZA VIRUS ... SPREAD BY A SNEEZE ...
CAN DRY UP ... LIVE IN HOUSE DUST ...
GIVE FLU TO OTHERS 6 WEEKS LATER:

Actual photo of a real sneeze, taken with a high speed camera (1/30,000 of a second exposure), showing how a sneeze scatters bacteria-laden droplets of moisture, sometimes as far as 12 feet.

NEW RESEARCH PROVES LYSOL KILLS FLU "BUG"*

Scientific tests at a famous medical school now reveal new facts about influenza and Lysol that are important to you:

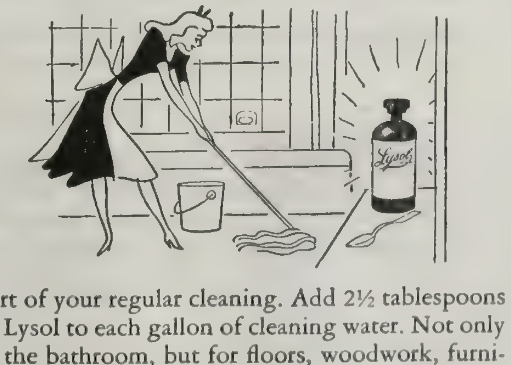
These tests prove conclusively that Lysol disinfectant kills the influenza virus quickly on contact . . . but if left undisturbed, this dreaded virus can dry out, live in house dust, and still cause infection 6 weeks later.

This means that wherever you clean with Lysol you reduce the risk of influenza to your family.

Every time an infected person sneezes or coughs in your home, the flu virus may settle as far away as 12 feet, and continue to live in house dust on your floor, woodwork or furniture. Weeks later it may infect your family with flu.

But Lysol kills the flu virus! In flu season, it is more than ever important to clean house with Lysol.

Help guard your household against the risk of influenza from infected house dust, by making Lysol a part of your regular cleaning. Add 2½ tablespoons of Lysol to each gallon of cleaning water. Not only in the bathroom, but for floors, woodwork, furniture throughout the house.



Wherever dust collects, clean with Lysol. In wartime especially, the nation must guard against epidemics. Help fight influenza this winter! Get Lysol at your drug counter today!

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Disinfectant

Keep one bottle in the Bathroom . . . one in the Kitchen Save time and steps

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683 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

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*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

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Page after page of RUGS and Model Rooms.

(Continued from Page 112)

onverted farmhouse on the hillside between the Berry Hill estate above, and Louisa's property below it.

The talk was entirely aimless, at first: Aunt Minerva's diet, and Uncle Henry's age, and Rachel's foolishness in not making him retire, and what a blessing it was that he had Eugene to take so much of the work off his shoulders.

"It's so wonderful," Minerva said, "that Louisa should have found someone like Eugene. She was over thirty, and so brilliant and intellectual that we never thought she would marry. And with her money—one always had the fear that some man would marry her for it. So when she met Eugene, it made us all very happy. He is the perfect husband for her. Sensible, solid, thoughtful and so considerate. Even to his wife's old aunts and uncles. But then I suppose that a man who has had rather a sad life is apt to be thoughtful of other people."

"Sad?" I said. It had never struck me that there was anything melancholy about Eugene.

"He lost his first wife in a motor accident. I believe he still feels it, though of course he and Louisa are very happy."

"Yes. No need to worry about Louisa," Uncle John said.

"No. But I'm afraid Serena may turn out to be a greater problem than Louisa," Aunt Minerva said. "Serena is spoiled. She's been brought up almost entirely by Rachel, and I'm not sure that Rachel's methods with children are always wise."

If she was alluding to Aunt Rachel's failure to bring me up properly, I ignored the implication. "After all," I told her, "spoiled children often turn out well in the long run."

"Serena is very self-willed"—Aunt Minerva was not to be diverted—"and so impressionable."

I realized suddenly what it all meant. They were warning me off.

"It would be a great pity if she should take a fancy to someone who—someone unsuitable. Young girls are so easily attracted by—by experienced, older men."

She had put it into words that could have only one meaning. But I managed to keep my face and voice expressionless as I said that if I had any influence with Serena I would try to use it for her good.

"I am sure that you will," Aunt Minerva said. But she did not say it as if she were sure.

It's curious how, when suspicion is once implanted, it seems to spread. After that visit to the cottage, I became aware of suspicion everywhere, even at Berry Hill. It seemed that I found Martha waiting for me behind every door, Martha in her house slippers stealing down every corridor. If I stopped to speak two words to Serena, I could be sure to find Martha close at hand. If we walked or rode away from the house, she would be certain to see us go out or come in.

"What is she looking for?" I said bitterly to Bunny one day. "What does she expect to find out by spying on me?"

My brother began to laugh. "I think murder is the least of it," he said.

"What are you talking about?"

"Serena," he said. "That little brat used to be devoted to me. Ever since she was fifteen she's been in love with me. I could make her weep floods with one word. And when I kissed her ——"

"Shut up, damn you!" I said. I was startled at the furious anger that shot through me. For a moment I wanted to kill him.

Then he began to laugh. "That's what I wanted to know!" he said. "You couldn't take that. You couldn't stand the idea of another man kissing her. And what have *you* been doing, ever since you came back? I've seen you—and so has Martha."

"You don't think I've been making love to her?" I spoke very slowly and quietly.

"I think you have compromised with your conscience by *not* making love to her," Bunny said.

"Compromised?"

"There are plenty of ways of making a woman love you, besides making love to her. They're fair enough with most women. But not with Serena."

This time he did not laugh. He looked at me with eyes full of knowledge. "I know you want to kill me, but you needn't. She loved me, yes, in the way that a child is in love with a hero in a book, or a famous man in history. When you came, it was different. You were the reality."

I could not answer him. He knew. He knew too much, as he always did.

"And now," he said, "do you still want to knock my head off?"

"No," I said.

When I suggested to Rachel that it might be better for me to leave the house, she was indignant. "Someone has been talking to you!" she said.

"Everybody," I said, "has been talking to me. Kindly but firmly, for my own good."

"What have they been saying, Bob?"

"Well, among other things, that a young girl does sometimes take a fancy to an older man, and that it may be very unfortunate. Especially if he's involved in a murder case—only they didn't put it quite like that."

There was a moment's pause. Then Rachel said gently, "Of course they are thinking of Serena's happiness. But after all, there's no insurance for happiness. When she marries, she must take her chance like other girls."

"When she marries? You're not thinking of such a thing—at her age?"

Ask Any Woman

BY MARCELENE COX

GOOD management in families is a sort of lineal descendant, running from generation to generation like golden hair or a dimple in the chin.

It is a good thing children don't remember all the things said to them.

The quickest way to know a woman is to go shopping with her.

Punishment should be prompt. If you postpone it the children get sweet and you melt, or forget your threat entirely. The best plan, recommended only when necessary, is to pick the child up and whack him a little on the spot. (And I mean spot.)

Disorder and lack of planning, if carried to the extreme, can make nervous tension and unkindness in the home, while order and foresight will pay large dividends in good dispositions, kind relationships.

She was one of those women who require a long time to get work poorly done.

There is one thing essential to becoming a good cook: at some time in your life you should have experienced good cooking from the receiving end.

We get into trouble when we stop *raising* children and begin to *rear* them.

No better press agent is ever given a parent than his own child.

It was one of those homes where court is always in session.

the Question before the house-

Married daughter: "What's the question before the house, mother? You look worried."

Mother: "I am. It's those rayon curtains. It costs so much to have them dry cleansed and you have to wait weeks since the war."

Daughter: "But, mother, how extravagant! Why don't you WASH them at home like I do? It's easy. Just douse them in Lux or Ivory suds, rinse and hang up to dry."

Mother: "Now, child, you know very well you can't wash this flimsy rayon. It wouldn't be fit to hang afterward."

Daughter: "But you can if you buy Wat-a-set curtains. The Wat-a-set finish makes 'em just as washable as cotton and KEEPS 'em crisp and new looking for ages, without any starch."

Mother: "To think I've lived to this day and age to have you — a mere babe — tell me —"

Daughter: "But mother, you haven't heard it all yet. Wat-a-set curtains are proof against silverfish, the little bugs that ordinarily eat rayon just like moths eat wool; and the colors are the fastest to sunlight I've ever seen."

Mother: "Well, daughter, I'm duly humiliated, but I'll forgive you if you tell me where I can buy Wat-a-set rayon curtains right now."

The Wat-a-set finish is STILL available in department stores on many well known brands of rayon curtains, even though the supply is below normal due to the war. If you live in one of the 50 largest cities, your CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE DIRECTORY will tell you where.

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"Well," said Rachel, "when I was her age I thought a good deal about it. I was married at twenty."

"Rachel," I said incredulously, "if I understand what you're saying it's utterly mad! You don't suppose that a man who has had my experience would think of marrying again?"

Rachel said very quietly, "Why not?"

There were too many answers to that question. I did not give her any of them. Perhaps because I knew that none of them would have mattered to her, once she had made up her gentle, loving, stubborn mind.

But I had made up my own mind too. And what Uncle Henry said to me, that evening, only strengthened me in the decision I had already reached.

Bunny was away, and after dinner Uncle Henry and I had the table to ourselves and the old brandy. He looked down at his glass, turning it slowly in his fingers.

"Serena is my ward, you know," he said.

"Yes," I agreed quietly. Uncle Henry, simple, straightforward and kind, was one person whom I did not suspect of hidden meanings.

"She's only nineteen," he went on. "She has no experience of life. I shouldn't like to see her make a mistake. And I'm afraid that she's getting too much interested in you."

He was so embarrassed that I could not be angry. "Who has been talking to you?" I asked coldly.

"No one. Only I've noticed ——" He paused.

I did not believe he had ever noticed anything. I could not imagine him spying on Serena and me. I knew who had been doing that. "There hasn't been much to notice," I said.

"No," he said. "But you might, without intending it, you know, have made her feel—you might, quite unconsciously, have made her fancy herself in love. And, as things are, I know you wouldn't want that."

And then there was a little pause.

"If she were your ward, you would feel as I do. You wouldn't want—under the circumstances ——"

> ▶ When a woman is speaking to you, listen to what she says with her eyes.
>
> —VICTOR HUGO.

The circumstances being that we none of us knew when I might be arrested for the murder of my wife, I knew perfectly well how he felt. "Under the circumstances," I said, "I don't think I'd better stay here in your house any longer." I supposed that this was what he had been leading up to. But he looked more distressed than ever.

"I was afraid you would take it like that. That's just why I didn't want to interfere. If you left our house—as things are now—people might put a wrong interpretation on it. It would look as if we weren't standing by you. No, I couldn't hear of such a thing—nor would Rachel."

"But if you don't want me to see so much of Serena ——"

"I don't want to prevent your seeing her. If you left the house now, it would only make things worse. But there are little things. There are ways in which you can make her understand ——"

"Yes, I know," I said quietly.

There were things I could do. There were little coldnesses with which I could rebuff Serena's love and loyalty. There were plenty of ways in which I could make her understand.

I practiced these methods with such success that the results certainly ought to have satisfied our anxious relatives. If they had planned deliberately to destroy the frank, easy, casual relationship between us, to make us each intensely conscious of the other, and give weight to every word we spoke to each other, they could not have done it more effectively.

Serena couldn't understand it. She froze under my treatment of her, growing more and more silent, withdrawing into herself. Even her beauty was dimmed, as though a shadow had fallen over her young loveliness. We were scarcely on speaking terms when, a few days after my talk with Uncle Henry, the whole family came to dinner, on the evening that I shall remember till I die.

XI

At dinner Serena wore her long black dress, and she had put rouge on her face; her eyes were a little too bright, as if she had been crying. She was defiant, and I was angry.

After dinner, when we had joined the ladies in the drawing room, the time dragged. Louisa was holding an interminable conversation with Rachel over some domestic problem that interested no one else. Uncle John was deep in talk with Uncle Henry. And at our end of the room Elizabeth was trying dutifully to entertain Aunt Minerva, to cover Serena's silence, while Eugene lent an occasional helping hand.

It suddenly became intolerable to me. I jumped up and began to walk around the room. My eyes fell on the mantelpiece with the French clock, the silver candlesticks, the cigarette box, the little pottery figures. I don't know what association of ideas struck a chord of memory and suggested the diversion I was looking for.

"Rachel," I said, "where is the musical bird? Have you still got it?"

Rachel did not hear me; she was still deep in conversation with Louisa. But Serena heard me. She got up without a word. I watched her as she walked across the room, her long skirt swinging, her small bare shoulders held stiffly. She went to the cabinet that stood against the end wall, opened the glass doors and took out a gilded box, not much bigger than a snuffbox. She brought it to me.

It was twenty years since I had handled that toy, but my fingers found the small screw at one end. I wound it and set it on the table between us. The gilded lid opened and a tiny, brightly feathered bird appeared, shook its minute wings, uttered a few trilling notes and then folded its wings and withdrew, the cover shutting down over it.

I remembered a rainy afternoon, so long ago that time and place were indistinct. But the tiny mechanical wonder stood out clearly against the hazy background, seen for the first time by the eyes of a very small boy. To a small girl, too, it must have had an equal charm, I thought, as I watched Serena leaning on the table opposite me. A faint smile had crossed her face, as though she had forgotten she was angry with me.

"Did you ever see anything like it?" she said.

I paused a moment before answering the question. It had brought back, inevitably, a memory that I had rather not recall.

I heard Aunt Minerva saying that an English expert had told her it had been made in Switzerland in the seventeenth century, and that there were only two or three like it in existence.

"I've seen one like it, somewhere," Eugene said. "It was in a glass case, like one of those old-fashioned clocks. It was a little bigger than this one, and the bird's plumage was green and blue. And one of the wings was broken."

The talk went on, but I did not hear it.

I was seeing another drawing room, dark-paneled, and a glass case on the mantelpiece, and inside it the bright blue-and-green plumage of the bird with the broken wing. And then the picture shivered into a thousand fragments, and in its place I saw a gaping bomb crater.

I felt dizzy and sick. I could not breathe. I put the box back in the cabinet and closed the doors. No one was looking at me. Unnoticed, I walked through the double doors. Then I was in the drive, a gusty wind whirling the dead leaves around me, blowing in my face.

At night, in flashes of lightning, you see, not the complete contours of the daytime world, but a series of unconnected scenes, now a house, now a tree, then a hilltop or a

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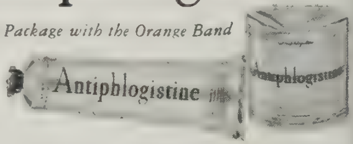

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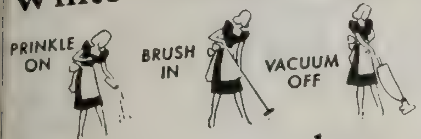

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valley—each scene with its minute details and vivid colors springing out of the blackness, a hundred times clearer than by day, to remain stamped upon your vision for moments after it has gone back into the darkness from which it came. The whole night around you is full of color: it is there all the time, close to your blind eyes.

In such flashes, as I walked, I saw things that had been hidden by the cloak of blindness. I saw the faceless shadow, no longer without a face. The nameless presence had taken shape. Why should I have imagined it as something monstrous? Why shouldn't a murderer walk and talk, and wear clothes as other men do, and say dull things, and think commonplace thoughts, unremarked and insignificant?

How many times had the murderer looked at me, haunted by my nearness, while I believed he had judged and condemned me? And all the time he must have seen me as one sinner sees another, who but for the grace of God might have stood in his place.

It was very late when I got back. The house was dark; I let myself in, and switched on the hall light. I was not sleepy. I had come home merely because there was no other place to go. I walked into the drawing room and turned on the lights. I took the mechanical bird out of the cabinet. I wound it up, and once again the fantastic little miracle performed itself. As the lid closed down, I heard someone coming down the stairs. The sound startled me. I had an odd feeling of guilt, as though I were a small boy again, caught playing with a forbidden toy. I tiptoed across to the cabinet, but I was not quite quick enough.

"Well," said my brother, "what are you doing here at this time of night? I thought it was a burglar."

I put back the bird. "Did anyone notice my going off like that?" I asked.

"Aunt Minerva noticed. She thought it was rude of you not to say good night before you went."

"Did anyone else say anything?"

"No. Why should anyone have noticed?" Bunny was puzzled.

THERE was a pause. I knew that he knew there was something wrong, and that he was waiting for me to tell him. I had a warning sense of urgency. Late as it was, I must put it into words. If I waited until morning, perhaps I should never tell. I should wake up and see it as merely a fantastic nightmare.

"Has there ever been any talk about Eugene?" I said. "Anything about women?"

Bunny stared. He must have seen that I was in deadly earnest. "Never to my knowledge," he said slowly.

"Did he have any money of his own when he married Louisa?"

"No, I don't believe he did."

"Suppose she divorced him? It would ruin him, wouldn't it?"

"I should think so. But ——"

"Knowing him, would you say he'd do about anything to avoid that? Even"—I hesitated—"even murder?"

"Bob," Bunny said, "it's nearly four in the morning. You're seeing things."

"Yes," I said. "I am. Shall I tell you some of them? I'm seeing Eugene in my house in London. I'm seeing a mechanical bird on the mantelpiece. A bird in a glass case, with blue-and-green plumage. *And one broken wing.*"

Bunny only looked at me.

"You heard Aunt Minerva say there are only two or three of them in the world. And the two I know about aren't identical. There couldn't be two like Camilla's, even to the broken wing. Do you happen to know whether Eugene could have been in London? About the time Camilla wrote that letter asking me for a divorce?"

"He was over there last summer," Bunny said. "On business for Uncle Henry. But ——" He stopped. "Even if he met Camilla and saw the bird in your house, it doesn't mean that he ——"

"It means something if he met her and doesn't admit it," I said. "Has he ever given the faintest indication that he knew her?"

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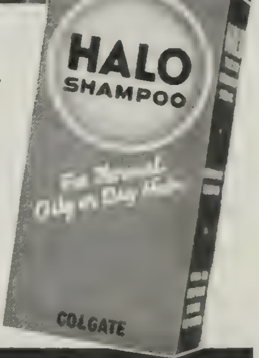

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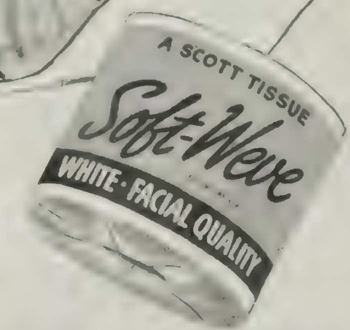

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"No," said Bunny, "never."

"He didn't remember where he'd seen that bird. He described it quite innocently, without any idea of what he was saying."

"And what was he saying? Nothing," my brother said grimly.

"Yes, nothing. There were other things he said that meant nothing. When he was talking about criminal psychology, he referred to Landru. Do you remember? He spoke of the mentality of the women who are so easily taken in. He was talking too fast, then. He was nervous. He had just heard about Jesson's alibi. There was something funny about all that. I thought that he thought I was guilty. If he did, why didn't he keep clear of me? Why did he keep coming round to see me? Why was he so much interested in me from the beginning?"

"It made a good impression on the aunts," Bunny said, with his little shrug. "'How noble of dear Eugene to stand by us!'"

"He had to know what was going on. Remember how startled he was when he heard about the letter? Remember when you first said something about Camilla wanting a divorce and the way that he said, 'If you can prove it'?"

"This is a fantastic dream," my brother said. "Tomorrow you'll wake up and see that it's only a dream. You are a writer, and from one tiny germ of an idea you can create the whole structure of a story—scenes and people and incidents. That's your business, to build up out of nothing. To build up a whole brilliant structure out of cobwebs shining in the sun. You take a solid, respectable citizen, a pattern of morals and a pillar of the church, and show him to me as a treacherous, cold-blooded murderer. And all you have to start with is a stuffed bird in a glass case!"

> Drying a widow's tears is one of the most dangerous occupations known to man.
> —DOROTHY DIX.

As he paused, I made no answer.

"I almost believe it now," he said. "But tomorrow I'll wake up and know it isn't true."

"Yes," I said, sleepily rubbing my eyes, "no doubt you're right. It was just a house of cobwebs, that's all. Tomorrow I'll wake up, and it'll be gone."

XII

In the light of day, I saw things once more in their proper perspective. When Eugene turned up for lunch, he had resumed his ordinary personality, dull and solid as ever. That momentary glimpse of the murderer's face had vanished with the night.

I listened in silence while the rest of them discussed plans for the winter. Eugene had come over to say good-by, as he was driving back to town. Louisa would soon close up the summer place and join him in New York. Soon the Cliftons would be going, too, and Serena with them. It would be just as well, I thought.

After lunch we went into the drawing room for coffee and liqueurs and sat chatting and smoking till Eugene rose to go. His good-by's had been said and he was on his way to the door when the cabinet seemed to remind him of last night's conversation.

"I've just remembered where I saw that other bird," he said. "It was in an old house in Philadelphia, years ago. A place where I was taken for a visit when I was a child. I don't remember the people's name."

The simple explanation produced a strange reaction in me, something between relief and disappointment.

I looked at Bunny, expecting to see him smile. But he was not smiling. And as I saw his face the full conviction of the truth rushed over me.

"I think I'll drive over with you," I said casually, "and see Louisa."

"I'll come too," Bunny said.

Eugene looked from one to the other of us. But he spoke in his usual cool manner. "Louisa will be delighted, I'm sure."

The car was a specially built convertible with the top down. I got in the front seat beside Eugene, while Bunny sat in back. We turned off the highway into the side road that ran through Louisa's woods. It was a little-used road, partly paved in brick, winding along the side of the hill.

We were deep in the woods when I said suddenly, "Stop here, Eugene!"

"Eh? What?" The car wavered under his hands.

"Pull off the road, Eugene," Bunny said.

"What is it, Charles? Is something wrong?"

"Yes," said Bunny.

Eugene pulled the car off on the grassy bank on the inside of the road. He shut off the engine. "What is all this?" he said.

Bunny got out and came around to stand beside him. His eyes were cold, blank, deadly. "We know," he said.

Eugene's pale eyes shifted to look at me.

"Eugene," I said, "you were in my house in London. You described that bird on the mantelpiece. There are not two birds in the world like that."

"Have you both gone mad?" Eugene said.

"She showed it to you, didn't she?" I said. "She wound it up, and she laughed, and you laughed too."

"You didn't know," Bunny said, "that one day you would stand behind her at the telephone ——"

Eugene stared at him. "Are you accusing me of murder, because I once happened to see a mechanical bird?"

"Men have been convicted before now on worse evidence than that," Bunny answered.

"Evidence!" Eugene repeated the word with cold emphasis. "You killed her. You and he between you. I've known that ever since I heard that story about the mix-up of identity at the apartment. You pulled your old trick on the police. Bob killed her, and you got rid of the gun. You walked into the room and found him with the gun in his hand. What was to prevent you from slipping out of the building while he went downstairs to give the alarm? He certainly took his time over it. If that district attorney had known his business, he'd have had his case—gun or no gun—in twenty-four hours. Why did Bob go downstairs, if it wasn't to gain time? Why didn't he telephone from the room?"

I was looking at my brother. Bunny's eyes were blank. He did not say a word.

"That story that he couldn't reach the telephone, because she was in the way!" Eugene said. "The feeblest lie I ever heard! She wasn't in ——" He stopped.

"A bad mistake," Bunny said softly. "How did you know she wasn't in the way?"

Eugene's look was unchanged. I stiffened as he reached across me to the glove compartment. But he only took out a packet of cigarettes. His hands were quite steady. All he said was, "You haven't a shadow of proof."

I suddenly wanted to get out of that car. I felt blindly for the door handle, my eyes still on Eugene's hands. But he was calmly using his dashboard lighter. With a jerk I forced open the door of the car, and then I was standing on the bank, looking down on him.

"No," my brother was saying, "we haven't. But we don't need it. One word is enough. One word to the police."

Eugene's composure gave way. Suddenly, instead of defying, he was pleading. The story burst from him in a spate of words, like a flood from a broken dam. Listening, remembering Camilla, I could almost feel pity for him.

He'd met her at a night club. Lady Cromford, the wife of the London lawyer with whom he had been dealing, had introduced him to her. Her name had meant nothing to him. He'd been dancing with her when a bomb dropped on the club.

"We found ourselves in the street. It was a kind of miracle to be alive. She had no coat and she'd lost one of her silver slippers. I took her home. She wouldn't let me stay. But ——"

(Continued on Page 120)

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Dip fish into the salted milk and place in a greased baking pan. Bake in a hot oven (425° F.) for about 10 minutes, or until fish is heated through. Meanwhile mix remaining ingredients, except the grated Chevelle. Quickly spread hot dressing on top of fish and sprinkle with grated Chevelle. Return to oven for about 10 minutes, or until Chevelle is toasted. Serves 4.

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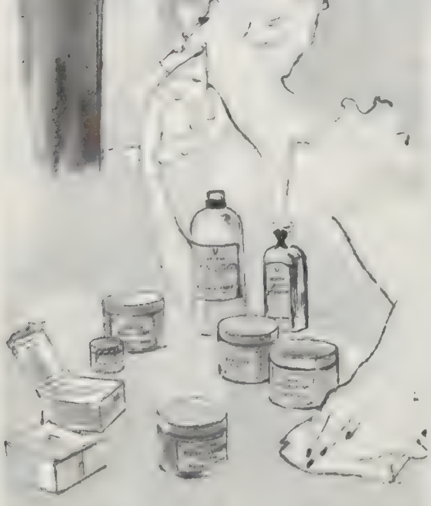

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Arden

(Continued from Page 118)

But he'd gone back, the next night. He'd taken her dancing, and when he brought her home the house was gone. Neither of them, he said, was quite responsible for what happened after that shock. She'd come back with him to his rooms. And she'd gone to Plymouth with him, next day, when his boat was sailing. She knew he was married, but she took it for granted that he meant to get a divorce and marry her as soon as she had divorced me. It was then that he'd found out, for the first time, who her husband was. But she didn't know that his wife was my cousin. His name had no meaning for her.

"When I left her in Plymouth I didn't think I'd ever see her again. I thought that when she didn't hear from me she'd know that I hadn't been serious. It never occurred to me that she would think my letters had been lost at sea."

And then she'd telephoned to his New York apartment from the Blankshire. Louisa was in West Linton, but a friend was with him. He'd cut her short by promising to call her back.

"I wish to God I hadn't done it. But I had to see her. Not in public. I let her come to the apartment. At night. No, no one saw her. But I saw her!"

She'd found out who he was. She'd laughed about it. It was a sort of revenge on me to take Louisa's husband away from her. But he'd made her understand that if Louisa knew of the affair she'd never consent to a divorce.

"I never meant to ask for one, of course. But I had to keep her quiet."

And then, out of the blue, the news that I was coming home. Camilla had found it out through my bank. He hadn't been able to stop her from writing that letter to Aunt Rachel, but he'd kept her from mentioning a divorce in it.

"I knew it was all up with me, though. I knew that when she saw you, Bob, she'd tell you everything."

He'd gone to her hotel, however, to make one last effort to reason with her. He knew the building. He'd taken the elevator to an upper floor and come down by the stairs. Camilla had let him in. But she wouldn't listen when he tried to talk her out of asking me for a divorce. And when he played his last card, when he told her that the money was all Louisa's, that a divorce would cost him even his partnership in the law firm, it only made her furious. She said she'd ruin him anyway. And then the telephone rang, and he'd heard her say, "Tell Mr. Arnold to come up."

"And then—it happened. I don't know how. It wasn't—premeditated. I swear it wasn't."

"Not premeditated? When you had a gun?" Bunny said.

"I only meant to threaten her with it. I thought, up to the very end, that I could make her see reason. But ——"

"So," said Bunny, "you let Bob come up and find her dead. You knew he had plenty of motive for killing her."

"I didn't think of that, Charles. I swear I didn't. I did it in desperation. When I found that Bob was likely to be implicated, I was horrified."

"Yes, I'm sure it must have kept you awake at night," Bunny remarked. "You'd have been heartbroken, no doubt, if you'd seen him convicted of murder—and me, for being an accessory."

"That was a blow, when I found you'd been there too. I didn't know that until afterward."

"Yes, that must have been quite a shock. And you must have had some bad moments afterward. I don't envy your feelings when you heard about the letter."

"That letter! I've lived in terror of some other letter turning up, in which she might have mentioned my name. You could not trust that woman! She had a kink in her brain. You never could predict what she might do."

I caught a faint echo of Camilla in the slurred confession of this ruthless egotist. An egomaniac who would not stop short of murder to protect himself, he could coolly discuss the mental state of the woman whom he had consistently misled and lied to. At the end of a lifetime of illusions, she had found at last the counterpart of herself in the man who had been her lover. Lover? A cold sensualist who did not know the meaning of the word, and a neurotic woman who wanted the love she was incapable of giving. Is there anything in the world so sad as a joyless sin?

"It was strange," my brother was saying, "that, in spite of all your precautions, it was you who gave yourself away in the end. To the only person who knew about that bird. If Bob hadn't happened to be there, no one ever would have known. I didn't believe it—until you brought the subject up again today. That was your fatal mistake, Eugene. When Bob told me last night I laughed at him. But you had to talk too much."

"You've told no one else?"

"We had no proof. Not till you gave it to us—when you said he could have reached the telephone. I never thought you'd fall into so easy a trap."

"So you were leading me on deliberately?" Eugene laughed his odd little laugh. "You've still no proof that would hold good in a court." He paused. "What are you going to do?"

"God knows," Bunny said. There was a little pause, then, "I think," he said slowly, "the best thing would be an accident."

"An accident?" Eugene said.

"You might drive your car in the garage and leave the engine running. Or there's the gun. If you still have it."

"You're not seriously proposing ——"

"I'm only telling you what I should do, if I were in your place." As he spoke, Bunny stepped back from the car, his eyes still on Eugene's face. There was a matter-of-factness in his tone which was more frightening than any violence.

Eugene stared at him like a bird fascinated by a snake.

"It's for you to decide," Bunny added. "We'll give you until tomorrow to make up your mind. For Louisa's sake."

Eugene said not a word. I never heard him say another word. He started his car and began to back it onto the roadway. When I have bad dreams, sometimes, I can still see his white face looking over his shoulder as he maneuvered the wheel, the engine roaring, the car moving jerkily in reverse. Then it was on the road. The long black body jumped like a living thing, with the speed of a striking cat.

I had not been watching Bunny. I didn't know he was so close. He was in the roadway, and his back was turned. He looked around when he heard me cry out, but he couldn't move fast enough. As the car hit him he went down on the brick pavement and lay still.

All this happened before I could move. Then, as the car passed me, I was on the running board, trying to open the door. Eugene struck at my face, but the blow glanced off my cheekbone, and the door swung open. The engine must have stalled in the struggle, and the car began to slide forward on the slight downgrade. Eugene clutched at the hand brake.

But my hands were on his throat. He let go the brake to free himself. But the hand brake didn't hold. The car began to move again, wavering drunkenly across the road. I saw nothing but the face of the man who had killed my brother. I felt nothing but his throat between my hands. I know now that the car ran over the edge of the steep slope.

An old lady in church was seen to bow whenever the name of Satan was mentioned. One day the minister met her and asked why she did so.

"Well," she replied, "politeness costs nothing—and you never know." —ANON.

Encyclopedia of Creative Thought, Edited by Martha Lupton. (Maxwell Droke.)

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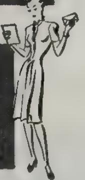

But when it happened I did not know it. I was still holding Eugene's throat when blackness came over me.

XIII

There were intervals when I had bright and lovely dreams, wandering through a pleasant country, not quite strange and not quite familiar, not altogether remembered nor entirely imagined. In such drugged sleep there is no way of measuring time. In my dreams, weeks seemed to go by with the speed of hours, and in half-waking intervals of pain, the minutes dragged like the eternity of hell. Through the fog my mind began to draw back, as though from some disaster, some horror, but I did not know what that horror was.

And then, at last, I woke.

Close to the window beside my hospital bed I could see the bare branches of a maple, outlined in white against a gray winter sky. Snow was falling like a transparent curtain. I turned my eyes away. I knew, now, what the horror was that they had been trying not to remember, not to see.

I saw it now. I saw Eugene's face, looking over his shoulder as he backed his car. I saw the car leap. I saw my brother fall and lie still. I closed my eyes, uselessly, trying to shut out the picture they were never going to forget.

And then, unbelieving, I heard Bunny's voice. And I opened my eyes and saw his face. His head was bandaged, but I heard him laugh. And when I shut my eyes again the hidden horror they had been afraid of seeing was gone.

Later, a long time later, they let us talk to each other.

"You fool!" I said. "To turn your back on him!"

"Funny, wasn't it?" he said. "I heard you shout and I jumped, all in one moment. That's what saved me. The wheels didn't go over me. I only bumped my head on the brick pavement." He stopped. "You never took your hands off his throat, even after he was dead and you were unconscious. Actually, it was the crash that killed him, but if the car had stayed on the road a little longer you'd have strangled him."

I wasn't sure whether I was relieved or disappointed. "So I didn't kill him?" I said, with a sigh.

Bunny laughed. "No," he said. "Technically, I suppose you didn't."

He told me the rest of what there was to tell. The case was closed. The police hadn't found the gun, but one of the maids at West Linton had remembered Eugene's practicing with a revolver, long ago, and the police had dug out some of those practice bullets. The ballistic experts had proved that they had been fired by the same gun as the one that killed Camilla.

So there was no shadow, any more, over either of us. I seemed to come suddenly out into sunlight, sunlight shining on—Bunny's half-forgotten words came back to me—shining on my house of cobwebs. But this brightness was no brief illusion of morning sun and dew. For, standing in the doorway, I saw Serena.

(THE END)

A Time to Love

She was gazing at the American aviator with wide eyes—blue eyes! He saw instantly that she was not Chinese, although she wore a long silk robe of soft clear green. Against the scarlet curtain he saw her profile, delicate and clear. Who was she? What was she doing in this remote and dreamlike mountain village where he had been shot down? . . . Pearl S. Buck writes a sensitive and probing story of young love during the war in China. Don't miss **A Time to Love,** complete in the

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Honey and Esmé begin to shed now, a sure sign of spring. When they are brushed, the fur falls in clouds from them.

Diary of Domesticity

By Gladys Taber

FOR the windy month, I invested in one of those sweet little string turbans with a couple of plastic pins to finish it off. I looked like an Arab trader. All I lacked was a burnoose and a camel. However, the cockers seemed to accept me, turban and all, and there have been hats I wore that threw Star into hysterics.

The wind, the wild brave wind, has carried off the last of the ice and snow. How wonderful the ground looks! The sharp sunlight falls like a blade on the meadow grasses, on the brown lawn, on the huckleberry bushes in the swamp. All the browns are distinct and beautiful, and why are they different from the browns of late autumn? Perhaps the new life under the bark, under the root makes them more glowing. Perhaps it is the quality of March light, keen as an etching tool.

We often have a real blizzard in March; but even so, we have seen the earth again and felt the wind of spring. The snow cannot be convincing. It is just another removal sale on Nature's part.

But this lovely brilliant light is cruel to the house. The season of mud tracking is on us. The floors look grimy and the rugs give back a cindery crunch when you walk on them. All those ashes spread on the icy walk come right back in and lay a heavy gritty film on everything. The windows have a natural blackout effect from furnace dust. The curtains seem to be in mild mourning.

Reason tells me I should not do the real spring house cleaning unless I expect to do it all over after the furnace is cut off. If only I weren't such an emotional housekeeper! Yesterday I rushed out and removed the storm window from my front window. Then I washed that window. Tigger thought it an improvement too. Now we can both see the outdoors, over the meadow, up the slope, across the old stone fence. And every hour or so a farm wagon moves across the horizon, one of them pulled by two massive white horses. What a sense of life and comfort there is in the sight of an old farm wagon creaking on a country road, the farmer drowsing on the seat, the horses moving as if they had forever to get there. After being shut away from life for so much of the winter, it is good to see movement again.

We—Tigger and I—see the postman driving up to the box. The car is diminished by distance, but we hear the sound of the motor. He is bringing the Sears, Roebuck catalogue. Montgomery Ward, maybe. Wonderful sport, reading a mail-order catalogue. I read it almost entirely, regardless of whether the items are any I could possibly use. The catalogue writers are so cheerful, so glowing. Not for them the gloom of news reports, the lectures on rationing. They describe their perfect wares, and if you can't get them, a simple stamp says Not Available. But you have the fun of imagining.

My husband and I cut apple boughs and pussy willows for forcing this week. While I wasn't looking, Bob also removed a few branches from our one and only forsythia, and if they don't come out, he will hear about it. It took us years to get a forsythia started, what with the dogs digging it up three times, a car running over it once, and a bad freeze once. Now it really looks like a bush, instead of an invisible hairpin.

The parsley in the kitchen window is about done for. It was fine nearly all winter and then, of all things, it got aphides. Where do the pests come from? Sister Jill sprayed it and it quietly gave up. No aphides, no parsley. Now we shall have to use the dried until the garden plants begin.

There must be a good deal of rabbit in me, judging by the way I feel about celery tops, young carrots, lettuce and cabbage and all sweet herbs that are, to paraphrase Shakespeare. I like to use mixed dried herbs in soups and stews and sprinkled over roasts. I am very intimate with sage. We dry our own, and it has such a sturdy fresh savor. Basil is good in tomato dishes, although I feel a tinge of sadness whenever I see it, thinking of Isabella, or The Pot of Basil, in which Keats immortalized the herb.

No meat loaf is right without a couple of bay leaves pressed in the top. We like meat loaf with hard-boiled eggs buried in the center and this is a fine stretcher.

The really worst feature of March is that I know there is no longer any use in thinking I can wear last summer's slacks unless I take off an uncounted number of pounds. This is a very black hour. Gloomily I realize I must get back on the nine-hundred-calorie diet and, instead of waxing fat and happy, wane thin and miserable.

For anyone known as "a born cook," reducing approaches anguish. It is no laughing matter to skip into the kitchen and fix barbecued spareribs, juicy and rich and spicy and simply abounding with calories, and watch the family smack their lips over the platter while you eat a lonely lamb chop—broiled, fat cut off, fat being the best part—and a dish of shredded cabbage garnished sweetly with a slice of lemon.

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With modern developments in science and communication, a high degree of specialization has taken place in medicine, as in other fields. Your family physician, with his intimate knowledge of your needs, your history, your personality, is best fitted to diagnose your case and refer you, if necessary, to whatever specialist can help you most.

In his way, your family physician, too, is a specialist . . . a specialist in broad general knowledge, of medicine and human nature. He is humanity's faithful servant, adviser, friend!

•

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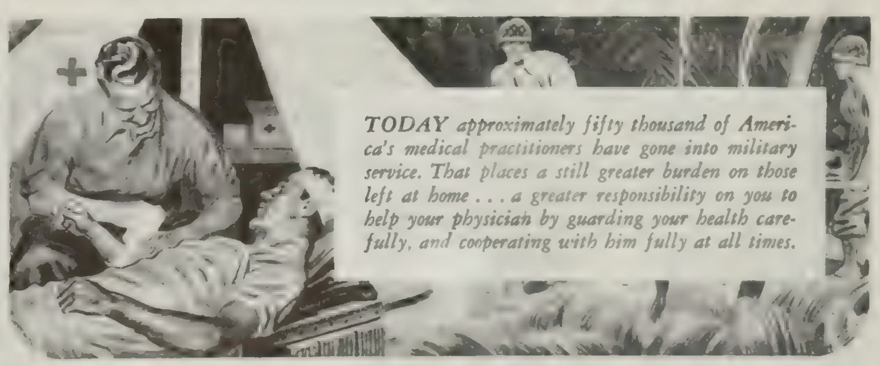

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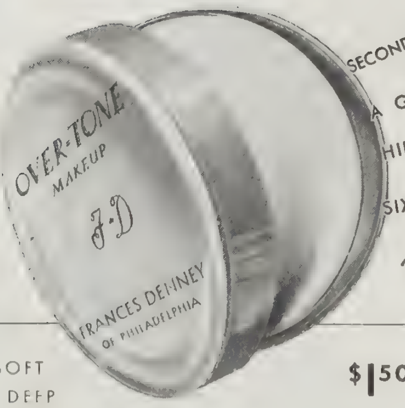

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Neither is it my idea of riotous sport to whack myself black and blue, pedal imaginary bicycles and "wring" various portions of my abused anatomy by the hour. My favorite exercise is turning the waffle iron and piling crisp, delicate brown squares on a Wedgwood plate and lifting a pitcher of honey butter to pour over. I often wonder why God's plan for girls included making all the very best things to eat fattening. And I note, also, that 65 per cent of American women are just naturally plump, not thin.

Wartime food makes it even worse. The meat stretchers, the gravies, the spaghetti and macaroni dishes—I could live on these alone—are all loaded with calories. Lean broiled steak every day was once easy. But braised oxtail is as fattening as it is delicious.

Before the war Jill and I spent part of a winter in a fancy reducing course. We tried the works—steam cabinet, exercise, massage and what not. But the other day, when we were recalling that bout, Jill got a happy light in her eyes and said, "All I remember now is the marvelous meals we had afterward!" We used to stagger out, weak and parboiled, feeling like weak celery stalks—and there was, right in the next building, a very good chophouse. We used to stop off just to fortify us for the trip home, and end by eating chicken-liver *pâté* with mayonnaise, fried oysters, baked potatoes or French fried, hot buttered rolls, tossed green salad, French pastry and coffee.

Getting slim is really perfectly simple. You just stop eating whatever looks good and confine your activities to adding up calorie figures. After breakfast, I carry out my tray and say, "Well, I've eaten a hundred and fifty calories for breakfast. I get two hundred and fifty for lunch." Subtracting from nine hundred, that leaves me—well, what does it leave me?—about five hundred. You can always munch a few vitamin capsules when you get ravenous.

Yes, when I climb again into my summer slacks, I have earned them. Size eighteen.

He threatens who is afraid.
—FRENCH PROVERB.

As far as March goes, this is the time to take inventory of the canned goods left in the fruit closet. It is a mistake, I think, to save overmuch home-canned goods. I have opened jars of vegetables two years later and found them perfect, but I'd rather use the jars up before the garden begins to grow again. It requires much firmness, however, to open the last jar of chicken and the last quart of mushrooms.

Since I am fortunate enough to possess a pressure cooker, I do not have to do as the experts advise, and boil everything fifteen minutes after opening. I should hate to take the life out of my precious canned things in this severe manner. I am fanatically careful as I can—jars immaculate, rubbers perfect, steam pressure exact and watched like a bevy of hawks. When I open a can I look at it carefully. Any slight deviation in looks of the liquid or the product, I see. I smell and I taste.

OUR canned tomatoes are whole enough to use in salads. If I had to boil them fifteen minutes, we would just have more tomato soup. I will say, in my defense, that I have been canning for years. If it were my virgin attempt, and if I canned nonacid vegetables in a boiling-water bath instead of my faithful pressure cooker, I should follow the experts' advice to the last period.

The liquid in canned vegetables should be clear, not cloudy or muddy. The tops should not have bulged. The rubber, if it is a rubber-topped jar, should be in place exactly, not warped out anywhere. If it is a glass top, I look for any minute crack which might have developed, run my thumbnail around the edge after I get the bail loosened. I always keep the jars in ranks, in the order of canning, so that the oldest jars normally get used first. And nonacid vegetables are, of course, harder to keep safely than acid, such as tomatoes.

This last week we opened a quart of blueberries which seemed to be molding at the edge of the jar. Maybe this was due to the sugar shortage when they were canned. I was canning them plain boiled with sugar and I skimped on the sugar. The family went into a conference about the jar, and in the end I boiled the berries up, added more sugar and had lovely blueberry jam for toast at breakfast.

The cockers are glad for March. They run so fast and hard and with such exhilaration to find the snow gone that they hardly touch paw to the earth. That is the way they look, rather. When they troop into the house, it is evident they have touched all paws to the mud.

Bob and I were down at the brook yesterday afternoon, and Sister opened the gate and let the rest out to join us. They all splashed deeply in mud and water and came back like a group of animated shower baths. Sister had demonstrated her thinking ability again. We went out the back gate and the other dogs kept wailing beside it while Sister quietly hopped to the front gate and came on around by the farmer's road and bounced in our faces. Sister does a lot of independent thinking. Generally she thinks just a little faster than we do, and gets what she plans.

THE dogs begin to shed now, a sure sign of spring. When they are brushed, the fur falls in clouds from them. Star and Pussy are full of straw seeds, and getting them combed is like getting me combed when I was very small and had long golden curls. This was a very brief era, and my grandmother used to comb them out while telling me the entire story of Henny-Penny and Ducky-Lucky and Goosey-Lucy. I loved Foxy-Loxy, even during a bad snarl in my hair.

Star doesn't care a bit what I recite to her while her ears are being worked on. She just makes going-away motions all the time and now and then screams at me. But Snow could be brushed forever. Saxon likes it, too, and there is so much of him it's like grooming a pony.

When it is really warm and the house is spring-cleaned, the kennels can be scrubbed and painted and oiled and the straw used for mulch in the raspberry bed. Then, of course, the cockers can begin acquiring rose briers. Bob has a feeling they will love his tulips as much as he does. Doubtless he will have to board up the bed and climb in with a stepladder to pick the tulips.

While the March wind howls, it is fun to stop in the late afternoon for a cup of hot tea or broth (diet) and dip into old books that need dusting anyway. I have been enjoying my household encyclopedia in this manner for some days, and have reached the part on how to reject a suitor. Sometimes, the book says, you may be taken by surprise at a proposal, because "there are men so secret in these matters that they do not even let the object of their affections suspect."

My book advises rejecting him in writing, if possible, putting "your refusal of his hand on the score of your not feeling for him that peculiar preference necessary to the union he seeks." After all, one cannot marry all the estimable men. Then the climax: "If you are so situated as to meet the gentleman whose hand you have refused, you should do so with frank cordiality, and put him at his ease by behaving as if nothing particular had passed between you." I suppose one might say, "Well, well, the face is familiar but the name slips my mind," or something like that.

I wonder if people really behaved according to the dictates of these old books. Or under the stays and petticoats, was not a woman's heart just as strong and sturdy as it is today, beating inside a denim coverall? I suspect the inner core of human beings is much the same as it has always been.

Probably women have always looked up at the stars on a windy March night and felt the quickening dream of spring in their hearts. They have seen the night clouds scud and heard the dark water falling down the winter-free courses. And gathered their folk around them at the supper table in the warmth and love that mean home.

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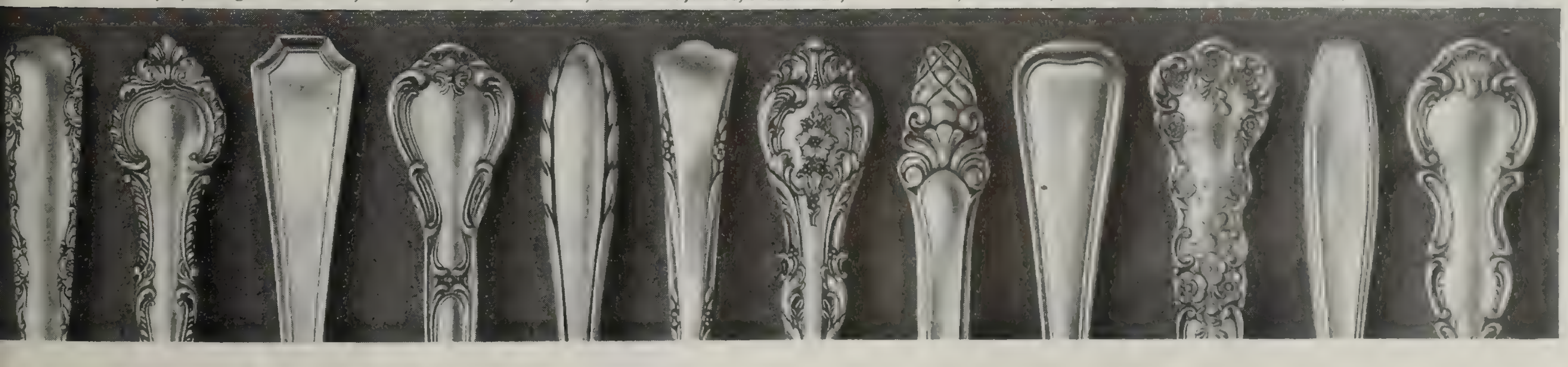

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KATINA

(Continued from Page 18)

busy fighters way down in the valley. A proud, busy little fighter squadron, and very few fighters.

You cannot be proud in the presence of mountains. Had not the hills that very morning turned and looked northward toward Tepelene, where they had seen a thousand German aircraft gathered under the shadow of Olympus? Was it not true that the snow on the top of Dodona had melted away in a day, sending little rivers of water running down across our landing field? Had not Kataphidi buried his head in a cloud so that our pilots might be tempted to fly through the whiteness and crash against his rugged shoulders?

As I stood there looking at the rain through the tent flap, I knew for certain that the mountains had turned against us. I could feel it in my stomach.

I went back into the tent and listened all the afternoon to Fin trying to teach Katina to talk English. He worked hard, and every now and again, for a brief moment, he managed to take her mind away from her thoughts. Once he made her smile.

Fin was a tubby man, shaped like a barrel. He had a round red face which was mostly cheeks and eyes; brown eyes which twinkled as though they were always in the sun. He was a merry man, and gentle—very gentle.

The next day the skies cleared, and once again we saw the mountains. We did a patrol over the troops which were already retreating slowly toward Thermopylae, and we met a lot of Messerschmitts and some Ju.87's dive-bombing the soldiers. We got a few of them and they got Sandy. I saw him going down, and as I watched him I forgot all the things that I had ever been taught as a fighter pilot. I sat quite still for thirty seconds and watched his plane spiraling gently downward. I sat and waited for the parachute. I remember switching on my radi and saying quietly, "Sandy, you must jum now. You must jump; you're getting nea the ground." But there was no parachute They must have killed him in his cockpit.

When we landed and taxied in, there wa Katina, standing outside the dispersal ten with the doc: a tiny shrimp of a girl in dirty print dress, standing there watchin the machines as they came in to land. T some of us, as we walked in, she said, "*Th girisis xana*." Pericles said it meant, "Yo are back again"; just that. Apparently sh had counted the aircraft on her fingers a they took off, and now she noticed that ther was one missing.

We were standing around taking off ou parachutes, and she was trying to ask u about it, when suddenly someone said "Look out. Here they come." Sure enough through a gap in the hills, a mass of tin thin black silhouettes were bearing dow upon the airdrome.

There was a scramble for the slit trenches and I remember seeing Fin catch Katin round the waist and carry her off with us I remember seeing her fight like a tiger th whole way to the trenches, and I remembe everything else that happened in the nex five minutes.

As soon as we got into the trench and Fi had let her go, she jumped out and ran ove onto the airfield. Down came the Messerschmitts with their guns blazing, swoopin so low that you could see the noses of th pilots sticking out under their goggles Their bullets threw up spurts of dust al around, and I saw one of our Hurricane burst into flames. I saw Katina standin right in the middle of the field, standin firmly with her legs astride and her back t

(Continued on Page 129)

Jack Sprat, modern version. This is the new, improved, 1944 model Jack Sprat. He licks his platter clean, fat *or* lean, because he knows wasting food is like handing a loaded gun to a Nazi. He knows we must take on our plates only what we can eat—then eat every bit—and *waste nothing!*

This lad—and millions of young and old like him are conserving every possible ounce of food to help their brothers and sons overseas win this war. To them, Canada Dry—"the Champagne of Ginger Ales"—a frequent guest and an old family friend says: keep up the good work!

Please don't blame your dealer for temporary shortages of Canada Dry Ginger Ale. Wartime restrictions limit the supply. Just keep asking for it. There's no substitute for "the Champagne of Ginger Ales."

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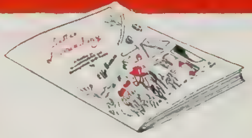

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(Continued from Page 126)

is, looking up and shaking her fists at the Germans as they dived past. I have never een anything smaller and more angry and more fierce in my life. She seemed to be houting at them, but the noise was very great and one could hear nothing at all except the engines and the guns of the airplanes.

Then it was all over. It was over as quickly as it had begun, and no one said very much except Fin, who said, "I wouldn't have done that, ever; not even if I was crazy."

That evening Monkey got out the squadron records and added Katina's name to the ist of members, and Kip, the equipment officer, was ordered to provide a tent for her. So, on the eleventh of April, 1941, she became a member of the squadron.

In two days she knew the first name or nickname of every pilot, and Fin had already taught her to say "Any luck?" and "Nice work."

That was a time of intense activity, and when I try to think of it hour by hour, the whole period becomes hazy in my mind. Mostly, I remember, it was escorting the Blenheims to Valona, and if it wasn't that, it was a ground-strafe of Italian trucks on the Albanian border or an S O S from the Northumberland regiment saying they were having the hell bombed out of them by half the aircraft in Europe.

None of that can I remember. I can remember nothing of that time clearly, save for two things. The one was the vision of Katina standing out in the open during a bombing raid on the airdrome: standing there shaking her fists at the bombers while the bombs burst all around; standing there and actually getting blown off her feet by a five-hundred-pounder that landed fifty yards away; getting up again and wiping the mud from her face and saying something which I could not understand.

Glory Road

(North Atlantic Convoy, 1942)

BY JOHN ACKERSON

Past the red rim, I look into the west,
And what I see makes potent my right hand;
I know my conscience will not let me rest
Till all the world is knit like our dear land.
These fingers lately laid on sweet brown hair
Regain their skill to loose the cannon's rage;
This heart that loves was armored by despair
That only war will cleanse the earthly stage
For man's best act: Having achieved the kill,
Our hates discarded, courting what is true,
Stone upon stone, so thrust into the blue
The spires of the republic of good will.
Here in the convoy, closing an anxious day,
I've found my path, to press it, come what may.

The other was when the Ape came into the mess tent one evening, returning from a lone patrol. The Ape was an enormous man, whose shoulders were nearly as broad as he was tall. He had a jaw like a snowplow and he had been a racing driver before the war. It was getting dark, and we were sitting round in the tent playing shove-halfpenny when the Ape came in. We knew that he had just landed.

He said, "Hello," and wandered over to the bar and began to get out a bottle of beer.

"See anything, Ape?" someone said.

The Ape said, "Yes," and went on fiddling with the bottle of beer.

I suppose we were all very interested in our game of shove-halfpenny, because no one said anything else for about five minutes until Peter suddenly came to and said, "What did you see, Ape?"

THE Ape was leaning against the bar, alternately sipping his beer and trying to make a hooting noise by blowing down the neck of the empty bottle.

Peter said, "What did you see?"

The Ape put down the bottle and looked up. "Five S. 79's," he said.

I remember hearing him say it, but I remember also that our game was exciting and that Fin had one more shove to win. We all watched him miss it, and Peter said, "Fin, I think you're going to lose." And Fin said, "Go to hell." We finished the game and then I looked up and saw the Ape still leaning against the bar making noises with his beer bottle.

He said, "This sounds like the old Mauretania coming into New York harbor," and he started blowing into the bottle again.

"What happened with the S. 79's?" I said.

HE STOPPED his blowing and put down the bottle. "I shot them down."

Everyone heard it. At that moment eleven pilots in that tent stopped what they were doing and eleven heads flicked around and looked at the Ape. They knew that the S. 79 was a three-engined Italian bomber with a crew of six and quite a few guns. They knew that it was reasonable and feasible to shoot down one or even two out of a formation of five. But to shoot down all of them would mean sitting on their tails and facing the concentrated fire power of the formation, and just asking to be killed.

Before anyone had time to recover, in came Kaspar, the intelligence officer, in a state of great excitement. "Ape," he said, "the army has just been through on the phone. They say you got all five. They crashed in the sea out toward Corfu. I got in touch with the Blenheims," he added, "and they've sent a machine out to drop dinghies to them."

The Ape took another drink of his beer and said quietly, "At one time I counted eighteen parachutes in the air together."

The next day he went on patrol and never came back.

On April twelfth Monkey got a message from Athens. It said that the squadron was to move down to Eleusis and from there do a defense of Athens itself and also cover the troops retreating through the Thermopylae Pass.

Katina was to go with the trucks, and we told the doc he was to see that she arrived safely. It would take them a day to make the journey. We flew over the mountains toward the south, fourteen of us, and at two-thirty we landed at Eleusis. It was a lovely airdrome, with runways and hangars; and best of all, Athens was only twenty-five minutes away by car.

That evening, as it was getting dark, I stood outside my tent. I stood with my hands in my pockets watching the sun go down and thinking of the work which we were to do. The more that I thought of it, the more impossible I knew it to be. Obviously it was impossible, because a mere handful of aircraft could not hope to do a great deal against approximately one third of the German *Luftwaffe*, and as I thought these things I looked up, and once again I saw the mountains. They were closer to us here, crowding in upon us on all sides, standing shoulder to shoulder, tall and naked, with their heads in the clouds, surrounding us everywhere save in the south, where lay Peiraeus and the open sea. I knew that each night, when it was very dark, when we were all tired and sleeping in our tents, those mountains would move forward, creeping a

(Continued on Page 131)

Hands Chapped?

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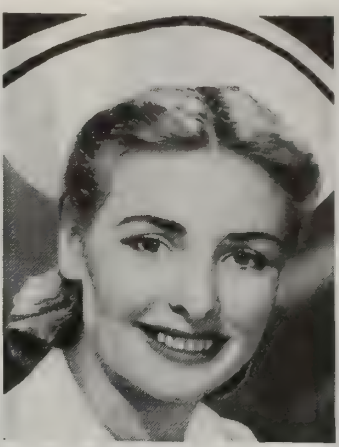

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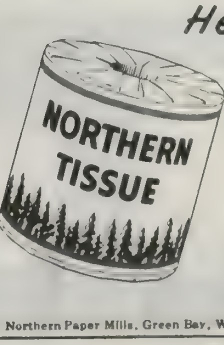

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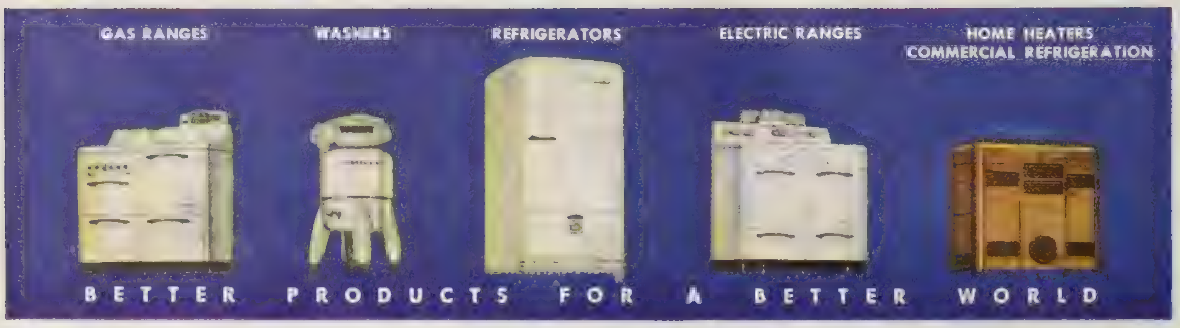

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(Continued from Page 129)

tle closer, making no noise, until at last on ie appointed day they would tumble forard with one great rush and push us into ie ocean.

Fin emerged from his tent.

"Have you seen the mountains?" I said.

"They're full of gods. They aren't any ood," he answered.

"I wish they'd stand still," I said.

Fin looked up at the great crags of Parnes nd Pentelikon, towering above us in the orth. "They're full of gods," he said. Sometimes, in the middle of the night, when iere is a moon, you can see the gods sitting n the summits. There was one on Kataphidi. Ie was huge, like a house but without any iape and quite black. . . . Let's go and get ome of that Greek *resinato*," he added. "It astes like hell, but it's stronger than beer."

The next day the trucks carrying the round staff and the equipment rumbled nto the airdrome, and there was Katina itting in the front seat of the leading veicle with the doc beside her. She waved to s as she jumped down, and she came runing toward us, laughing and calling our ames in a curious Greek way. She still had n the same dirty print dress, and she still ad a bandage round her forehead, but the un was shining in her hair and there was a ouch of mature beauty in her face which vas almost frightening.

We showed her the tent which we had preared for her and we showed her the small otton nightdress which Fin had obtained hat morning by bribing one of the Greek aborers around the airdrome to go into Athens. It was white with a lot of little blue irds embroidered on the front, and we all hought that it was very beautiful. Katina wanted o put it on at once, and t took a long time to peruade her that it was meant nly for sleeping in. Six imes Fin had to perform a complicated act which consisted of pretending to out on the nightdress, then jumping onto the bed and falling fast asleep. In the end she nodded vigorously and understood.

From a Chinese Screen

The first time it is a favor, the second a rule.

When going to an eating house, go to one that is filled with customers.

Words whispered in the ear may be heard for a thousand miles.

A good drum does not require hard striking.

For the next two days nothing happened, except that the remnants of another squadron came down from the north and joined us. They brought six Hurricanes, so that altogether we had about twenty machines. Then we waited.

On the third day German reconnaissance aircraft appeared, circling high over Peiraeus, and we chased after them, but never got up in time to catch them. This was inevitable, for we had no modern devices to warn us of their approach. Nevertheless, Slim, the signals officer, had devised an intricate and fairly effective substitute. All over the country, in all the villages, up on the mountains and out on the islands, he had stationed Greeks, all of whom were connected up to our small operations room by field telephone.

WE HAD no operations officer, so we all took it in turns to be on duty for the day. My turn came on the fourth day, and I remember clearly what happened.

At 6:30 in the morning the phone buzzed. "This is A-7," said a very Greek voice. "This is A-7. There are noises overhead."

I looked at the map. There was a little ring with "A-7" written inside it just beside Yanina. I put a cross on the celluloid which covered the map and wrote "Noises" beside it, as well as the time: "0631 hours."

Three minutes later the phone went again. "This is A-4. This is A-4. There are many noises above me," said an old quavering voice, "but I cannot see because there are thick clouds."

I looked at the map. A-4 was Mount Karava. I made another cross on the celluloid and wrote "Many noises—0634," and then I drew a line between Yanina and Karava. It pointed toward Athens, so I signaled the "readiness" crew to scramble, and they took off and circled the city. Later they saw a Ju.88 on reconnaissance high above them, but they never caught it. That was how we worked our warning system.

That evening when I came off duty I could not help thinking of the old Greek, sitting all alone in a hut up at A-4; sitting on the slope of Karava looking up into the whiteness and listening all day and all night for noises in the sky. I imagined the eagerness with which he seized the telephone when he heard something, and of the joy he must have felt when the voice at the other end repeated his message and thanked him. I thought of his clothes and wondered if they were warm enough and I thought, for some reason, of his boots, which almost certainly had no soles left upon them and were stuffed with tree bark and paper.

THAT was April seventeenth. It was the evening when Monkey said, "They say the Germans are at Lamia, which means that we're within range of their fighters. Tomorrow the fun should start."

It did. At dawn the bombers came over, with about fifty fighters circling around overhead, watching the bombers, waiting to pounce, but doing nothing unless someone interfered with the bombers.

We got eight Hurricanes into the air just before they arrived. It was not my turn to go up, so with Katina standing by my side I watched the battle from the ground. The child never said a word or moved a muscle, save when she turned her head to follow the little specks of silver dancing high above in the sky. I saw the tenseness of her body and I saw her fists, which were clenched so tightly that her hands became white and without blood. I looked into the sky and saw a plane coming down in a trail of black smoke, and I looked at Katina again and I remember thinking that I had never before seen such fierce hatred expressed in a human being. And she was but seven years old.

It was a successful battle, for they could turn, those Hurricanes, and they led the Germans a merry dance all over the sky. We got four of the bombers and one fighter, but we lost a sergeant called Willie. He crashed into the sea half a mile out with smoke pouring from his engine.

At noon Monkey got another message from Athens. It said that morale was bad in the capital and that every available Hurricane was to fly in formation low over the city in order to show the inhabitants how strong we were and how many aircraft we had. Eighteen of us took off and in tight formation we flew up and down the main streets just above the roofs of the houses. I could see the people looking up, shielding their eyes from the sun, looking at us as we flew over, and in one street I saw an old woman who never looked up at all. None of them waved, and I knew then that they were resigned to their fate. None of them waved and I knew, although I could not see their faces, that they were not even glad as we flew past.

Then we headed out toward Thermopylae, but on the way Monkey circled the Acropolis twice. I had never had time to go and see it before, and I was grateful to him for this. I saw a little hill—a mound, almost, it seemed—and on the top of it I saw the white columns. There were a great number of them, grouped together in perfect order, not crowding one another, white in the sunshine, and I wondered, as I looked at them, how anyone could have put so much on top of so small a hill in such an elegant way.

Then we flew up the great Thermopylae Pass, and I saw long lines of vehicles moving slowly southward toward the sea. I saw occasional puffs of white smoke where a shell landed in the valley and I saw a direct hit on the road which made a gap in the line of trucks. But we saw no enemy aircraft.

When we landed Monkey said, "Refuel quickly and get in the air again; I think

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they're waiting to catch us on the ground."

But it was no use. They came down out of the sky five minutes after we had landed. I remember I was in the pilots' room in No. 2 Hangar, talking to Fin and to a big tall boy with fair hair, called Paddy. We heard the bullets on the corrugated-iron roof of the hangar, and then we heard explosions, and the three of us dived under the little wooden table in the middle of the room. But the table upset.

Paddy set it up again and crawled underneath. "There's something about being under a table," he said. "I don't feel safe unless I'm under a table."

Fin said, "I never feel safe." He was sitting on the floor watching the bullets making holes in the corrugated-iron wall of the room. There was a great clatter as the bullets hit the tin.

Then we became brave and got up and peeped outside the door. There were at least forty Messerschmitt 109's circling the airdrome, and one by one they straightened out and dived past the hangars, spraying the ground with their guns. But they did something else. They slid back their cockpit hoods and as they came past they threw out small bombs which exploded when they hit the ground and fiercely flung quantities of large lead balls in every direction. Those were the explosions which we had heard, and the noise that the lead balls made as they hit the hangar was like a million hailstones rolled into one.

THEN I saw the men, the ground crews, standing up in their slit trenches firing at the Messerschmitts with rifles, reloading and firing as fast as they could, cursing and shouting as they shot, aiming ludicrously, hopelessly, aiming at an airplane with just a rifle. At Eleusis we had no other defenses.

Suddenly the Messerschmitts all turned and headed for home, all save one, which glided down and made a smooth belly landing on the airdrome.

Then there was chaos. The Greeks around us raised a shout and jumped onto the fire tender and headed out toward the crashed German airplane. At the same time more Greeks streamed out from every corner of the field, shouting and yelling and crying for the blood of the pilot. It was a mob intent upon vengeance, and one could not blame them; but there were other considerations. We wanted the pilot for questioning, and we wanted him alive.

Monkey, who was standing on the tarmac, shouted to us, and Fin and Paddy and I raced with him toward the station wagon which was standing fifty yards away. Monkey was inside like a flash, started the engine and drove off just as the three of us jumped on the running board. The fire tender with the Greeks on it was not fast and it still had two hundred yards to go, and the other people had a long way to run. Monkey drove quickly and we beat them to it by about fifty yards.

We jumped out and ran over to the Messerschmitt, and there, sitting in the cockpit, was a fair-haired boy with pink cheeks and blue eyes, and never have I seen anyone whose face showed so much fear. He said to Monkey in English, "I am hit in the leg."

We pulled him out of the cockpit and got him into the car, while the Greeks stood around watching. He had a wound in his shin and the bullet had shattered the bone, giving him so much pain that he had had to land at once. We drove him back, and as we handed him over to the doc, I saw Katina standing not four yards away, looking at the face of the German.

She was so dumfounded that she could not speak. She could not even move, but stood rooted to the ground clutching the skirt of her dress in her hands, staring at the face of the German. She was bewildered and astonished, and it was not difficult, from her expression, to imagine the thoughts which were racing through her mind. Almost it was as though she was speaking out aloud: *There is a mistake somewhere; there must be a mistake, for this is a pink-cheeked boy with fair hair and blue eyes, not a fat ugly monster with*

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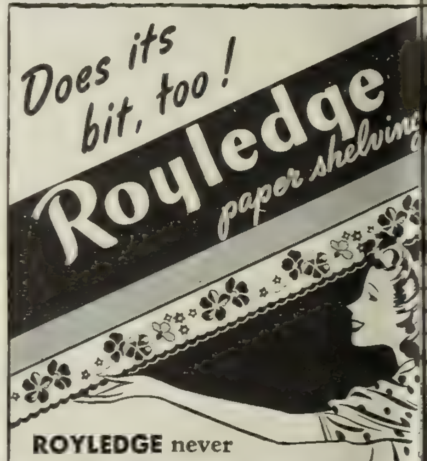
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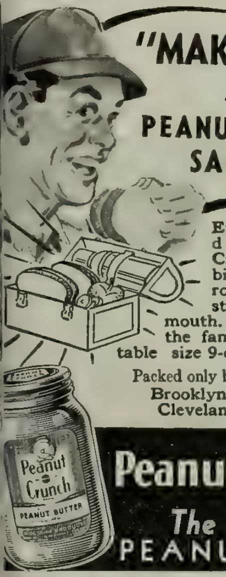

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a savage face and yellow teeth. You say he is a German murderer, yet he has pink cheeks and fair hair and the pleasant face of a boy. I cannot understand anything any longer. I simply cannot understand. After a while she said something very quietly in Greek, then turned away and ran toward her tent, ran across the grass toward her tent, rushed in and disappeared from sight.

In the evening at supper I ate my fried sardines, but I could not eat the bread or the cheese. For three days I had been conscious of my stomach, of a hollow feeling such as one gets just before an operation or while waiting to have a tooth out in the dentist's house. I had had it all day for three days, from the moment I woke up to the time I fell asleep. Peter was sitting opposite me, and I asked him about it.

"I've had it for a week," he said. "It's good for the bowels. It loosens them."

"German aircraft are like liver pills," said Fin from the bottom of the table. "They are very good for you, aren't they, doc?"

The doc said, "Maybe you've had an overdose."

"I have," said Fin. "I've had an overdose of German liver pills. I didn't read the instructions on the bottle. Take two before retiring."

Peter said, "I would love to retire."

"Hitler's Little Liver Pills," said Fin. "And the great thing to remember is that they are not habit-forming."

Peter said, "There can be no danger of that."

After supper three of us walked down to the hangars with Monkey, who said, "I'm worried about this ground strafing. They never attack the hangars, because they know that we never put anything inside them. Tonight I think we'll collect four of the aircraft and put them into Number Two Hangar."

We thought that that was a good idea. Normally the Hurricanes were dispersed all over the edge of the airdrome, but they were being picked off one by one, because it was impossible to be in the air the whole time. The four of us took a machine each and taxied it into No. 2 Hangar, and then we pulled the great sliding doors together and locked them.

Man is the hunter; woman is his game. —A. TENNYSON.

The next morning, before the sun had risen from behind the mountains, thirty Junkers 87 dive bombers came over and blew No. 2 Hangar right off the face of the earth. Their bombing was good and they did not even hit the hangars on either side of it. They worked very fast, those Germans.

That afternoon they got Peter. He went off toward a village called Khalkis, which was being bombed by Ju.88's, and no one ever saw him again. Gay, laughing Peter, whose mother lived on a farm in Kent and drove the tractor herself in spite of her sixty-two years. I would have to write to her at once, but that would not be easy.

I had always shared a tent with Peter, ever since I came to the squadron, and that evening after I had gone to bed he came back to that tent. You need not believe me; I do not expect you to, but I am telling you what happened.

I always went to bed first, because there is not room in one of those tents for two people to be turning around at the same time. Peter always came in two or three minutes afterward. That evening I went to bed, and I lay thinking that tonight he would not be coming. I wondered whether his body lay tangled in the wreckage of his aircraft on the side of some black mountain or whether it was at the bottom of the sea, and I hoped only that he had had a decent funeral.

Then suddenly I heard a movement, and the flap of the tent opened and shut again. But there were no footsteps. Then I heard him sit down on his bed. It was a noise I had heard every night for weeks past, and always it had been the same. It was just a thump

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and a creaking of the wooden legs of the camp bed. One after another the flying boots were pulled off and dropped upon the ground, and as always one of them took three times as long to get off as the other. After that there was the gentle rustle of a blanket being pulled back and then the creakings of the rickety bed as it took the weight of a man's body.

They were sounds I had heard every night, the same sounds in the same order, and now I sat up in bed and said, "Peter." It was pitch dark in the tent and there was nothing to be seen, and my voice sounded loud and harsh in the silence. "Hallo, Peter. That was tough luck you had today." But still there was no answer.

I did not feel uneasy or frightened, but I remember at the time touching the tip of my nose with my finger to make sure I was there; then because I was very tired, I went to sleep.

In the morning I looked at the bed and saw that it had been slept in. But I did not show it to anyone, not even Fin. I put the blankets back in place myself and patted the pillow.

It was on that day, the twentieth of April, 1941, that we fought the Battle of Athens. It was perhaps the last of the great dogfighting air battles that will ever be fought, because nowadays the planes fly always in great formations of wings and squadrons, and attack is carried out methodically and scientifically upon the orders of the leader. Nowadays one does not dogfight all over the sky except upon very rare occasions. But the Battle of Athens was a long and beautiful dogfight in which fifteen Hurricanes fought for half an hour with eighty German bombers and a hundred and fifty fighters. I lost many of my friends in that battle.

The bombers started coming over early in the afternoon. It was a lovely spring day, and for the first time the sun had in it a trace of real summer warmth. The sky was pure blue, save for a few wispy clouds here and there, and the mountains stood out black and clear against the blue of the sky.

To His Wife

By Edna Mead

Be certain of my heart's desire
No matter what my flesh must do:
Life has not been a smoky fire
But a bright flame, between us two.

Those must be dread and futile ways
The unloved tread, and dark with harm;
But you are partner to my days
And armor to my arm.

Your voice is at the tempest's core,
Cool and serene and laughter-filled,
And, when the great winds die once more,
Life can be everything we willed.

PENTELIKON no longer hid his head in the clouds. He stood over us, grim and forbidding, watching every little move and knowing that each thing we did was of little purpose. Men were foolish and were made only so that they could die, while mountains and rivers went on forever and did not notice the passing of time. Had not Pentelikon himself many years ago looked down upon Thermopylae and seen a handful of Spartans defending the pass against the invaders; seen them fight until there was not one man left alive among them? Had he not seen the Persians cut to pieces by Leonidas at Marathon, and had he not looked down upon Salamis and upon the sea when Themistocles and the Athenians drove the enemy from their native shores, causing them to lose more than two hundred sail? All these things and many more he had seen, and now as he looked down upon us we were as nothing in his eyes. Almost there was a look of scorn upon the face of the mountain, and I thought for a moment that I could hear the laughter of the gods because they knew that we were not enough and that in the end we must lose. Now it would not be long, I thought; it would not be long.

The bombers came over just after lunch, and at once we saw that there were a great number of them. We looked up and saw that the sky was full of little silver specks and the sunlight danced and sparkled on a hundred different pairs of wings.

Monkey took one look and said, "Squadron, scramble," and every available aircraft, including some which were not really available, took the air. There were fifteen of us in all, and we climbed up toward the bombers, hoping, as we went, that there would be no fighters above. Slowly we got within range, and I remember hearing Monkey's voice crackling over the radio, saying, "Go for their bellies, go for their bellies." We attacked them from underneath as we climbed and we shot at their shiny metal bellies, shooting in front of them, letting them fly through the bullets.

THEN the fighters came down to the rescue of the bombers. They had been up above all the time, stepped up in layers, Messerschmitt 109's and 110's, and all of them came diving down, heading for the Hurricanes and firing as they came. I remember looking up and seeing in the sky a mass of small black dots, and I remember thinking to myself that those could not be airplanes; they simply could not be, because there were not so many airplanes in the world.

Then they were on us, and of the next half hour I remember very little. I remember that I applied a little flap so that I should be able to turn in tighter circles, and then I remember only one or two small incidents which photographed themselves upon my mind. There were the spurts of flame from the guns of a Messerschmitt as he attacked from the frontal quarter on my starboard side. There was the German whose parachute was on fire as it opened. There was the German who flew up beside me and made rude signs at me with his fingers, whom I shot down five seconds later by throttling back suddenly and getting on his tail. There was the Hurricane which collided with a Messerschmitt not five hundred yards in front of me. There was the airplane which collided with a man who was descending in a parachute, which went into a crazy frightful spin toward the earth with the man and the parachute dangling from its port wing. There were the two bombers which collided while swerving to avoid a fighter, and I remember distinctly seeing a man being thrown clear out of the smoke and debris of the collision, hanging in mid-air with his arms outstretched and his legs apart. I tell you there was nothing that did not happen in that battle. There was the moment when I saw a single Hurricane doing tight turns around the summit of Mount Parnes with nine Messerschmitts on its tail. I could not go to help it because I, too, was doing tight turns with four of them in line astern behind me. I remember at the time talking to my Hurricane and saying over and over again, "Can't you walk a little faster 'cause they're treading on your tail, can't you walk a little faster 'cause they're treading on your tail, can't you walk a little faster, can't you walk a little faster?" It seemed to help; it seemed to steady the mind and the nerves, because it was the talk of a human being in the midst of this mass of spitting guns and screaming aircraft.

Then I remember that suddenly the skies seemed to clear, and there were no longer any aircraft in sight. The battle was over, so I turned around and headed back toward Eleusis, and as I went I looked down and

(Continued on Page 136)

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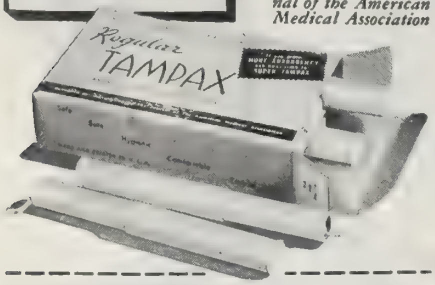

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(Continued from Page 134)

saw Athens and Peiraeus and the rim of the sea as it curved around the gulf and traveled southward toward the Mediterranean. I saw the port of Peiraeus where the bombs had fallen and I saw the smoke and fire rising above the docks. I saw the narrow coastal plain, and on it I saw a mass of tiny bonfires, a mass of thin columns of black smoke curling upward and drifting away to the east. They were the fires of aircraft which had been shot down, and I hoped only that none of them were Hurricanes.

Just then I ran straight into a Junkers 88; a straggler, the last bomber returning from the raid, and I pressed my firing button, aiming at his port engine as he came toward me, wondering as I did so whether I had any ammunition left. Yes, there was enough, and I gave him a two-second burst, then pulled up over him and turned around to see if he'd been hit. There was black smoke streaming from one of his engines, and I saw him gliding slowly down toward the earth. We were over the sea at the time, and I knew that he would not make the land. He came down smoothly on his belly in the blue Gulf of Peiraeus, two miles from the shore, and I followed him down and circled, waiting to make sure that the crew got out safely into their dinghy.

Slowly the machine began to sink, dipping its nose under the water and lifting its tail in the air. But there was no sign of the crew. Then suddenly, without any warning, the rear gun started to fire. They opened up on me with their rear gun, and the bullets made jagged holes in my starboard wing, but no real damage was done, and as I swerved violently away I remember shouting back at them. I took off my oxygen mask and shouted, "You lousy, brave bastards, I hope you drown." The next moment the bomber lurched and disappeared under the water.

When I got back they were all standing around outside the hangars counting the score, and Katina was sitting on a box with tears rolling down her cheeks. But she was not crying, and Fin was kneeling down beside her, talking to her in English, talking to her quietly and gently, forgetting that she could not understand.

> A man and woman make far better friendships than can exist between two of the same sex. —BYRON.

They said we had lost six Hurricanes, and among the pilots who had not come back was Monkey. Paddy, the big fair-haired boy, was another. Those on the ground said that they had counted thirty-one German aircraft coming down, and the doc said, "You should have heard the Greeks on the airdrome cheering as the bombers fell out of the sky." But what was the use? For we had only nine Hurricanes left.

As WE stood around talking, a truck drove up and a Greek got out and said that he had some pieces of a body inside. "This is the watch," he said, "that was on the arm." I took it and saw that it was Monkey's. It was a silver wrist watch with a luminous dial, and on the back there were some initials. I did not look inside the truck.

That evening a very senior RAF officer came out from Athens and said, "Tomorrow at dawn you will all fly to Megara. It is about ten miles down the coast, and there is a small field there in which you can land. The army is working on it throughout the night. They have two big rollers there and they are rolling it smooth. The moment you land you must hide your aircraft in the olive grove which is on the south side of the field. The ground staff are going farther south to Argos and you can join them later, but you may be able to operate from Megara for a day or two."

Fin said, "Where's Katina? Doc, you must find Katina and see that she gets to Argos safely."

The doc said, "I will," and we knew that we could trust him.

At dawn the next morning, when it was still dark, we took off and flew to the little field at Megara, ten miles away. We landed and hid our Hurricanes in the olive grove and broke off branches of the trees and put them over the aircraft. Then we sat down on the slope of a small hill and waited for orders.

As the sun rose up over the mountains we looked across the field and saw a mass of Greek villagers coming down from the village of Megara, coming down toward our field. There were many hundreds of them, women and children mostly, and they all came down toward our field, hurrying as they came.

Fin said, "What the hell," and we sat up on our little hill and watched, wondering what they were going to do.

THEY dispersed all around the edge of the field and gathered armfuls of heather and bracken. They carried it out onto the field and, forming themselves into long lines, they began to scatter the heather and the bracken over the grass. They were camouflaging our landing field. The rollers, when they had rolled out the ground and made it flat for landing, had left marks which were easily visible from above, and so the Greeks came out of their village, every man, woman and child, and began to put matters right. To this day I do not know who told them to do it. They stretched in a long line across the field, walking forward slowly and scattering the heather, and Fin and I went out and walked among them.

They were old women and old men mostly, very small and very sad-looking, with dark, deeply wrinkled faces, and they worked slowly and relentlessly scattering the heather. As we walked by, they would stop their work and smile, saying something in Greek which we could not understand. One of the children gave Fin a small pink flower and he did not know what to do with it, but walked around carrying it in his hand.

Then we went back to our little hill and waited. Soon the field telephone buzzed and I took it. It was the very senior officer speaking, and he said that someone must fly back to Eleusis at once and collect a sack containing millions of drachmas, for the money was needed in Argos in order that the army could buy a lot of small boats from the Greek villagers. He said also that all of us must leave our little field at Megara and go to Argos that evening. I told the others and asked them to wait until I came back with the money, so that we could all fly to Argos together.

At the same time, someone had told the two army men, who were still rolling our field, to destroy their rollers so that the Germans would not get them. I remember, as I was getting into my Hurricane, seeing the two huge rollers charging toward each other across the field, and I remember seeing the army men jump aside just before they collided. There was a great crash, and I saw all the Greeks who were scattering heather stop in their work and look up. For a moment they stood looking at the rollers, not moving, and it was as though they were listening to a voice which I could not hear. Then one of them started to run. It was an old woman, and she started to run back to the village as fast as she could, shouting something as she went, and instantly every man, woman and child in the field seemed to take fright, and ran after her. I wanted to get out and run beside them and explain to them; to say I was sorry but that there was nothing else we could do. I wanted to tell them that we would not forget them and that one day we would come back. But it was no use. They would not understand. Bewildered and frightened, they ran back toward their homes, and they did not stop running until they were out of sight, not even the old men.

Then I took off and flew back and landed on Eleusis to collect the sack of money. I landed on a dead airdrome. There was not a soul to be seen. I parked my Hurricane, and as I walked over to the hangars the bombers came over once again. I hid in a ditch until they had finished their work, then got up

"WHY, MARY, I WOULD HAVE SAID YOU'D BE THE LAST GIRL TO APPLY FOR ARMY DUTY . . ."
"SO WOULD I, MISS MORRISON. UNTIL I DISCOVERED THAT THE REASON I WAS FAGGED OUT WAS NOT NURSING . . . BUT ORDINARY CONSTIPATION. NOW, I'M TAKING NUJOL!"

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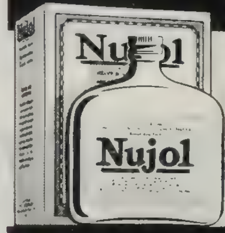

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PACKER'S TAR SOAP

THINGS YOU CAN MAKE

by Ann Bucilla

SMART, PRACTICAL IDEAS FOR NEEDLEWORK

What to give the new baby. I hit upon the perfect solution . . . a darling sacque and cap for the latest arrival . . . and I made it of **Glossilla Crochelle**—it's a smooth and lustrous rayon—and so expensive looking, yet costs only 20¢ for a big ball. Wonderful to work with. Pink for girls—blue for boys . . . also white and yellow if the stork is still on the way.

Aprons are the vogue again! **BUCILLA** has some beauties—and my favorite is a gay checked gingham apron, with luscious looking strawberries appliqued at the waist and hem. You can add a few touches of embroidery . . with **BUCILLA Boilproof Six Strand,** of course! Easy, isn't it . . and so economical too! You'll find **BUCILLA** stamped goods at your favorite needlework counter.

I am knitting all my children's sweaters myself because I find hand-knitted sweaters wear better and are warmer. Right now I am knitting my boy's sweater of **BEAR BRAND Casa-Laine** because it's especially sturdy. Then I am going to make my little girl a cardigan of **BEAR BRAND Angel Zephyr** . . . it's soft as a cloud and spun from pure Australian wool. Both come in many mouth-watering colors. I am sure you will find just the color you are looking for.

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and walked over to the small operations room. The telephone was still on the table, so for some reason I picked up the receiver and said "Hello."

A rather German voice at the other end answered.

I said, "Can you hear me?" and the voice said:

"Yes, yes, I can hear you."

"All right," I said, "listen carefully. This is the RAF speaking, and you may be kicking us out of this country for the moment. But we'll be coming back. Did you get that? We'll be coming back."

Then I tore the telephone from its socket and threw it through the glass of the closed window. When I went outside there was a small man in civilian clothes standing near the door; he had a revolver in one hand and over his shoulder he carried a large sack.

"Do you want anything?" he said in quite good English.

I said, "Yes, I want a lot of drachmas, which I am to carry back to Argos."

"Here you are," he said as he handed me the sack, "and good luck."

I went back to my aircraft, and spent half an hour stowing the sack into the fuselage. Then I flew back to Megara, where I saw two Greek destroyers standing offshore blazing from stem to stern. They must have been bombed. I circled our field and the others taxied out, took off and we all flew off toward Argos.

The landing field was the smallest that I have ever seen; not three hundred yards long, but it was surrounded on all sides by thick olive groves, into which we taxied our aircraft for hiding.

The ground staff had arrived already, and as we got out of our aircraft Katina came running up with a basket of black olives, offering them to us and pointing to our stomachs, indicating that we must eat.

Fin bent down and ruffled her hair with his hand. He said, "Katina, one day we must go into town and buy you a new dress." She smiled at him but did not understand, and we all started to eat black olives.

Then I looked around and saw that the wood was full of aircraft. Around every corner there was an airplane hidden in the trees, and when we asked about it we learned that the Greeks had brought the whole of their air force down to Argos and parked them in that little wood. They were peculiar, ancient models, not one of them less than five years old, but there were fully forty of them there.

Fin said, "This is like sitting on a barrel of dynamite with a cigar in your mouth," and he spat an olive stone hard at the ground.

That night we slept under the trees. We wrapped Katina up in a large flying suit and gave her a flying helmet for a pillow, and after she had gone to sleep we sat around eating black olives and drinking *resinato* out of an enormous cask. We sat around, twelve pilots in all, and began to talk of the morrow. But we were very tired, and soon we fell asleep.

All the next day we saw the truckloads of troops moving down the road toward the sea, and as often as we could we took off and flew above them.

Later in the day we were told that every available Hurricane was to take off at six P.M. to protect an important shipping move, and the nine machines, which were all that were now left, were refueled and got ready. At three minutes to six we began to taxi out of the olive grove onto the field.

The first two machines took off, and just as they left the ground something black swept out of the sky and shot them both down in flames. I looked around and saw at least fifty Messerschmitt 110's circling our little field, and even as I looked some of them turned and swooped down upon the remaining seven Hurricanes which were waiting to take off.

There was no time to do anything. Each one of our aircraft was hit in that first swoop, although funnily enough only one of the pilots was hurt. It was impossible now

(Continued on Page 139)

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WHEN "HE" is home on leave
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Krippendorf Foot Rest Shoes.
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may not have every size and style now.
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Here's why only ONE CONTAINER RANKS

FIRST IN WAR

SUPPLIES FROM THE SKIES! Supplies often reach our fighting men in strange and dangerous ways. But the can gets them there safely. No other container could so withstand hazards of crash landings . . . submersion in salt water . . . repercussion from shell fire . . . gas poisons . . . extremes of climate encountered in a global war. No other container is so convenient to store, handle, and use.

WAR NEEDS COME FIRST! The Army and Navy use hundreds of products that have always come in cans. In addition, cans are still made for "the folks back home." But to ease the terrific double demand, many products—such as paint, tobacco, dog food, tooth and talcum powders—which could be packed for civilians temporarily in substitute containers, are out of cans for the duration.

THE GREATEST TRUST OF ALL! Precious blood plasma . . . bandages . . . morphine, sulfa, countless healing drugs . . . emergency rations to sustain fighters in the most advanced positions—for all these means of caring for our men *cans* are required. It would be hard to overestimate the vital job which the sturdy, hermetically sealed, completely protective can does in this war!

LIFESAVERS! Signal flares, blankets and fishing tackle for lifeboats are surprising items of can-packed equipment which give torpedoed men, adrift on the ocean, a fighting chance to survive. Cans are the only containers absolutely air-and-light-tight . . . non-porous . . . non-breakable—and war but emphasizes values in the can which normal times have taken for granted.

FIRST IN PEACE

SO CONVENIENT! Ease of handling makes the can stand high with housewives. Oil for her machines . . . cleaning fluids . . . polishes . . . insecticides . . . are just a few of the many household products for which the can has long been the ideal container. Women who are putting up with substitute containers cheerfully now, look forward to the return of cans—after Victory.

FLAVOR PROTECTION! Why do pipe smokers prefer tobacco in a can? Because they know the flavor's there! In cans, air and moisture—the elements which destroy flavor—are locked *out* . . . the flavor is kept *in*. It is this dependable protection they give which makes cans so popular for preserving freshness and aroma in coffee, too—and in spices and other flavor ingredients.

AN EVER-READY FEAST! Cans make a variety of foods available the year round, at low cost, wherever you live. Fish, meats, milk, fruits and vegetables in cans are carefully selected...preserved at their peak of goodness. And modern canning methods accomplish a nutritional miracle. Actually, canned foods retain *more* vitamins, *more* minerals, than many home-cooked "fresh" foods!

SHATTER-PROOF, air-and-light-tight, light weight, easy to open, to refrigerate, to dispose of—and cheap enough to throw away—the good "tin can" has no rival. But "tin" is a misnomer, for cans are more than 98% steel, less than 2% tin. Since both are vital war metals, please use wisely the items you get in cans . . . don't waste . . . *turn empty cans in for salvage.*

CAN MANUFACTURERS' INSTITUTE, INC., NEW YORK

NO OTHER CONTAINER

AFTER VICTORY — THEY'LL ALL BE BACK!

PROTECTS LIKE THE CAN

(Continued from Page 137)

take off, so we jumped out of our air- aft, hauled the wounded pilot out of his ckpit and ran with him back to the slit enches, to the wonderful, big, deep, zigzag- ng slit trenches which had been dug by the reeks.

The Messerschmitts took their time. There as no opposition, either from the ground r from the air, except that Fin was firing is revolver.

It is not a pleasant thing to be ground- rafed, especially if they have cannon in eir wings; and unless one has a deep slit ench in which to lie, there is no future in . For some reason, perhaps because they ought it was a good joke, the German ilots went for the slit trenches before they othered about the aircraft. The first ten inutes was spent rushing madly around he corners of the trenches so as not to be aught in a trench which ran parallel with he line of flight of the attacking aircraft. t was a hectic, dreadful ten minutes, with veryone shouting "Here comes another" nd scrambling and rushing to get around he corner into the other section of the rench.

Then the Germans went for the Hurri- anes, and at the same time for the mass of ld Greek aircraft parked all around the live grove, and one by one, ethodically and systematically, they set them on fire. The noise was terrific, and verywhere—in the trees, on he rocks and on the grass—he bullets splattered.

I remember peeping cautiously over the op of our trench and seeing a small white lower growing just a few inches away from ny nose. It was pure white and it had three etals. I remember looking past it and see- ng three of the Germans diving on my own Hurricane, which was parked on the other side of the field, and I remember shouting at them, although I do not know what I said.

Then suddenly I saw Katina. She was running out from the far corner of the airdrome, running right out into the middle of this mass of blazing guns and burning aircraft, running as fast as she could. Once she stumbled, but she scrambled to her feet again and went on running. Then she stopped and stood looking up, raising her arms and shaking her fists at the planes as they flew past.

Now as she stood there, I remember seeing one of the Messerschmitts turning and coming in low, straight toward her, and I remember thinking that she was so small that she could not be hit. I remember seeing the spurts of flame from his guns as he came, and I remember seeing the child, for a split second, standing quite still, facing the machine. I remember that the wind was blowing in her hair.

Then she was down.

The next moment I shall never forget. On every side, as if by magic, men appeared out of the ground. They swarmed out of their trenches and like a crazy mob they poured onto the airdrome, running toward the tiny little bundle which lay motionless in the middle of the field. They ran fast, crouching as they went, and I remember jumping up out of my slit trench and joining with them. I remember thinking of nothing at all and watching the boots of the man in front of me, noticing that he was a little bowlegged, and that his blue trousers were much too long.

I remember seeing Fin arrive first, followed closely by a sergeant called Wishful, and I remember seeing the two of them pick up Katina and start running with her back toward the trenches. I saw her leg, which was just a lot of blood and bones, and I saw her chest where the blood was spurting out onto her faded print dress; I saw, for a moment, her face, which was white as the snow on top of Olympus.

I ran beside Fin, and as he ran, he kept saying, "The lousy bastards, the lousy, bloody bastards"; and then as we got to our trench I remember looking round and finding that there was no longer any noise or shooting. The Germans had gone.

Fin said, "Where's the doc?" and suddenly there he was, standing beside us, looking at Katina—looking at her face.

The doc gently touched her wrist, and without looking up he said, "She is not alive."

They put her down under a little tree, and when I turned away I saw on all sides the fires of countless burning aircraft. I saw my own Hurricane burning near by and I stood staring hopelessly into the flames as they danced around the engine and licked against the metal of the wings.

Early marriage, long love.
— PROVERB.

I stood staring into the flames, and as I stared, the fire became a deeper red and I saw beyond it not a tangled mass of smoking wreckage, but the flames of a hotter and intenser fire which now burned and smoldered in the hearts of the people of Greece.

Still I stared, and as I stared I saw in the center of the fire, whence the red flames sprang, a bright, white heat, shining bright and without any color.

As I stared, the brightness diffused and became soft and yellow like sunlight, and through it, beyond it, I saw a young child standing in the middle of a field with the sunlight shining in her hair. For a moment she stood looking up into the sky, which was clear and blue and without any clouds; then she turned and looked toward me, and as she turned I saw that the front of her print dress was stained deep red, the color of blood.

Then there was no longer any fire or any flames, and I saw before me only the glowing, twisted wreckage of a burned-out plane. I must have been standing there for quite a long time.

STARRY-EYED IDEALISTS

(Continued from Page 6)

than a higher form of animal, dust that blows and is gone, the argument does not alter. The den is yours while you inhabit it; and practically all animals, save man, within the limits of their capacities, keep their dens and environments fairly clean. The pig, left to himself, is clean as a whistle.

Yet man is the only animal who has entire free will and who possesses all the knowledge and all the tools that will keep his den and environment clean. He alone possesses the great gift of choice.

He can make this den and this environment hell, as he is now doing—and has done again and again—or he can make the world a decent place in which to live, both for himself and others; for don't forget that no man lives to himself—it can't be done—and that "the bell tolls" for all.

Well—what's that but idealism? Also, what's that but common sense and common knowledge?

The idealist does exactly what every inventor does: he sees a need and seeks to supply it. Would you build a house without a plan? Would you sow a field without a program? Would you marry a girl with no thought of the future? Would you go on a journey with no knowledge of itinerary? Would you check your baggage with no care for its destination? Would you write a novel that had no thesis?

Maybe you would; but, if you did, would you call yourself "practical"? And yet every day men and women who should know better call those who try to plan life a little "starry-eyed idealists."

The next time you hear anyone call anyone else that, look out for him. He's a fool. Nor does he know the meaning of even the simplest adjectives. "Starry-eyed" is no insult. All it means is that you look up from the earth occasionally.

And That Can Be America.

FOR DRY SKIN WITH TINY LINES...
THIS SMOOTHING LUBRICATION

Dorothy Gray

EXTRA RICH SKIN CREAM

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As you grow older, your skin needs extra help to keep it looking smooth, youthfully pliant. Every night pamper it with Dorothy Gray *Extra Rich Skin Cream.* Its pure oils lubricate dry, weathered skin...help soften away tiny dry-skin lines. $1. Plus tax. At smart cosmetic counters.

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No other Shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, and yet so easy to manage!

Only Drene with Hair Conditioner reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap . . . yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

In the game of love, a girl's best trump card is lovely, shining hair. Yes, a man really falls for hair that sparkles with highlights, gleams with lustre!

So IF YOU want to be the "Queen of his heart", remember that! Never let soap or soap shampoos dull the radiant beauty of your hair.

Instead, use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo . . . how gloriously it reveals all the lovely, sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

See, too, how the wonderful hair conditioner now in this new, improved Drene leaves hair far silkier, smoother and easier to handle . . . right after shampooing.

EASIER TO COMB into smooth, shining neatness! If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

So for more alluring hair, insist on Drene with Hair Conditioner. Or ask your beauty shop to use it!

And remember . . . Drene gets rid of all flaky dandruff the very first time you use it.

LOOK DEVASTATING those precious hours you spend with "him." You will, even in the simplest dress, if you do right by your hair! Here's a glamorous new hair-do he'll adore . . . if your hair itself has the shining smoothness only Drene with Hair Conditioner can give.

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Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner

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Soap film dulls lustre—robs hair of glamour!

Avoid this beauty handicap! Switch to Drene Shampoo! It never leaves any dulling film, as all soaps and soap shampoos do.

That's why Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!

LIFE WITHOUT FATHERS

PHOTO BY STUART

Mickey and mamma laugh (but don't grow fat) on Army budget of $2.63 a day for two.

MEET THE ANDREW MICKLOS, DRAFTED-FATHER FAMILY OF NEW YORK

Daddy is a private at Aberdeen, Md.

How America Lives

NOW and again Andy Micklo, private first class, 44th Ordnance Company, Aberdeen Proving Ground, Maryland, opens a letter and finds a dollar bill inside with a message: "Go have yourself a beer on me, love, Jean." On his next week-end pass he always makes her take it back. For he knows that, in her circumstances, even the three-cent stamps on his wife's nightly letters to him are an item.

Jean Micklo is only twenty, and her wide gray eyes and shy smile look even younger. She has much to learn about housekeeping and her second baby is yet to be born. But she has no trouble whatever with the usual bugaboo of How America Lives wives—the budget. On her allotment—$80 a month for a serviceman's wife with one child—budgeting has to be simplicity itself, because city living comes high.

Rent on the dim little basement apartment on New York's motley upper West Side, plus ice and milk, makes $1.60 a day. Obviously the remaining $1.03 is earmarked for groceries and whatever other necessities can be squeezed out of it. A-1-A priority goes to shoes and rompers for Mickey, now in his second year, growing fast, learning to walk and grin most engagingly to show seven new teeth.

One in four American families has an income of $1000 a year or less.

"I was pretty sunk," Jean admits, "when Andy's draft orders came. I'm an orphan, and he has only a widowed mother. We didn't have a dime." Andy finally got a 30-day deferment, scraped together $100 for Jean. He left—and she found herself pregnant!

"I thought that allotment would never come!" Each morning for ten weeks after Andy left, Jean met the mailman. No check. The $100 evaporated, the rent piled up. At last, in desperation, she appealed to Army Emergency Relief.

Jean's Government allotment finally came, and the Army Emergency Relief promised her $50 for maternity care. Jean showed no trace of panic when she wrote Andy of her pregnancy. "I know you wanted three children." She is just twenty.

A private's wife tells you how to raise baby in New York City on $80 a month. It's all in what you don't buy yourself—like stockings, or a winter coat.

PHOTOS BY MUNKACSI

Jean says the only time she gets really troubled financially is when the month unobligingly develops five week ends and sabotages her split-the-month-into-four-weeks system. But the landlady is patriotically lenient when a serviceman's wife has to hold up on rent a little, and Jean always manages somehow to squeak by.

On so narrow a margin, the most important thing is what not to buy. Stockings, for instance—Jean is down to one pair of rayons and, in spite of cold weather, wears ankle socks while waiting two days for them to dry. You skip a winter coat, though the only one you own was bought back when you weighed ninety-nine pounds and won't fit again until after the new baby comes. But things used to be lots worse. If anybody wonders why his congressman voted for higher allotments for servicemen's wives and children last summer, Jean could tell him.

Before that lifesaving raise, she got only $62 a month—44 cents a day beyond rent, milk and ice. So she lived on oatmeal and coffee for breakfast, nothing for lunch, canned soup and bread for dinner. Not an ideal diet for the expectant mother. Miraculously, the young contours of her pretty face have neither drawn nor sagged and her doctor assures her she is in good shape. But such miracles should not be asked to hold up any longer than necessary.

THAT was the period when she thanked her stars that Andy is so fond of spaghetti and splurged with a meat sauce for his abbreviated week ends at home twice a month. Nowadays she can give him a good stew or a mess of corned beef and cabbage, which will last her three days afterward. But, even at the worst of it, it never occurred to either her or Andy that the menu could be enlarged if he didn't make so many $5 round trips Aberdeen-to-New York. For both of them the rest of the month is just intermission between the times when Andy comes striding in, kisses Jean and snatches his son and heir up from the faded rug.

Both Micklos have had fine training in getting along on so very little. Andy was eight when his father, a Russian-descended coal miner, died and an elder brother, already married, took over family support. The twenties meant a boom, but not in Dowdentown, Pennsylvania, or anywhere else in the hard-coal country, which had its private depression throughout. At fourteen—Andy never got beyond eighth grade—he was driving a truck in the bootleg-coal industry. Then a few weeks at mining belowground decided him, in spite of family tradition, to get out of the coal country for good. It wasn't far to New York, a $25-a-week trucking job and the fateful moment when the boss' brother introduced him to a remarkable little girl named Jean Palmer, who fell smack in love with him even though she loved to dance and he didn't know how.

Jean was grandmother-reared in a little town called Clearfield, Pennsylvania. Hankering for larger places, she punctuated her three years of high school with unofficial visits to girl friends in near-by bigger towns. When that didn't prove much, she packed a few clothes in a suitcase one afternoon—being fifteen at the time—tiptoed out of the house and caught a New York bus with a few dollars saved from jobs tending neighbors' children as her only sinews of war.

On reaching New York, she rode back and forth in the subway until, by an eeny-meeny-miney-mo process, she decided to get off at Eighty-sixth Street on the West Side to look for a room. The suspicious landlady of a grim little room with a two-jet gas burner demanded $3.50 a week in advance and did she have a job? "Yes," said Jean calmly, went to bed, and next morning started out to make her fib an economic reality.

She has never been home again and never regretted leaving. "I put on a big bluff and got away with it," she says, remembering how she lied again to employment agencies about being eighteen and landed her first job chambermaiding in a hotel. At that and factory work and a cleaning-plant job, she never made over $14 a week. Home was one furnished room after another on the same order as the first. Yet, for all the meager dreariness the big town handed her, she still loves New York and still insists it would kill her to go back to a small town.

After all, she met Andy in New York. He applied for a date the first time he saw her, and within six weeks they were married. Jean bought a little yellow dress with green flowers on it for the occasion. The ceremony was Orthodox Russian, the faith in which Andy was reared. "Quiet" hardly describes the circumstances—neither had folks available, so one witness was the priest's wife and the other a Polish woman, an utter stranger asked casually to oblige. Neither keeps up family connections. Andy hasn't written or heard from his people for over a year.

ANDY was up to $35 a week when his draft call came. It was no surprise. He had been 1-A throughout—Mickey, more formally Douglas Peter, is a post-Pearl Harbor baby—and took being drafted about as if it were a breakdown on the road, just something due to happen sometime. It was unhandy that, at the time, the Micklos didn't have a dime saved. Andy got a month's deferment and they scrimped to accumulate close to $100 to carry Jean till his allotment started. It was unhandier still when the allotment was delayed because an application formality slipped a cog. And things seemed very thick indeed when, two weeks after Andy left, Jean found herself pregnant again.

But Jean has been taking the exigencies of marriage in stride ever since her honeymoon turned into sitting up beside Andy all night in a coal truck that he had to take down to Pennsylvania on short notice. There was no hint of panic in the letter that told him about the new situation. "I was discouraged at first," she now admits, "but then I figured, well, we want three children anyway and we might as well get it over with."

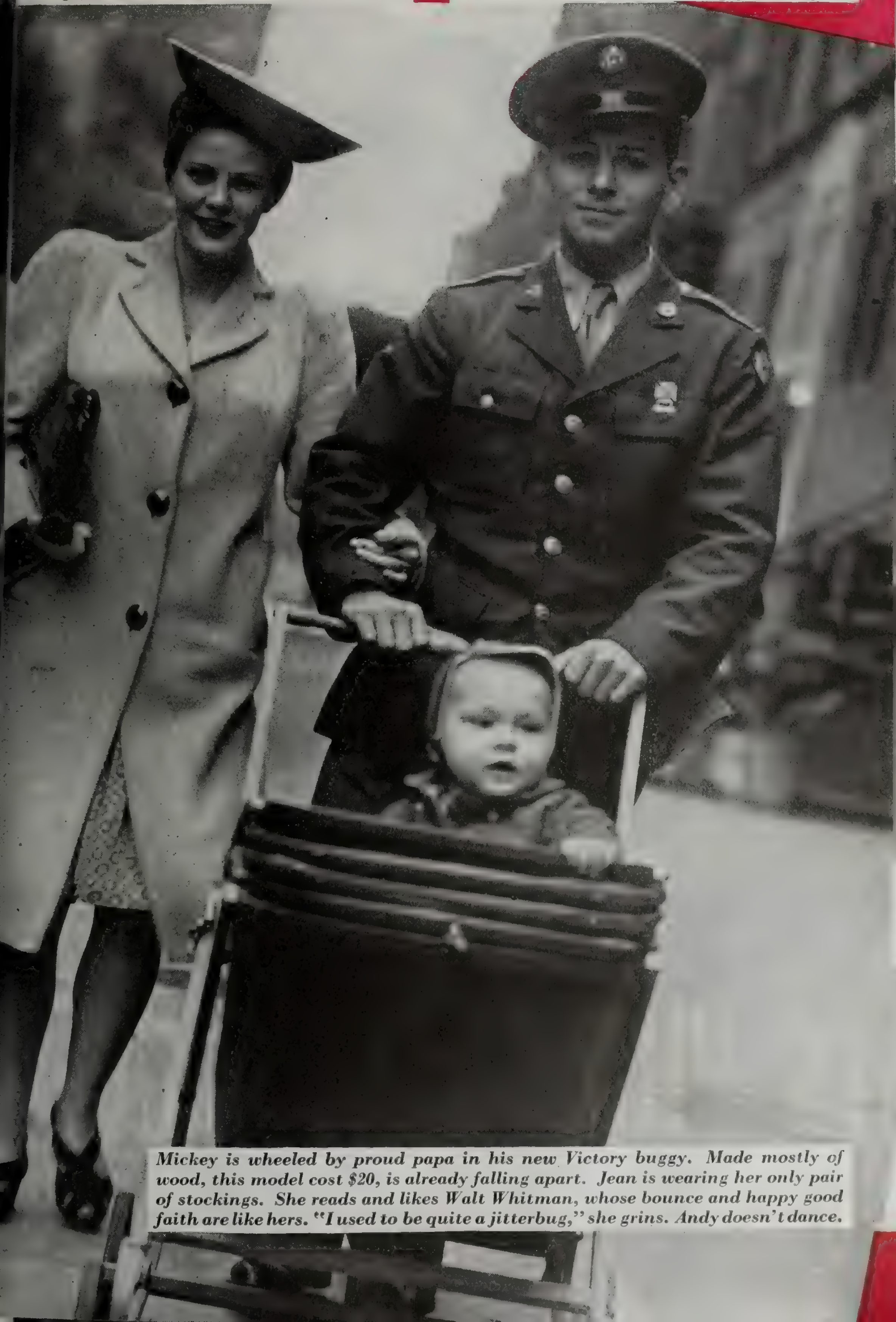
However bare cupboard and icebox, the environment that Pfc. Micklo comes home to week ends is reassuring. The side streets between Columbus and Amsterdam avenues are grimy, noisy and harsh, most of the elderly, high-stooped houses turned into furnished rooms. But Andy and Jean are used to the neighborhood, and Central Park isn't far. Before her pregnancy was too well advanced, Jean would wheel Mickey

(Continued on Page 174)

an ruefully tries on her only winter coat, sees it
on't reach in the middle. Baby is expected in
ur months. On a diet mainly of crackers, soup
d calcium pills, Jean lost 28 pounds since her
arriage, but keeps chipper. Mickey is blooming.

Micklos' dingy basement rooms take $32 of Jean's $80 monthly. She washes sheets and diapers in the bathtub. Jean ran away to New York when she was 15, found a chambermaid's job. She still finds the big city "simply wonderful."

"Daddy's home!" Twice a month Andy breezes in from Aberdeen, Md., for 18 fleeting hours at home. These are the moments they live for. Jean whips up a big savory stew, splurges on butter. Andy was a $35-a-week truck driver. It was wedding bells 6 weeks after he met Jean.

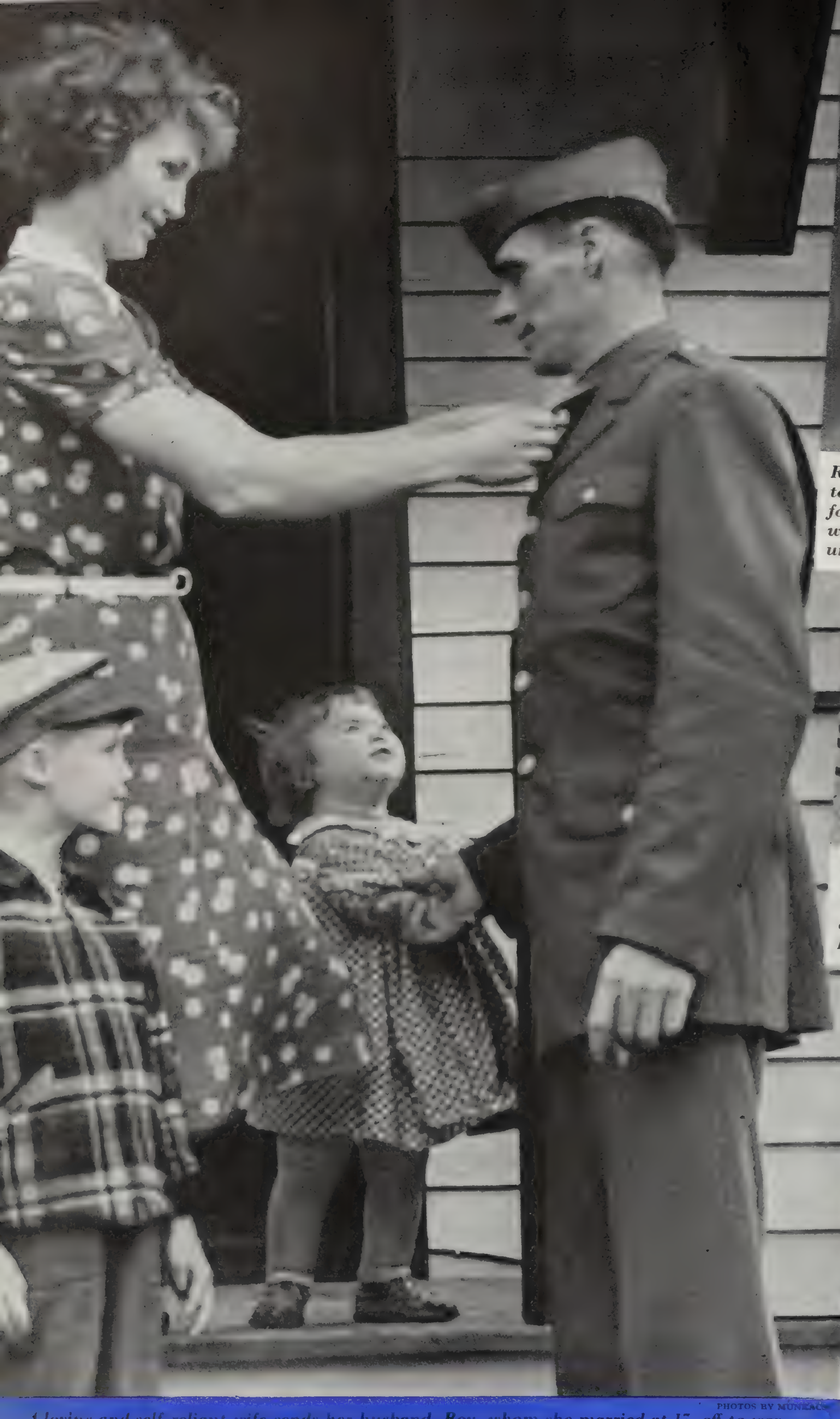


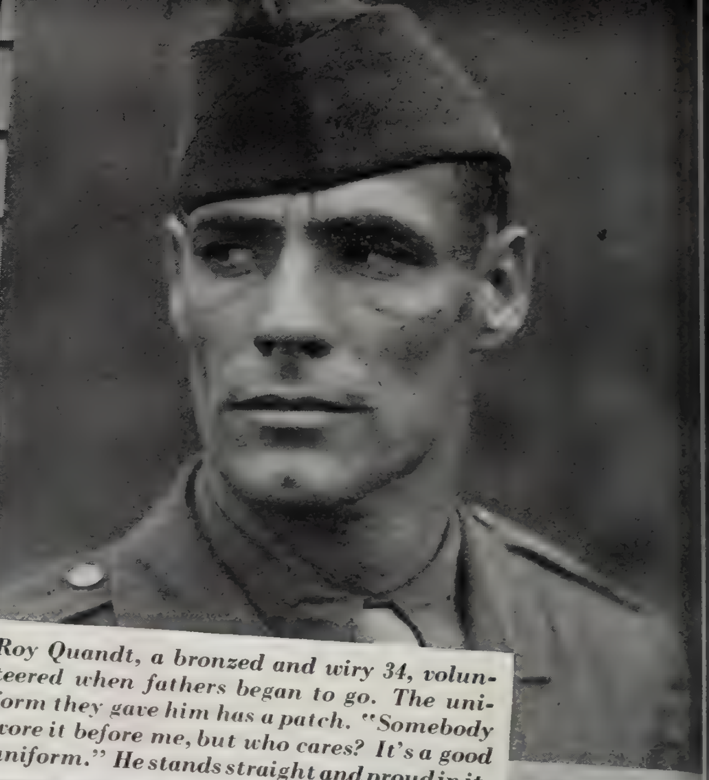
Mickey is wheeled by proud papa in his new Victory buggy. Made mostly of wood, this model cost $20, is already falling apart. Jean is wearing her only pair of stockings. She reads and likes Walt Whitman, whose bounce and happy good faith are like hers. "I used to be quite a jitterbug," she grins. Andy doesn't dance.

Jean and Andy talk quietly of the future while Mickey sleeps in crib in their bed-living room. Andy rebelled against being a coal miner like his dad, lit out from Dowdentown, Pa., when 17. Jean knows someday they will own a small trucking company, a suburban home.

HOW JEAN MICKLO SPENDS HER ALLOTMENT

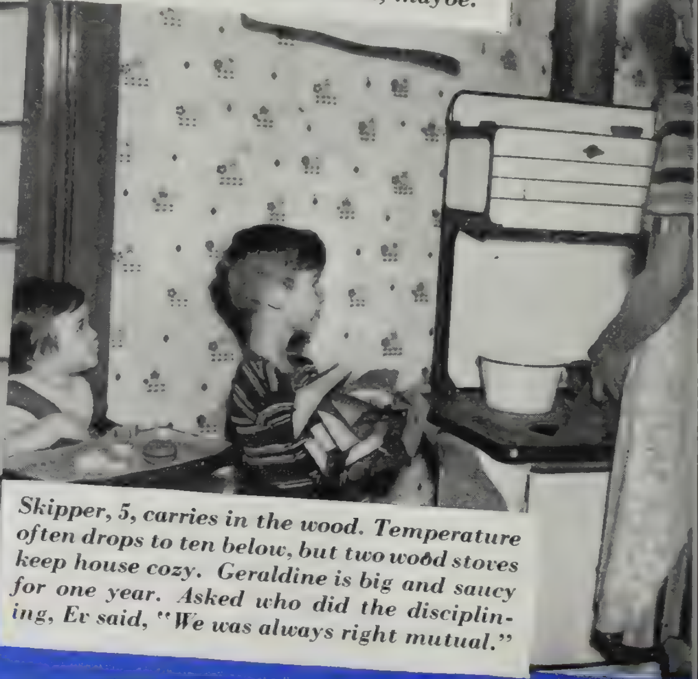
Rent ($8 weekly, including gas and electricity)	$416.00
Ice (70 cents weekly)	36.40
Milk ($2.50 weekly)	130.00
Groceries, Mickey's clothes, miscellaneous	377.60
	$960.00





Roy Quandt, a bronzed and wiry 34, volunteered when fathers began to go. The uniform they gave him has a patch. "Somebody wore it before me, but who cares? It's a good uniform." He stands straight and proud in it.

Last morning before Roy left, they tried to keep up their usual lighthearted banter. "Now don't you mope," he told her. "And cook three meals a day for yourself, you hear?" Her grin indicated to both, "Well, maybe."



Skipper, 5, carries in the wood. Temperature often drops to ten below, but two wood stoves keep house cozy. Geraldine is big and saucy for one year. Asked who did the disciplining, Ev said, "We was always right mutual."

PHOTOS BY MUNKACS

A loving and self-reliant wife sends her husband, Roy, whom she married at 17, off to war.

MEET TODAY'S PIONEER WOMAN

EVELYN QUANDT, OF SCARBORO, MARYLAND

16% of American families have incomes of from $1000 to $1500 a year.

AS THE autumn colors dimmed last October on the Maryland side of the Pennsylvania border, the evening air developed a snap in rehearsal for winter and Roy Quandt started readying the place for cold weather—painting and weatherproofing, getting after roof leaks, laying away potatoes in the cellar next door that his foster parents let the Quandts use.

A thorough job was indicated, for Roy was taking his long-legged and leisurely spoken self off to war. The Government was starting to draft pre-Pearl Harbor fathers as admitted policy, and he figured he might as well volunteer and get it over with. He was thirty-four, sound in wind and limb and in a replaceable job—corporal in the civilian guards at the Bainbridge Naval Station. None of this running around after a deferment job for him. He had small opinion of men physically fit and able to leave home who tried to dodge, however legally. Now he is at Camp Butner, North Carolina, a private in Company F, Second Battalion, Third U. S. Infantry, and already a little too busy toughening up for soldiering to be able to write home every day, as he did at first.

Dad's got a real one at Camp Butner.

Left behind in the four-room brown-and-cream bungalow in Scarboro, Maryland—which isn't even a very wide place in the road up the rolling country west of the Susquehanna—are a wife and two kids whom Roy misses terribly but about whom worry would be practically pointless. His parting instructions to Ev, whom their marriage license called Evelyn Elizabeth Johnson, were:

"Now don't mope. You do the way you always done when I was around. And you cook yourself three meals a day, you hear?"

Ev grinned at him—her slightly Chinesey blue eyes and strong-boned face framed in naturally curly fair hair grin very effectively—and promised. She has kept that promise fairly well. The only slack-off difference has been that now she can sleep on till seven-thirty instead of rousting out at four-thirty to fix Roy's breakfast, pack his lunch and see him off in the car to Bainbridge.

To an outsider, chances of her moping would seem slim. Cooking, laundry, looking after chickens, hauling water from the well—the pump always freezes, winters, and the old-time windlass comes into play—splitting sawmill slabs for cookstove wood, bringing in whole slabs for the living-room stove are just some of the details concerned. Skipper—Howard Daryl Quandt, aged five—isn't yet old enough to be much help, and Geraldine Lee Quandt, aged one, is still less so, though doing so well at her job of growing up that she would pass for two. Both are smart as whips, which is nice but also means a lot of riding herd on their well-adjusted energies.

STILL, Ev Johnson was country-raised. Tall and poised on her feet like a lightweight boxer, the muscles of her slender arms rippling impressively down into her strong wrists, she could probably lick two such assignments to a frazzle without drawing a long breath. A girl who can handle both an ax and the two shotguns and old Springfield that her man left behind would be O.K. in far more isolated situations. "She'd make out well enough with a kitchen chair in defense of self and kids," said one observer. But the rough little road down from Scarboro is dotted with small houses, and right next door are Aunt Mary and Uncle William Thompson, the elderly brother and sister who reared Roy Quandt.

Ev wanted to see her man go soldiering no more than the next girl. But the more she thought of it, the more it struck her: "No real reason why he shouldn't. I can take care of myself and the youngsters and we'll have more money than we need out of the Army allotment. He feels he'll be missing something he ought to be part of. He's right when he says, 'Time comes you gotta go, you gotta go.'"

Roy doesn't know who his real parents were, and never tried to find out. Ev and he figure why bother—you might find something better left unknown. He must have been a promising baby, because the Thompsons, then professionally boarding babies for Baltimore social agencies, picked him especially for adoption as their own. When he fell hard in love with this spry and chipper girl who went to the same Episcopal church in Darlington, they welcomed her into their old gray house like a daughter. The pair were married as soon as Ev finished eleventh grade in high school, when she was seventeen. The Johnsons are well-considered local farming folk, and the omens were fine.

The land Roy built on is part of the Thompsons' lot, in return for which the Quandts pay only taxes. Ev's two hundred jars of canned stuff from last summer—she thinks this a little skimpy—live in a special section of the Thompson cellar, and when Uncle William comes over to listen to radio news, Skipper scampers right to him like any other small boy with a grampa fond of small boys. On his part, Uncle William duly applauds when, wearing a jauntily cocked toy tin hat, Skipper displays the "hup-two-three-four" drill that daddy taught him before he went away.

DADDY already knew a little soldiering. For months he had drilled with the Maryland Minutemen, county equivalent of the State Guard, and a snapshot of him in uniform at port arms now ornaments the living room. So far, his letters show he is getting considerable kick out of Army life and the company is congenial—most of his outfit are married men, some close to the thirty-eight mark.

Most of his life Roy has done all right as a catch-as-catch-can carpenter, sometimes on long jobs taking him to Baltimore and places, often just odd-jobbing round the vicinity. The $36 a week before deductions that Bainbridge paid was some higher than his average expectation. Early in their married life, Ev and he both worked awhile at the electric-insulator factory down at the soapstone quarry toward Conowingo, running machines at 22½ cents and 25 cents an hour respectively—the only job she ever had. Since she found she was spending what she made without knowing where it went, she quit and has since devoted herself to chores and children, without pay ambitions.

Roy built the bungalow himself and felled timber for it in woods *(Continued on Page 176)*

How Mrs. Quandt Spends Her Allotment

Food ($4 week, including quart of store milk daily for Geraldine)	$208.00
Clothing	75.00
Heating (slabs and green wood for stoves)	65.00
Lighting (kerosene lamps—includes some summer cooking)	10.00
Doctors and dentists	40.00
Taxes	18.00
Phone ($3.50 monthly)	42.00
Car operation	86.00
Fire insurance	14.00
Contributions, church included	15.00
Recreation	10.00
Savings	360.00
Miscellaneous	257.00
	$1200.00

Leaving the family ready for the Duration

Roy built this 4-room cottage for $350, even felling the lumber. No plumbing, but it is stout and warm.

Roy fixes a hoist for the well, before pump freezes. He was a carpenter. His wife will lug water in pails.

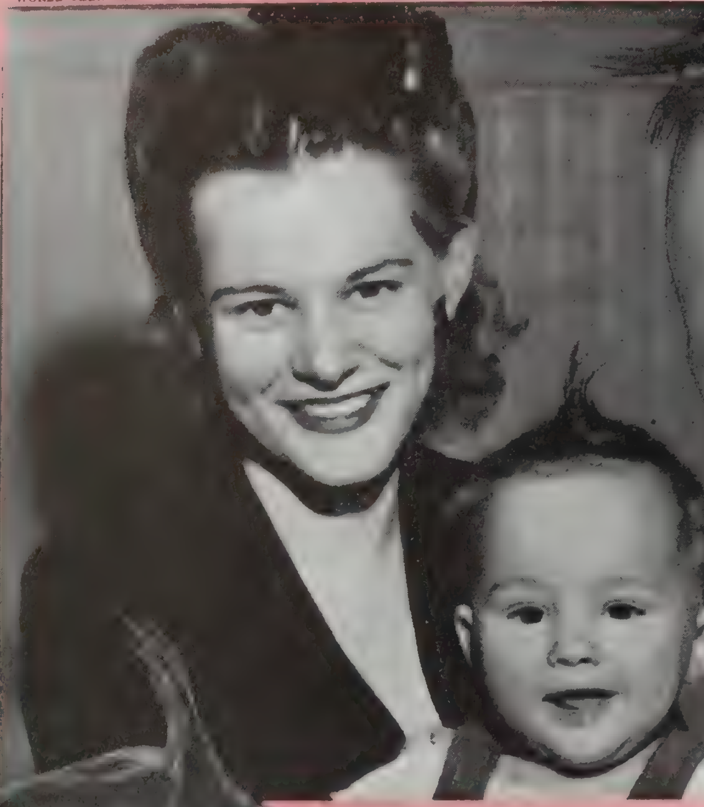
A whole year's fuel supply costs only $65. Ev swings an ax easily and gracefully, can also handle Roy's guns.

Putting in a backlog of spuds. Quandts grow most of their own food, spend $4 a week for groceries, meat.

Roy patches the roof. Tax on house is $18 a year. On her $100-a-month allotment, Ev hopes to save $30.

Jean Micklo proves that beauty can thrive on babies! With one fine son, and another baby coming, she keeps fresh and lovely.

WORLD-TELEGRAM PHOTO



BABY PHOTO BY STUART

Baby Business

BY LOUISE PAINE BENJAMIN

Beauty Editor of the Journal

YOU and your baby-to-be are going to spend all your time together for the next few months; and by planning a mutual-improvement program, you can both have better-than-average looks at the completion of your course.

Starting with your first problem, those disturbing little waves of nausea: they can be quieted considerably if you will eat a couple of saltines, or other dry food, before you rise. Go easy on liquids until later in the day when your stomach feels more settled, and cut out fatty and fried foods. If you have ever had a touch of *mal de mer* on shipboard, you know that your understanding steward will recommend celery, baked potato, toast, sliced chicken—all of them neutral foods and neither sweet nor fatty. Try the same type of menu and eat small portions at frequent intervals, rather than sticking to three meals a day. And if you have not already done so, read the article on page 68 for further diet suggestions. If your nausea is persistent or violent, your doctor—into whose safekeeping you should confide yourself at the first moment possible after you suspect your condition—will prescribe for you.

Among the routine instructions he will give you, one is to visit your dentist at once, and have any work you need done promptly. Babies draw heavily on the calcium supply, so drink your quart of milk a day. It will help your skin and nails too.

Other basic beauty problems you will start wondering about are *exercise, bathing* and *clothing*. From a leading woman physician, whose specialty is baby cases, comes this sound advice:

"If your doctor has checked you and approves, continue to do what you do normally. If you are accustomed to housework, dancing, swimming or golf, keep on. Horseback riding and strenuous competitive sports are best left alone. Avoid unusual straining or heavy lifting. Don't suddenly take up *any* exercise, even vigorous walking, if you have never done it before. Tub baths, warm or tepid, are all right until the seventh month. After that a shower or sponge should be part of the daily routine. Cleanliness is more than ever important, because of the unusual activity of the skin in throwing off waste while the body is engaged in its new creative job. If you are used to a corset, continue to wear one to keep hips firm and support the abdomen. You will probably be more comfortable after a time with a special garment designed to give support. Wear a bust supporter for appearance and comfort both. Keep to Cuban or low heels; no spikes!"

Attention to these instructions will help promote bodily comfort. And now, for prettiness' sake, give heed to the following suggestions:

Give your hair a lot of extra attention. This is a perfect time to give it a series of reconditioning treatments. You will probably need them, for hair has a tendency to look bedraggled or dry and wispy during pregnancy. Depending on whether your scalp condition is dry or oily, secure a suitable hair preparation and massage it in thoroughly, using palms and finger tips in rotary motion, for five to ten minutes daily. If you are using a liquid, pour a little in a saucer and use absorbent cotton as an applicator, to simplify matters. Also, if you will wrap a hot bath towel around your head for a few minutes preceding treatment, it makes the scalp easier to work with. After the massage, use this towel for a thorough rubbing and wiping to remove stickiness. Finish up with a hearty brushing—at least a hundred strokes—lifting the hair from the roots each time and sweeping the brush out to the end of the strand. Your scalp should be pink and glowing by this time. Plan to have a permanent a month or six weeks before the Big Day, so that you will be all set to be your prettiest in the hospital. Don't leave this important beauty item until the last minute and risk being taken by surprise! Right here is a

(Continued on Page 169)

WINS **ORDERS FROM HEADQUARTERS**

Washington, D. C.

`Baby carriages, walkers and other equipment involving metal are at a premium. If you have discarded baby furnishings, offer them to local government or relief agencies for distribution to new mothers.`

PART AND PARCEL OF A HAPPY CHILDHOOD

Healthy hunger after hard play . . .
Mummy ready with a satisfying snack!

In these times, what a happy discovery is NUCOA's dependable, nourishing goodness!

For every use of a churned spread for bread Nucoa gives wonderful value for your money and ration points! It's delicious on bread and has the nicest spreading texture—never brittle even when cold. Test it on hot breads, waffles or pancakes . . . see how appetizing the flavor is. And use Nucoa to season vegetables and sauces. You'll find it gives—economically—the luxurious richness which only a table-quality spread *can* give!

From American farms exclusively come Nucoa's chief ingredients—pure vegetable oils churned in fresh pasteurized skim milk. To these benefits of Mother Nature are added exacting scientific control (54 tests daily on the oil alone) and skill in blending and churning which make Nucoa's nourishing wholesomeness dependable in every pound. And Nucoa always tastes so fresh! It is freshly made the year around, on order only. There is no "storage" Nucoa!

"Nucoa aids good nutrition," says Miss Norma Lueders, Home Economist. "No churned spread furnishes more food energy than Nucoa. And, winter and summer, each pound of Nucoa supplies at least 9,000 units of VITAMIN A. Because the diet should be balanced with such a vitamin-rich spread, U. S. Official Food Rules include vitaminized margarine in the Basic 7 Food Groups needed daily. Nutritious Nucoa helps balance the diet and the budget, too!"

US NEEDS US STRONG
EAT THE BASIC 7 EVERY DAY
7 BASIC FOOD GROUPS ARE NEEDED DAILY FOR GOOD NUTRITION
This food is included in
NUTRITION GROUP
SEVEN

For table use, tint Nucoa golden yellow with the pure Color-Wafer included in each package. For seasoning, use it just as it comes—a pure, natural white.

Nutritious NUCOA

IF NUCOA IS SHORT IN YOUR STORE, please be patient. Nucoa has long been America's favorite margarine, and today's demand is tremendous. We and your grocer are doing our best to distribute the supply fairly. You can help by giving your grocer a little time on your order. You'll find Nucoa worth waiting for.

A Product of
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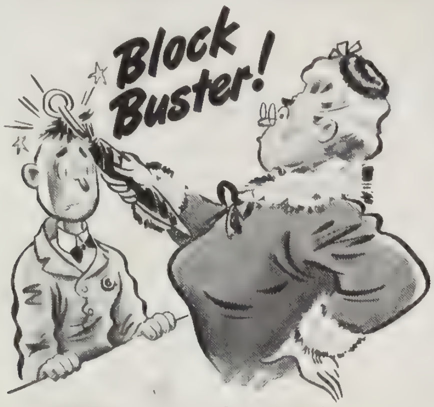
I'VE TRIED OTHER BRANDS OF TISSUES BUT I'VE FOUND YOU CAN'T BEAT *KLEENEX* TISSUES* FOR QUALITY... THANKS FOR KEEPING KLEENEX "TOPS"!

(from a letter by J. V., Gloucester, Mass.)

KLEENEX POPS OUT OF ITS HANDY SERV-A-TISSUE BOX UNRUMPLED, UNWASTED, TO THE LAST DOUBLE TISSUE! NO WASTE MEANS MORE "JACK" FOR WAR STAMPS!

(from a letter by G. B. B., Richmond, Va.)


Block Buster!

It isn't your dealer's fault there's not enough Kleenex to go around! We're making our full quota every day but it seems like everybody wants it!

Regardless of what others do, we are determined to maintain Kleenex Quality in every particular, consistent with government regulations.

There's only ONE KLEENEX

Tissues bearing any other name are not Kleenex

(*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

★ ★

HOW TO LIVE WITHOUT YOUR HUSBAND

By Lt. Comdr. Leslie B. Hohman, U.S.N.R.

Associate in Psychiatry, Johns Hopkins University

With the induction of great numbers of fathers, thousands of young mothers throughout America like Jean Micklo, of crowded New York City, and Evelyn Quandt, of Maryland's farm country, are facing their hardest war test virtually alone. I am emphasizing that they have to meet the trial almost singlehanded, because the first basic rule for a happy solution is their own recognition of this reality and its implications. Among the "draft widows" to whom I have talked, who are not showing the inspiring fortitude of the vast majority to which Jean and Evelyn belong, the trouble can be traced almost invariably to futile efforts to cling to companionship and assistance which their husbands cannot give them until after victory is won.

One wife told me in deep unhappiness that the last straw was her husband's "complete loss of interest" in his home, his children and her since he had left for an Army camp. She had reached this devastating conclusion because of a snappish letter from him asking her, "for pity's sake," not to write a long report every time one of the children misbehaved.

After we had discussed the question she admitted that the original fault was in the hours she had spent in idle and indecisive brooding on her difficulties. The more she dwelt on her loneliness, the lonelier and more irritable she became. The children got on her nerves. Then she followed her long-established habit of turning to her husband for help—in a situation in which he was practically helpless. In her depressed mood she did not notice that complaints filled such a large part of every letter to her husband that he could hardly avoid being annoyed.

The misunderstanding faded away during a leave at home in which the husband was obviously unchanged in his love and solicitude for his wife and the children. New complications will come, however, unless the wife holds to her determination to combine her recognition of the realities of her problem with the application of a second basic rule.

The second rule for all mothers widowed by induction or enlistment is that they should keep busy and interested. It is not an easy rule to follow for those who are not so fortunate as Jean and Evelyn in having predominantly cheerful dispositions. Loneliness and discouragement tend, perversely, to dull the desire for the activities which are the best possible correctives.

Since years as a practicing psychiatrist have made me aware of the multitude of daily problems confronting young mothers at best, I can guess the question our second rule will bring from many. "Of course I should seek interests which would take my mind off my personal troubles," they will say, "but where and how am I to find them?" They have sound reasons for the pointed inquiry. So let's get down to A B C's at once.

A. The women to whom housekeeping and care of children are irksome should begin by concentrating more attention on those tasks. The suggestion may sound paradoxical, but it is only a restatement of the time-tested principle that the way to acquire some liking for distasteful work is to learn to do it as well and as quickly as possible. I am placing this suggestion high on the list because mothers who do not actually enjoy their home duties are so likely to overlook the real opportunity here. A good example is the wife whose feelings were hurt by her husband's cross letter about her complaints. She has learned that more attention to her home and her children gives her keener interest in them, the satisfaction of work well done. Much of the time which she formerly devoted to disheartened introspection upon which she did not want her little girl and boy to intrude is given now to genuine companionship with them.

B. No matter how sincere mothers are in their devotion, they will feel eventually the strain of spending every day and every evening alone at home with young children. And the children of the majority of fathers who have been inducted so far are young—young enough to require exacting care and not old enough to provide much range of conversation. When the strain does begin to tell, mothers will do themselves and their children a service by finding occasional diversion outside their own four walls.

C. The array of possible outside diversions is familiar enough—movies, visits to women friends, certain hours of work in one of the various home-service organizations, Victory gardens and many others. The important point is that mothers with young children really can reach these outside interests. In big and reputedly impersonal New York City, Jean Micklo found warm neighborliness. A nurse across the street invited her to dinner at intervals and took care of husky, post-Pearl Harbor son Mickey sometimes while Jean went out alone. Every afternoon when weather permitted, Jean wheeled Mickey in his baby carriage to Central Park, where she met and chatted with the same group of mothers airing their babies. This, mind you, was while she was cheerfully pregnant with her second baby. A happy solution depends far more on the will to succeed than on economic circumstances. I know of two draft-widowed mothers in a Baltimore rooming house who obtained adjoining rooms. By opening the connecting door, they both have more attractive quarters, but the biggest advantage in the arrangement is that it enables them to trade time easily in baby care. A similar baby partnership and hours-off plan could be used by any near neighbors.

Our first two general rules were concerned with the mother's own adjustment to trying situations. They smooth the way for the third rule, which is that mothers should not let their loneliness and their trials react upon their children. Children will begin to mirror a mother's prevailing attitude even before they can talk. A potent influence in the Quandt children's freedom from tenseness over Roy Quandt's going to war is that Evelyn does not show tenseness. One good reason that little Mickey Micklo smiles at the drop of a hat is that he is so used to seeing Jean smiling. Yet, even to the brave majority of draft-widowed American mothers like Evelyn and Jean, moments will come when strict self-control is needed to guard children from harmful moods. Here are some specific hints:

If you must weep for your Roy or your Andy at war, weep alone. When any sort of

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The room with a genuine NURRE MIRROR — a "Living Picture" — on the wall just can't be dull and gloomy! For one of these lovely mirrors, with its bright ever changing reflections, gives it animation, a lovely, charming personality of its own and a new feeling of spaciousness.

If your home needs a tonic, something to lift it out of the doldrums, treat it to a "Living Picture" — a genuine NURRE MIRROR, and watch it come to life!

As an investment for the future, buy U. S. War Bonds—and, after that, for an investment in lasting beauty for your home—select a genuine NURRE MIRROR. Better dealers have them, in many lovely styles, all surprisingly inexpensive. Genuine Nurre Mirrors are all made from polished plate glass, scientifically silvered and protected with the Nurre Improved Protective Backing for long flawless service.

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ownheartedness comes, conceal it deliber-tely from the children. Keep a bright face efore them.

Don't talk about loneliness or trouble. 'ou will be tempted to. One mother told me he caught herself pleading with her five-ear-old son, "Can't you ever be good while laddy is away and mother feels so blue?" ;he caught herself because the boy started o cry for his father. The incident reminded ier that she had been using this bid for the oy's sympathy much too often.

If your husband is in action overseas, steel ourself against showing anxiety about the ailure of letters to arrive. Never mention to child the possibility that his father may be vounded or killed. If the child is old enough o think of the danger himself, do your best o reassure him. Frightening admissions an't help the father's chances, but can be osychologically injurious to an impressionable boy or girl.

At the other extreme, if you are of an exceptionally placid disposition, don't let placidity reach a stage which implies that the father has no importance to the home. The maintenance of an emotional bond between children and fathers is essential. We could state as our fourth rule that there should be just enough talk about the absent father to hold his place securely in the affections of the children, avoiding prolonged or excited conversations which will dramatize too personally and unhappily the loss of his being away.

Among suggestions for approaching the ideal, top billing should go to the drama of the uniform. Boys and girls respond to it at a very early age. Magazines today are full of pictures of soldiers and sailors and, though a child may be so young that he only vaguely remembers the father, he will sense the father's importance when mother calls attention to an attractive drawing or photograph and says proudly:

"That's the same kind of uniform your father wears."

YOUNG as he is, Mickey Micklo cannot fail to catch some reflection of Jean's love for his father, because she demonstrates it so consistently. Andrew's photograph, always in view, is pointed out to Mickey frequently, and Jean is sure that he already recognizes it. If he doesn't, he will soon; and soon will be aware, also, that his mother and father write letters to each other every day. In the Quandt home there is a comparable spirit for Roy's children to absorb.

By casual remarks in a cheerful tone the positive contribution of the father to the defense of his home and children can be emphasized: "Father will come back as soon as he and the other sailors and soldiers have won the war for you and me."

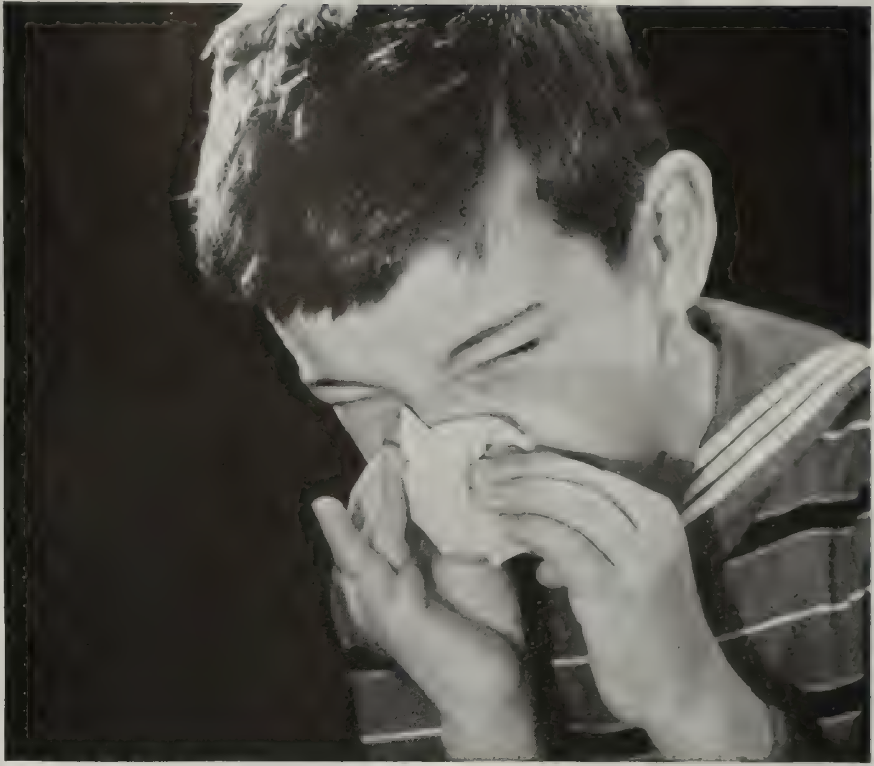
To boys and girls old enough to grasp the concepts, there can be unaffected comment about the protection of the nation and moral rights. Stories about meanness and viciousness of the enemy should be ruled out, in my opinion, as certainly too alarming for children whose fathers have been selected to fight the enemy, entirely aside from the question whether training in hate is not harmful under any circumstances.

It will be noticed that the foregoing suggestions for strengthening the emotional ties to absent fathers are planned primarily for younger children. The comparatively few older ones whose fathers are in uniform will do most of the dramatizing for themselves. The boys, and often the girls, too, will be playing war games, whether you like it or not, looking at militant comic strips, listening to the radio, reading war stories. The problem of mothers here will be chiefly in holding the excitement under sensible control.

TO MAKE up for the strictness and authority which fathers often supplied, mothers who are inclined to be too indulgent should compel themselves to use more firmness. For example, Jean said to me, "Andy used to let Mickey cry it out when he screamed to be picked up, but I simply can't." If she could make herself stand pat on this issue, she would eliminate a habit of Mickey's which is putting an extra burden on her and is detrimental to him. A mother living with relatives for the duration may have to make some compromises in training. She should make only those that are absolutely unavoidable.

All the rules formulated for mothers whose husbands have gone to war depend for their balanced application upon the courage of the mothers in the present crisis, and their confidence in the future. The records show how well virtually all of them are meeting the test. They are getting along on their allotments, generally without complaint, helped in tight squeezes by the Army Emergency Relief and other organizations. Their bright hopes for the future are typified by Jean's plans for a postwar house and Evelyn's conviction that Army experience will improve Roy's opportunities later.

"My husband had to get back to camp—would you be so kind as to carry me over the threshold?"



Don't try to blow that cold away

When those nostrils are clogged with thick, stubborn mucus and breathing through that cold-sick nose is almost impossible—don't try to blow the congested passages open! Hard blowing makes the tender membranes sore! May even increase the stopped-up discomfort!

No cure for a head cold has yet been found but that tormenting, smothering stuffiness, that smarting irritation around nose and mouth *can* be relieved quickly. See how Mentholatum helps.

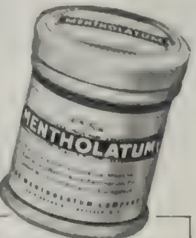
Easy way to open stuffy nostrils . . . soothe irritation

Applied right in the nose and snuffed well back, Mentholatum strikes promptly at nasal discomforts with 4 vital actions:

1. Helps thin out thick mucus—your nose starts to clear.
2. Soothes irritated membranes, reduces red, sore ring around nose and mouth caused by burning, smarting discharge.
3. Helps reduce swelling, congestion—nostrils start to open.
4. Helps Nature heal by increasing circulation in "sick" area.

Don't go on "suffering" right through a heavy cold. Use Mentholatum—quick. Every breath brings welcome relief! You breathe more easily again, sleep better, waken more refreshed, feel more clear-headed and look like a different person! At any stage of a cold spread Mentholatum generously in each nostril, snuff well back—and B-R-E-A-T-H-E. Jars 30¢.

COOLING—SOOTHING
MENTHOLATUM
Helps Clear Clogged Noses—quickly, *safely*



WHEN COLD CAUSES COUGHING

Rub Mentholatum generously onto chest and throat. This stimulates surface circulation . . . helps relieve painful soreness and local congestion in the chest muscles. In addition—comforting *vapors* rise through upper bronchial passages to soothe irritation of mucous membranes in nose and throat. Soreness, tightness, thus ease up—coughing spasms quiet down.

The most EXCITING bran muffin you ever bit into! NEEDS NO SPREAD

NABISCO SURPRISE BRAN MUFFINS

1 cup Nabisco Bran
1 cup milk
2 tbs. shortening
¼ cup sugar
1 egg, beaten
1 cup sifted flour
½ tps. salt
3 tps. baking powder
¼ cup marmalade
3 tbs. chopped nuts

Soak Bran in milk 5 min. Cream shortening and sugar, add egg, beat well. Add Bran mixture. Sift together flour, salt and baking powder. Add to Bran mixture and stir only until well mixed. Fill greased muffin pans ⅓ full, dot with a teaspoon of marmalade and cover with batter to fill ⅔ full. Sprinkle nuts over top and bake in hot oven (400° F.) 25 minutes. Makes 12 of the most heavenly-tasting muffins ever set before a hungry family. For Nabisco bran muffins aren't only more *delicious* . . . they're *finer-textured* than any bran muffins you ever baked. That's because Nabisco 100% Bran is Double-Milled—which makes the bran fibers *smaller*—and your muffins *lighter!* Try them tomorrow—they're wartime in *thrift*, but not in *flavor!*

IMPORTANT TO YOU!

If you suffer from constipation due to insufficient bulk, you will appreciate the *mild*, *gentle* relief offered by Nabisco 100% Bran. Double-Milling makes its fibers smaller—less likely to be irritating. For important "bulk" eat Nabisco 100% Bran regularly—as a cereal or made up into delicious muffins.

If your constipation is not helped in this simple manner—consult a competent physician.

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASS'N

BAKED BY NABISCO • NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

With Roy at work or at war, wood must be chopped; water must be carrie

Pioneer Stuff

BY FLORENCE J. KAS AND BETTY TOMPKINS

IN MANY country crossroads and rural hamlets, life goes on much as it did in grandmother's day, without the push-button conveniences of modern living.

Ev Quandt is today's counterpart of our "Westward Ho!" forebears. Rugged country life gives her a philosophy and stamina in which neither backache nor boredom has a place. Her homespun mode of life, her close-knit family and everyday chores are her stand-bys now, as they've always been. A visit with Ev is good for the spirit, but less rugged souls may need other methods of saving and strengthening muscles.

How Not to Get Tired

DEVELOP THE SOUTH PAW. Use both hands whenever you can. It relieves the overtaxed right hand, saves time and uses two sets of muscles. Ev washes windows with her right and follows with her left.

TAKE IT SITTING. Standing uses 8 per cent more energy than sitting. Peeling potatoes, shelling peas, polishing silver are good sit-down jobs. But sit straight, with the body in balance.

FOLD UP when you tie Johnny's shoelaces. Bending over puts all the pull on your spine. Follow Ev's method of picking up toys; get action in the strong hip and thigh muscles, and fold up your three sets of joints—ankle, knee and hip.

LIFT LIKE A WORKMAN. When lifting something heavy, like husky Geraldine, the same technique applies as for stooping. Fold up the knee and hip joints and go down after your burden, then rise with it by straightening out the knees and thighs. Let your legs help your back.

AVOID THAT "WHAT WILL I DO NEXT?" FEELING by having a plan of work, but keep it flexible enough so you can dash to that last-minute meeting without worrying about how the living room looks.

SPREAD YOUR SHOPPING. Go to market when other women are washing or ironing. Shopping won't take so long and you won't get so tired battling crowds.

SHIFT EQUIPMENT in your kitchen if you have to walk a mile for a muffin tin. Keep things you use together in one place.

DROP YOUR COOKY DOUGH instead of rolling and cutting it. Make loaf instead of layer cakes, and drop biscuits instead of cutting them.

LET BREAKFAST DISHES WAIT (rinsed and stacked) till after lunch: takes less time to do two batches at once, is less trouble, and you can get right at the morning chores after breakfast. Rinse the dishes with hot water and dry just the glasses and silver. Let the other things drain.

WATCH YOUR STEP. Wear low, broad-base heeled shoes and dresses or slacks that allow plenty of swing for housework. Ev likes full-skirted cottons that can be easily tubbed for farm life. Don't resort to castoff shoes for housework, save your "spikes" for dress-up occasions. A hard-working body needs good, steady support.

SPREAD THE LOAD. When you have heavy loads to carry, make more trips with lighter loads. Tired leg muscles recover quickly, but spine and shoulder strain is lasting. You may never carry water from a well, but for any carrying stand up straight, so the weight falls on the pelvis rather than on the back muscles.

AVOID THE HIP DRAPE. Carry large bundles close to the body, the way Ev totes the clothesbasket to the car. This distributes the heavy weight to both sides of the body and eliminates the lopsided hip carry, which overtaxes the burdened side.

SHORTEN YOUR REACH. Don't stretch all out of shape to hang curtains, but move up to them. Climb on a solid stool for the high shelves, instead of over-straining muscles. Long handles on dusters and brushes do the stretching for you.

INDOOR SPORT. Good doses of fresh air every day keep women like Ev from feeling fatigue. Get out in the air every day if possible. Walk briskly. Indoors use a sporting technique whenever you can. Free swings with the dustcloth, a good upright stance with the mop and a follow-through swing with the broom help to curb that tired feeling.

NOTHING LIKE A CHANGE. Vary your work and avoid boredom. Change from standing to sitting chores to break the monotony. Do the least-liked jobs early in the morning, and lie down a few minutes every day to replenish lagging pep.

y filled the shed with slab wood
fore he left, but Ev splits it for the
od box, which supplies fuel for
oking, heating and hot water. Ev
esn't call this hard work. Even so,
e thinks work never hurt anyone.

"Eat three meals a day. You hear?" Roy told Ev. She used to skip meals when Roy was away and often felt tired. Now Skipper needs meat and vegetables, so Ev eats regularly with the "man of the family."

ith no washing machine of her
n and having to carry and heat
ater for washing, Ev loads her wash
the car and takes it to her moth-
's to use her machine. Usually she
ies the wash and irons there too.

Everything about Ev's tiny house is spick-and-span, though she has no modern conveniences. When the sun streams through her shining windows, she feels sorry for city folks: "I couldn't breathe there."

ater doesn't come from a faucet at
his house. It must be carried from
he well next door, and heated on the
itchen range. But house and chil-
ren are spotless, and shelves are
tocked with home-canned foods.

With a small house and two healthy children, Ev does a normal amount of picking up playthings that clutter the floor. She needs no special exercises to keep her weight down, muscles firm and posture good.

Husky year-old Geraldine weighs thirty pounds. Ev often lifts her fifty times a day. That adds up to tons of baby lifting, but chopping wood and carrying water have given Ev a strong and well co-ordinated body.

WINS **ORDERS FROM HEADQUARTERS**
Washington, D. C.

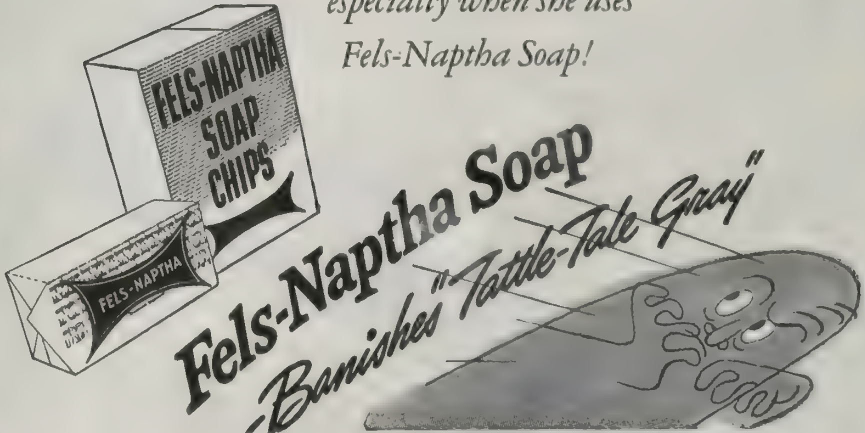
KEEP WELL! Now, more than ever, we must conserve health and strength. Lick that germ at the outset. Don't become another burden to the already overtaxed physicians and hospital facilities.

The Fels-Naptha first, James !

Looks a little silly, doesn't it? . . . Actually, we never heard of a woman who locked up her laundry soap with the family sparklers.

But the general idea isn't bad. Soap, under war conditions, is a precious article. Every bar that's made contains materials vital to the success of our men in the service.

We don't believe any sensible woman needs urging to be careful with soap. To buy just what she needs. To get full value from every ounce. To make every bar last as long as possible . . . *especially when she uses Fels-Naptha Soap!*



One easy recipe—
Two grand dishes!

SAVE TIME with this new Knox double-dish recipe. Save fuel. Save pennies. Out of this one recipe, one preparation, you make a luscious salad-dessert for tonight; a tangy main dish for tomorrow's noonday meal. Get in the habit of using Knox Gelatine more often . . . to stretch rationed foods and give left-overs a lift! Knox is plain, pure gelatine . . . a supplementary protein food. Yet Knox takes no points . . . you'll find it everywhere!

NOTE: *To make only one of these dishes, prepare only half the basic recipe and continue with the desired variation.*

For tonight's salad dessert
and tomorrow's lunch...

Start with Basic Recipe

2 envelopes Knox Gelatine
½ cup cold water
2 cups hot water
½ cup lemon juice
1 teaspoonful salt

Soften gelatine in cold water and dissolve in hot water. Add salt and lemon juice and stir thoroughly. Divide mixture in half.

For Jellied Waldorf Salad, to half the hot gelatine mixture (1½ cups) add ¼ cup sugar and stir thoroughly. Let cool. When mixture starts to thicken, fold in ¼ cup celery, ½ cup apple, ¼ cup walnut meats—all cut in small pieces—and ¼ cup raw cranberries, chopped (if desired). Rinse mold in cold water and fill with mixture. Put mold in refrigerator until firm. To serve, unmold on salad greens and garnish with mayonnaise. Serves 6.

For Shrimp Chili Mold, to remaining half of hot gelatine mixture add a pinch of pepper or cayenne, 1 tablespoonful sugar, and 2 tablespoonfuls chili sauce. Cool. When it begins to thicken, fold in ⅓ cup pickle relish and 1 cup small shrimp (canned or fresh-cooked). Rinse large mold in cold water. Place a few whole shrimps in bottom of mold, then fill with mixture. Chill until firm. To serve, unmold on watercress and garnish with mayonnaise. Serves 6.

KNOX GELATINE...PROTEIN...NO POINTS

P.S. Be sure to write Mrs. Charles B. Knox, Box 23, Johnstown; for a free copy of her new recipe book, just off the press.

Dinner partners! Jean's diet dovetails with Mickey's now that he's old enough to eat vegetables. What he needs daily, she needs too.

Keeping in Shape

By Louella G. Shouer

MANY young war wives are having their babies alone without the comforting presence of their husbands. It takes courage to wait for a baby alone—sometimes in a strange city. Jean Micklo has that courage—a gay brand of it.

If you've always eaten normally of a wide variety of foods and have had sufficient money to indulge a good appetite, there's little you need add to your diet except more milk. Have at least a quart! Cod-liver oil is recommended unless you are fortunate enough to be where you can be out in the sun most of the day. *Keep in mind the foods that abound in iron*—liver, kidneys and eggs; all the green, leafy vegetables; oatmeal and other whole-grain cereals; dried fruits, such as raisins, figs, and so on; dried beans and peas. You especially need these now and until the baby comes, as iron-rich foods build and maintain red blood.

If you've been skimping along since your husband has been away, thinking you "just couldn't afford it," some readjustment will have to be made in your budget of other essentials to allow for the foods and the quantities of these foods that are now more important for you to eat than at any other time in your life—except, perhaps, when you were a baby yourself. You want your baby to have a healthy start in life and you want to keep yourself well and strong so you can care for him after he is born.

PREGNANCY PLAN

Try to follow this plan every day unless your doctor prescribes a special diet. *Consult him first!*

Milk. One quart. Milk does more for you than any other food and does it more cheaply. This is one food you should not skimp on. It is practically impossible to get the needed amounts of calcium, so necessary for the bones and teeth of your child and to protect your own, from any other food than milk. Some women can't tolerate milk and doctors prescribe calcium tablets. Milk need not always be fresh fluid milk, nor do you need to drink it all. It counts just as much in a soup, custard or ice cream, for instance. Cheese counts too. Canned evaporated milk is cheaper than bottled. Use it for cooking. Should you gain weight too rapidly, switch to buttermilk or skimmed milk for a while.

Eggs. One a day. More if you can't afford to have meat, fish or poultry. Grade B eggs are less expensive.

Bread and cereals. Have a hot cook
or ready-to-eat cereal in the morning. O
meal rates high in your diet, as it's rich
iron. Eat some bread at each meal, if yo
weight permits.

Vegetables. Two or more servings in a
dition to potatoes. One should be raw. Le
on the green ones—yellow ones frequentl

Fruits. Make one a citrus variety—o
anges, grapefruit—or tomatoes, fresh
canned, and according to available poin
and current cost. Oranges, irrespective
cost, are the cheapest source of vitamin
In addition, have one or more servings
other fruits. Save some points for prun
raisins and figs.

Meat, fish or poultry. One small ser
ing daily; and variety meats, particular
liver and kidneys, are the most important
luckily in the low-point class. Try to ha
liver twice a week—even pork liver and be
liver are good, and not so expensive as cal
liver. Cheese and dried-bean dishes will he
out on the week's points. Some doctors r
strict protein in some cases, so omit the
foods only on doctor's advice.

Fats. Use *very* moderately.

Sugar. Only enough to flavor—molass
helps supply iron, so use instead occasionall

Cod-liver oil. At least one teaspoon
its equivalent. Best to let your doctor pr
scribe.

Water. At least four glasses in additio
to milk and other beverages.

WEIGHING IN

The phrase "eating for two" is often mi
understood. It doesn't mean you shou
stuff yourself! In fact, your doctor will wa
you against overeating. The emphasis shou
be put on quality and good nutrition rath
than quantity. If your weight is norma
there is no need for eating any more tha
usual. After the fourth month the increase
weight should be gradual—about one ha
pound a week. This is understandable, sin
twenty to twenty-three pounds is considere
an average gain in normal pregnancy. If yo
are overweight or underweight in the b
ginning, of course, your doctor will corre
your diet so that normal weight gain will
kept in line.

Drinking a quart of milk too monotonous? "Eat" in soup.

Babies like cod-liver oil! Jean takes hers along with Mickey.

Jean needs more milk now to provide plenty of calcium.

o easy on salt. Salt makes the body re- in water, and that *weighs!* Salt your food ghtly in the kitchen and keep away from ie shaker in the dining room.

void these foods. Gravies, mayonaise, cream, fat meats, pancakes, fried ›ods, candy, popcorn, rich desserts. If you ever could abide certain foods, even if recnmended, now is not the time to drag yourlf to the table to eat them. Your doctor can elp you choose foods that will make up for ie ones you simply can't eat, if you will tell im your pet hates.

LOW-COST MEALS FOR YOU

our or five small meals are better than iree hearty ones—particularly in the latter ıonths, for comfort, and in the early ıonths, too, if morning sickness is your lot. ften such a small thing as eating crackers ith a cup of hot milk before bed, plus havıg your dinner at noon instead of at night, ill help. The following simple menus will ve you the needed foods and keep your weight in line. Fats and rich fare are noticeably absent. More variety can be added if you have more money to spend.

Breakfast pattern. Whole orange (better than drinking the juice); rolled oats with milk; whole-wheat toast; milk, or cocoa made with milk. If you prefer to have your egg for breakfast, fine—just so you have it sometime during the day. Grapefruit, applesauce, and so on, can be substituted, but have oranges often. Vary your hot cereals as you can.

Dinners—noon. 1—Braised liver; potato cooked in the skin; carrots; cabbage salad; toast; fresh pear; milk or tea.

2—Broiled lamb kidneys; spinach; raw carrot sticks; toast; applesauce or other fruit; milk or tea.

3—Broiled chopped beef; stewed tomatoes; baked potato; toast; simple milk pudding; milk or tea.

Whether you have milk or tea for dinner depends on whether or not you have milk and crackers at midmorning and before bed.

Light suppers. 1—Poached egg on toast; salad of greens; stewed fruit; milk.

2—Peanut-butter-and-shredded-cabbage sandwich; canned soup thinned with milk; banana. Have an egg if it hasn't been included for breakfast.

3—Potato soup; scrambled-egg sandwich; raw carrot; lemon gelatin.

BOOKLETS TO HELP YOU

GETTING READY FOR MOTHERHOOD, by Dr. Herman H. Bundesen—Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania. Price, 6 cents, No. 1513.

PRE-NATAL CARE, Publication No. 4—U. S. Department of Labor, Children's Bureau. Write to Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D. C. Price, 5 cents.

THE EXPECTANT MOTHER, Folder I—Children's Bureau, Washington, D. C. Free.

Mickey keeps tabs on mommy's weight. Jean is keeping it down. Doctor's order!

WINS ORDERS FROM HEADQUARTERS

Washington, D. C.

Help for pregnant women and nursing mothers. If there is a shortage of fresh fluid milk in your area at any time, you may get supplemental ration-stamp allowances for evaporated milk. Have your doctor give you a certificate to cover your needs. Present this to your rationing board.

"I serve Substantial Meals and make Substantial Savings!"

says Mrs. Beth Kilbourn, of Hartford, Conn., as told to Edith Radom, Food & Fashion Editor, Hartford Courant

"Good food ... lots of it ... at down-to-earth prices! That's my answer to wartime meals. And that's why I'm enthusiastic about my A&P Super Market. It gives me all the answers ... in variety ... in quality ... in economy. And I find some things that only A&P can serve me, such as high-quality, low-priced Ann Page Foods.

"I like to market with a basic shopping list, letting the abundantly stocked shelves, counters and bins inspire my menus. And I like to save time, gasoline and energy by shopping under one roof. Because these things are important, my A&P 'Super' is important to me. I think other women feel the same way ... when they discover the same advantages."

BETH KILBOURN and her husband, Orrin, are both very civic-minded. Beth finds time to act as Air Raid Warden and serves with the Motor Corps. Orrin Kilbourn, well-known Hartford businessman, headed up the local Navy Relief Drive, supervised "E" bond sales during the Third War Loan for the entire State of Connecticut. His hobby is horses, an interest shared by the Kilbourn children, Candace, 10, and Peter, 11. The latter young husky is also a ski enthusiast.

EXCLUSIVELY YOURS AT A&P ... THIS FAMILY OF *Favorite Foods*

The famous Ann Page Foods, sold only at A&P, are truly "America's Pantry Favorites." Wholesome, nourishing and appetizing, they are the aristocrats of the pantry shelf. And yet they are very democratic in price because, made by A&P, many unnecessary in-between costs are eliminated ... and the savings are shared with you. Try an assortment of Ann Page Foods ... today!

ANN PAGE FOODS
America's Pantry Favorites

*Save up to 25%** ON MANY FINE FOODS

**Many A&P brands (sold only at A&P) bring you savings up to 25% compared to prices usually asked for other nationally known products of comparable quality. These savings are yours because A&P brings these good things direct from their source to you with many unnecessary in-between expenses cut from their cost.*

33 Ann Page Foods
Eight O'Clock, Red Circle and Bokar Coffees
Jane Parker Cakes, Rolls and "Dated" Donuts
Marvel "Enriched" Bread
Nectar and Our Own Teas

A&P Canned Fruits and Vegetables
7 Sunnyfield Cereals
White Sail Cleaning Aids
Sunnyfield Flours
and many other fine foods

A&P ESTABLISHED 1859

© 1944—The Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co.

SOLD ONLY AT A&P FOOD STORES

"...and I'll live like a queen in a house that takes care of itself..."

IT'S A DREAM, of course! Even your home of tomorrow won't completely "run itself"! But it will be easier to manage, more fun to live in than any house you ever hoped for! In fact, here are a few of the things which engineers in the laboratories of the Gas industry are planning for you *right now.*

AN ALL-YEAR-ROUND PERFECT CLIMATE—Your new Gas air-conditioning system will keep your home warm in winter, cool in summer . . . give you fresh, clean, balanced air at a moment's notice—all from one simple, compact unit operated by the spotless fuel, GAS.

A WONDER KITCHEN—Marvelously cool, marvelously clean—where a new Certified Performance Gas range, equipped with *new heat controls,* will not only give you "precision cooking" . . . but *better* meals . . . with less drudgery!

HOT WATER GALORE—Your new automatic Gas water-heating system will give you oceans of hot water whenever you want it—make all housekeeping easier.

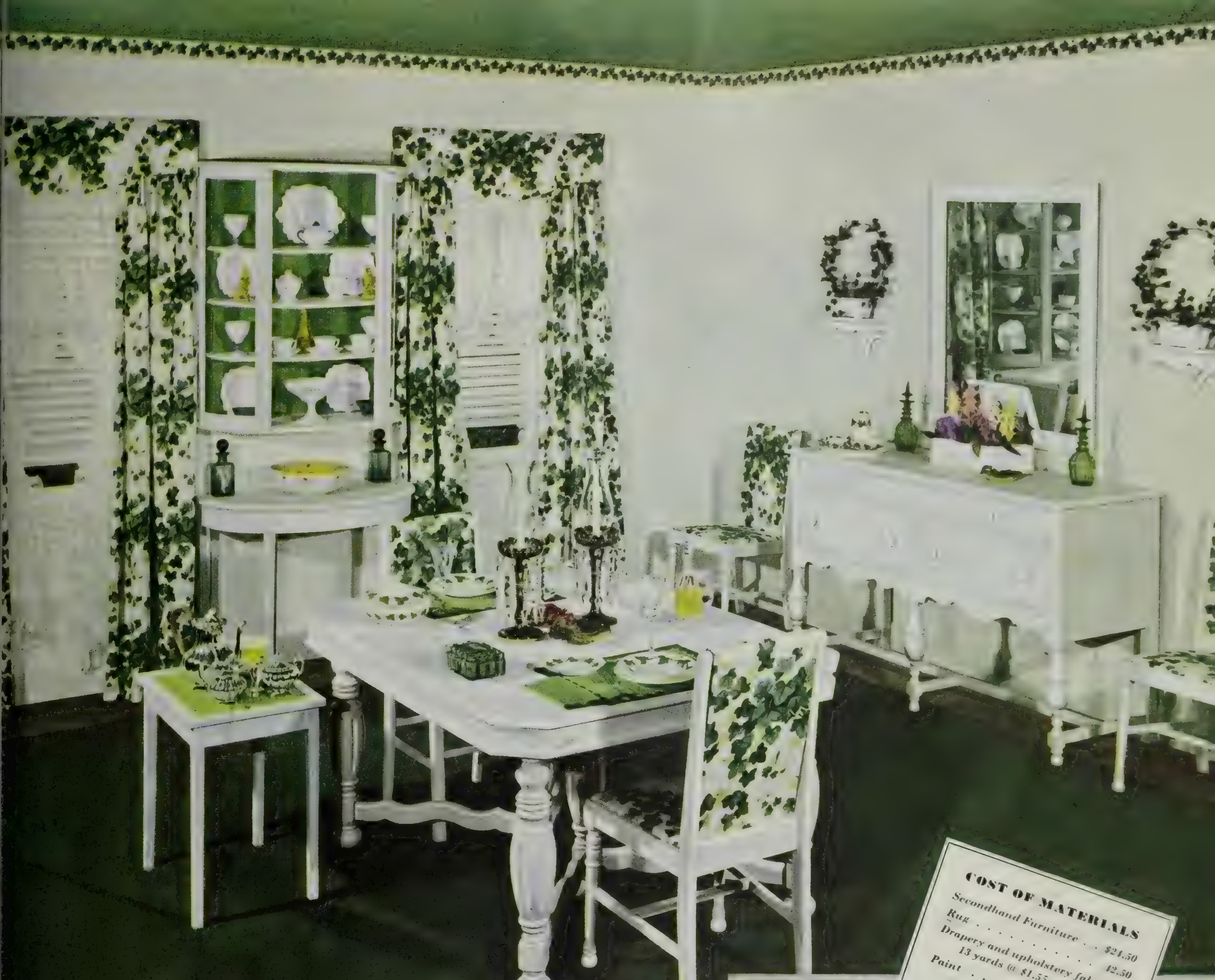
MAGIC REFRIGERATION—Your new silent Gas refrigerator, with greater storage facilities, will make it easier to keep all kinds of food fresh longer—meats, vegetables, even frozen foods . . . will save you hours of marketing time, give your family greater variety.

Our dreams of a better world are indeed coming true. It is a world worth planning and saving for — with every War Bond you can buy.

Remember . . . Gas today speeds war production. Use it wisely. Tomorrow it will bring you new ease, new leisure, better living.

THE MAGIC FLAME THAT WILL BRIGHTEN YOUR FUTURE **GAS**

An advertisement of the American Gas Association



PHOTOGRAPH BY HAROLD FOWLER

Here is an everyday dining room, made fresh with paint and cotton fabric. Unmatched junk-shop furniture looks surprisingly compatible under its snowy disguise. Without expensive alterations, outmoded furniture works into the do-over ensemble formula: Paint all of it alike to make it inconspicuous, placing the emphasis on your color scheme and the decorative quality of your fabric.

COST OF MATERIALS

Secondhand Furniture	*$24.50*
Rug	*42.50*
Drapery and upholstery fabric 13 yards @ $1.55	*20.15*
Paint	*5.50*
	$92.65

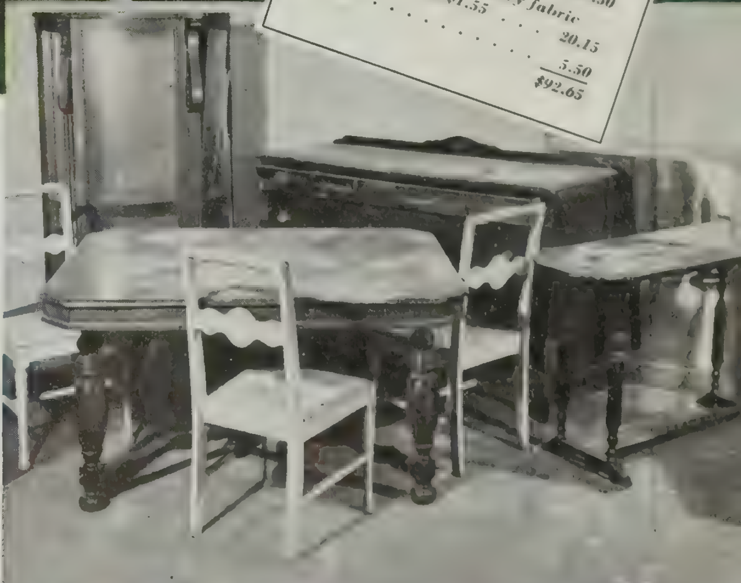
Spring Painting
for an Old Dining Room

BY HENRIETTA MURDOCK
Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal

DOING over an old dining room is the easiest big decoration job there is. Inexpensive, too, if you have the furniture. All you need are paint and fabric. In case you have no furniture, look in the secondhand shops and select the plainest, sturdiest used pieces you can find. The styles need not match—ours were all odd—and the wood can be different too. But try to have the pieces resemble one another in a general way, and make sure they are structurally sound. Repairing or reinforcing old furniture is expensive and defeats our object in acquiring it.

Here's another tip: Don't plan elaborate make-over, as that is expensive. To change the lines, simplify your designs by removing ornaments or sawing off extras, which is all we did in our ivy dining room. New knobs and pulls help to modernize old pieces; all-over white or ivory paint makes small details unimportant. Oak furniture seems especially good for refinishing. It is strong, and the cheapest thing in the secondhand market.

Here is how to plan your new dining-room scheme. Even if you want to keep your present furniture as it is, the technique for creating (Continued on Page 163)



WINS **ORDERS FROM HEADQUARTERS**
Washington, D. C.

Another year of wear has been added to the life of your furnishings. Take inventory the first sunny day and restore every article you can. Clean lamp shades, draperies and rugs, and groom each piece of furniture to make it last a bit longer. Fresh paint and fabric are your allies this spring.

"Who said food rationing would help my figure?"

Gaining weight? Feeling not quite up to par?
Perhaps it's because your wartime meals
Include too many starchy, vitamin-poor foods
What to do about it? That's simple!

Reduce the Ry-Krisp way!

The new free Ry-Krisp wartime reducing book
Tells how a normal person can lose excess weight
And gives new low-point menus and recipes
For delicious meals everyone can enjoy

For new book with complete reducing plan, write
Ry-Krisp, 21 Checkerboard Sq., St. Louis 2, Mo.

LOW-POINT FEAST

Chop suey and rice served with toasted Ry-Krisp. Just one of many grand one-dish meals you can enjoy in wartime. Other meal-ideas and recipes in the Ry-Krisp booklet. Send for it today and start to enjoy delicious Ry-Krisp at every meal. This whole grain bread helps tone you up . . . has the minerals and just about all the vitamin B1 of whole rye. Only 23 calories in each slice.

a 10¢ bottle flavors 108 meals . . .

ADD 5 DROPS to each serving of meat, fish, spaghetti, baked beans, chili, eggs and 'most all foods for a new zestful flavor. Not Rationed.

Frank's RED HOT SAUCE

10¢ on most food store shelves and meat counters.

THE FRANK TEA & SPICE CO., Cincinnati, Ohio

KVP PARCHMENT, Heavy WAXED PAPER
KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN

EVERBEARING RASPBERRIES
and other Berry Plants which will fruit this summer. Write for free catalog.
STERN'S NURSERIES, Dept. L, GENEVA, N. Y.

YOU GOT TO KNOW YOUR FOLKS

(Continued from Page 25)

and tended sick folks fifty miles in every direction—sometimes farther.

“He never turned down a call that might mean somebody needed him. Many a time he'd work straight around the clock. I had typhoid and my sister had whooping cough and ma had a new baby once, all at the same time, and he pulled us through.

“He healed folks' fears and troubles as well as their fevers and he kept at it, day and night, until Old Doc over there come home from college and hung out his shingle alongside his father's.

“Well, Old Doc got along fine, of course. He had a dandy wife that he'd married while he was in school, and after a few years along come a cute little shaver of a boy. He and the Old Gentleman got to talking about building a hospital for Tansy. It was to be a kind of memorial to old Doctor Kimberley.

“Then along come a smart aleck of a new doctor, and just about overnight Tansy had a hospital and nurses in white uniforms, and this Doctor Harkness was running the whole show. I won't say he wasn't a good-enough doctor. But right from the start I didn't like him. I suppose I got to feeling that way because of the way he was about his haircuts, phoning in once a week for an appointment and being awful unpleasant if I wasn't just ready and waiting for him. Other folks got to get their hair cut, too, but he figured he had a little edge on importance.

“Mostly, he went over mighty big. You might not believe it, Les, but the people of Tansy just flocked to him. He was young and kind of good-looking, and his hospital was full of electric machines and gadgets, mostly good stuff—Old Doc told me so, and said he wished he could afford some of the same layout—and folks fell for it like they will for anything new and different.

“First thing we knew, everybody in town was having appendicitis and adenoids and tumors and everything you could think of that could be cut out and charged for aplenty. And this Doctor Harkness did all the cutting.

Chop your own wood and it will warm you twice.
—ANON.

“Now I don't lay any claim to knowing anything about the practice of medicine, but I got horse sense. And I ain't been a barber in Tansy all these years without learning a lot about folks, sort of in the same way a doctor does. So I didn't like the way Harkness come along and said that Grandma Watkins had to be sent to a warmer climate. The Old Gentleman had been keeping Grandma comfortable and happy on her sun porch ever since she got to be ailing, and I doubt if he ever sent a bill. In her young days Grandma had set up with many a patient of his. But the Watkinses were in the money that year—they'd just sold the ranch—and they sent Grandma to some fancy rest home in Arizona. She died down there of homesickness without ever coming back. The Old Gentleman sure felt bad about it.

“And then there was Alice and Tom Kearney's baby, that just about everybody in town was as anxious to have as they were. Tom was for having Old Doc bring it, but Alice was sold on having it come some new-fangled, painless way. It come, all right, but when it got here it didn't have no breath to fight for itself with. 'Course it might have happened anyway, but it seems to me new things ought to be tried out somewheres else until they're sure, and not on people like the Kearneys. Tom and Alice split up over it, finally, and that was a pity. If they'd been sure that it couldn't be helped, then they'd have worked it out together someway; but the way it was, Tom just couldn't get over it. Things like that can do an awful lot of harm to folks.

“And then, Les, there was Angie Ewing. She was as pretty a piece of young girlhood as you'd want to see, pretty as Clarrie there. Her father owned the big Ewing ranches, and ever since she could straddle a horse she'd ridden the range and helped with the branding, and she was already carrying off rodeo prizes. But even so, she was dainty and cute as a Johnny-jump-up.

“She come in my shop one day looking for Old Doc. ‘Hello, Doctor Kimberley,’ she says, ‘they told me you were in here.’ She sits down just like it was his office and says, ‘Remember that pain I had last summer?’

“‘I sure do, Angie,’ Old Doc says. ‘Your daddy called me clear out to the ranch because you had a tummy-ache. Had any more trouble like that?’

“‘Well, no,’ Angie says, ‘but mother's been talking to Doctor Harkness, and they think maybe I ought to have an operation.’

“I could see Old Doc's neck and jaw muscles get tight and set. ‘You seem to be about a hundred per cent healthy, Angie,’ he says. ‘If it was my insides I'd leave them alone, at least until they bothered me.’

“‘Thanks, Doctor Kimberley,’ Angie says. ‘I thought I could count on you. Dad thinks it's a lot of nonsense, too, and I don't want anything to keep me out of the rodeo next month.’ And she skipped out, pert as a meadow lark.

“Old Doc leaned back in the chair. ‘Give me a shave, Mr. Jefferson,’ he says, ‘and some good hot towels.’ I could tell he felt pretty bad, because he always shaves himself. Pretty soon he sat up and shook off the towels. ‘Mr. Jefferson,’ he says, ‘I'm thinking of leaving Tansy.’

“‘Doctor Kimberley,’ I says, ‘you can't do that. The Old Gentleman needs you, and the folks here around Tansy do too.’

“‘A few of the folks, maybe,’ he says. ‘But the place isn't big enough for all of us.’

“I knew what he meant, all right, and you couldn't call him a quitter for leaving, because there wasn't any honest way to fight what he was up against. ‘Well,’ I says, ‘I wish you could see your way clear to stick it out. It's a long lane, you know.’

“‘This one's too long,’ he says. ‘I want to build a place for Bob, like my father built for me—like this place should have been for him,’ he says, and he sounded like a man who has lost faith in what he believes most. That's the worst thing that can happen to a man, Les, especially a man like Old Doc.

“Angie Ewing died on the operating table. This Harkness gave out that an operation was her only chance, but that they'd run into complications. He managed to make it sound like if the operation had been done sooner, when Old Doc was looking after her, she'd have been riding in the rodeo.

“But quite a few folks were thinking different by then and they said so. There were other things said, too, and being the only barber, like I am, I was bound to hear them. Sam Purvis told me his wife hadn't been near so well since her operation, and that he ought to have knowed better because Old Doc had said an operation wouldn't do anything except weaken her. And Gabby Green's right arm was stiff in its socket, and he wasn't backward about telling how Doctor Harkness had gone off for a week, just after setting it, and something had slipped and never been tended to. Well, Gabby never got around to paying his bills, so Harkness naturally wouldn't have been over-concerned about him. He wasn't that kind of a doctor.

“For the most part, Harkness was still doing all right. I'd have bet money he wouldn't last—not permanent—but he was sure skimming the cream fast while he had hold of the ladle. He got to buying his clothes in the city and he had a fancier car than anybody else, and stories got around about the kind of parties he gave that

(Continued on Page 158)

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"Les, nobody wanted to serve on that jury, and they made it mighty plain. 'If you get me up there in that jury box,' Steve Fifer roars, 'somebody will have to talk awful hard to make me believe anybody else could have done better than the Old Gentleman did—if as good.' And Crib Thompson, he says, 'Sure I'm prejudiced. If I couldn't have a bone set by the Old Gentleman, by cracky, I wouldn't have it set a-tall.'

"Well, you see, Les," I says, "there was reasons behind the way they talked. Remind me sometime to tell you about Steve Fifer's family and the typhoid epidemic, and about Crib's trotting mare that broke her leg. I won't go into it now, but Les, in a town like Tansy you got to know your folks. Not knowing was what did for Falbee and Harkness. They'd have been smart enough for New York, but they wasn't smart enough for Tansy, Wyoming.

"Well, after a couple of hours Falbee begun to droop his tail feathers. He and his case were being made to look mighty ridiculous, and he didn't know what to do about it. Harkness, who'd come in early, thinking it would be over in a hurry, looked like he'd ought to give himself a tonic, while the Old Gentleman had got ten years younger since the thing started.

"Then Falbee moves to try the case in another county. We hadn't thought of that, and my heart come right up and beat on my chin. Judge Haley thinks a couple of minutes and then he says, very solemn, that he believes there must be twelve men present who will be willing to judge the case solely on the merits of the evidence. 'Innocent men need a jury,' says the judge, 'as well as guilty ones.'

"THERE was something in the way he said those words that gave things a turn. 'I can do that, Your Honor, and be glad of the chance,' roars a big voice. It was Mr. Ewing, speaking lusty and out of turn like he always does. So he was sworn, and naturally Falbee didn't turn him down, after all the talk there'd been about how Angie might have lived if she'd had some other kind of treatment. And Charlie accepted him without a question.

"After that everybody wanted to be on the jury. They'd seen the light as to how there was more than one way they could show their colors, and nobody wanted the Old Gentleman's trial dragged off to another county.

"So pretty quick they got their twelve men, and Young Doc, who was sitting by me, whispers, 'That's a good jury for my grandpa, isn't it?' and I says, 'Any jury chose in Tansy County would do all right.' He took hold of my hand and I could tell how excited he was by the way he kept braiding his fingers in and out of mine.

"Falbee talked mighty big, like we thought he would, but to my mind the case was made of awful thin broth. He had George Harvester coached to give a real pitiful story about what it's like to be a boy with a crippled arm, and George spoke his piece fine, like he enjoyed doing it. He showed his arm, and it had a little cock to it, all right, but he was a far cry from being crippled for life—not half as bad off as Gabby, who was there in a front-row seat.

"'Well, George,' Charlie says, when it come his turn, 'I hear you pitch a pretty good game of baseball.'

"'You bet,' says George, like any cocky kid would, and he starts to wind up with the arm he'd made out was so useless.

"Well, everybody roared till the judge had to hammer on his desk half a dozen times. Then Harvester put on a good act, too, about his poor boy's condition. He was a whole lot more concerned in court than he was the day the arm got broke. He said he felt awful bad when he found it had been set without its having been done in a hospital.

"'You could still have taken him to a hospital,' Charlie says.

"'I'm a poor man, Mr. Potter,' says Harvester. 'I couldn't afford two doctors.'

"'Oh, I see,' says Charlie. 'You paid Doctor Kimberley, of course.'

(Continued on Page 161)

IT'S FOR FLAVOR!

by Betty Crocker

Simplified Method: Follow easy waffle directions on Bisquick package (just milk, eggs, some fat, plus Bisquick). Make thin batter.

• • •

ADDS VITAMINS, TOO! Wheaties are "whole grain". These toasted flakes supply all of whole wheat's widely known essential food values. B vitamins, the mineral iron, food-energy. Good proteins, too.

• • •

● SPRINKLE WHEATIES on your waffle batter! Adds a rich, nutty, whole wheat flavor that's delightful.

• • •

WHEATIES WAFFLES: Tested by my staff. Beat 2 Eggs with rotary beater.
Beat in 2 cups Sour Milk or Buttermilk, 1 tsp. Soda
Sift together 2 cups *sifted* Gold Medal Flour
2 tsp. Baking Powder
½ tsp. Salt
Beat into egg and milk mixture. Beat in
6 tbsp. Shortening, melted
Beat until smooth. Pour large spoonful of batter into center of hot waffle iron. Sprinkle ¼ cup Wheaties over batter each time. Bake until golden brown. 8-10 waffles.

● SECOND-HELPING GOOD! Wheaties have such a lively, satisfying flavor. They're so light, crisp and toasty. Do include Wheaties, with milk and fruit, in tomorrow's breakfast.

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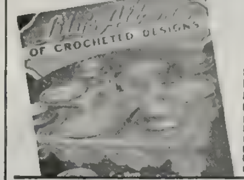

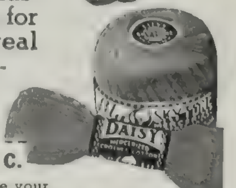

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A WAR ROLE FOR WOMEN . . . as a trainman on the Pennsylvania Railroad. Women serve on short runs, as a rule.

RAILROADING has always been regarded as a man's calling.

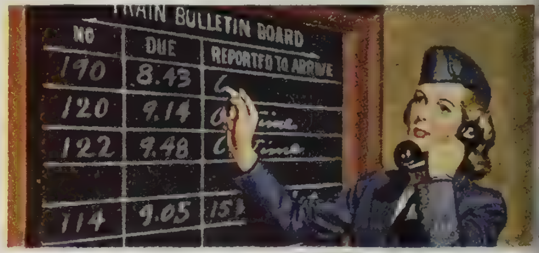
But when war reached deeply into railroad ranks — taking from the Pennsylvania Railroad alone more than 41,000 skilled and experienced workers for the Armed Forces — women were employed to help keep trains rolling.

Today, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, approximately 22,000 women are serving in a wide variety of occupations—four of which you see illustrated here.

Positions such as trainmen, ticket sellers, train passenger representatives, ushers, information and reservation personnel call for intelligence, courtesy and a high degree of efficiency. Young women fresh from college and high school—after intensive training —have proved they can fill these roles most capably.

So, we're glad to have their help in the greatest job railroads have ever been called upon to do, *moving men and materials to Victory!*

AS A BRAKEMAN in freight yard operations, a woman fills a job that requires strength and coolness — in all weather.



AS AN USHER, a woman posts trains, announces departu and arrivals — answers the questions asked by travele

INFORMATION COUNTERS are besieged these days — so woman's knowledge of travel must be extensive.

BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Pennsylvania Railroad

Serving the Nation

★ *41,560 in the Armed Forces* ★ *99 have given their lives for their country*

(Continued from Page 159)

"Harvester, he squirmed around and then he says, 'Well, I would of if he'd sent a bill.' The judge sure had to pound hard for order after that one.

"Mrs. Harvester didn't show up for a witness and I thinks to myself that there wasn't many mothers would talk against the sort of thing the Old Gentleman did for her son that day.

"So then Falbee called on Doctor Harkness with such a cocksureness about him that I was a little scared. Harkness was a good talker, and if he said it was a bad job, then the jury'd have to consider his testimony had some worth. Gabby hung himself right out in the aisle like he didn't want to miss a word, and Nellie Purvis stood up and shook out her shawl.

"For once in his life Harkness was as mild as sugar pills. He said, under the circumstances, he didn't see how anyone could have done a better job; in fact, it was a testimony to Doctor Kimberley's skill that the arm had healed as well as it had. He said he was a busy man and that he had patients waiting, and he would like to be excused.

"Falbee sat there looking like a fish that has been out of water too long. When Harkness started to go he came to, and he waved a bunch of papers under the doctor's nose and yelled, 'You cheat, you'll be sorry for this—you hear me?' He was so mad he could have been heard easy clear down in the jail.

"'Mr. Falbee,' Judge Haley says, 'I must remind you that court is still in session. Though I don't know why it should be,' he says. 'Judging from the evidence, it seems to me we haven't much of a case here.' So then he started in to instruct the jury.

"I DON'T know if he ever finished his speech or not, there was such a hubbub in the room with people rushing up to tell the Old Gentleman their feelings like they'd always done, only this time they were thinking of him and not themselves. And the jury let out a whoop instead of a verdict and rushed down to shake hands with him, to a man.

"'My friends,' says the Old Gentleman, in his dignified way, 'I set out to believe this trial was a humiliation; now I know it was an honor.'

"Young Doc saw it and heard it all, Les, and he whistled out a long breath like a kid does when he lets go all his worries. 'I'm going to be a doctor when I grow up,' he says to me, 'and take care of all these folks, just like my grandpa and my dad.' That was eighteen years ago, Les, and he was just a youngster, but here he is, and here he'll be, outside of going away to the war for a little while.

"Now," I says, "it's different with Falbee and Harkness. They ain't here any more, and they ain't coming back. They had a first-rate fight and told stories on each other that did for them both. So they left—for bigger places, I reckon, where you don't have to know so much to get along. But Young Doc, he'll be back."

"Yes," Les says, sort of to himself, "he'll be back, and I'll be waiting for him."

All the time I'd been talking I'd kept turning ideas over in my mind. Then the station agent yelled that the train was about due and everybody rushed up and circled around like a flock of surprised pigeons. I took a tight hold on Les' arm and walked him right over to Clarrie.

"Now come help us say good-by to Young Doc and let Zeke have a minute with his ma," I says, and I hauled them both over to Bob Kimberley. "Say, Bob," I says, "I want you to know we'll keep this prospective patient here for you till you get back, so you'll have somebody to start on. We won't let him go off to have that foot straightened anywheres else."

"OH, REALLY," says Clarrie, "that's wonderful," and she looked all bright-eyed at Les like she was seeing for the first time how fine-looking he is. I had a feeling that as far as she was concerned, that foot was already as good as new.

"That's good of you, Mr. Jefferson," Young Doc laughs. "Just you see that he doesn't go off somewhere to bigger and better newspapers. Tansy needs Les."

"There aren't any better newspapers," Les says, and from that minute I knew he belonged to us.

The train pulled out and took the boys away, and left a big silence behind.

"Well, there's work to be done," I says to my pair of children. "Clarrie, Les here is going to take over the chairmanship of the bond sales. There's more than one way a man can serve his country, you know. But he needs somebody to help him out on the footwork, least till Young Doc gets back."

"Oh, I don't know if I could," says Clarrie, and I could tell she was no end flattered. "But I'd like to try," she says, nabbing onto her opportunity, like a smart girl would.

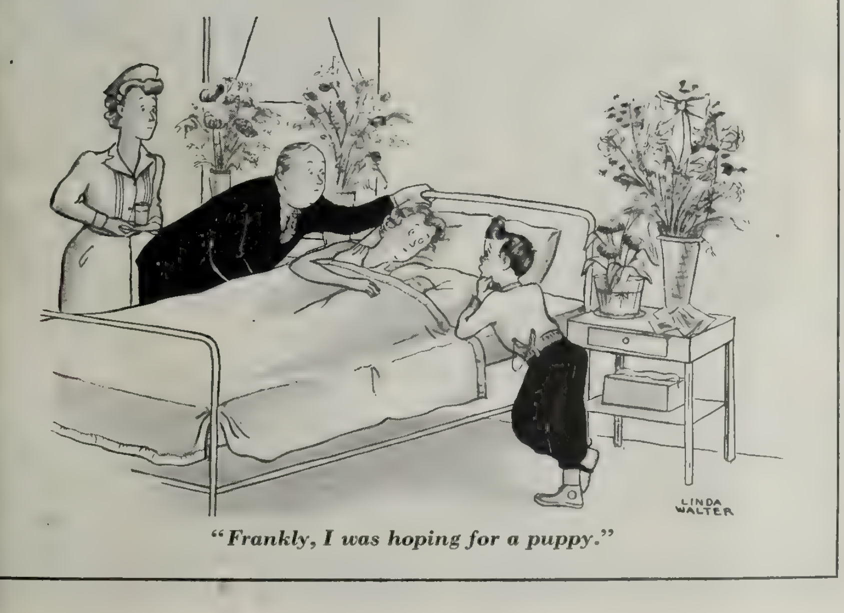
"Of course you could," says Les. "You'd be wonderful. And say, Mr. Jefferson's been telling me about your writing. I'd like to see some of it sometime, and maybe I'll show you some of mine. I don't find anybody to talk shop with very often."

"Oh, Les, I'd like that more than anything," says Clarrie.

"Well, folks," I says, "I got to be getting back to the shop. We can't let our hair grow long just because there's a war on."

And then I wasn't walking between them any more. It was Clarrie who had Les' arm and was helping him go along, faster and easier than he could go by himself. When a smart girl like Clarrie gets a chance to be a real help to a smarter man like Les, things are going to turn out all right, if I know my folks.

LITTLE GUY



"Frankly, I was hoping for a puppy."

I can Cook, too!

I may be ornamental (I do my best!) but I'm useful! And nothing in the kitchen scares me. I can turn out a whole dinner without even ruffling my brow. And my cakes and cookies are the talk of the block.

Lucky for me I learned the lesson of *flavor.* Everything I cook *tastes* good, makes people come back for more, and ups my popularity. Never a dull dish . . . because I use the 29 Burnett Flavor Extracts — and cook in *perfect taste!*

Phyllis likes high fashion, even in her food! Thanks to the Burnett Color Kit all her dishes *look* as good as the Burnett Flavors make them *taste.* That's good!

Can you cook? If you can't — or if you can — send for WHAT'S COOKING?, the gay new cook-booklet, full of tips and bright ideas. It's free — and fun besides! Just write to: Barbara Blair, Department L-3, Joseph Burnett Company, 437 D Street, Boston 10, Massachusetts.

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CRAMPS Midol contains an *exclusive* ingredient to relax muscles, relieve typical spasmodic pain.

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At the first sign of discomfort, take Midol! You should get effective relief if you have no organic disorder needing special medical or surgical care. Contains no opiates. All drugstores.

The way those mint and cocoa flavors serenade each other is something to get the whole household excited. Lady, *there's* a cake that *is* a cake! It's luscious; delicious; it's lullaby-light; worth every speck of shortening, every grain of sugar. Sure . . . it's SNO SHEEN!

Pillsbury's COCOA-MINT Cake

Makes two 9-inch layers.

TEMPERATURE: 350° F. TIME: 25 to 30 minutes

- 2¼ cups sifted PILLSBURY'S SNO SHEEN CAKE FLOUR
- 1 teaspoon soda
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ½ cup cocoa
- ½ cup shortening
- 1⅓ cups sugar
- 2 eggs
- ⅔ cup buttermilk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- ½ cup hot strong coffee

1. Sift the flour, soda, salt, and cocoa together three times. **2.** Cream shortening. Add sugar gradually, creaming thoroughly. **3.** Add eggs, one at a time, beating about one minute after each addition. **4.** Add dry ingredients alternately with combined buttermilk and flavoring, beating well after each addition. **5.** Add coffee liquid; stir until batter is smooth. **6.** Turn into greased layer cake pans. Bake in moderate oven. **7.** Now for the breathless moment when you open the oven door. *Ah-h!* Lady, you *uncross your fingers* when you bake *this* kind of a cake. You come up with a masterpiece *every time* . . . with SNO SHEEN. Now to give that chocolate beauty the *frosting* it deserves!

JELLY-MINT FROSTING. Half a cup of mint jelly (or *any* jelly or marmalade you like), one egg white and a dash of salt . . . that's all. Combine in top of double boiler; beat slightly. Place over boiling water; beat with rotary egg beater until mixture stands in soft mounds (3 to 4 minutes). Remove from over boiling water and continue beating until mixture stands in peaks. Frost the cooled layers of that SNO SHEEN triumph and decorate, as illustrated, with small pieces of colored gum drops to form a flower.

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Pillsbury's SNO SHEEN

CAKE FLOUR

SUPER-LIGHT...for higher, finer cakes

Main Dishes on Your Budget

BY LOUELLA G. SHOUER

Fillip for Fish

BROILED MACKEREL YANKEE

(Approximate cost, 65 cents. Serves 4-6, depending on size)

Have a fresh mackerel split and boned at the market. Spread out flat on a greased broiling pan, skin side down. Cream together 3 tablespoons butter or margarine and 1 teaspoon poultry seasoning until soft. Spread over surface of mackerel. Broil under moderate heat until lightly browned and flesh is just set. Don't overcook. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and squeeze lemon juice over all. This "mixed seasoning butter" is good on other so-called strong-flavored fish.

Menuette: Broiled mackerel Yankee; whole onions and carrots with buttered crumbs; creamed potatoes; grapefruit salad; corn bread and butter or margarine; individual steamed cranberry puddings with jelly sauce; coffee.

The British Way

MEAT-AND-POTATO PATTIES

(Approximate cost, 17 cents. Serves 4)

In England both oatmeal and potatoes are used to make a little meat more filling. In fact, the English recipe has even less meat in it than this. To ½ pound hamburger add 1 cup grated raw potato and ½ cup cooked oatmeal left from breakfast. Season with 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, a pinch of your favorite dried herb, 1 teaspoon prepared mustard, 2 tablespoons grated onion and some salt and pepper. Mix very thoroughly, so meat, potato and oatmeal get all together. Shape into patties. Brown on both sides in a little fat. Cook until potatoes are no longer raw.

Menuette: Meat-and-potato patties; quick-cooked cabbage; glazed carrots; celery-and-apple salad; hot biscuits and honey; coffee.

Subtle Seasoning

ROAST-LAMB CREOLE

(Approximate cost, $1.59. Serves 6, plus leftovers)

Have your butcher cut a pocket in the heavy muscle of a lamb-shoulder roast. It will weigh 4 to 5 pounds. A shoulder roast takes as many points per pound as the leg of lamb, but oftentimes these days small families can't scare up enough points for a leg of lamb which weighs around 7 pounds, unless they prefer to go without every other meat for the rest of the week. If properly cooked, a shoulder roast is every bit as delicious as the leg—particularly if seasoned as follows: Slice 2 large or 4 medium onions. Season with salt and pepper and dip in canned tomato sauce. Fill the pocket with the "sauced" onions. Fasten opening with skewers. Dust roast with salt and pepper. Brown well on all sides in hot drippings. To the rest of the can of tomato paste add 1 green pepper, chopped, 1 clove of garlic, finely minced, 1 bay leaf, crushed, a pinch of thyme and one of marjoram. Combine with 1 cup water. Pour over lamb in the roaster. Put the lid on and bake in moderate oven, 350° F., about two hours. Every half hour baste with the juices in the pan. When fork goes through easily, the roast is done. Lift out. Pour drippings from roaster into a tall jar. The fat will rise to the top. Skim off fat for salvage. Reheat juices, serve with the roast as you would any gravy.

Menuette: Roast-lamb creole; yellow turnips or parsnips *glacés;* baked potatoes; shredded lettuce salad; rolls and butter or margarine; lemon-pineapple whip; coffee.

Petit-Point

MACARONI LYONNAISE

(Approximate cost, 28 cents. Serves 4-6)

Cut 6 slices bacon into small pieces. Fry. Add 1 green pepper, chopped, and 3 medium onions, chopped. Cook over low heat until vegetables are tender, but not browned. Stir in 2 pimientos, diced. Cook 1 package elbow macaroni, or regular macaroni broken into two-inch pieces, in boiling salted water. Drain. Rinse with boiling water and drain again. Add to the vegetables and bacon. Toss together until well mixed. Season with salt and pepper. Serve at once.

Menuette: Macaroni Lyonnaise; stewed tomatoes and corn; green salad; bread and butter or margarine; apple compote with lemon and orange; coffee.

A Little Ham

HAM RISOTTO

(Approximate cost, 70 cents. Serves 4)

Wash ¾ cup rice and cook in 3 cups cold water and ¼ teaspoon salt, covered and over low heat, until all liquid is absorbed. Cook ½ cup green pepper and 2 onions, chopped, in 2 tablespoons fat. Add 1 cup broth made from meat paste and water and 2 cups canned tomatoes. Combine with rice. Add 1 cup diced ham. Season with salt, pepper and Worcestershire sauce. Pour into casserole and bake in moderate oven, 350° F., until rice is tender and part of liquid has been absorbed. It should be moist *but not soupy.*

Menuette: Ham risotto; spinach; carrot-and-cabbage salad; graham gems and butter or margarine; grapefruit; coffee.

"Trotters"

DEVILED PIG'S FEET

(Approximate cost, 98 cents. Serves 6)

Cook 3 pig's feet in a seasoned broth: water, a carrot, onion and bay leaf, few sprays parsley and celery leaves, salt, pepper, thyme and marjoram. Simmer about three hours. Cool in broth. Remove loosened bones. Split lengthwise. Roll in cracker crumbs. Broil until crispy and brown. Serve with hot barbecue sauce.

Menuette: Deviled pig's feet; sauerkraut; mashed potato; raw celery and carrot sticks; bread and butter or margarine; prune pudding; coffee.

Kitchen Reminders

Make mincemeat go farther. Add some chopped apples.

Plenty of oranges, but none to waste. Put on the pressure when you squeeze them. Get every bit of juice. If you have the sugar, make a marmalade spread from the rinds.

Tops for stuffing—save celery leaves. Dry and use for stuffing. Good in soups and stews too.

Scrapple scoop: Hominy takes to scrappling—so do cereals such as farina, dark wheat cereals and oatmeal—just as gracefully as traditional corn meal.

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SPRING PAINTING FOR AN OLD DINING ROOM

(Continued from Page 155)

professional-looking decorations is the same. First, decide whether you want patterned walls and plain draperies, or plain walls and patterned draperies. The pattern you select gives you both your theme and your scheme, so it is important to have it attractive and beautiful. Gay flowers and foliage make the freshest-looking schemes for informal dining rooms.

If your china is an attractive pattern, by all means consider it when buying your drapery or wallpaper. We were lucky in finding the Napoleon ivy china to go with our drapery, so we had a complete green-and-white ensemble, using the ivy pattern throughout. The sources of all flower designs are the same, making it surprisingly easy to find china and fabrics which go well together. Or you may have a collection of old china or glass to display in your cabinet, in which case you may use it for your theme. A set of beautiful plates can key a scheme if they are arranged in a cabinet. Also a tea set or an old platter.

Many dining rooms are inner rooms and dark, so plan the decorations on the light side. The wear and tear of daily usage is less than for other rooms, so you won't find the lighter colors at all impractical. Your dark furniture will require three coats of paint: the first coat flat, the second and third enamel with a gloss.

It is very important to prepare the furniture pieces properly to prevent peeling, for this must be a really good amateur job. Wash all pieces well, using a brush and strong soapy water with ammonia added. Rinse and dry thoroughly, as moisture back of paint makes it peel. Sandpaper rough spots before beginning. Sandpaper again very lightly, between coats—the roughened surface makes the layers adhere. Remember, each coat must dry well before the next goes on. Every added coat makes the job look better.

If you prefer to use a color instead of white on your furniture, there are a few colors which look best in the dining room. The choicest of these are rich foliage green, old Chinese yellow and lacquer red. Avoid blues, tan, brown and light green, as these colors do not adapt themselves satisfactorily to this kind of project.

Here are the prettiest schemes to go with the above colors: Any gay flowery print, gingham or dot—with white furniture. Rose and green, yellow or a red-violet print—with green furniture. White, gray or pale citron yellow and green—with lacquer-red furniture. This last is very sophisticated and for those with a flair for decorating.

You might try peony-pink walls and ceiling with snow-white curtains and furniture. Or, if you love blue, pick your favorite hue and use it for walls and ceiling with gray or white furniture for contrast.

One word of caution: Don't introduce accessories alien to your theme, for they spoil that ensemble look which gives the scheme its professional glamour.

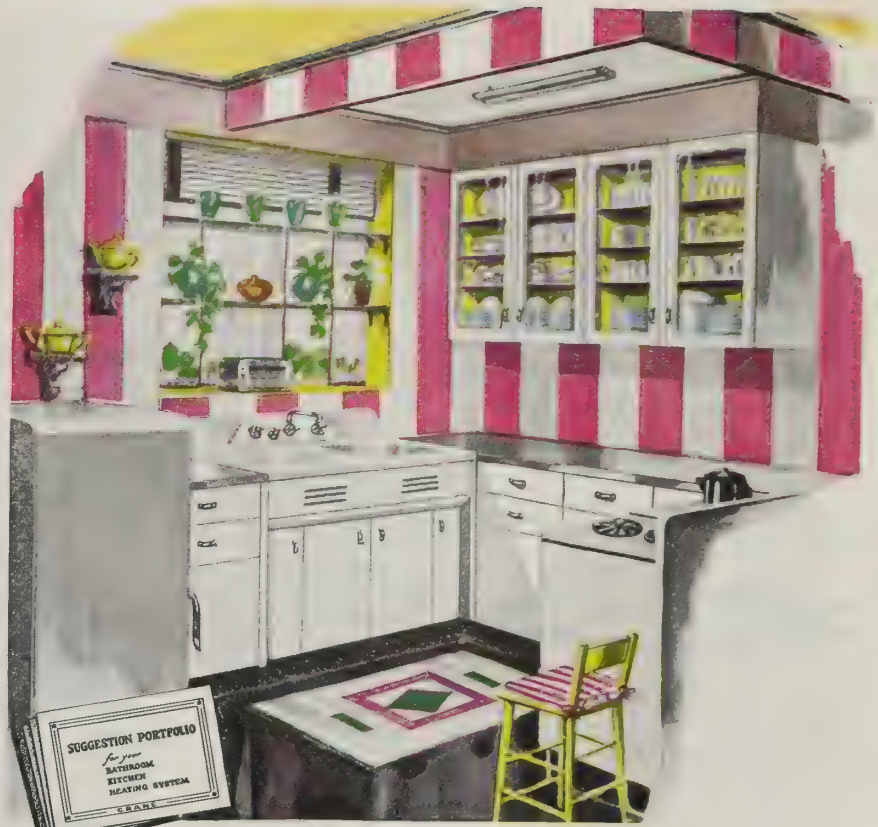
WHY NOT USE OUR WOMEN?

(Continued from Page 6)

East-Indian scientist and herself India correspondent of Asia. To the best of my knowledge, she has never been asked to do any official Government work.

I'm just grasping at random! We have never officially sent any women of importance to Russia, although we have a number who have spent years there, speak Russian, have all sorts of connections as well as very clever brains, and would certainly have good feminine ideas of how we could improve relations.

Mrs. Edgar Mowrer, who has spent years in Italy, France and Germany, is herself a



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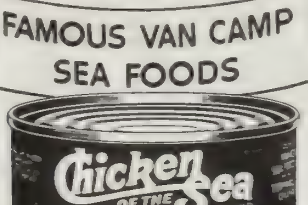

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trained journalist and speaks three languages fluently, has never been consulted by any of the agencies dealing with these countries; and Mrs. Vincent Sheean, who has social and political connections from one end of Europe to the other, and is both ravishingly beautiful and exceptionally intelligent, is not in the service of her country. Meanwhile, we laboriously teach young American men foreign languages and send them on missions to countries they hardly know. We enlist young women in WAC and WAVES, to be sure. But we don't use them at all if they are distinguished authorities on anything, or women with exceptional organizing and executive abilities, such as Mrs. Ogden Reid.

Meanwhile, one of the most brilliant minds in the British embassy in Washington, who incidentally enjoys the position of being First Secretary, is—a woman, Miss Craig McGeachy.

We have Craig McGeachys, too, but our officials have never noticed them. A lot of them, however, have noticed the officials.

WHAT MAKES YOUR BACK ACHE?

Continued from Page 21

is: assuming a good position is fairly simple; but maintaining it naturally for any length of time at all is far from simple unless certain muscles have been reconditioned and re-educated for the job.

Training doesn't mean that by flinging into a fine frenzy of bending and twisting and doubling you'll do the trick. You won't. All you most probably will accomplish is to tighten everything up just that much more in the same faulty juxtaposition. Actually, only very definite and very specific muscles are required to hold the torso in its essential position. Particular knowledge, then, of particular muscles is a prime necessity if the right ones are to be utilized. Just as experience, and lots of it, is needed to prescribe efficient and individual reconditioning routines.

Doctors at the posture clinic in Boston are able to give such prescriptions because they have spent twenty to forty years at this specialized form of medicine. The head of the clinic is Dr. Joel E. Goldthwait, a member of the Board of Consultants of the Massachusetts General Hospital, and past president of the American Orthopedic Association.

Doctor Goldthwait had been a practicing surgeon for ten years before he hit upon what he believed to be the primary cause behind many of his surgical cases: faulty body mechanics due to cramped sitting, cramped sleeping and a similarly cramped walking position. The more scientifically the theory was examined, the more obvious it became that it was based upon sound medical fact; and from then on the investigations and studies led to a working basis for this special form of therapy.

A kindergarten teacher smiled pleasantly at the gentleman opposite in the trolley car. He did not respond. Realizing her error, she said aloud, "Oh, please excuse me. I mistook you for the father of two of my children."

She got out at the next corner.

—J. H. JOHNSON:
The Laughter Library. (Maxwell Droke.)

That was forty years ago. Today Doctor Goldthwait is dean of what is now recognized as a significant branch of modern orthopedic surgery. At seventy-seven, he is energetic and erect, a living testimony to the tenets he teaches, and is carrying on his daily medical practice.

In 1914, through his efforts, the Robert B. Brigham Hospital, of Boston, was started for the treatment of these conditions we are talking of. As members of the staff of this hospital, Doctors Lloyd T. Brown, Loring T. Swaim and John G. Kuhns have been co-operating with him in this research and have become as enthusiastic as he has in teaching the possibilities of prevention and correction of faulty posture in the treatment of patients suffering from chronic disease.

Your body type has a lot to do with your supply of vigor as well as the potential to backache and chronic disease. Such elemental things as potentiality of strain, the actual physiological functioning of various organs themselves, and even your thought processes, are directly governed by the structural type of body you're born with.

When it comes to individual measurement, very few people, it seems, have what the anatomy textbooks list as the normal body. The great, great mass of us are graded deviations away from the normal or intermediate type. These many variations, however, generally group themselves into two distinct structural types—the slender and the stocky.

Your kind of ancestors bequeathed you a body type, and along with it the definite set of reactions to environment and the susceptibility to disease which invariably go with that body type.

The two types are distinctly different engines in the very way they are put together. One Nature has designed for quick bursts of energy, quick fatigue and quick recovery. The other was meant for endurance, long-sustained action, a slower boiling point. Harness the first to a job meant for the latter and you have inefficiency and eventually crack-up. Likewise, all manner of irritation is set up if quick bursts of thought or energy are expected from the latter type of body engine.

The slender engine may be housed in a body five feet tall or in a six-foot-four frame, but the bony structure will be the same—light, sparsely built, with a long torso and muscles that are small in bulk.

With this goes an abnormally small gastrointestinal tract, the kind found in carnivorous animals, indicating a need for concentrated diet, since the assimilation period is brief. Circulatory rate is rapid, blood pressure lower and the slight muscles capable of sudden bursts of speed, but ill-adapted to long-sustained action.

Because of this design, disturbances in function occur earlier and much more frequently with this engine. It is easier for the parts to sag, and when they sag they sag farther. Thus individuals equipped with it are prone to faulty carriage, to quick loss of vital capacity, to eyestrain, to cold, clammy hands and feet, to gastric upsets. They also show a greater tendency to fevers, influenza, bronchitis, tuberculosis, rheumatoid arthritis and acute mental and nervous disorders.

The stocky engine is quite the opposite. With heavy bones, thick muscles, shorter ligamentous attachments and decreased motion in the joints, there is less chance of faulty carriage, less interference with normal mechanics. There is less fatigue in bodies of this sort, consequently less of a desire to slump and sag.

Rarely do children of this type ever come to posture clinics for treatment. There is good nutrition here, a tendency to put on fat, because assimilation is slower, due to the considerably longer digestive tract. In this compact build there is less tendency to contract infectious diseases, but kidney trouble, heart degeneration, high blood pressure, varicose veins, gout, early loss of hair and baldness are common.

Thus the pattern of the body is inherited, and obviously can't be changed. The manner in which it is used, however, is as completely individual a thing as the expression in your eyes. Use it intelligently, and good health straight up into the seventies is possible, no matter what your variation is from the intermediate or normal type. Use it slovenly, irresponsibly, any-old-which-way, and you increase the chances severalfold of

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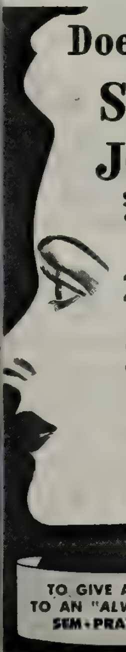
Vith Me Tonight?

know I've been an awful grouch not taking any place lately. But after standing all day at new job, my feet darn near killed me with cal-es and burning. Now I've reformed—or rather feet have—thanks to the Ice-Mint you advised. ver tried anything that seemed to draw the n and fire right out so fast—and the way it s soften callouses is nobody's business! Been to get some extra overtime money—so what you say, let's go dancing tonight. You can step my Ice-Mint feet all you want.



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succumbing to one of those diseases potentially chalked up for your type body.

For instance, in a detailed study of hundreds of diabetic, arthritic and cardiac cases, it was found they all showed a heavy, sagged and unesthetically protruding abdomen. Yet this prominence didn't represent a great actual increase in bulk. Once the chin was drawn in, the chest up and forward, girth was reduced by several inches immediately. In other words, this was not obesity but simple body sag. Improvement of all symptoms was so common in these cases, once the faulty posture was corrected, that many doctors are now convinced the pathological manifestations of these dread ravagers, in the beginning, are not the result of actual disease or damage of one organ, but rather are due to malposition and the ensuing disturbances this kicks up.

Certainly there is proof of this in the case of five-year-old Dickie, whose back had ached for six months; and close on this, his joints began to hurt so he lost all interest in play, or even going up and down stairs any more. During these months he had constant treatment, his tonsils removed, many vitamins and several vaccines. But still his small knees went on swelling and his leg bones commenced rotating at an angle from the joints. The diagnosis was severe atrophic arthritis, and along with this was a silhouette picture that showed all his small body drooping forward in a bad sag.

Dickie was put to bed flat on his back, with plaster casts applied to his sore and swollen knee joints to keep the leg bones from rotating farther. Splints were also put on his wrists. From the first day special positions and exercises were taught him. This went on for a few weeks, with a gradual good development of the upper abdomen and a high diaphragm. At this point evidence of active disease disappeared. Correction in the joints began, slowly, slowly, with new casts fitted as each improvement was obtained. From then on, Dickie was given a body brace and allowed up for longer and longer intervals.

It required two years before his damaged joints functioned normally enough for him to get about freely and go back to school. Now, at fifteen, he is in the middle of his high-school course. His knees will always be limited slightly in extension, but the slight deformity has never interfered with an active sports schedule, both summer and winter. Yet at the time he was given his first posture examination, he brought with him a doctor's pronouncement that he would be dead in a year from arthritis.

FURTHER testimony of Nature's miraculous way of righting itself, once sag and constriction are removed, is seen in the case of a woman domestic of forty-three with chronic backache, neuralgia in the ribs, gastric ulcer, anemia and indigestion.

The pain in the ribs was diagnosed as resultant pressure and irritation of the nerves there, due to acute sagging of the back joints. Her treatment had to be planned to widen the costal angle immediately and spread the ribs sideways as well as raise them. At the same time, room had to be made for free diaphragm action, as well as for all the organs attached to it. This was accomplished, and improvement began in a few days. There was less pain, ability to take more food, a pickup in skin tone. She left the hospital two weeks later, entirely free of pain, and went back to her domestic work.

It was chronic backache that was putting a forty-two-year-old businessman of the Middle West on the shelf. Formerly, he explained to the posture clinic, he had been a person of great energy and endurance, but now the least effort caused great fatigue. He had undergone exhaustive examinations previously in New York, London and Berlin—always with the same report: No evidence of active disease. His treatment had invariably consisted of travel, and more travel to relieve the fatigue he got from traveling.

Upon examination in Boston everything seemed to be wrong with him: his temperature was a steady 95 degrees, basal metab-

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From the Middle West: "My sons asked me to continue using Quick Elastic because the shirts had such a sweet smell and were so glossy and had just the right stiffness."

A lady writes this: "Everything you say about Quick Elastic is true. It's amazing to be able to do away with the old cooking method and save time and energy."

*Be sure to pour your boiling water ***into*** your Quick Elastic and cool water. ***Do not*** pour the creamed Quick Elastic into the boiling water.

WHY STICK WITH THE OLD KIND ANY LONGER?

olism a minus 12, blood pressure 95, chest concave, abdomen sagged, back hollow, mild hypertrophic arthritis of the spine, internal derangement of the left knee, heart muscle flabby, and the organ itself considerably enlarged.

The patient spent two weeks in the hospital learning how to get his chest up and keep it there. Then he spent the next two months in a convalescent hospital educating the sag out of abdomen muscles and the hollow out of his back. During this, blood pressure, temperature and basal metabolism shot up to normal; thyroid extract was discontinued. With its excessive work load reduced, the heart gradually became smaller and its muscular action better.

As a final test before he was allowed to return home, the patient was expected to be able to take a brisk walk of three to four miles without marked change in blood pressure and pulse rate. He passed this easily, wore a leather back brace for another two months at home to maintain the new position of his body, and from that day to this—something like eighteen years—he has been an active, energetic businessman. Strict, punctilious and painstaking always about his posture—even when he's sitting on a spongy divan—he has had no further difficulty with joints, heart or metabolism.

The cases mentioned are from the doctors' published books and papers.

The key to all this is certainly the exercises themselves. They are surprisingly simple—for the aim is a well-poised body for daily use, and not hard effort to develop bulging muscles.

In learning to play golf, much time is spent in practicing the correct standing position, or stance, as well as the proper use of arms and legs in making the strokes. This puts the necessary muscles under such control that unconsciously ever after they assume the proper form. The same is true of the exercises and positions designed to develop normal reflex muscular control that will keep the body in proper alignment without conscious effort.

Being in the right does not depend on having a loud voice.
—CHINESE PROVERB.

Ask the average person to stand up straight, and he assumes an exaggerated position, pulling the shoulders back, throwing out the chest, making a deep hollow in the small of his back. This is just as incorrect, the posture experts tell us, as the extreme slumped position, and needlessly consumes muscular and nervous energy. The position he wants is one with the weight well forward, and with the abdomen pulled in so hard it pushes the chest and head up. This is best achieved at first in a recumbent position, without the force of gravity exerting its drag on loose body parts. But done intelligently, precisely, for fifteen minutes twice a day, it is a sound down payment on well-being.

DEVELOPING the firm, flat abdominal wall is the first hurdle. Most of us, it seems—despite all our gymnastic training in school and college—have little, if any, ability to control or even intelligently contract these muscles. It is news to us to learn they have two separate nerve supplies whereby the lower set can be contracted independently of those above it. The essential trick is to learn to do this so that control starts from the lower attachment upward. Neither apparatus nor machine is needed; a table or the floor does very well.

Briefly, the exercises are:

EXERCISE 1. Lie flat on floor or table with arms raised and elbows bent so hands touch at back of neck or on top of head. Place a small pillow under knees, with heels touching on floor. The lower spine should be so flat against the floor you can't insert a hand between spine and floor. Breathe deeply and raise the chest without allowing lower abdomen to bulge up, or the spine position to change. Hold the chest up in this extended position and exhale a little, then the remainder, all the while feeling the lower abdomen pulling inward and upward. (The first few times you do it you'll hardly feel
this, but later the pull is quite noticeable
muscular control develops.) Take the n
breath with the chest still lifted, exhale
before. Repeat ten times.

EXERCISE 2. Lie on the floor in the sa
position, with hands, knees, spine the sa
Contract lower abdominal muscles with
ward and upward pull. Repeat ten times

EXERCISE 3. Same position. Contract
lower abdominal muscles with an inward
upward pull, and at the same time tigh
and lift buttock muscles slightly (not off
floor) in a movement known in burlesque
cles as the "bumps." Relax, and repeat
times. (This is not a breathing exercise,
the chest must be held up and the chin
when the abdominal muscles are contract
The muscular effort is entirely in the pel
region and in the low back.)

EXERCISE 4. Lie flat in same position,
with hands clasped on top of head, elb
back, chin in and back flat. Stretch one s
of chest, but do not bend spine. You sho
feel a spread upward on one side of the r
much as you would feel if you were gett
into a tight sweater. Repeat with other si
twenty times in all.

EXERCISE 5. Lie flat with chin in, ch
up and back flat. Grasp ribs at inner mar
by spreading hands so finger tips are at
margin. Breathe deeply, pulling ribs
ward, but do not allow lower abdomen
bulge outward. Hold ribs out and exhale
drawing upper abdomen inward and upw
Hold lateral spread of ribs and inhale ag
spreading ribs farther, still not allow
lower abdomen to bulge or protrude forw
Relax, but do not allow the ribs to drop u
ten breaths have been taken. (The amo
of air passing in is not important; the lat
spread of the ribs and the increased mo
of the diaphragm are the essential points.

EXERCISE 6. Lie on face with a sn
pillow under the low abdomen. Tigh
buttock muscles by dr
ing together and do
at the same time flatt
ing the low back. Rep
ten times.

EXERCISE 7. Sit strai
and tall, with abdo
tucked in, back as flat
when on floor, head
and chin in until spine at neck is flat.
hands on hips. Breathe deeply, pul
chest upward and forward, but do not
low lower abdomen to bulge or protr
hold chest up and exhale by drawing lo
abdomen inward and upward. Lift k
slightly upward so foot is off the floor.
ternate ten times. In this same positi
tighten buttock muscles until you feel yo
self bouncing slightly on chair.

EXERCISE 8. Stand tall against the w
with heels four inches away from it and c
in. Flatten lower spine so hand cannot
inserted between wall and spine. Stre
taller, hands on hips, without rising on t
Breathe deeply, pulling chest upward w
out changing spine position. Hold chest
as you breathe in and exhale ten times.
upward on lower abdomen, tighten butt
muscles ten times.

Since it is a far greater achievement
prevent deformity and disease than to
them, the posture experts would like to
a thoughtful, scientific program of mu
education in all primary schools. They
generally opposed to the Danish, Swe
and German systems of calisthenics b
taught so widely in American schools r
now, on the grounds that these systems
originated and designed for the stocky b
type of Central Europe, and in no way m
the crucial needs of the intermediate and s
der bodies so prevalent in America, nor
they necessarily lead to the correct post

Instead of being recreational to the p
of strain, they say, physical education sho
concern itself primarily with acquiring
ability to use the body correctly and w
maximum efficiency in any position. T
the whole miserable dread aftermath of ba
aches and irritable fatigue need not be
frightening boundary of middle age. Inste
the body could keep pace with the mi
mature, ripe, discriminating zest for m
and more experience in the art of good livi

"What! Me help the Nazis?"

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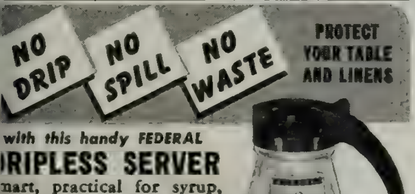

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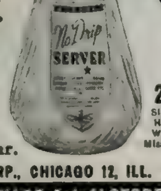

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THEY'VE DONE IT AGAIN!

(Continued from Page 29)

window and drew out twenty-six pounds of straps, buckles and bunting with cushion to match. As we walked to the line, Sidney asked how much time I had.

"About two hundred hours. But I haven't flown in a year."

"It will probably be a little while before it comes back. What kind of flying did you do?"

"After I got my private, most of it was cross-country."

With a wave of his hand Sidney tossed all of it away. "Forget everything and start from scratch."

There wasn't a great deal to forget. I never had made very hard work out of flying. If it was a fine day and there was nothing more pressing to do, I would amble out to an airport. There I would sit in the sun for the better part of the day, drinking pop and hangar-flying with an assortment of characters as lazy as myself. Then, if a plane was gassed and ready, I would fly a little, late in the afternoon. In that hour before dusk and dark when the air was velvet I'd take off, lean back comfortably in the seat, with one finger on the stick, cruising around the sky as effortlessly as a skater on unmarked ice. The way I flew a plane was no more strenuous than the activity of an elevator operator who pushes buttons to get from the first to the fifty-first floor in the Chrysler Building. So as we climbed into 107, a light trainer, I wasn't particularly keyed up. I had no idea what to expect.

When we were all squared away Sidney yelled, "Let's go," and I opened the throttle. That, as I look back on it, was my last carefree moment. As soon as our wheels left the ground, Sidney went into action.

"ESTABLISH your climb. Hold that air speed right on 60. You've got 250 indicated—start your turn. Make a 90-degree turn. About a 45-degree bank. Roll it in—steeper—that's it. Roll out. Climb. Now a 90 to the right. Not too steep."

I had never been so busy in an airplane.

"Now left. Back to the right. To the left again. Right again. That wasn't 90 degrees. Make those turns exactly 90 degrees."

When Sidney wasn't directing my turns he was commenting on my air speed, degree of bank, co-ordination and throttle setting. I felt as though we were going to climb right up through the top of the air mass, but the altimeter read only 2500 feet when Sidney yelled "Level off!" I did, although it was a little hard to judge when the wings were level because of the steam in the cabin.

"Ever done a clearing turn?" Sidney roared. "I'll show you one."

Sidney took the controls. Next thing I knew, the blood drained from my head, all the muscles in my face pulled long, I was pressed down in the seat and the earth was swirling underneath me. That was a clearing turn. Sidney claimed that all he did was to bank the ship steeply to the right, roll it around 90 degrees, level it, then bank it steeply left and roll it 90 degrees. I was in no condition to argue with him. Naturally he got a great kick out of my reaction to this simple maneuver, so we did it a couple more times while he explained that a clearing turn was made before each maneuver to be sure there were no other aircraft above, below or approaching.

The first clearing turn I did convinced me that they weren't just for the purpose of stretching my facial muscles. Halfway through one, I came prop to prop, almost, with another ship.

Sidney yelled, "Watch out for that AT!" and I bent the plane back, gave it throttle. The air was full of ships. Not only our own planes were flying at all altitudes in the practice area to which we had been assigned, but also planes from Ellington Field. It was fairly certain that when you emerged from some violent maneuver and saw a lot of dark specks, those weren't spots before your eyes—those were airplanes!

By this time I was having trouble getting enough air. It wasn't ten minutes after we

---

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Grandma's Molasses Chiffon Pie

1 envelope (1 tbsp.) unflavored gelatine
¼ cup cold water
⅛ teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup water
½ cup Grandma's Molasses
3 egg yolks
2 egg whites
2 tablespoons sugar
1 cup broken nutmeats (optional)
1 8-inch baked pie shell
1 egg white
3 tablespoons sugar
6 teaspoons tart jelly

Sprinkle gelatine on ¼ cup cold water. Stir cinnamon, salt and water into molasses. Beat egg yolks; add molasses mixture. Cook over hot water, stirring, until slightly thickened. Add gelatine; stir until dissolved. Chill until syrupy. Beat until fluffy. Beat 2 egg whites stiff, adding 2 tablespoons sugar; fold into gelatine mixture with nutmeats. Pour into pie shell. Chill until firm. Make meringue of remaining egg white and sugar. Line small pie pan with greased waxed paper. Drop six small, hollowed mounds of meringue on waxed paper. Set in pan of warm water. Bake in a very moderate oven (325° F.) until golden brown. Place meringues around edge of pie. Drop jelly in centers. It's so easy to make, so delicious—you'll want this pie often. Better clip this recipe for your file.

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took off before the woolen sweater I was wearing was expendable. At the moment I was generating so much heat it was a fire hazard. But I couldn't get the sweater off, because my parachute was buckled over it. Consequently I began to steam, and soon this steam condensed into droplets. Up to this point I was keenly interested in the sequence of maneuvers; in a dizzy sort of way I kept repeating to myself, as each new thing came along, "Wow!" But when we came to the demonstration stalls—which show how the plane can spin out of the bottom of a steep turn, or over the top—I was dragging both wings. When we gained altitude to do spins and hurtled down in that neck-twisting dive, my heart wasn't in it. I had gone from excitement to fatigue to indifference.

Eventually, rather than run the plane on pure air, we returned to the field. Sidney took over when we got on the ground, so the interval while we were taxiing gave my circulatory system a chance to begin bubbling again. Even so, the contrast in me before the flight and after the flight afforded Sidney a good deal of entertainment.

When we were walking back to the hangar, he said, "What we ran through up there was the basic sequence. After a while we'll add a few more things to it—*chandelles*, slow rolls and lazy eights. But until you're more familiar with it we'll do like we did today—take it easy."

Against a background of bad weather we went through the same motions again and again, until they became routine. Ground school, calisthenics and flying. Ground school was the worst. First we were put into mathematics and physics for three hours each day. For me, they had to start all over. And I wasn't even perturbed when, after a few weeks, I found myself doing the same homework problems as the fourth-grader in the house where I boarded. Three hours a day we studied engines, theory of flight, meteorology and navigation.

> **God's greatest gift to humanity is man's sense of his own importance.**
>
> —CHANNING POLLOCK: *Adventures of a Happy Man.* (Thos. Y. Crowell Co.)

After ground school was over, or during any lull in activity, everybody would cruise into the collapse room. This undersized room had an Army double-decker bed in it, and the approved technique was to open the door and fling oneself headlong onto the cot, on the assumption that there was always room for one more.

HENDERSON would open the door, bursting in with, "What's the deal, what's the deal? What's the latest rumor?"

"We're all going to fly commercial ships to Mexico City and finish our training down there," Harris told her.

"I heard that the school is going to be moved to Sweetwater next week," Jean said.

"Oh, do you really believe that?"

"Yes'm. Fact."

Somebody started to sing Got a Touch of Texas in My Bones, and Henderson said, "Yes, but no fooling, you all, is it true we're going to get this Sunday off?"

"Deaton said so." Connie Adams, the tiniest girl in the class, who had more energy than two or three put together, was corporal or flight leader or whatever title they finally decided upon, and should be in touch with these things. Everybody perked up at that. "Could be," she added. "I don't know."

"I don't believe it," Harris said.

"Well, why not? We haven't had a day off since Christmas."

Connie was changing into her gym clothes. "Calisthenics in about two minutes, you kids."

"Let's go. Let's go!" That was Goldberg, the reserve second lieutenant who had read the Army manual on calisthenics from cover to cover and couldn't forget it.

Teddy looked up from a magazine and said pleasantly, "I hope he isn't in one of his little moods when he wants to see us hopping over the ground like frogs."

"*Let's go!*" Goldberg yelled. "Fall in!" Everybody obediently filed out.

We were reaching the point in our flyin where we could see for ourselves the progres we were making. We were getting used to ne ships and new techniques. Whereas even th radio in the basic trainer had seemed complicated at first, now it was like old-hom week to reach for the mike and call up th tower. There was a regular procedure. Whe I was ready to leave the line, the shi checked and warmed up, I would dial Houston tower on the radio and say:

"Houston tower from Army eight zer four. On the ramp requesting taxi clearance Go ahead."

THE tower would come back with, "Arm eight zero four from Houston tower. Clea to taxi to Runway 21. Go ahead."

And I would reply, "Houston tower fron Army eight zero four. Roger."

Of course things didn't always run off tha smoothly. If both radios weren't tuned i accurately, one side couldn't hear. If th tower calls you and you don't answer him then he comes back with this: "Army eigh zero four from Houston tower. Eight zer four. Eight zero four. If you can read me rock your wings."

We had all learned this radio procedure including the trainee who was out on th runway one day and couldn't reach th tower. Traffic was piling up behind her— BT's, visiting ships, air liners. She wa growing frantic because her radio didn' seem to work. Twisting the dial back an forth, she hit the right frequency all of sudden. Whereupon she yelled into th transmitter, "Houston tower from Arm three three five. If yo can read me, rock th tower."

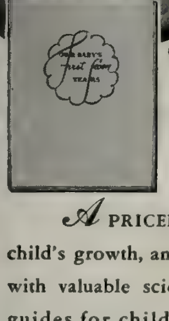
For months we had been living the Army routine. By this time th 319th had a drill team a bugle player and watchword. It wasn't on of those fancy Lati mottoes. It was in plai English. It was "No publicity of an kind." That's what they told us. And w put "confidential" on a letter home eve if it said only that we had liver and onion for lunch. We were so secretive that nobody in Houston had any idea what w were supposed to be doing, although som deduced from the way we looked that w were girl welders. When we started goin cross country on training flights, we shocke people all over Southeastern Texas, an these are hardy folk. Some of these citizen refused to believe that women were flyin military aircraft.

I remember one day I had to stand by a a hinterland airport while a group of Argentinian pilots, training at a U. S. field, at all the Red Cross canteen sandwiches, because neither they nor the sweet old lady wh was doling them out to members of th armed forces could be convinced that I wa in the Army Air Forces. They refused t believe that I was flying the Army traine they saw parked out on the field. They refused to believe me in spite of the fact tha the only other way I could have gotten t their isolated field would have been by levitation. So I went hungry.

But I squared that score one day a Yoakum. Yoakum is an undeveloped airpor in the middle of the prairie which is used b Victoria, Randolph and Kelly as a practic field. And as soon as we were in advance training we used it too. I flew over there on day and landed. At the moment, the fiel was deserted, so I sat in the shade of th wing to wait for the control pilot, who, knew, would be along in a few minutes.

The plane hadn't cooled off yet when a AT-6 like the one I was flying came in. Th pilot stopped alongside my ship and got out "Guarding the ship?" he asked me.

I nodded. He said he was expecting a number of planes from Randolph, boys coming over for landing practice. I gathered



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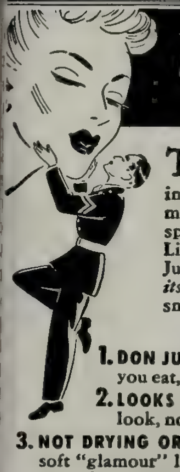

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that he was an instructor and I thought he was young to be a captain. In the next thirty seconds I learned his name, his home town and the type of service he preferred. We chatted and finally he said:

"Where is the pilot?"

"I'm the pilot." I realized that I didn't cut a very military figure in my cowboy boots, frontier pants and green shirt.

"Oh, yes, oh, yes. And I suppose I'm a boy scout and that's a Kiddie Car I'm flying!" As a matter of fact, it was a fairly good description. I didn't say so, because another plane landed and it turned out to be my new instructor, Miller, who was acting as control officer.

I said to him, "Miller, it's a good thing you came. I don't think this captain would have let me take this ship off. He can't be convinced women are flying these things."

Miller looked surprised. He sauntered toward the captain. They exchanged cigarettes and in a couple of minutes another plane was overhead. Together they watched it enter the traffic pattern, put its wheels down on the downwind leg, turn on its base leg.

When it turned on its final approach the captain said, "If it's a gal, I'll bet she bounces the landing."

"A dollar says she doesn't."

"I'll match my boys against your girls."

"It's a deal. I'll give you a dollar for every bad landing the girls make, and take a dollar for every one the boys mess up."

"It's a deal."

That was a bad day for the captain. And Miller was all smiles. It was one of those things. The girls couldn't miss. Every landing was smoother than the dew on the petal of a rose. And the captain, before that afternoon was over, was obtaining dollars through lease-lend from the boys who bounced in.

The Army Air Forces was training us for a job—the job of flying and ferrying military aircraft. After twenty-two weeks of this flight training, any resemblance we bore to our former selves was purely coincidental.

HITCHHIKING to the airport, when our transportation broke down, was as routine as our seven-day working week. Wearing G. I. flying suits instead of dresses and carrying a parachute instead of a purse; talking about cross-wind landings or instrument letdowns and flying the Army's advanced trainers instead of driving a car; turning down a fashion magazine for the study of engine maintenance and aerodynamics seemed as bland and ordinary as taking off in the morning to have lunch at an airport three hundred miles away or getting up at noon to fly all night. All this was part of the course—a course in which the AAF was using all kinds of planes, all kinds of instructors and training all kinds of women.

The final weeks were crowded with flying. We flew from six to eight hours a day as pilot or copilot or observer in a last-minute rush to finish the course. Out of the number who had started, there were twenty-three who went into the parachute room and filed away their chutes for the last time on the twenty-second of April. There was a sudden rolling of drums and waving of flags.

"Your graduation will be held at Ellington Field," they told us. "Major General Brandt will address you, and Miss Cochran will be there."

We were driven to Ellington Field in Army busses for rehearsal, and as we drove through the base all the bombardiers and navigators were swarming over their barracks, washing windows. After the first stock-still surprise, cadets whistled and yoo-hooed. There were hundreds of cadets, maybe thousands. Everyone was giggling and smiling and, even cruising by at twenty miles an hour, the girls could pick out the best-looking cadets and cry, "Mamma, I want that one!"

AT THE parade ground we were marched around in squads, columns and single file by our gymnastic second lieutenant. It was a grueling business for one of the hottest days of the year. We were weary and subdued when we finally dragged into the busses and started back to our own, our native airport. En route, a stop street held us motionless for a minute and everyone's eyes fell naturally on a perfect Adonis of a cadet, standing in a barracks doorway. But the bus was leaden quiet.

"Yoo-hoo," he said.

There was only one girl who could muster a response: "Yoo-hoo yourself. You're not so handsome!"

The next afternoon the microphones budded and the bunting billowed in the breeze. We were neat and tidy in white shirts and khaki slacks, and there was a fanfare and flourish as we marched on the field.

The commandant at Ellington Field who gave me my wings said, "I've done this for hundreds of cadets, but I've never pinned wings on a woman before. If I stick you, for heaven's sake, don't jump. My wife is in the front row and I'd never live it down."

General Brandt felt the same way. "I'm not going to make a formal speech," he said. "I prepared one, but instead of reading it to you I'm just going to say a few of the things I've been thinking as I've been watching you. I guess you've done it again. You've shown us that one of the things we thought was a male prerogative can be done just as well by women. You girls who have just completed training have shown that you can take the training that men take, and can achieve the same degree of flying efficiency. We are proud of you."

Jacqueline Cochran added God's blessing to that. Cochran said that we, as the experimental class, had proved ourselves in training. We now had to prove ourselves in the job. And the job is a big one.

There are hundreds of women pilots in training now. Some will be utility pilots, some will be instructors and some will be ferry pilots. Those who direct this training have this in mind: the day is not far off when women will be doing a large part of the domestic flying. They will be ferrying planes from factory to field, towing gliders and targets, flying cargo. And if this keeps on long enough, the flying job that American women do, in addition to the job women are doing in Russia and England, may eventually kill that male belief that women can't fly.

BABY BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 146)

good place to answer a frequently asked question: "How soon can my hair be shampooed after my baby arrives?" Just as soon as you feel like it. In fact, most modern doctors agree that during any hospital siege, it is good for you to begin to take care of your looks as soon as possible. Science admits that good grooming is good medicine, and that a woman's interest in beauty reaches right back into the inner springs of her being.

As your months of waiting go by and you find yourself less active, a most profitable way to speed time along is to set aside a daily beauty period. Give your skin a thorough creaming, leaving your pet soothing preparation on it for a time, while you catch up on your sewing, read a pleasant story or just lean back and relax. Do all the last that you can, for after your offspring arrives you will be busy! After you remove your soothing film, pat face and throat briskly with cotton pads dipped in ice-cold skin lotion, and then put on your very best make-up *every day*. When your figure is unwieldy there is all the more reason for keeping your face just as pretty as you know how. Never look as though you were seeking sympathy. People—even expectant mothers—given to self-pity are dreadfully boring. Get into the habit of taking pride in your looks so that your husband—and by and by your child—will be proud of you too.

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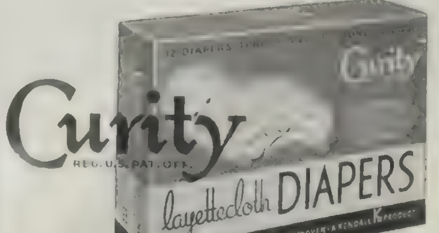

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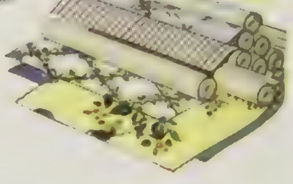

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Habits will get you i
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BY DR. DONALD AND ELEANOR LAIRD

Do people usually grow out of their bad habits?

Some bad habits, yes. Smoking and drinking are strongest during the "dangerous thirties"; they tend to decline as people get older—and wiser. There are other habits, however, which people usually overlook, but which get more deeply ingrained every week. The Duke of Windsor has not grown out of his habit of tugging at his necktie. Franklin Roosevelt still has flashes of blinking. Mayor LaGuardia still hops from one chair to another, and one of his predecessors, Jimmy Walker, still tugs at one ear. The worst habits, however, are likely to show in personality, such as fault-finding, sarcasm, suspiciousness, putting things off, and similar traits; these usually get worse during life. We know many people who think they have no bad habits, since they do not smoke or drink, but who in truth have a large crop of such weeds cluttering up their personalities.

Then habits get stronger as we get older?

They certainly do. At birth we are a bundle of reflexes. In maturity and old age we are bundles of habits—habits of complaining or smiling, of dreaming or thinking, of working or loafing, of contentment or grouchiness. Habits make people resistant to change, restless in new surroundings. When the old New York World was discontinued, for instance, Harry Hansen, the famous book critic, returned to the deserted old editorial room to write columns for another newspaper in the vast emptiness of his familiar writing place. People become attached to places and things because of the habits they have formed. Habits of political and social thinking also "jell" early in life and set more firmly year after year. People start becoming old fogies in their youth—not in old age. No wonder so many think the good old days were happier!

Are most habits bad ones?

Oh, no! But people seem to think more about uprooting the bad ones than of cultivating the good ones. Most of our character habits are good: smiling, truthfulness, cheerfulness, honesty—why, even work is mostly habit, and very few people have the habit of laziness, which may be more natural than hard work. Speaking
of work: our skills are mostly habit
such as driving an automobile, playing
musical instrument, housework, typ
writing, dressing, even the dexterou
fingers of a surgeon or a seamstress. Aft
all, we should be thankful for our man
useful habits, and not get too discou
aged with our attempts to displace o
annoying ones.

Is dressing really a habit?

Much more so than anyone realize
Put on your coat, for example, and notic
which sleeve is put on first, then try t
put the coat on by inserting the other ar
first; you will seem almost paralyze
with awkwardness. All phases of dressin
are bundles of habits; try putting th
other shoe on first and convince you
self. Or, if you usually button clothe
from top to bottom, just try buttonin
them in the opposite direction. Man
men hate bow ties, and would buy read
tied ones if their wives would allow i
because their hands have the habit
tying four-in-hands, not bows. Childre
will learn to dress themselves earlier
life if they are taught always to do it
the same way, and also if their vario
outfits go on and button in the sar
fashion—remember what a bow tie do
to the dressing habits of the average ma

***Well, I suppose even thumb twi
dling is a habit!***

You may have been joking, but y
are correct. In fact, you have the equiv
lent habit. Just clasp your hands t
gether with the fingers intertwined, a
note which thumb is on top. Now ta
the hands entirely apart and try to int
twine them with the other thumb on to
and all the fingers following suit. Isn't
amazing how difficult it is to make t
change, and how uncomfortable the ne
arrangement feels? There is no anato
cal reason why the first intertwini
should feel better. It is merely a matt
of years of habit of intertwining one w
rather than the other. Most thun
twiddlers twiddle them in only one dire
tion, and get snarled up when they try
reverse the direction.

***You mentioned character habit
Are those easy to change?***

No; they are the hardest to change
all habits. Character habits usually ha
secret emotional sources which ma

hem peculiarly satisfying to the person, nuch as he may imagine he would like to reak them. When the habit is suppressed, the emotional force crops out in other ways, which can often be predicted by a mental expert. People who try to suppress their stubbornness, for example, are likely to show an unexpected cruel streak. Or those who try to stop being spendthrifts may discover they have become loud-mouthed show-offs in other ways.

How about smoking—is it a character habit?

For most smokers it is, but not because it undermines character; it, too, is a deep emotional trait. People become smokers, not because of the taste of the smoke but because of their emotional desire for the stimulation of lips and mouth. The basis for smoking appears early in life in the form of lollipop, chewing-gum and thumb-sucking activities. This mouth-centered emotion stays with many through life and is shown by such adult habits as smoking, kissing, nail biting, between-meal nibbling. We have been with mental patients who had chewed away their entire lower lips in a silly attempt to conquer their own too strong mouth-centered emotions. There is no drug in tobacco which forms the habit; it is the imperative nature of the person's mouth-centered make-up which starts the habit and makes it so strong. That is why people who break off smoking are likely to find themselves biting their nails, over-eating and gaining weight, biting their lips like the mental patients just described, or—believe it or not—going on a kissing spree!

Isn't it best to break such a habit abruptly?

It is not wise to break any habit. Instead, it should be displaced. In other words, form a new habit, don't try to strangle off the old one. Gum chewing, for instance, can be substituted for smoking. Many people have adopted the eating of hard candies to displace tobacco. An outstanding surgeon and congressman from New York State recently stopped smoking by merely not lighting his cigarettes. He carries one in his mouth, unlighted, for a couple of hours at a time, and thus gets the mouth satisfaction without other effects. When smoking is stopped abruptly, the person is likely to indulge in a wave of extravagance, go on a shopping spree, start lip smacking or nail biting, or become jittery in general. This is true of most habits people want to break; when "broken," the habit breaks out in disguised form. There have been too many inspirational preachments to the effect that any habit can be broken if a person only has enough will power. Habits can be sidetracked or displaced by new ones, but seldom successfully suppressed. Don't ask yourself, "Am I strong enough to break this habit?" Instead, say, "What can I do to take the place of it?"

Isn't punishment a good way to break habits?

It is not much better than doing nothing. A reward for the good habit is better than discipline for the bad one, whether the person is an adult or a child. Praise may be reward enough. Mild praise for the desired habit is better than severe punishment for the bad one. The reward should be immediate, not promised for some future time. A gold watch offered as a reward to Willie if he does not smoke until he is twenty-one means little to him at the age of fourteen. The chief merit of punishment is that it is usually prompt. The praise or reward should be equally prompt. It is unfortunate that the devil seems to give his rewards promptly, while virtues are credited only at some far-distant day.

Does this mean that much habit training has been a waste of time?

Yes, not only because punishment, rather than praise, has been the chief motive instilled, but also for a reason many seldom suspect. Parents usually start training their children too early—they try hothouse forcing, so to speak. A habit cannot be started until the nervous system is "ripe" for it; specialists call it readiness. Some people, of course, are never ready for music training, others are ready much earlier than parents suspect. Parents usually start too early. Much toilet training of babies is waste effort on account of this. Interestingly, girls are ready for this earlier than are boys. Some children are ripe to learn reading at five years of age, others not until after seven or later. The child who is not given the hothouse forcing, or premature habit training, does as well, after readiness is reached, as the one on whom hours of patient training effort have been spent. In fact, forcing often produces undesirable results—feelings of inferiority, lack of self-confidence, timidity, even fear of or hostility toward parents. There is a time for all things, including habit training.

You mentioned inferiority complexes. Will breaking habits cause a nervous breakdown?

Laboratory animals, even farmyard hogs, go through peculiar behavior when their habits are frustrated by experimenters. It may be as simple with human beings, but it is not definitely known. It is certain, however, that human breakdowns are primarily due to emotions, rather than to simple habits. Emotional frustration, rather than breaking habits, is what counts with people. Worry about one's habits, however, is a frequent early sign of an impending breakdown. If that habit had not been worried about, the person would have worried about something else anyway, so don't blame the habit. For such people it may be a good thing to have a few minor habits on hand to worry about—it may keep them from worrying about more serious things. Nervously inclined people are always making resolutions to break some habits—but the habits are merely innocent bystanders, and not the real cause of the nervousness. It is normal to become fidgety and jittery while displacing some old habits, but these disruptions are far from being a nervous breakdown.

But habits do stifle originality, don't they?

That is what many would-be artists and poets in the Greenwich Villages would like to believe, to justify their irregular ways of living and working. The truth is that habits help originality and creative work. We know people who have the habit of creativeness, but many more who have the habit of sticking in a rut. Habits save time, energy, attention, and give agility to the mind. They can sweep away the routine cobwebs and free the mind for creative work. Of course, many who pretend to be seeking originality are merely trying to flatter their laziness. The more regular we make our lives through consistent habits, the more time and mental energy we have released to use in really creative work. Disorder and confusion, due to lack of habits, are more a sign of neurotic condition than of genius. So be glad you are a bundle of habits, and always remember it is more important to form the useful habits than to excuse or break the undesirable ones.

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MRS. WM. HUNT

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listening chair for Betty
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as all good color schemes do,
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OUR READERS WRITE US

(Continued from Page 12)

nice gray felt hat trying to make the roof of it go the sassy way Bruce wore his.

I have had some simply lovely dolls sent from your kind readers, to give to children over here, and am having a lot of fun selecting suitable candidates and looking for good homes.

Later. I have just had a letter from Gladys Taber telling me about her day. It is so much worse than mine that I am beginning to feel quite a leisured class after all.

My love to you both,
DOROTHY.

Washcloths for Dorothy Black

Baltimore, Maryland.

Dear Editor: By the way—may I send Dorothy Black some "washing-up" cloths, as she calls them? Saw some pretty hankies I know she would like too. Shall I send them to the JOURNAL or direct? Please let me hear from you about this.

Very truly yours,
MRS. FRANK DILLARD.

Others of our readers have had the idea of washcloths, dishcloths, dustcloths, etc., for our Dorothy, thinking she could use them—as indeed she could. They can be mailed direct to Dorothy Black, Rudgwick, England. Or we will forward them if sent to us: ED.

Postwar Housecleaning

Madison, New Jersey.

Dear Ladies' Home Journal: After it is all over, I shall have a cleaning cart. Hotels have them, why not I? On a smaller scale and more attractive, of course: My cart would have a tank-type vacuum cleaner firmly secured on its lower shelf, with hose and attachments safely and conveniently placed for use or storage. It would have hooks on which to hang my Venetian-blind brush and other gadgets. It would have a compartment for my dusters, a depository for furniture polishes and household preparations, a shelf for fresh linens, a bag for discarded papers or soiled linens, space on top for watering pot, ash trays, cut-flower containers, and what not. It would have a reminder pad with a nondetachable and always sharp pencil. It would receive electric power through a long cord and pass it on not only to the vacuum cleaner but to a small radio which would give me music while I worked, a domestic Walkie-Talkie installation which would allow me to telephone the grocer or my friends while polishing the furniture, and an air-purifier for killing the children's cold germs.

That brings up another idea. Come summer, why don't you get your clothes editor to do some Mangle Modes for Modern Moppets? Children's clothes that spread flat for ironing.

But wouldn't that cleaning cart be something? Maybe it is a bit ambitious, and I haven't yet decided how one would carry it up and down stairs. Remember, never underestimate the power of a woman!

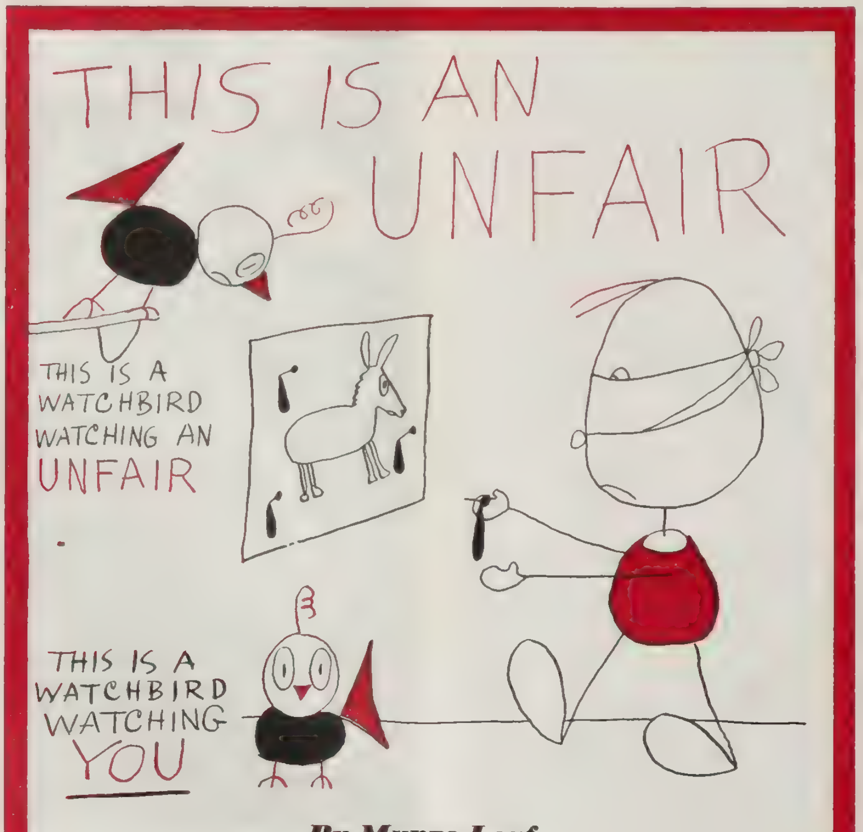
Sincerely yours,
MRS. ALBERT E. NUELSEN.

Iver's Shirts Were Dirty

34 St. Michael's Road,
Bedford, England.

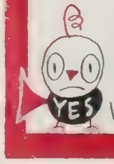
Dear Editor: Tonight sees me in my own home once more taking up the role of mother, as Iver Drummond is back in England and asleep in his own bed again. After twenty-two months of a war job in a government department, twenty-two months of a 9–5 P.M. routine day in and day out and one out of three Sundays doing Sunday duty, I return to a domestic life with the greatest relief.

How can I ever express what I think of Iver? To begin with, his health is perfect. He crossed the Atlantic in winter, and apparently chose to wear none of the excellent woolen underwear you gave him, but his linen shirt next to his body. He has no sniff or sneeze and suffered no inconven-

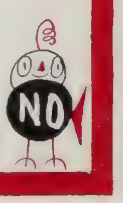

THIS IS AN UNFAIR
THIS IS A WATCHBIRD WATCHING AN UNFAIR
THIS IS A WATCHBIRD WATCHING YOU

By Munro Leaf

THIS creature is the kind that spoils all the fun of playing games. This Unfair is playing pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey at a party, but anybody can see that it is cheating by peeking over the blindfold. Unfairs or Cheaters aren't liked by anyone, and if they won't play fair they shouldn't be allowed to play at all.



WERE YOU AN UNFAIR THIS MONTH?



"Is that up to ME?"

Scrubbing toilet bowls is *not* your job. It's the job for Sani-Flush, which makes toilets sparkling white the quick, easy, sanitary way. From now on use Sani-Flush at least twice a week to remove unsightly stains and discolorations *without scrubbing.*

Don't confuse Sani-Flush with ordinary cleansers. It works chemically—even cleans the hidden trap. Each application cleans away many recurring toilet germs and a cause of toilet odors. No special disinfectants are needed. Does not injure septic tanks or their action nor harm toilet connections. *(See directions on can.)* Sold everywhere — two convenient sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

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Dennison Diaper Liners reduce unpleasantness in changing and washing diapers. Simply fold a Liner inside diaper next to baby's skin . . . when soiled, flush away. No hard scrubbing necessary. Sanitary . . . helps prevent diaper rash. Costs only a few cents a day. Babypads 200 for $1.00. Downee-soft 200 for 69¢.

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Dennison DIAPER LINERS

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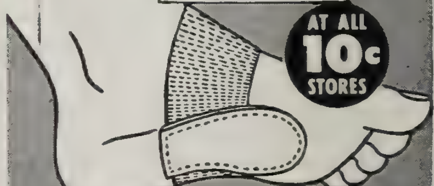

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ience. "Sure, it was cold!" he said and left it at that when asked about the weather conditions of the journey. His manners are good; he stands up when a lady speaks to him, he waits for her to be seated at table before he himself sits down; his "thank you" and "please" are well to the fore. Many people have remarked on this, so anyone who thinks American children wild and hoydenish can well think again. And I have heard several mothers with children returned from across the Atlantic say the same thing.

We find that Iver has assurance of manner and confidence in himself, a shrewd and intelligent idea of what everything is all about and why, and a sound common sense. Aged eleven, he has a browned, healthy body and wears the clothes that would fit a child of twelve or thirteen. Our American son pleases and delights us, and our gratitude to you and those who have helped in his three and a half years of American upbringing is very great. He is as much our son as he ever was; he loves England and he loves America. He will be homesick for you, I know.

The clothing you sent back with him caused much rejoicing—woolen articles are scarce and so are the coupons to get them with. It was fun unpacking.

I've left till the last what probably I should have told you first—how we met him.

As the train steamed in a very dirty, rather worried-looking small boy stared from one of the train windows. His face cleared when he saw us. Into my mind rushed all kinds of words, like *This is my son who was lost but is found again,* but I believe I said something ordinary and trite like, "Well, Iver! It's good to have you back," and he replied, "And I'm glad to be back." Or something of the sort. He looked at me and said, "You're the same, but thinner."

My husband said, "We've missed you a lot. Now what luggage have you got, and we'll try to get a porteress." Just like that.

While he scrubbed himself well in his bath he told me something of his trip over:

"On (censored) a ship. But I mustn't mention her name; it's very secret and I've promised not to." I agreed with this heartily. "Lucille is all burned up at not coming with me," he said. "But she'll be along soon, I guess."

So here he is home again. I don't want him to alter much; I want him to stay as he is, from his clipped, decisive speech to his unself-conscious friendliness and ease of manner.

When he changed from one train to another at Crewe, one of the big railway junctions on the way from Liverpool, he put himself into the hands of a porter, explaining, "I'm English, but I'm American, and I don't know my way around over here yet. Please put me on the train for Bedford." The porter was very helpful and even showed him where to get a hot drink before the second part of his journey began.

I will close now. Again all our gratitude is yours. RUTH DRUMMOND.

Dear Editor: Iver brought back some of the grubbiest little shirts from the trip home. The neck and cuffs had to be seen to be believed.

[*Editor's Note:* Iver, never an ardent bather, once on his own apparently never bathed or changed his clothes on the long trip home.]

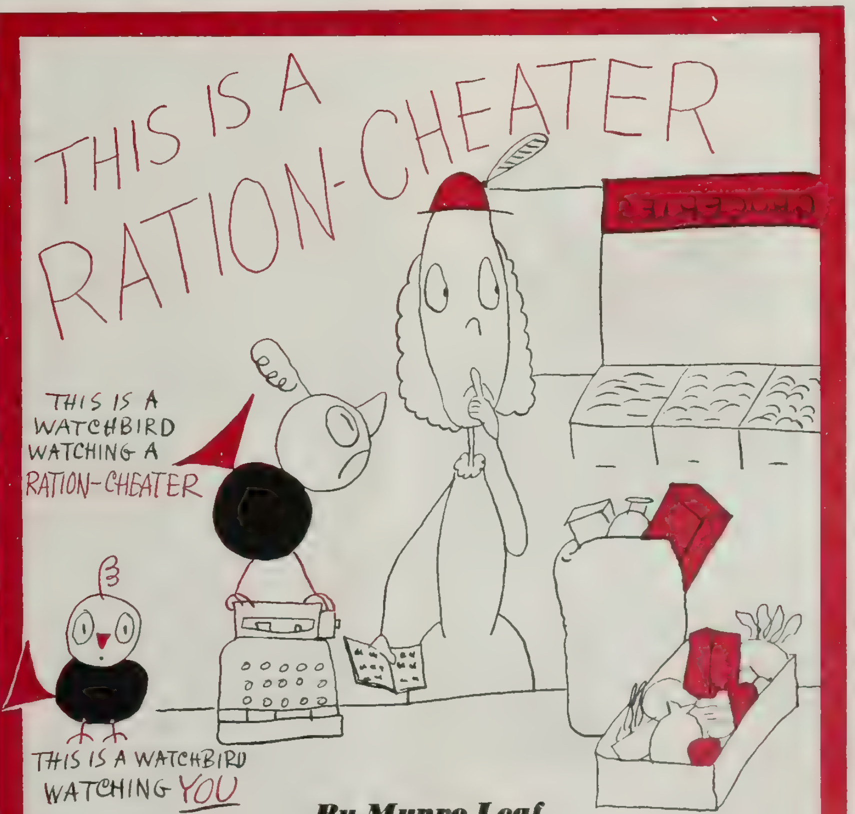
By the way, he doesn't think much of our BBC's programs—especially the children's hour.

"Why do they have such dumb things on the radio?" he inquired, as a lecture on a Tour of Durham Cathedral was broadcast as entertainment. "That's educational, not fun! Is *this* your children's hour?" incredulously. I humbly had to admit that apparently it was.

He still says, "*We* do this or that in America!" and not, "*They* do ——" I have made no comment, and I wonder when the change will come.

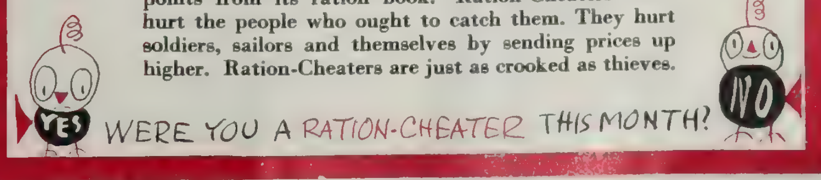
Perhaps he will use "we" for us all, which is really what it should be.

"It's in the hands of children such as this youngster that the future will depend," a man remarked yesterday, watching Iver count his change carefully and realizing he had just returned from the States. "Let's hope that they will have a broader vision than any of us possess."


THIS IS A RATION-CHEATER
THIS IS A WATCHBIRD WATCHING A RATION-CHEATER
THIS IS A WATCHBIRD WATCHING YOU

By Munro Leaf

This stupid thing that looks so silly trying to make the grocer keep a secret is a Ration-Cheater. It thinks it can coax him to let it have food without giving any points from its ration book. Ration-Cheaters don't hurt the people who ought to catch them. They hurt soldiers, sailors and themselves by sending prices up higher. Ration-Cheaters are just as crooked as thieves.


YES
WERE YOU A RATION-CHEATER THIS MONTH?
NO

"Now I know how to make a window **SHINE!**"

It's just as important to polish a window—as it is to get off dirt and dust! That's why you get such good results with Bon Ami Cake! It does *both* jobs at once . . . Leaves the glass not only clean but sparkling bright!

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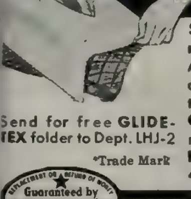

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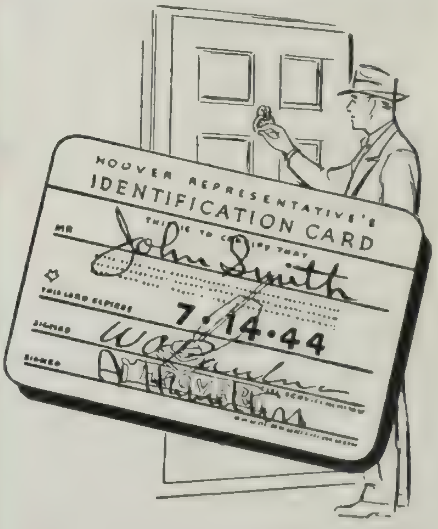


When the serviceman calls, demand to see his official identification card, like this. Make sure the identification date has not expired.

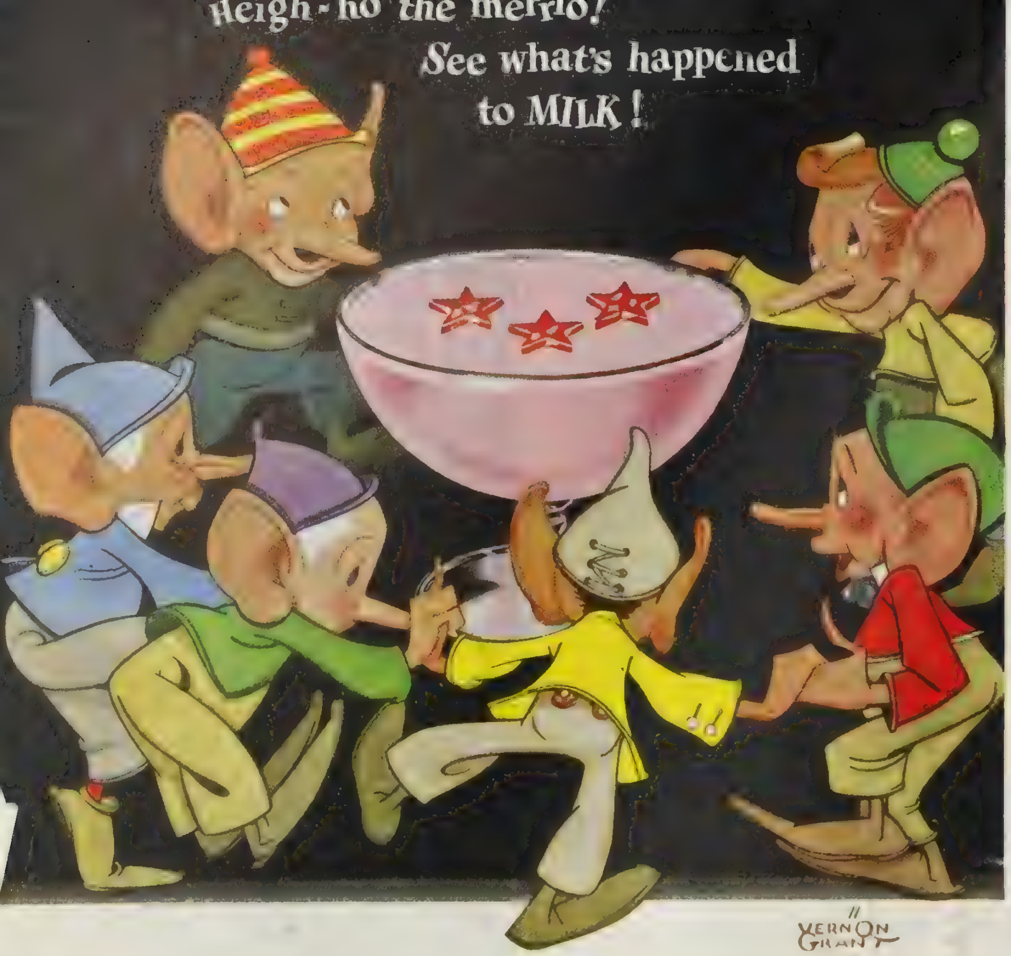
REMEMBER: do not discard any worn or broken parts. They must be turned in to secure replacements.

The **HOOVER**

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

IT BEATS AS IT SWEEPS AS IT CLEANS

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO


Heigh-ho the merrio!
See what's happened to MILK!
VERNON GRANT

EVERYBODY'S HAPPY *when you serve delicious rennet-custard desserts!*

Milk made into colorful rennet-custards is 'most as popular with the youngsters as ice cream! It's *fun* to eat milk with a spoon instead of always drinking it!

And these appetizing desserts are so good for children, Mother! Non-cooked, so the vital food and vitamin values of milk remain unimpaired. And the rennet enzyme makes them even more readily digestible than ordinary milk.

So easy to make, too, with "Junket" Rennet Powder or Rennet Tablets! No cooking—no eggs. And besides the many flavor and color possibilities, dozens of attractive toppings add variety the whole family will love.

Send today for **FREE** *War-time Recipes*

Dozens of recipes for desserts and other tasty foods, adjusted to today's needs. Write "The 'Junket' Folks," Chr. Hansen's Laboratory, Inc., Dept. 23, Little Falls, N. Y. (In Canada: Toronto, Ont.)

12
"JUNKET"
RENNET TABLETS
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Aunt Rennie—(the rennet enzyme)

Make rennet-custards with either:
"Junket" Rennet Powder—Already sweetened. Six favorite flavors at all grocers:

Vanilla	Chocolate	
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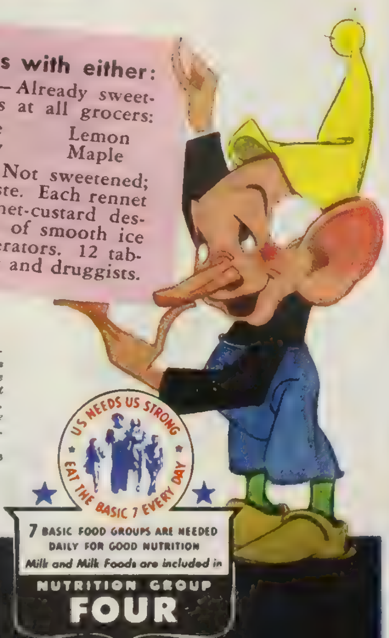
US NEEDS US STRONG
EAT THE BASIC 7 EVERY DAY
7 BASIC FOOD GROUPS ARE NEEDED DAILY FOR GOOD NUTRITION
Milk and Milk Foods are included in
NUTRITION GROUP
FOUR

Be that as it may, the word must have been passed around that Iver was "O.K.," because the day following his return I opened the door to an urgent ring and found four boys outside.

"We've got a holiday from school this afternoon. Can Iver come out to play?" they asked.

"Certainly!" I replied, and go and play he did.

Later one of the mothers rang me. "Iver is much more self-assured than he was before he left home. Aren't you pleased with him?" Comment is needless.

Your reader,
RUTH DRUMMOND.

LIFE WITHOUT FATHERS

(Continued from Page 142)

over there in the afternoon and made chatting acquaintances with several other young mothers.

And the little apartment has several amenities rare in the most grudging of American cities at $8 a week, gas and electricity included. For a while each day direct sunlight actually streams into the rear window on the sour little back yard, which gives airy space for laundry and parking Mickey outdoors. No bedbugs—which is very lucky thereabouts. At the same rent, the Micklos' last apartment had no bathroom. This one has both bathtub and private toilet, each in its own makeshift cubbyhole, with the washbasin-*cum*-kitchen sink against the living-room wall. The well-equipped kitchen is set up in what was the old back-basement entry.

Army Emergency Relief helped nobly several times—Mickey's big crib was one of their contributions. When the new baby enters the world at St. Anne's Maternity Hospital, the $50 cost will also come from AER. If Jean feels uneasiness at the prospect of another childbirth with Andy gone, it fails to show on the smooth white forehead under her soft, homemade pompadour. Nor will it mean extra money burden—the $20 extra allotment coming along should cover things well.

Since his post is relatively near, Andy can't help hoping he will stay at Aberdeen, where he does odd jobs on motor transport and occasionally takes a truck out in convoy—like his old job, he says, only more regular hours. If unmarried, he would want to go overseas, but his hostages to fortune are much on his mind. If he gets moved farther away, Jean will somehow pack up and come live near his new post, for stocky, green-eyed Andy Micklo is an enthusiastic father and those frequent week ends are the breath of life to him.

He hopes somehow to save enough while in uniform to start his own trucking business after the war. Now that he knows the New York ropes, $300 might do it. Mustering-out pay will help a lot, for saving will be uphill work. The margin between his pay and demands on it, including full $10,000 in war-risk insurance, is microscopic. Another step in rank would mean a great deal. But in the Army you never know. Andy wouldn't anyway, not being the type that readily goes bucking for corporal. He's just a competent guy doing what they tell him because that looks like the best way to get back to Jean and the youngsters as soon as possible.

Maybe one evening a week some girls drop in on Jean. More rarely she tucks Mickey under her arm and goes to see one of them. But by and large she is alone and, she insists, so busy she hasn't time to be lonesome. If not too tired after her nightly letter, she gets out a big scrapbook and pastes up the latest in her collection of recipes clipped from newspapers and magazines that people pass along to her. Things she's sure Andy will go for, like chocolate-malted ice cream, baked apples muscatel, beef tongue with barbecue sauce—all sounding marvelous in print. No question of trying them out now, of course. The ration points would be there, but not the cash. They might just as well be caviar and green cheese from the moon.

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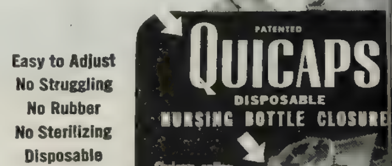

FINE FURNITURE FOR CHILDREN SINCE 189

DO AS HOSPITALS D

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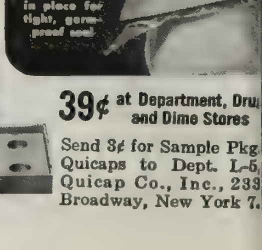
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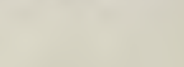

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HAROLD M. LAMBERT

Common signs of illness warn mother to keep baby in bed and consult a doctor.

The Sick Child

BY DR. HERMAN N. BUNDESEN

President, Chicago Board of Health

OTHING is of greater importance to the
mother than the health of her child, and
now, as never before, she must be on
guard to protect her youngster from
ness. Because so many family physicians
gone to war, and those who remain at
e must make every moment of their time
t, it is fortunate that there is much the
her can do to help the busy doctor by
g on the lookout for the first signs of ill-
in the child.

here are certain common signs of sick-
that are seen in children, and every
her should know what these signs are.
of the first of these is fever. With it, the
d's face is flushed and the skin of his
y feels hot. When the child shows these
s, the mother should at once take his
perature. With the appearance of the
r, the child is usually drowsy, overtired,
ful and cross, and generally wants to lie
n.

f the child suddenly loses his appetite, he
y only be overtired, it is true, but he may
be coming down with some sickness.
lden refusal to eat is one of the first signs of a number of general infections and should never be ignored.

A running nose, coughing and sneezing are signs of infections of the nose, throat and lungs. They may mean that the child has a cold, or the beginning of measles, whooping cough, diphtheria, scarlet fever, influenza, pneumonia or other acute infections.

Sore throat may be due to a cold, tonsillitis, diphtheria or scarlet fever

VOMITING may simply be due to overeating or eating the wrong foods, or it may be due to the beginning of one of several "catching" diseases, such as scarlet fever, pneumonia or tonsillitis. Vomiting may also be one of the first signs of appendicitis or obstruction of the bowels.

Constipation is usually the result of eating the wrong foods, or of poor bowel habits. It may be present in appendicitis or bowel obstruction.

Diarrhea is usually due to eating the wrong foods, but it may come from a bowel infection.

If the child wants to empty his bladder often, it may mean that he is suffering from an infection of the kidneys or bladder. A burning feeling when the youngster empties his bladder is another symptom of the same disorder.

Headache, twitching of the muscles, or spasms may mean that the child has some disease of the nervous system.

Skin rashes come from many different causes. They may be due simply to heat or cold, to clothing that chafes, to some chemical which has come in contact with the skin or to insect bites. They may also be caused by eating certain foods or medicines. Too, when a child has a rash—that is, a breaking out of the skin—it may be due to the beginning of an acute "catching" disease, such as chicken pox, scarlet fever or measles. The exact cause must be found before a rash can be treated in the right way and cleared up.

If your child shows any signs of being sick, put him to bed immediately, keep other children away and call the doctor at once.

If you talk to the doctor on the telephone, you should tell him just how your sick child looks and feels. He will then be able to tell you what to do until he finds it possible to see the patient.

Here are some things that can be done for any sick child:

After you have put him to bed in a quiet place, he may be given a small enema or suppository, if his bowels have not moved

GRATEFUL young mothers from Maine to California tell us that Doctor Bundesen's baby booklets have been of the greatest help to them in caring for their own babies. The first eight booklets cover your baby's first eight months. They sell for 50 cents. The second series of booklets covers the baby's health from nine months to two years—seven booklets for 50 cents. The booklets will be sent monthly; be sure to tell us when you want the first booklet. A complete book on the care of the baby, *a necessary supplement* to the monthly booklets, OUR BABIES, No. 1345, is 25 cents. A booklet on breast feeding, A DOCTOR'S FIRST DUTY TO THE MOTHER, No. 1346, sells for 6 cents. Address all requests to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

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double his birth weight!

Your baby, too, will grow faster during the first year than all the rest of his life. While he's growing, make sure that he builds a well-shaped head, a fine, full chest, a strong back, and straight legs. Regularly *every day* give him Squibb Cod Liver Oil for the extra Vitamin D he needs to help build sound bones and teeth.

When baby starts to talk

Her "ba ba" and "da da" show that she's growing up! At 15 months she may be saying real words. Watch for other important growth signs! Is her chest fine and full? Her head well-shaped? To build them, she needs Vitamin D daily. Give Squibb Cod Liver Oil!

Day in-day out

When you give Squibb Cod Liver Oil, be sure that your baby gets it *every single day*. As regularly as sleeping and eating, he needs the extra Vitamin D to help build sound teeth, a well-shaped head, and a fine, full chest. Start now with Squibb's and never miss a day!

MOTHERS! CHECK BEFORE YOU BUY! If you want to give your baby *twice* as much Vitamin D benefit with every spoonful, ask for *Squibb* Cod Liver Oil! It supplies twice as much Vitamin D (180 units per gram) as cod liver oils which meet only the required minimum of 85 units and which may cost as much as Squibb's. For real value—Squibb Cod Liver Oil! *The priceless ingredient of every product is the honor and integrity of its maker.*

SQUIBB COD LIVER OIL

freely. However, if he complains of pain in the abdomen, it may mean that he has appendicitis. In this case, an enema or suppository may do harm.

If the child has a high fever and is restless, you may give him a warm sponge bath to make him more comfortable. Simply wring out a soft washcloth in warm water and gently wipe off the skin. As the cloth dries, it should again be dipped in water.

Do not force the child to eat. It is all right to offer him water frequently.

Samples of the child's urine and bowel movement should be saved in tightly covered jars for the doctor.

You should make every effort to protect your child against "catching" diseases. It is not necessary at all for your child to have these sicknesses; but if he does get a catching disease, the older he is the less the disease will harm him. Some mothers say, "Oh, well, every child has to have measles and whooping cough; I might as well let my child get them and have it over with." This is a mistake. If your child gets the right kinds of food, lives in clean, airy surroundings, gets plenty of sunshine and cod-liver oil, he likely to resist diseases better.

Try to teach the youngster early in life keep his fingers and his playthings out of mouth. Teach him to cover his mouth a nose with a handkerchief when sneezing coughing Teach him never to put into mouth things which other children have h in their mouths.

Keep away from your child such artic as handkerchiefs, towels, bedding, dish and toys which have been soiled by othe Give him his own towel, washcloth, toot brushes and soap.

Never take your child into crowds if y can avoid it. The more you keep a youngst from coming in contact with large groups children or other persons, the better yo chances of avoiding disease will be.

If your youngster has only a slight illne and you allow him to be up and about, t sickness may get worse.

If you help keep your child healthy, y will be relieving your doctor of many nee less calls in these times when his services a in such demand.

MEET TODAY'S PIONEER WOMAN

(Continued from Page 145)

belonging to Uncle William's brother, so it cost him only $350 for manufactured materials, such as insulation, sash and hardware. Well and outdoor plumbing were already there on the Thompson premises, a cellar was dispensed with, and nobody round there has electric light anyway. The compactness of the rooms works out well for Ev. So does pride of possession; things went cordially at the Thompsons always, so she is talking strictly on principle when she quotes the old saw: "Better a three-legged stool and a bundle of straw, but never go live with your mother-in-law."

Things are pretty cozy in the yellow oil-lamp light as she rocks the baby and the heat wells out of the drum-shaped stove. When it's pointed out that it occasionally gets down to ten below zero in that country and outdoor plumbing is kind of rugged, Ev says simply that she never knew anything else, having spent all her life within seven miles of Scarboro, and fretting about such just wouldn't occur to her.

Money will be no problem for the duration. The Johnson farm is near by and twice a week Ev's mother drops in with fresh eggs and a gallon of milk. What with her own few chickens and canned stuff, Ev figures $4 a week at the store a mile and a half away will see her through fine. Now that the '39 Ford sedan is on A-card rations and is used only for store going and social purposes, it costs little to run. No more cash needed for Roy's work clothes, and Mrs. Johnson, a good helpful mother, is very skillful at cutting down older youngsters' clothes for Skipper and Geraldine. Ev herself is no seamstress: "I don't mind running up a seam, but I'm dumb as a doornail about real sewing."

With no rent and little need for expensive clothes for herself, she hopes to save maybe a dollar a day out of the $100 that comes monthly from Uncle Sam in a queer-looking che with holes punched in it. In the interval between Roy's induction and the allotment's start, she used $150 they had saved up. Monthly deductions of $22 for dependents and $7. for war-risk insurance don't leave much Roy's $50 pay as a private, but then he is steady-going fellow who never did spe much. His one cash-requiring taste, in fac was the monthly dances at the Darlingto parish house seven miles away—two b apiece for him and Ev.

It's old-time square dancing with a loc fiddle and guitar for music, usually, and co ton house dresses the order of the day for t ladies. To dodge moping, Ev goes regularl leaving the kids with Aunt Mary and enjo ing herself hugely while still aware it wou be more fun still if Roy were in there ste ping too. Beyond that and church, work an responsibility do her time-killing. But, Roy would point out, the party-line tele phone helps a lot. Its $3.50 monthly co would be an extravagance if Ev didn't set s much store by being able to call up and cha forever with her mother and the girls round about.

The phone was something more than socia early this winter when the flu lit squarely o Ev shortly after Roy left. Aunt Mary an others rallied round, of course, as she too realistically to bed. But without the phon rounding up a doctor would have bee tough. It took a lot of calling finally t locate a Darlington man who could driv seven miles to check her lungs and leav sulpha pills to knock the fever down.

Roy is missin the old-time cor griddle cakes that Ev says, he coul eat day and nigh for weeks. Sh doesn't like then herself, but make them gorgeously with either swee milk and bakin powder or sour mill and soda, depending on what' around. The ma wants them, th man ought to hav them, she figures That's the way th household ran—and will again. Sh strikes the keynot when, asked wh handled child discipline when Roy and she were both there, she says:

"Just whoever was there wher something happened. We was always right mutual about things."

Frantic Housewife

"Now what? Four o'clock and I'm dead. Here's where a model housewife would start to iron. Or clean up the kitchen. She'd never let those oatmeal dishes sit there this long! She'd wipe up the floor. And start getting the evening meal. And that reminds me—I haven't eaten since that muffin and vitamin pill at 6:30 A.M."

This harassed mother, "ninety-five pounds by five feet," has all hands full minding a house, three babies, a husband and a gas station all at the same time. "If I did my housekeeping first, when would I make my slip covers? Or help the kids at the piano? Or paper the rooms upstairs?"

If your days are as dizzy as hers, look for our zest-saving suggestions. Next in our How America Lives series.

IN THE

APRIL JOURNAL

Printed in U. S. A.

ADIES' HOME

Journal

THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN

CENTS ★ ★ ★ APRIL, 1944

DO NOT CUT, TEAR OR DEFACE
BOOKS OR MAGAZINES

hey're Only Young Once
A NEW SERIAL BY
ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

★

The Annulment
A COMPLETE NOVEL
By Nelia Gardner White

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APRIL, 1944
Vol. LXI, No. 4

MURIEL PATCHEN, assistant field director overseas with the American Red Cross (see *That Red Cross Dame Overseas*, on page 25), writes: "I'm a Brooklynite, but I attended the University of Missouri. I joined the Red Cross after hearing the story of the German invasion of Greece, told me by the last American to leave Salonika. I know firsthand now that war is constant struggle, turmoil and sacrifice. But I also know that it has its sidelights—fun, exuberance, sentiment and a scrambled kind of social life. So here I am—loving my job, wanting to get home, but not before it's over over here."

ROBIN CARSON

DR. LESLIE B. HOHMAN, now Lieutenant Commander Hohman, M.C.V.(S) U.S.N.R., on duty at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Bethesda, Md., says, "It was a wrench to pull away from some devoted patients, but the knowledge that there was urgent need for psychiatrists in the Navy, and the fact that I was single and had no dependents, made me feel that I should offer my services." Incidentally, sales of Doctor Hohman's book, AS THE TWIG IS BENT, published by Macmillan in 1940, have spurted to 20,000 in the past six months. Parents, concerned with juvenile delinquency, give the book their blessings.

ELIZABETH COATSWORTH (*Prayer for Easter*—page 139) says: "I'm a New Englander by adoption, and my husband, my two daughters and I spend as much of the year as we can at our Maine farm. We have stayed there with a white fur of frost half an inch thick on the windows and the temperature down to thirty below zero. And we have also heard the ice on our lake crack as the slow spring came and people hunted up rubber boots for the coming mud time. It is of this stony land, half cultivated, half wild, lying, bright with lakes, between the hills and sea, that I wrote in Prayers for a Rural Year."

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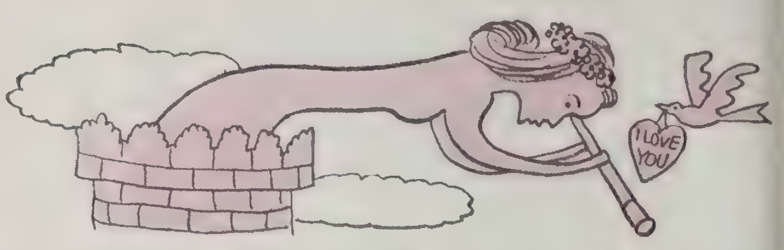


What women admire most in men

Taste varies—everyone according to his own. For instance, just take a look bel at the differences of opinion on the most-sought-after qualities in men.

We pried into the personal preferences of thirteen celebrities in literary, scree stage and radio firmaments to find out what they first looked for in men. Her what they have to say. Maybe some agree with your ideas on the subject. A again maybe they don't. At any rate, we'll wager you'll find some good pointers what to keep your eyes open for—and why.

♥ "I'm one of those people who respond to gentleness more than anything else. Let me be approached with a gentle manner and voice and I'm responsiveness itself—thereby making myself thoroughly uninteresting."

—**EMILY KIMBROUGH.**

♥ "What do I especially like in a man? Why, a sense of humor that includes a sense of nonsense. If he doesn't have that, *I* won't be impressed with his more widely acclaimed qualities, no matter how sterling they are—because *he* will be." —**MARTHA DEANE.**

♥ "Good looks come a dime a dozen and ultimately mean nothing. It's the ability to appreciate little things which attracts me most in a man. I like a man who notices a new dress, a different hair-do or a special dinner and isn't too engrossed in his own affairs to turn a compliment, or even a little modest flattery."

—**LOUELLA O. PARSONS.**

♥ "My kind of man must be mature, worldly and experienced—say someone of twenty-two who can look back on life with satisfaction. He must be able to rumba all night if I want him to. He must be *soigné* and positively never wear his father's clothes."

—**JOAN CAULFIELD.**

♥ "I can compress it into one word: strength, both physical and mental."

—**ADELAIDE HAWLEY.**

♥ "Sanity, tenderness and strength are the qualities which I find most attractive in men. I do not necessarily expect humor in them—but I'm enchanted when I find it."

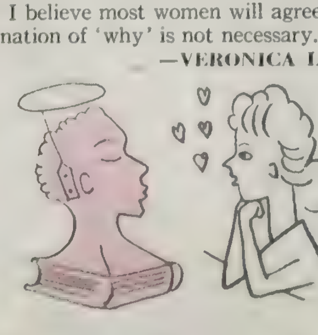
—**ILKA CHASE.**

♥ "In my youth, *quantity of* males and not *quality in* attracted me. At my present age I think it would be far more discreet to *un*answer this question. Humor, charm and integrity in men attract me now, as they have for more years than I care to mention. Good looks in any excessive degree afford too much competition when one is young, and forty times as much when one isn't."

—**FAITH BALDWIN.**

♥ "Subtlety, sincerity, wit and intelligence. When you find a man with all these qualities you've really got something. And when you do, I believe most women will agree, an explanation of 'why' is not necessary."

—**VERONICA LAKE.**



♥ "The quality that has attracted me m consistently throughout life has been ser bility, combined with creative imaginati Independence of thought and behavi pride without arrogance or vanity; simp ity and ease in all human relationshi whether with those higher or lower pla than oneself; fondness for animals and c dren; pleasure in the company of wom preferring that company rather than the clusive company of men; delight in sens impressions, whether of nature or of gaiety that comes from the acceptance life as it is; love of travel—new faces, landscapes, new cities; gratitude for sim physical things—good food, a fire, a wa ing drink; catholicity of taste, accept much, excluding little; jealousy of what cherishes, but jealousy without vanity or close possessiveness; courage without roics; constancy and steadiness—these se to me the most winsome qualities of a tr adult and free man.

"Such men walk through all the vici tudes of life as though it were a fascinat journey, never losing the sense of won never failing to admire the infinite vari of life, the chiaroscuro of pain and pleas good and evil, war and peace. Because t understand life, life protects them, and w them one senses and shares this protecti With such men one can be poor without didness or rich without insouciance. W them one can be free though restricted, happy without wretchedness, gay with boisterousness, solitary without lonelin safe without security."

—**DOROTHY THOMPSON**

♥ "The quality in men which attracts most is loyalty. I like a man who ne looks at another woman—unless, of cou I happen to look at another man."

—**BILLIE BURK**

♥ "He must have a fine character, mus sympathetic and understanding and ha sense of humor. He must have accomplis something in life. Oh, yes—and above he must be kind." —**HILDEGARD**

♥ "What I like most in a man is the physi of Johnny Weissmuller, hair of Clark Ga eyes of Tyrone Power and lips of Rob Taylor—oh, shucks, if a feller had all t things he wouldn't bother to look at nohow." —**JUDY CANOVA**

♥ "Enthusiasm attracts me in men— thusiasm with which they approach t work. The sort of enthusiasm that car over into their daily lives, into their attit toward the world and, naturally, tow you as a woman. Blasé, cynical men I loat it is always uphill labor to reach reality w them and never worth the effort."

—**CLAUDETTE CO BERT**

the Other Sex

BY JUDITH CHASE

What men admire most in women

Ah-h—the bird in the hand, the clam revealing his secret, the stag at eve drinking his fill and returning home to his Jill. In short, man in his wisdom gives forth.

Let's settle down at the great clay feet, little women, and hear what sixteen celebrated men think attracts them to us.

In the meantime, banish the noises that might disturb him, the smells that might repel him, the sights and touches that might annoy him. He likes things neat and tidy, as you'll read below. But don't let him *know* that you know.

♥ "In women I prefer brains, beauty, honesty, subtlety, understanding—but not common sense." —**RAYMOND MASSEY.**

♥ "My choice first in a woman is common sense; second, a beauty that grows with the passing of time. And above all, I like to see in a woman the instinct for motherhood."
—**JESSE STUART.**

♥ "I believe, as do most men, she must be thrifty, neat and a cheerful person. Looks are not all, but of course if she is attractive it helps. I mean a plain girl like the one that married dear old dad."
—**GEORGE E. SARGENT,**
Coxswain, U.S.N.R.

♥ "My ideal in the woman is that she be good-looking, intelligent and an officer in the armed services. She is. My wife is an ensign in the WAVES."
—**LT. COMDR. CARLTON SKINNER,**
U.S.C.G.R.

♥ "A primary requisite of a woman, in my opinion—and I believe in the opinion of most men—is *honesty*. Lacking this quality, everything about her must of necessity be superficial. Assuming that she is honest, it follows naturally that any other graces or charms she may possess, such as beauty, poise, culture, and so on, would only add to her allure—and a man who wins a woman who is alluring, as well as honest, has captured the best prize on earth."
—**THOMAS GEORGE LOUGHRAN, JR.,**
Storekeeper, 2nd Class, U.S.N.

♥ "The quality that attracts me most in women is beauty. To prove it, I married the most beautiful woman in the world."
—**COLE PORTER.**

♥ "A painting must have the mysterious *that* to be attractive. So must a book, a song or a woman. I know some women who have physical beauty, character and sincerity, yet they don't attract men. I know other women, self-centered, domineering and not beautiful, and yet they have that mysterious *that*—and men swarm around them. Call it 'personality,' 'charm' or 'that'—it's one of the outstanding qualities that attract men."
—**DALE CARNEGIE.**

♥ "The qualities I admire most in women are tolerance and understanding. Man is a creature of many failings, and if the majority of women didn't have these virtues the perpetuation of the race would have ceased long ago." —**ROBERT YOUNG.**

♥ "Mystery. I like a woman who isn't as easy to read as a billboard and whose beauty isn't explained by rows of bottles, jars, face creams, hair curlers and chin straps."
—**BOB WALKER.**

♥ "No one particular quality is sufficient for a woman to attract me. She must have a combination of many qualities. I don't want her to be an intellectual giant, yet she must be politically and socially developed. She must be feminine, yet have sufficient strength of character not to be a clinging vine. She must be willing and able to understand and beautifully fulfill all the functions of a woman. She must understand and look upon man as a complement to woman rather than a challenge. She must be a composite sweetheart, wife, mother and nurse. She must know man is the inferior animal, but never tell him. I might sum the whole thing up by saying that the quality which attracts me most in women is the simple fact that they are women." —**JOHN J. ANTHONY.**

♥ "The quality in a woman that attracts me most depends on who she is. In the woman I married, I looked for understanding, co-operation and brains. Otherwise I am attracted most by beauty. A happy marriage must be a fifty-fifty affair, though the success of our life together is wholly within the power of the distaff side. That is why understanding and co-operation are so important, as far as I am concerned."
—**LAURITZ MELCHIOR.**

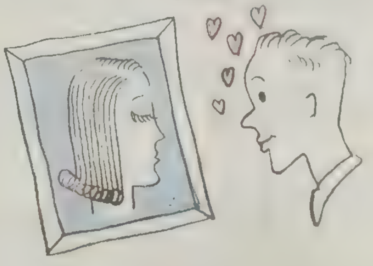
♥ "Character."
—**MAJ. EDWARD BOWES.**

♥ "Independence is what I admire most in women. I like a woman who'll fall into your arms without having you fall into her hands."
—**CHARLES RUGGLES.**

♥ "I like women who like to raise chickens. I'm not kidding, either. My wife recently got a flock of Barred Rocks, after resisting a strong temptation to invest in White Leghorns because they would match the house. Well, a guy can't go wrong with a wife who likes to raise chickens. Mom used to keep chickens when we were kids in London, Ontario. You see what I mean?"
—**GUY LOMBARDO.**

♥ "Patience is the quality I admire most in a woman. Patience to wait until I propose before doing it herself."
—**COLONEL STOOPNAGLE.**

♥ "Gimme a woman with a rare appreciation of beauty and a deep understanding of the finer things in life. Yes, sir, gimme a woman dat thinks I'm de berries. Dat's the kinda dame for Durante."
—**JIMMY DURANTE.**



YOU'LL WIN

Softer, Smoother Skin

with just One Cake of Camay!

Yes! Skin specialists prove Camay is really mild!

Fresher! Softer! Sweeter! That's how your skin can be—with just *one cake* of Camay—when you change from improper care to regular mild cleansing—when you go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Skin specialists tested this care ... on over 100 complexions. And most complexions simply bloomed—noticeably softer, fresher, clearer—with the first cake of Camay.

...it cleanses without irritation!

These tests proved Camay's mildness . . . proved it can benefit skin. *"Camay is really mild,"* said the specialists, *"it cleansed without irritation."* No wonder the Camay Mild-Soap Diet can bring such striking improvement to complexions.

Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

Night and morning, simply cream Camay over face—nose, chin. Rinse warm. Give *oily skins* an extra C-O-L-D splash! Simple, isn't it?—and your very *first* cake means lovelier skin!

CHERISH CAMAY

It's patriotic to save
soap in wartime!

★ Use just enough Camay for lather!
★ Don't let Camay stand in water.
★ Keep your soap dish dry
★ Use Camay slivers in a bathmit.

Ladies' Home JOURNAL April, 1944
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You Need the Red Cross

ON A HOSPITAL cot in Philadelphia, a young mother lay dying of pneumonia following a Caesarean operation. Again and again she called the name of her soldier husband. Only he could save her life now, the doctor said. And he was out of reach of phone or wire, getting ready to embark overseas.

The girl's family was frantic. Then someone put through a hurry call to the Red Cross. While the girl was kept alive in an oxygen tent, the Red Cross reported the situation to her husband's commanding officer and an emergency furlough was speedily arranged. As the girl's father later wrote the Red Cross: "When her husband finally arrived at the hospital, at which time we had given up all hope, her condition immediately changed and she has continued to improve ever since. When my son-in-law left for overseas, he knew his wife would recover, and that his baby was strong and well. He had a very good military record as a sergeant. I know that what you've done will help make him an even better soldier."

Multiply this case by 2,500,000 and you will have some idea of the number of persons helped by the Red Cross Home Services last year. Any day you can see them waiting in your chapter office, a long line of anxious civilians and servicemen. That mother over there is worried sick about her wounded son in the South Pacific. His letters are most cheerful, but he hasn't included any snapshots lately. She feels certain he is disfigured. A cable will go that very morning to the nearest Red Cross field director in her son's vicinity for a detailed report of his condition. . . . The man next to her wants to get news through to relatives in France. The Red Cross will dispatch a twenty-five-word emergency cable for him—free, of course. . . . That glum-looking bluejacket is out of funds and due back to his ship tomorrow. The Red Cross will lend him the money to get there.

No boy in uniform has to be convinced of the indispensability of the Red Cross. When that awesome, lonely moment comes when he is herded aboard a troopship, the Red Cross is there with warmth and friendliness and personal *bon voyage* gifts. When he disembarks, thousands of miles from home, a Red Cross girl, who looks like his Mary, greets him on the dock. Red Cross blood plasma will save his life if he is wounded, just as it has saved the lives of thousands of wounded men in the South Pacific. If he is captured, the Red Cross will get letters, food and medicine through to him. "Fifty per cent of all long-range prisoners will come back due to the Red Cross alone," a prisoner of Germany wrote home.

Every day the Red Cross gets more letters which begin: "Please accept this money from my son, now fighting overseas. He wrote and asked us to send this allotment check to you." Last year there were 6,000,000 boys in uniform. Today they number more than 11,000,000. That means millions of wives, mothers and fathers who will depend, if need arise, upon the never-failing mercy of the Red Cross. That's why you should at least double your contribution this year.

THE STAKE OF WOMEN IN FULL POSTWAR EMPLOYMENT

By Dorothy Thompson

IT IS not abnormal—and it is no sign that we are not keeping our eyes on the war—that we talk, also, of the time to come after the war. The old saw, "forewarned is forearmed," is nonetheless true for being trite.

When the war is over our greatest problem and concern must be the continuation of employment and the re-employment of the men who return from war. The war itself has produced a miracle in the field of industry and production. With nine to ten million of our most able-bodied men removed from industry, the fact that there is an unfailing market for all that we can produce has shown us, for the first time in our history, the magnificent reality of American productive power. It has opened a prospect of possible prosperity which overtops all but the most Utopian dreams. To keep this superb system functioning and expanding is the first heroic task of peace, and it will require clear thinking and also imagination and vision.

The stake of women in this continued employment is a double one. As an individual, the woman worker is usually one of the first to be laid off, if unemployment sets in. This will certainly be true after this war, for both justice and political wisdom will counsel that the returned soldier, who has dedicated years of his youth to his country, must be given first priority on jobs. If there are not jobs for women and soldiers, the soldiers will get them, and no one will want or dare to protest.

But times of unemployment hit men as well as women. In the last depression, it was true in thousands and thousands of cases that the plant closures which threw women out of work threw out their husbands too. Indeed, during the depression many women went to work who had not done so before, because sometimes women, with their greater willingness and, perhaps, capacity to turn their hands to a number of things, could find some sort of job when their men could not.

Thus, although it is cheap and easy to say, "Make room for the soldier at the cost of the woman worker," things don't actually, in real life, work out that way. The only security for the soldier lies in such a blooming economy that there is work for all, or practically all, those who want and need it.

I am convinced that thousands of women will wish to return to their homes, provided that in their homes are men breadwinners able decently to support the family. The best way to assure that a large majority of women will marry, devote themselves to their homes and their children, and make the home the center of their work and life is, therefore, to see that there is wide employment at high wages. The fact of the chance to work then offers women choice—and freedom and equality are to a large degree measured by the range of opportunities to choose. Thousands of women now work, not from choice but from necessity, since their men are unable adequately to support them, or they work because of patriotic pressures applied to them. The extent to which the former is mitigated will determine the number of women who lay down their machine tools and take up a dish mop again after this war.

A great deal of nonsense is talked about women "getting ideas." The life of the workingwoman, if she be a mother, is no such bonanza as to tempt her to continue it if she is not driven to it. It is rarely that a woman can earn enough by working outside her home to pay another woman to perform her duties in it. If we have high employment at high wages, this will be even more true, because the wages of domestic servants will go up accordingly. And all households conducted by domestic servants without the ever-watchful control of the housewife who pays the bills mount in costliness.

The average married workingwoman has two jobs: the one in her home and the one outside it. She is harassed by the conflict between the two. If her job prevents her from having children, she is paying with her own nature for it, and eventually with her own health, nerves and happiness. The ideal of every normal woman is to find the right husband, bear and rear his children, and make with his earnings, for him and for

(Continued on Page 183)

y, That's Tobacco!"

THAT'S **LUCKY STRIKE** TOBACCO

LUCKY STRIKE ***means*** FINE TOBACCO

es, LUCKY STRIKE
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L.S./M.F.T.

erican Tobacco Company

No!

The razzle-dazzle's not for you. High spots, wild men, smooching strangers. Your own world is different from that. There's nice fun to be had with the guys in your crowd. The girls are okay too. What you need is a shot in the arm to make things happen, and keep things out of a rut. Send to the Journal Reference Library for the free list of Sub-Deb booklets, No. 1695. Send for some. Use the party ideas, get-together stunts, what'll-we-do-now tips—to wake up your gang!

"YOU'RE TOO OLD —and too fast for me. A guy my own age, or maybe a year older, I can handle. But you say too many things you don't mean. You want more than I can give you. You have too many ways of teasing a girl into saying 'yes.' You make me dizzy. Of course, it's flattering to think a guy who's been around as much as you have, and who knows as many women in as many places as you do, should like the cut of my jib. And want to take me places. It makes a girl feel that experience isn't everything. But I'd be in deep water if I dated with you. I'm just getting used to standing on my own two feet—and I don't want 'em swept out from under me. It would be exciting—I guess—but I'm not too sure. I'd better stick to the gang I know, the boys who talk about things I know, who go places I know. If I venture out in deep water with you, I'm likely to get drawn under."

"I WON'T KISS YOU. Why, I don't even know you. Sure, you told me your name—at least I'm supposed to believe it's your name. But I just met you. Can't we get acquainted before you start mussing me up? Golly, from a distance I'm just like all the other girls. I have all the same equipment. It's only when you're up close that you can see I'm different, I'm *me*. But you don't care about that. You want to kiss me. You want more than that. But you don't want it from *me*. Any girl would do. And for my money, that's not even a compliment. Sure, I know you're going off to war and all that. But one more kiss won't make you any tougher. Mauling one more girl won't give you something to think about. Besides, if all of you want to buss all the girls, how do you expect to find a decent, clean girl when you come back? After all, isn't that one of the things you're fighting for?"

"IT BITES. No, thank you—none for me. I'm afraid of that stuff. Not that I'll go blind, exactly. I'll just lose me. It takes all the wits I have just to stay with you guys. You talk so big and so fast. You move so quick. You're so far ahead of me. If I go clouding up the issue, I'll get lost. I can't count on you to take care of me. I'm the little girl who has to see that she gets home in one piece. If I lose my compass, where will I be? I'll just settle for a soda, thank you. I can have just as good a time. And know what's going on. If there's going to be fun around, I don't want to miss it. If I drink what you're drinking, I will."

"CALL IT QUITS. Maybe you fellows can keep going all night—but it puts dark circles under my eyes. Besides, after hearing all your jokes, and dancing till my toes are numb, there's not much to keep me awake. You certainly won't have any fun with a slumber-bunny on your hands. So why not take me home now? And straight home too. I believe in calling it quits when the party's over. You can tell when the fun's beginning to wear thin. It's better to duck before the clock runs down. There's no point in covering the town, stopping in here and there, trying just one more place. That's just piling up anticlimaxes on the tail of a party that was fun. Things begin to go wrong then. We run out of gas and get stuck somewhere on a dark road and have to walk seven miles and rout some man out of his sleep so we can call another man to bring us some gas. We run out of money. We get mixed up with the wrong people. And I get home at all hours. My family cares when I get home. They want to know where I am. Just running around having a good time has its hazards these days. But there's no point in letting yourself in for embarrassing predicaments. They always gum things up. And there you are breaking the rules whether you want to or not. So let's go home now!"

"I DON'T WANT TO HATE ME. I like things tidy and shipshape around me. I want to know where I'm going, why, with whom and what for. I don't like to be in a fog with things batting around my ears that I don't understand. I'm sure you boys are pulling fast ones—and it's not just that I'm scared. I don't want to find out things too fast. It would give me indigestion. Like feeding lobster thermidor to a baby. His little tummy just couldn't hold it. I can't take some of the ideas you boys dish out. I'm trying to think straight and live clean. I want to grow up to be decent, strong and fine. And I don't want to pile up memories that will make me ashamed. I have to live with myself—and I don't want to hate me. If I can't approve of what I do, what can I think of myself? Not much!"

the Sub-Deb ... by Elizabeth Woodward

TO HELP HIM GROW UP TO HIS HAT

As THAT YOUNGSTER of yours grows to manhood in a peaceful post-war world there will be countless little ways in which Listerine Antiseptic can be of help to him . . . many a time when its quick germicidal action will help to safeguard his health.

In his boyhood, when carefree days and hearty play take their toll of scratches and abrasions, he'll find Listerine Antiseptic ready, effective and willing, just as you did. Remember?

In his self-conscious teens he'll come to rely on its help to overcome non-systemic cases of offensive breath which might humiliate him in the eyes of his girl.

And, if he takes the experience of others and the advice of Mother and Dad, he'll gargle with it at the first symptom of a cold.

It won't take him long to realize its value—to appreciate what tests during 12 years of research have shown:

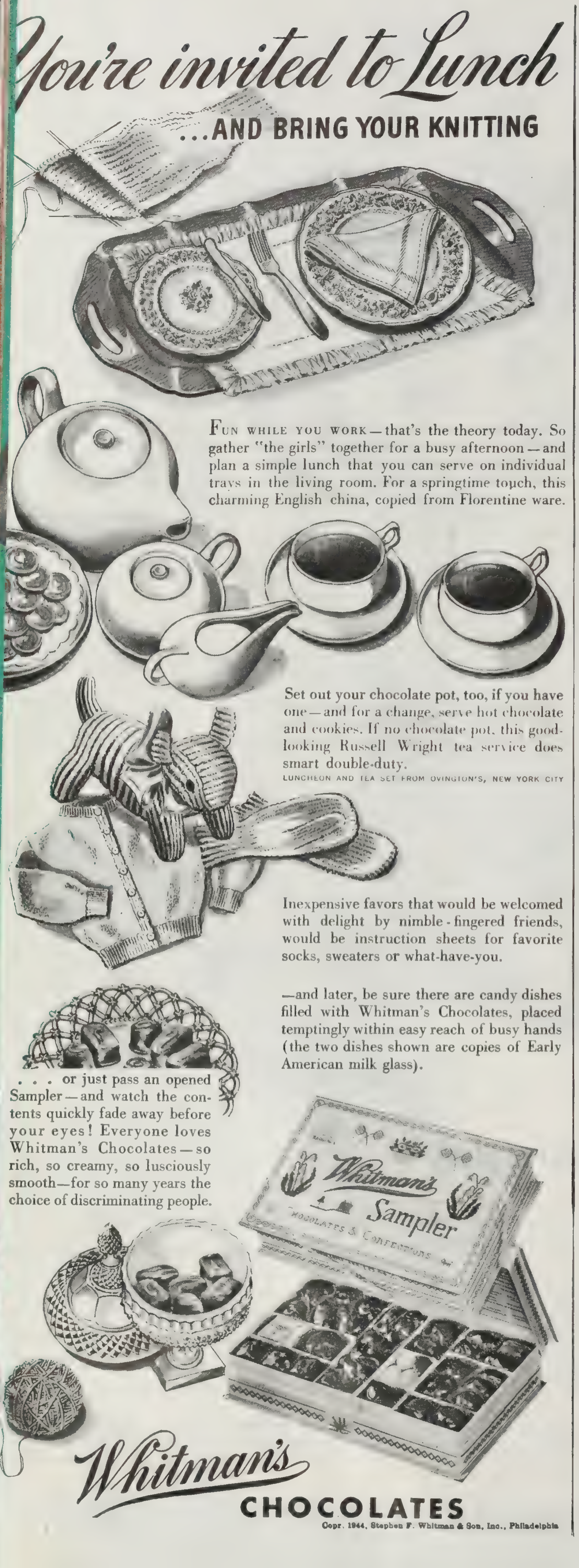
That regular twice-a-day users of Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds, milder colds, and fewer sore throats than non-users.

This, we believe, is because Listerine Antiseptic kills so many of the mouth and throat surface germs called "secondary invaders"—types now believed, by many authorities, to be the cause of much of the misery and discomfort of colds.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

BECAUSE OF WARTIME restrictions you may not always be able to get Listerine Antiseptic in your favorite size. Most drug counters will, however, have it generally available in *some* size.

FOR COUNTLESS LITTLE EMERGENCIES **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC** IN SERVICE **60** YEARS



You're invited to Lunch

...AND BRING YOUR KNITTING

FUN WHILE YOU WORK—that's the theory today. So gather "the girls" together for a busy afternoon—and plan a simple lunch that you can serve on individual trays in the living room. For a springtime touch, this charming English china, copied from Florentine ware.

Set out your chocolate pot, too, if you have one—and for a change, serve hot chocolate and cookies. If no chocolate pot, this good-looking Russell Wright tea service does smart double-duty.

LUNCHEON AND TEA SET FROM OVINGTON'S, NEW YORK CITY

Inexpensive favors that would be welcomed with delight by nimble-fingered friends, would be instruction sheets for favorite socks, sweaters or what-have-you.

—and later, be sure there are candy dishes filled with Whitman's Chocolates, placed temptingly within easy reach of busy hands (the two dishes shown are copies of Early American milk glass).

. . . or just pass an opened Sampler—and watch the contents quickly fade away before your eyes! Everyone loves Whitman's Chocolates—so rich, so creamy, so lusciously smooth—for so many years the choice of discriminating people.

Whitman's
CHOCOLATES

Copr. 1944, Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Inc., Philadelphia

Our Readers Write Us

You Can't Change Men

San Antonio, Texas.

Dear Editors: I've read the JOURNAL for most of my forty-two years, and nary a time have I picked up pen to straighten out your editorial policy. But, before you waste precious paper trying to show husbands how they may contribute to a successful marriage (suggested by Jane Skeffing in Our Readers Write Us) let me say *they don't.* You take them as they are, or you leave them. But they will not burn midnight oil trying to make themselves over for their mate, as women will.

There is only one formula for a successful marriage and it belongs to woman. If you are interested, here it is:

Woman must look up to man, and lean on him as though he were God, and talk down to him as though he were a child.

If she is there to lean on when he needs strength, and to brag on him when he needs encouragement, marriage will be woman's masterpiece. The details she can work out for herself—by reading articles in the JOURNAL, or whatever method she may choose from which to select her technique.

Man is a stubborn, essential thing. You can't get along without him, and he knows it. You wouldn't want to get along without him. He knows that too. Better print articles on how to make happy marriages to those who appreciate them—the women.

Sincerely,
MRS. F. ANN MURRAY.

But the Boys are Fighting to Get Back to Blueberry Pie

Kensington, Maryland.

Dear Editors: If you have a complaint department, this is addressed to it. I hope that it will be "shush-shushed" about until it reaches Ann Batchelder's pearly ears, for it is intended for her. Not that I don't adore her, for I do, and have for years. But please tell her that, although she does concoct very luscious dishes, the whole trouble is just that they are *too* luscious for our wartime pantries.

Sincerely yours,
JEAN E. McCURDY.

Let Father Work for a Change

Brooklyn, New York.

Dear Editor: As a lifelong reader of your splendid magazine, I wish to thank you for publishing the article by a Successful Career Wife opposite to Doctor Hohman's typical male article on Working Wives. Like the writer of the carefully reasoned You Can't Have a Career and Be a Good Wife—why is she anonymous?—I speak with the authority of experience. I have been working outside my home for twenty years, meanwhile raising three fine sons. I worked through what is now called the period of prosperity—it was chiefly a matter of high prices for everything at the time—and through the depression—you could get maids then, all kinds, even an occasional competent one. So "wartime" problems are no novelty to me. And I say to other mothers, don't!

Most of your readers are homemakers. I think they should know that *they* are the working wives. Ninety-five per cent of American women never had servants. Any woman who does housework and takes care of children *has* a job. If a man doesn't think so, let him try to hire a woman to do the housework for a family and see if she thinks she is working. The question really is, "Shall mothers have two jobs?" The answer is obvious. Mothers, like doctors, are on call twenty-four hours a day. They should be the last group in any community to take on work outside the home.

Fathers are a much more leisured group. Millions of men of all ages work only from nine to five at sedentary work. They could easily take on eight-to-midnight shifts in war plants, which is the only place mothers can conceivably be needed. The men would still have eight hours' sleep and their homes and children would not be neglected. The wives at home could carefully budget the additional family income instead of having to waste money for the lack of time, as the two-job mother will find herself doing in the long run.

Let the men who for various reasons are not able to actually fight for their country do the extra work needed to achieve victory, and not rob children of their mothers.

MARY MELIA KIMM.

You Get What You Pay For

Oceanside, New York.

Dear Sir: There is a very positive relationship between salary and the quality of teaching. While our men are giving their lives to save our form of government, its existence, when saved, rests with our schools; and to do the job, they will have to have more teachers of the highest type. To attract to the teaching service the kind of men and women that are needed is going to mean more money invested in them. Compared to military and crime costs, schools will still represent the least expensive solution to our problems.

Sincerely yours,
WALTER S. BOARDMAN.

Parents are at Fault

New York, N. Y.

Dear Editors: It was with great interest that I read Dorothy Thompson's article on Education in America, in the January edition of the JOURNAL.

Basically, in my opinion, she is correct in her statement as to the disintegration of the educational system of the nation. But she fails to go in back and dig out the reasons for this disintegration.

The blame for this condition should not be laid on the shoulders of the universities or of their faculties. They were forced by the economic pressure and the changes in the make-up of the population of America to introduce the elective system into the colleges. Since the turn of the century we have become more and more a commercial country, a country where brawn is worth more than brains, where, judging from financial returns, the ability to work with the hands supersedes the ability to work with the head.

The universities have not brought this condition about, but this condition has forced the universities to introduce technical training courses. Furthermore, it is my belief that the high schools introduced courses in technical and vocational training because, as we all know, there are many children who have not the mental ability to assimilate Latin, French, higher mathematics, and so on, but who can be trained to be useful citizens in the technical and commercial fields.

The fact that many children who are mentally fitted to complete an academic course elect to take, instead, the vocational or commercial course does not reflect on the school system, but rather on the youngsters themselves, on the parents and the aforesaid fact that today brawn gets you more than brains.

In the early American schools Bible study could be a required study, a regular part of the curriculum, but the entire make-up of America has undergone a vast change. A passage from the Bible is still read in the auditorium of the public schools, but even that is the cause of occasional flare-ups of criticism.

We in America have no national religion; moreover, we stress our freedom of religious belief. If, as Miss Thompson states, the American schools are turning out heathen boys and girls who would not recognize passages from the Bible, the fault lies, not with the schools and universities but with the parents. For again it must be stressed that, in so far as religious instruction is concerned, the public schools can do nothing. For instance, in this great city of New York, one of the melting pots of the world, with classes each made up of thirty to forty children, Catholics, Protestants, Jews and goodness knows what other sects or creeds, how could any religious training, beyond teaching the golden rule, be given without creating a hue and cry?

In my opinion, the time has come for the parents of this country to wake up to their responsibilities, to stop shifting them off onto the shoulders of the clergy and the educators, to begin to hold up their end

(Continued on Page 12)

e you trying to say I look like a poodle?"

T AT ALL . . . not at all!" soothed the cup of Postum. "I just remarked that it must be nice to be confused with anyone else—poodles or wise."

illy!" sniffed the setter. "One look at me and ody'd *know* I was a setter—an *English* one!"

hat's just it," sighed the Postum. "With me ifferent. One look at me, and some people I'm a cup of coffee—or, at least, a coffee subte. They even expect me to *taste* like coffee!"

"Well—er—don't you?" inquired the setter hesitantly.

"Good heavens, dog!" squealed the Postum, almost spilling over backwards. "That's what I'm trying to tell you! *Why* should you expect me to taste like coffee—any more you'd expect coffee to taste like tea? *I'm* no e substitute—and never will be. So *there!*"

Okay, chum, calm down," grunted the setter.

"I was only repeating what I'd heard around town."

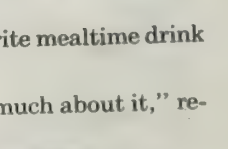
"Then it's time more people in this town, and every other town," sputtered the Postum, "knew that I have a hearty, distinctive flavor all my own. Why do you think I'm the favorite mealtime drink of millions of Americans?"

"Frankly, I hadn't thought much about it," replied the setter mildly.

"Well, the people who know me," replied the Postum proudly, "love me because I taste so good. In fact, those bright folks think I'm the swellest-tasting drink that ever was poured into a cup. 'Robust,' 'tempting,' 'full-bodied'—those are just a few of the kind words I've heard lately. And there's not a bit of harmfulness in me—so youngsters can enjoy me, too."

"Gee, wouldn't it be worth your while to let more people in on your story?" asked the setter.

"Of course it would be!" said the Postum. "Why do you suppose you're running around in this advertisement?"



Postum ONE OF AMERICA'S GREAT MEALTIME DRINKS

P.S. Postum is *easy* to make . . . comes in two forms: there's Postum, the kind you boil, drip, or "perk"; and Instant Postum, made just by adding boiling water in the cup. Postum is a product of General Foods.

Tune in The Aldrich Family, Thursday nights, NBC Network. One of America's great radio programs, written by Clifford Goldsmith, sponsored by Postum.

"That Man—
he *tickles* me!"

"Wouldn't you be tickled pink, too—if your husband took to kissing your hands once more?

"Even this morning at breakfast he had nice things to say about my pretty hands! Darn few women are getting sweet talk like that!

"I'll confess...I wasn't either—until lately!

"You see I really thought I had to use a strong washday soap to do my dishes in a hurry. Phooey! It got my hands looking like the dickens—all red 'n' rough.

"But I got wise! I found that the same pure, gentle Ivory Soap Doctor advises for baby's tender skin gives you scads of 'velvet suds.' Suds no soap on earth can beat for speed!

"And my hands got that white, soft 'Ivory look' in just exactly 12 days from the time I switched to Ivory for dishwashing!

"I'm penny-wise, too...because I can do all my dishes for only about a penny a day with gentle Ivory! Thriftiest beauty habit I ever got into!

"Don't take MY word for it—if you've been ruining your hands with strong soaps. See for yourself what a big difference Ivory can make when you really stick to it! Yes, you, too, can get that lovely 'Ivory look'...in just **12 Days!"**

P.S. for U. S.: Soaps use vital war materials. Save soap to help win the war. USE EVERY SLIVER in a wire shaker. 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀% pure...It floats.

(Continued from Page 10)

and to realize that one of their most patriotic duties to this nation is to start off their children, on their march into the future, with the right foot forward.

Yours very truly,
ALYS L. AUERBACH.

Dorothy Thanks You All

The Duke's Cottage,
Rudgwick, England.

My dear Bruce: At the moment, mothers' hearts are being rather rent in twain at seeing their little treasures sent into the coal mines. But I haven't met anyone who really took it half as hard as I thought they would. Indeed, a friend of mine whose boy goes straight to the pits from Winchester, wrote saying, "I thought it would happen. All his life Mickie has attracted to him every known form of grime and grit. I think he will be really very happy."

Dorothy Black.

Another two boxes of hankies arrived today, and Rudgwick street is full of ladies hurrying up with shopping bags and baskets. Do please say thank you again *very very* much to all the kind people who sent them.

My love to you both,
DOROTHY BLACK.

My dear Bruce and Beatrice: My wireless has come back, after an absence of four months. That is how long it takes nowadays to get a screw replaced in anything. So I am in touch with the great world again, and find it has been going on much as usual without me.

Spring is in the air. The first yellow aconite is coming up in my garden, the first snowdrop, a very adventurous soul, is out under the lilac tree. No doubt the frost will nip it away, but never mind. It has had a run for its money and a very front seat.

Later. Every year I set the local school children (I am a school manager, please note!) a story competition. They have to write a fairy story, devoid of bombs, murder and sudden death. You have no idea how difficult it is for the modern child to achieve this. The fairy queen is inevitably bombed out of her castle, the gnomes driven by tanks from their stronghold in the mountain, and instead of the traditional fairy charger, we have a Messerschmitt 109.

Love to you both,
DOROTHY.

My dear Bruce and Beatrice: Most of us are beginning to look, like London town, a trifle battered and shabby, and I went to call on a certain noble lady who once lived in some state, and found her on her knees polishing under the bookcase. "My dear," she said, "I must have lost *pounds*."

But I still don't think we have got to the state of lack of domestic help that you have. There still seem to be kind women around, who will *come in*. We have a pet at the moment, who comes and cooks our dinner at night. Her name is Lucy and she can make a three-course dinner out of nothing at all. Whereas what she can do with a carrot and some old bones is nobody's business. And I hardly like to tell you what she asks for rendering us this service six nights a week. It comes to about two dollars fifty cents. *A week.*

Love to you both,
DOROTHY.

My dear Bruce and Beatrice: Sitting either side the fire are Archie and Herman. Otherwise, Privates Roath and Stump. They have come down for the week end. "What?" I said, surprised, as I met them off the bus. "No luggage?"
For they came like perfect gentlem
with empty hands. "Sure!" said they,
proceeded to pull all that was necess
to an informal visit out of their pock
Never have I seen so much contained
so little. It seems they learned in Af
the art of dispensing with the superflu

I find your boys very easy to get
with. They get me in stacks of wood
peat, and help Joan wipe dishes. On S
day they went off to church. I tried to
out of them what the sermon had b
about, but they didn't seem able to
though I noticed they knew just where
the pretty girls had been sitting.

Later. I have had Mr. Port here, we
ing a sort of oak cozy, or cat's cradle, o
the back yard, to allow us to get in
coals and wood without getting wet.
work of art is proceeding well, but slov
as once again Mr. Port carries all his
terials up by hand, or on his shoulder
round his neck, or pushed on a little h
cart. Long after dark, there he is, h
mering away. And often before I h
lifted the blackout, he is at it again.

I said to him on Saturday, "Don't
ever take a day off and go to the
tures?"

"Never been to the pictures in my li
said Mr. Port. "Waste of time. Ne
mean to go. I can see all the picture
want, just looking around."

Later. Her brief honeymoon o
daughter Mary, now a matron, is back
work. They only gave her fourteen da
leave! I made over to them, as their w
ding gift from me, Bruce Cottage, c
plete with electric refrigerator, cooker
all the other electric gadgets you
can't get. So at least they start with w
most young people haven't got, th
days—a home. Though at the mom
they cannot live in it. However,
have already had a lot of fun, walk
around and planning where they will
tend the garden. And dreams someti
come true.

Love,
DOROTHY

Dear Bruce: Since writing the enclos
your long and amusing letter came. I
ways get the carbon, or cheap one, bef
the air mail, or model de luxe. I wonde
you find the same happens from this e

How I envied Beatrice, buzzing off
Hollywood! But I expect you miss Sesa
Still, it's rather fun when they grow
and you don't have to wipe their noses
them any more, and in an emergen
they can even wipe yours! When Ma
got married everyone said with sinis
glee, "Oh, won't you be lonely!" Bu
was thinking, "How marvelous; now
husband will have to buy her a pair
jodhpurs and I shan't always have to le
her mine."

Motherhood has its drawbacks, esp
cially if you are all much of the sa
build!

DOROTHY.

My dears: Hankies still pour in, and
only wish I could write to all the ki
people who have sent them. Howev
whoever has a hankie gets a name, and
we must be starting quite a little Leag
of Nations on our own.

Many kind people have been sendi
me cookery recipes which make my mou
water desperately. I have one before
now which ends "bake in a slow oven til
golden brown and serve with *partial*
frozen whipped cream." Ha-ha, jol
funny. The milk ration here is two pin
per week per person, and by the time y
have saved up enough cream off that
do any freezing, you'd be too old to enj
it! I love the way they throw out sugge
tions like "take one cup of olive oil."
haven't seen olive oil for years, and thou
"four strips of breakfast bacon" seems
mean little to you, I would have to r
someone else's larder to have all that
one time. I can tell you, one person livi
on one ration can't go throwing thin
around, when they start in trying to ma
black-bean soup. All they have is bla
beans, salt and plenty of water. T
marvelous recipes I have before me th
morning, beginning "Take half a cup
butter." Believe it or not, that would
close on a month's butter ration!

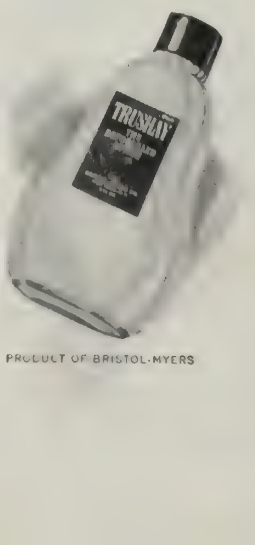
Yet we manage pretty well, and I hav
never yet gone hungry except on a railwa
journey, and that was entirely my ow
fault. They said "take sandwiches," b
I didn't believe them.

Love to you both,
DOROTHY.

(Continued on Page 147)

TRUSHAY* . . . THE "BEFOREHAND" LOTION

Guards lovely, busy hands
Use it before every soap-and-water chore



PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

It's a wonderful new idea in lotions. Trushay *guards* soft hands against the roughening, drying effects of hot, soapy water—instead of waiting until after the damage is done. Just smooth on this creamy, fragrant lotion *beforehand*—before you do dishes, or wash undies. It helps keep hands smooth and white.

And use Trushay all the other ways you'd use a lotion, too. As a powder base—for chapped elbows and knees—for velvety, all-over body rubs. It's inexpensive. So concentrated a few drops do the trick. Ask for Trushay at your druggist's.

*Trushay was formerly called Toushay. A slightly different spelling—but the same "beforehand" lotion.

Even with rationing America's Finest Ham for Easter—*plus*

Even with meat rationing, you can enjoy a sumptuous Easter Feast, if you follow this plan worked out in Armour's kitchens by food economists who know your problems and who specialize in meat cookery.

Starting with a butt or shank half of an Armour Star Ham, you can make five meals for four persons—or four meals for six. (With a smaller family, buy a slice of ham—one large enough to provide for leftover dishes). Be sure to ask your meat man for Armour's Star Ham—it's deliciously tender, and mellowed in fragrant hickory smoke to insure finest flavor!

---

1 For the big day, bake a slice of the ham and serve with the luscious peanut-covered sweet potato balls. There's an Easter Dinner to make the family forget rationing! (See Recipe.)

2 Simmer the rest of the ham (save the broth to use later.) Serve some slices in the barbecue sauce with parched browned rice. (Recipe below.)

3 For another day, have the crunchy, mighty-filling Ham Salad Rolls. They're surprisingly hearty . . . and so tasty. (Recipe, lower right.)

4 Using the broth, the bone and a few unsliceable tid-bits of ham, you can make a wonderful navy bean soup. So rich in flavor and nutrition that the soup is really a whole meal!

5 With the remaining small pieces of ham, make a rich cream sauce, season with minced green pepper and sliced stuffed olives. Serve over toast, in patty shells or a noodle ring.

Baked Star Ham with Peanut Sweet Potato Balls

To Bake Ham Slice: Place 1½ inch slice Star Ham in casserole: cover and bake 30 minutes in 325° F. oven. Uncover; add ¼ cup brown sugar and continue baking uncovered another 40-45 minutes or until tender.

To Bake Half Ham: Wrap in waxed or glassine paper, set on rack in baking pan. Roast in 325° F. oven for 30 min. to the lb. Unwrap. Score fat. Top with brown sugar during last 30 min. of baking.

Peanut Sweet Potato Balls:

1½ cups mashed sweet potatoes
¼ tsp. salt Pepper
½ to ¾ cup chopped salted peanuts

Combine mashed sweet potatoes with seasonings; shape into round balls. Roll in chopped peanuts and bake in 350° F. oven from 20-30 minutes. Makes 8 balls.

Barbecued Star Ham Slices on Browned Rice

4 slices cooked Star Ham cut ¼ inch thick
½ cup catsup 2 tbsps. brown sugar
2 tbsps. vinegar 4 tbsps. Worcestershire Sauce

Make barbecue sauce by combining catsup, vinegar, sugar and Worcestershire Sauce. Brush ham slices with barbecue sauce. Place under broiler from 5-10 minutes and serve on browned rice.

Browned Rice:

Lightly brown ¾ cup chopped onions and 1½ cups dry, uncooked rice in 3 tbsps. bacon drippings. Add ½ tsp. salt. Add 3½ cups water. Cover and cook for 20 to 25 minutes. Just before cooking time is completed, add ½ cup chopped green pepper and finish cooking. 4 servings.

Star Ham Salad Rolls

1½ cups cooked Star Ham, cubed
½ cup celery, diced fine
¼ cup chopped sweet pickles
¼ cup mayonnaise
¼ tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper
4 finger rolls
1 hard cooked egg

Make salad of ham, celery, pickles, mayonnaise, salt and pepper. Cut a long gash in the finger rolls along the top from end to end. Butter the cut surface and fill the inside cavity with the ham salad mixture. Serve on a luncheon plate. Garnish with parsley and a slice of hard cooked egg on top of each roll. Makes 4 hearty servings. Fine for buffet suppers.

© ARMOUR AND COMPANY

For finest quality and flavor ask for Armour's Branded Products:

Star Ham and Bacon
Star Beef
Star Lamb and Veal
Star Sausages
Star Canned Meats
Cloverbloom Poultry and Dairy Products

Armour and Company

Fifty Years Ago in the Journal

I DON'T Want to Play in Your Yard was the pet tune of April, 1894, when people were eating fried ice cream in pastry shells and Madison Parish, Louisiana, had eight lynchings in one week. The New York Times called the proposed income tax unworkable, "since no man would disclose his actual revenue." Coxey's footsore "hunger" army was marching on Washington; Congressman W. C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, paid a $15,000 breach-of-promise award, and good cooks were plentiful at $3.50 a week.

In the April, 1894, **JOURNAL**, *a Madame Blanc writes that the American woman's desire for the vote "is like a spoiled child asking for the moon."*

To a young woman who writes in asking if platonic friendship is possible between a man and a woman, Edward Bok gives a definite "No!" and adds, "It is a curious thing that we hear little about such friendships among the plainer-featured women."

For a "simple" wedding breakfast, to be prepared without help at home, the JOURNAL *suggests: "Baked bananas, broiled shad with roe sauce, lyonnaise potatoes, breaded lamb chops with tomato sauce, French rolls, sweetbread cutlets with cream sauce, French peas, melon and charlotte russe."*

"I want to say something very emphatically," says fashion editor Isabel Mallon, "and this is it: It is always bad taste to wear all one's jewels in the daytime. A handsome brooch, some rings, a chatelaine, a bangle or two are permitted, but the necklace, the jeweled bracelets and the jeweled pins for the hair are absolutely vulgar."

"Lily of the Valley: If you love a man and he asks you to marry him, I think you are very silly to refuse him simply because he did not propose in the manner you considered most desirable. Postures under these circumstances mean nothing."

Spring styles: "Sleeves and yokes are thickly spangled with jet. . . . For the hair, try a band of white satin with a dead-white rose, or a green velvet one with a gold butterfly poised for flight. . . . A very elaborate white trimming has an appliqué of pale green velvet studded with silver, gold and jet spangles with imitation amethysts glittering everywhere. Certainly it is a season when nobody can complain of a lack of richness of coloring or decoration."

Journal about Town

With eyes closed against flying champagne, Journal author Adela Rogers St. Johns starts the Achernar down the ways.

PHOTO FROM EUROPEAN

GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE YOU KNOW, EDITORS YOU LIKE AND WHAT GOES ON IN NEW YORK

ACROSS the river at Kearney, when *Adela Rogers St. Johns* was about to christen the Liberty ship Achernar, the Navy man in charge of the launching told her with such feeling how unlucky for the ship it would be if she were to miss, that in her zeal she sprained the index finger of her right hand, and had a terrible time typing the final installment of her new serial, They're Only Young Once, which opens this month in the JOURNAL. As the picture proves, she didn't miss—even though she closed her eyes.

Two other brand-new Liberty ships whose fortunes the JOURNAL *will follow with interest are the Cyrus H. K. Curtis, named after the founder of this magazine, and the Edward Bok, named after the* JOURNAL'S *famous ex-editor; the first christened at Portland, Maine, by the late publisher's daughter,* ***Mary Curtis Zimbalist,*** *and the Edward Bok at Jacksonville, Florida, by* ***Catherine Van Dyck Nornabell,*** *one of Mr. B.'s most frequent contributors.*

We asked the Navy why it was you hardly ever see a Navy nurse around. The answer was simple: too busy. About the only time they get over here from the big hospital in Brooklyn is when a convalescent sailor or marine comes over to take part in a War Bond rally or parade and needs attendants. These are their big moments. As when, the other day on Fifth Avenue, we couldn't tell which one in a jeep was more delighted: the wounded seaman from the South Pacific or his very pretty ensign escort. Why, when ***Marine Master Sgt. Barney Ross,*** former lightweight champion of the world, still fighting here his Guadalcanal malaria, came over for a rally at Madison Square Garden, the proudest person in the place was the Navy nurse who came along to protect him from his fifty thousand fans.

EUROPEAN

A big moment for both.

In a book called Pictures to Grow Up With we found this painting of Babette, with the blue eyes, and in the phone book we found ***Clare Turlay Newberry,*** the artist, who paints cats all the time, she said, very fast, on soaking wet paper, and is now working up to ocelots and lions and tigers. Had a Persian, she told us, named Orson Welles, that looked exactly like that famous man.

Babette of the blue eyes.

Remember our editorial plea four years ago to send your discarded eyeglasses to *Mrs. Arthur Terry,* in Short Hills, New Jersey? Well, she was in the other day to say she now gets more than 1000 pairs a month from all over the country. From the salvage she personally furnishes 100 applicants a month with new glasses, and gives the old-fashioned magnifying kind direct to people whom they'll help—like the poor old fellow in Bellevue Hospital, who said he hadn't been able to read just right for twenty-five years, then settled down to a detective story.

You don't have to go to Guadalcanal, Sicily, the Aleutians, or other sectors where roughly lettered Stork Club signs facetiously mark canteens, and so on, to estimate the serviceman popularity of this famous New York night spot. You can tell right up on Fifty-third Street, at the original, and without going any farther in than the checkroom. Hardly any civilian headwear in sight—partly, according to hat-check girl ***Lillian McGuiness,*** because so few Stork Club civilians wear hats. Miss McG., who went there one night on a date with an ensign, liked the place so much she asked for the hat-check job and got it. Now she's engaged to an Army Air Force captain. Her biggest tip so far was $200. Some civilian.

EUROPEAN

Evidence of serviceman popularity.

The spring book list is almost too rich for choice. Good anecdotal American history is THE WAY OUR PEOPLE LIVED, by *W. E. Woodward;* important revelations of Japanese-American pre-Pearl Harbor relations, in former *Ambassador Joseph C. Grew's* diary, TEN YEARS IN JAPAN; dramatic family troubles, and real ones, in WEDDING DAY, by *Edwa Moser;* fantastic doings by another family, isolated on a mountaintop in Colorado—*Theodore Pratt's* THUNDER MOUNTAIN; plenty of fun in *James Thurber's* MERRY-GO-ROUND; and a remarkable re-creation of the days of St. Francis and the Children's Crusade, in BLESSED ARE THE MEEK, by *Zofia Kossak,* a Pole, still living (we hope) in Warsaw.

"We seek a peace that is more than just a breathing space between the death of an old tyranny and the birth of a new one." —HENRY WALLACE.

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY

I Lead a "Double Life"

SO YOU CAN SEE HOW I NEEDED IVORY SNOW'S DISHWASHING HELP!

1 Uncle Sam said, "I want you," to both Johnny and me. So when Johnny became a private first-class, I became a first-class (I hoped) private secretary. But, goodness—with housekeeping *and* a job, I had to make *minutes* count! And that bar soap I'd been using for dishes because it was mild on my hands was just *too slow* making suds!

No more slow bar soaps for dishes!

2 So I took to using my strong granulated soap in the dishpan. It was speedier for suds, of course. But, oh-oh, what it did to my hands! I could feel the boss's eagle eye on those red, rough paws every time I took dictation!

No more strong soaps for dishes!

3 Then I got an inspiration! "Look," I said to myself. "You know Ivory Snow is safe for your nicest stockings and undies, don't you? You love it because it's Ivory-pure and mild. AND you love it because it's *granulated* to make rich cleansing suds in a flash. Well—why don't you use it for dishes?" Right there I solved my dishwashing problem—with Ivory Snow that's *both* safe and fast!

WONDERFUL IVORY SNOW is as safe for your hands as the mildest bar soap, but far faster . . . and it's as fast as the strongest granulated soap, but far safer!

HERE'S THE ONLY SOAP THAT'S BOTH IVORY-MILD AND GRANULATED FOR SPEEDY SUDSING!
IVORY SNOW
NEW!
Safer for silks and woolens
99 44/100 % PURE

★ **Uncle Sam says:**

"THANKS . . . FOR SAVING SOAP!"

Ivory Snow, and *all* soap, is made from vital war materials: We must all save soap by using it wisely.

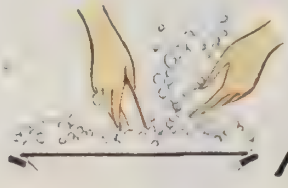
In washing dishes:

1. Scrape grease from dishes.
2. Wash glasses first; then silverware; then dishes.
3. Soak greasy pans first in plain hot water.
4. Use less water . . . and you'll need less soap . . . to make abundant suds.

If your dealer is out of Ivory Snow, don't blame him. We're making it as fast as we can, and he'll have it soon.

★

IVORY SNOW *For Speedier Dishwashing*



For Snow-White Hands

Bitsy

She was pretty and all the boys were after her. "The little minx," thought Charlotte.

They're only Young once

"I'M SUCH A GOOD MOTHER. I NEVER SUSPECT MY CHILDREN. I'M JUST FRIENDS WITH THEM, ADVISE THEM WHEN THEY ASK FOR IT AND LET THEM WORK OUT THINGS FOR THEMSELVES."

★ ★ ★ BEGINNING A NEW SERIAL ★ ★ ★

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

BEHIND the drawn shades required by the dim-out, the Cuttings were having a party. Inside, the lights blazed high and the rooms were warm with laughter and the breath of humanity and the gaiety of many colors. John Wilson leaned back against the red bar and fought back a yawn. Only ten-thirty, and he was enjoying himself well enough—these were his best friends—but he hadn't had a decent night's sleep in a week—in a month—and his eyes felt gritty and his muscles were sore with fatigue. Being lean and bony and hard-bitten, he didn't show it much, but the letdown of being home was getting to him.

Looking down the long room to the air-raid-warden sign in the window, he didn't see Charlotte anywhere, which was odd. Usually Charlotte was the center of everything; the enthusiastic way she enjoyed everything set the keynote for the party. John Wilson's pulse quickened at the thought of her. Tonight she'd be there beside him, filling the void of loneliness he hadn't been able to get used to in all these long months. Often he woke up in strange hotels somewhere in Kansas or New Jersey or New York and reached for her and when he got back to sleep he was still restless, conscious that she wasn't there. Tonight when he woke he'd be able to reach out and touch her, the way a man should.

Half heard through his thoughts, the talk of the men around him eddied louder and louder: "I can't figure what OEW is after—I been in this business twenty years and been pretty successful." . . . "If the Manpower

Clare

"But you're not letting me in for anything, Joe," she said. "Does your wife object to your having supper with a friend?"

John, Jr.

"I'd tell her," Junior said loudly. "If she was my daughter I would tell her something, all right. I'd tell her plenty."

Commission isn't going to protect aircraft workers from the draft, how do they think ——" . . . "Well, *somebody's* got to be drafted, I guess—fathers or kids seventeen or workers or *somebody*—I guess you can't fight a war and spare everybody's feelings." . . . "I told this guy from WPB—I told him right out—I said, 'I'll co-operate to the fullest extent,' I said, 'but,' I said ——" . . . "Now you take a man like MacArthur ——"

You could tune in on this conversation anywhere in the United States tonight, John Wilson thought. *I have heard it in Dayton and Seattle and Detroit.* He said, "Little old Yankee horse sense'd help a lot," and suddenly he could hold back the yawn no longer; it tore loose, and he said apologetically, "Never sleep on a plane."

Bert Cutting said, "Some folks have got money for the first time in their lives and don't know what to do with it. And they're not the only ones, either. The war's raising thunder with all of us. Even the kids. Specially the kids. I tell you, John, when I see what's happening to them, to boys and girls like my Howard and your Clare ——"

"Forget it, Bert. You're talking the way the old folks used to talk about us, the last time."

John Wilson was sleepily amused at the idea of this bewildered little man's worrying about Clare. Not even a war could do anything bad to Clare. John Wilson felt a sudden warming pride in the thought of her calm, clear-headed young self-sufficiency. She was as intelligently and competently mistress of herself and her emotions as if she'd been twenty-seven instead of barely seventeen. Her father remembered, with a drowsy smile at its needlessness, his own worry over that affair with the Harrington boy, a year or so ago. Clare had certainly fallen hard for that beautiful young heel. Even if Charlotte had been right in calling it a schoolgirl crush, even if you couldn't be really in love at fifteen, you could think you were. And you could be hurt. The way Clare must have been hurt when she picked up that newspaper, the very day she was expecting Harrington to fly home to spend his leave with her and saw those headlines about his marriage to a girl out of a night-club floor show.

It *had* hurt her, John Wilson told himself, hurt her terribly. He hadn't been deceived by the way she'd pretended that it didn't. Charlotte was wrong in thinking that the reason Clare could cover up her feelings so perfectly was that there weren't any real feelings to be hidden. But Charlotte had been right in predicting that Clare would get over it quickly. Already, according to Charlotte's letters, there was somebody else.

John Wilson stopped thinking about it. Another yawn overpowered him and he said, "It's been swell getting together."

Bert said, "That's what Mimi thought when she heard you were coming home. We thought it would be like old times—not that it is, exactly ——" His eyes upon John Wilson were wistful, a little bewildered.

John Wilson put a hand on the little man's shoulder.

ACROSS the noisy room Mimi Cutting caught the flash of his smile and sighed. Charlotte had always been the lucky one. There was Bert, bless him, getting bald and paunchy and fretful, while John Wilson still looked like a man you could be actively in love with, not just with an old-shoe sort of fondness. Maybe that was what kept Charlotte Wilson so ridiculously young-looking. Or maybe it was working as hard as she did to keep herself young-looking that gave John and Charlotte Wilson that air of still being lovers.

Mimi Cutting wriggled one foot out of a shoe that had begun to pinch. It occurred to her that she was always buying shoes too small for her; it hadn't used to matter—she could throw them away—but it mattered now. She was glad to be quiet for a moment; everything seemed to be going all right, but parties were a lot more trouble than they used to be—you couldn't count on anything or anybody. This party seemed just the same, but it wasn't. It was like an old friend with a feverish flush.

They had all been going along, with just ordinary things happening: birth and death and marriage and divorce, some of the men making more money, times better or worse, but in a way you could look ahead and see the limits of what could happen. Now anything could happen. No bombs had dropped, but just the same everybody had been bombed out of the accustomed ways. The blast of reality was upon you. Even if a person just squirmed under blood banks and Bond drives and gas rationing and taxes and men in uniform, other people knew he was a squirmer.

My son is sixteen, Mimi Cutting thought, and became aware of John Wilson standing beside her. She got her foot back into the shoe somehow and smiled up at him. There was, she thought, more gray where the hair crisped back from his lean temples. He wasn't exactly handsome, but she had never seen a man whose looks she liked so well. The arched nose, and the severe strong mouth, and the clear gray eyes. As far as she knew, he'd never looked at any other woman since he married Charlotte, and sometimes Mimi thought Charlotte wasn't good enough for him.

Over the noise of the radio and the women's voices, John Wilson said, "Do you know, I haven't seen my family in two months. I'm going to spend Sunday getting acquainted with them; I'd kind of like to know how they're doing."

"My Howard says Bitsy's the prettiest girl in town," Mimi Cutting said. "Not that he ever has a chance for a date with her. Too many uniforms around." There wasn't any use telling John Wilson what else Howard had said about Bitsy. Probably he was just sore anyway because she had no time for him this summer.

"I guess Bitsy's dates aren't very important," John Wilson said comfortably. "She isn't fifteen yet."

"She looks older," Mimi said. "But then they all do."

"I'VE got to go and get me a night's sleep in a real honest-to-goodness bed," John Wilson said, with that sudden, almost shy smile that Mimi remembered from the days when they all went to school together. And she said:

"You're looking for Charlotte. I think she's in the sun porch shooting craps."

She said it indulgently. When they went to school together, Mimi and Charlotte Halloran had been best friends. But even then, everything had been Charlotte: "O-o-oh, Mimi, John Wilson's asked me to the dance Saturday night and Bert Cutting says he'll take you and you have to come because grandma won't let me go unless you do, you know how she *is*." That gay, excited little voice came back to Mimi Cutting across the years. She would always love Charlotte, but she knew she was still envious. Charlotte had everything. Look at the way her children adored her. Look at the light in John Wilson's eyes as they searched for her. No wonder she was spoiled.

Suddenly John Wilson began to laugh. In the shadow of the Pyramids, upon the sands of the Gobi Desert, among a thousand thousand women, he would know those legs. Trim and feminine, but something of the little girl about them still. *Not seductive,* he thought; *they're—they're lovable. When I used to wait for her in the parlor of that grim old house of her grandmother's, I used to see them first, through the banisters, coming downstairs. I used to get all warm inside because she was coming down to me.* He went around into the sun porch and Charlotte was sitting on the floor, and everybody was laughing. The light was caught in her hair and her head was on one side in that familiar gesture—Bitsy had it too—and Charlotte was regarding the dice with glee.

"But that's another seven," she said.

Sim Gordon, beside her, began to laugh. He didn't look very military in his Army uniform; he still looked like a banker and not a lieutenant colonel. But, as Sim said, somebody had to handle the pay roll and meet the bills for the Army. He was doing a good job, at that.

"If I ever shoot craps with a beginner again," Sim Gordon shouted, "they can bust me to a shavetail."

Charlotte began to laugh, too, and she looked up, a long way up, and said, "John, why didn't anybody ever tell me about this before? It's so much easier than bridge."

"It's a game that comes into its own in wartime," John Wilson said mildly. He thought not many women could get away with sitting on the floor like that. Cora Gordon looked like a camel. He said, "Come on home before you find out how fickle dice can be." He picked her up and she stood laughing at him, her hands full of bills. He could look down upon the top of her shining head; he liked that, he had always liked it.

On her feet she was small and slim and she had that air of purely feminine elegance that only little women ever achieve. Yet under the flattering lines of the long-sleeved dinner gown there was a surprising and unexpected sturdiness. In a way it was as contradictory as the square jaw, which most people missed under the dazzle of the big eyes, that were a cloudy purple-blue, and the pretty mouth and incredibly white teeth. In spite of the paint and powder Charlotte used so well, it was still Grandma Halloran's jaw.

"I think," John Wilson said, "I had better take my child bride home before somebody cuts her throat."

"Can I help it if the dice roll that way?" Charlotte said. "They're Sim's dice."

"Take her home," Sim Gordon said, trying to keep that crest-of-the-wave party spirit. "Take her home," he shouted noisily; "she's a menace."

"I love it!" Charlotte said. She walked over to say good night to Mimi, and they kissed. Charlotte said, low, almost absently, "You're getting fat.

(Continued on Page 129)

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CAR

Charlotte & John

In his heart was still tenderness for his wife's simplicity, her innocence of real evil, her gay acceptance of the pleasant things of life.

SONG

"You still look like a baby—hasn't anything happened to you? I remember—a husband."

UNTIL noon, it had been a day like any other. She was meeting Roxie—the girl who shared her apartment—for lunch, but Roxie was usually late. There was no need to rush. She moved neatly through the midday crowds, a fair-haired girl with a childishly fine skin, dressed in unobtrusive navy blue—not particularly smart. Her eyes were cool and held a faint scorn for the noisy, hurrying people pushing against her.

Then she saw him. The physical reaction came first; she began to tremble, and the tide of her blood was set in motion, flooding into her face and throat. Then her mind said to her, *It's Dale. After four years, it's Dale.* The uniform seemed so natural to him that there was no surprise in it, although she had never seen him in a uniform before. *But naturally,* she thought—*naturally.* He was talking with another man, and they were both laughing about something. Sun glinted on Dale's teeth and in his eyes, and the short mustache was black against his sun-dark skin, and he looked like a high-school girl's dream—straight out of Hollywood. She saw this with a lip-curling clarity, in spite of the fact that this same dream had lain heavy in her heart for four years.

The other man flipped his hand against Dale's chest in a farewell gesture and disappeared in the crowd, and Dale looked up and saw her.

"Allie! Somebody's sure putting on this show right." His clear, rich voice carried over the little space between them, and the next moment his hand was on her arm, guiding her out of the jam toward the open doorway of an office building. He spoke in the old confident, rapid way: "Where are you going? Here, put up your face—I want a good look at you. Have you had lunch? You still look like a baby—hasn't anything happened to you? Haven't you done any living since the last time I saw you?"

"A little."

He dropped her arm. "Of course. It all comes back. You got yourself a husband."

"No."

"No? What happened to him?" He stared at her, his eyes raking impatiently across her face, her figure. "This takes telling. Let's go get lunch. Are you glad to see me, sweetheart? I wasn't going to ask you that, but if there's no husband in the picture —— Come on, that will do—place across the street. Good heavens, Allie—it's been four years."

She hung back weakly. "I can't, Dale. I've got an engagement."

"I don't doubt it. So have I. You can telephone your regrets."

SHE let him maneuver her across the street, took the nickel he put into her hand and went into a phone booth. She spoke to someone at the restaurant where she and Roxie were to meet. She supposed she spoke to someone, although her own voice was inaudible to her. All her senses were absorbed outside. She watched Dale through the window of the booth, turning as he moved, so that he was never out of her sight, and her heart pounded out the old rhythm: *I hate him; I hate the kind of man he is! I'll always hate him. He thinks all he needs to do is whistle. But he'll see I've changed—everything is changed.* And she thought cautiously, *I should have let him go on thinking I was married. But no, he'd have gotten it out of me; and besides, that's part of it, part of his seeing.* She'd smile coolly, and let

FOR A HERO

"You'd have gone to Brazil with me four years ago if I'd turned on the pressure."

The bravest men have the most need to be Loved

BY MONA WILLIAMS

him see that she was still available—but not for him.

She walked out of the booth, the smile trembling on her mouth. She said politely, "I have only an hour or so, but I want to hear everything you've been doing. I know it's been exciting."

"Allie, come off that; what are you trying to give me?" He gave her an exasperated little push in the direction of a table. "Listen, now. I'm assuming you're interested. What you've got is a week—exactly. Because that's what I've got. You can hear a lot in that time—I've been storing it up for you."

She lifted her brows. "For me—and anyone else who'll listen?"

"Sweet, don't be sarcastic—we haven't time. First I want to hear about the husband—just for the record. How long did it last—the perfect marriage? One year—two?"

She said jauntily, "It didn't last at all. We changed our minds a week before the wedding. I believe you'd already taken off by then, hadn't you?"

That was the way to say it—"I believe you'd taken off!" He'd been gone exactly ten days. Ten days—no, eleven—before she was to be married to Walter Stokes. Dale had asked her to go to South America with him. She had never known whether marriage was included in the invitation or not, and she hadn't risked asking. No self-respecting girl would take a proposal like that seriously, just before her announced wedding, and Allie had not taken it seriously. But three days later she had broken off with Walter. Something was wrong; something had happened to her first feeling for him, and suddenly it had not seemed enough to marry on.

Dale said, beckoning a waiter over her shoulder, "Could I have had anything to do with the mind changing? Because if I had, you should have let me in on it, you know. Considering that I went away for the sole purpose of forgetting you."

"That's not true," she said furiously. "You were going anyway; there was some wonderful job opening up—there was always something new and wonderful. You simply told me I could tag along if I felt like it. What a short memory you have, Dale!"

But he had remembered to order just what she liked for lunch. Everything he did, every gesture he made, she thought despairingly, cut into her like a knife: the way he shut one eye, holding the cigarette in his mouth; the restless way he moved his neck inside his collar, like a lion in a cage—everything.

He was saying, "Maybe it was just as well you didn't tag along. I've covered a lot of ground since then. From Brazil I went to China. I learned to fly. Heard of the Flying Tigers? I was there when that outfit was organized. The war was young then. What an outfit!"

She sat there, listening. Of course that was how it would be. The most wonderful, absolutely super guys that ever took up a plane, and of them all, Dale would be the most wonderful—the bravest, the smartest, the daredevil model for the rest of them.

She sat there, saying every little while, "That must have been marvelous," and "How thrilling!" and "Really, all by yourself?" and smiling a bitter little smile, because in spite of all he had done, he hadn't changed at all. A blowhard, she said to herself cruelly. A glamour boy. Because these were the words that protected her, and if she could hold onto them everything he said would seem ridiculous, like a little boy's boasting.

From China, after the original Tigers had disbanded, he had gone to the South Pacific, for the purpose of transplanting some of General Chennault's tactics to a new theater. But instruction had been too tame for him. He'd had to get into active service. Well, he'd seen action, all right. Australia—New Guinea—Guadalcanal. Finally his leave had come through. They'd flown him and three companions in separate planes from Guadalcanal, because they were too valuable to risk making the trip together. Singly, the Air Forces didn't stand to lose so much.

This was an offhand comment, tossed in as he watched his own brown, nervous fingers arranging bread sticks in a wicker basket. He'd been in New York three days now. The first real vacation he'd had in four years. And already he was anxious to get back—that is, until now. Until he'd found Allie.

She said slowly, "Then you hadn't intended to do anything about—finding me—if it hadn't just happened?"

"I almost broke up your marriage once. It seemed only decent to keep off the prowl this time. No, I wasn't going to look you up for a social call, if that's what you mean. There's nothing grimmer than trying to graduate an old flame into an old pal. If you succeed, it's like eating ashes. If you don't ——" He said "Check, please," in the direction of the waiter, and stood up. "I can't talk here. It's too noisy. We'll go up to my room. My hotel's just around the corner."

"No—no, Dale. I won't do that. You mustn't ask me."

"You must have been running with a pack of wolves. Given you ideas. All I want is a little peace and quiet to talk to you in. I haven't half started, Allie."

The important thing was not to let him think she was afraid. She could be alone with him in a hotel room, or on a desert island, as long as she held onto this wonderful new strength—this contempt. *He wants to tell me more about his gallant deeds*, she thought scornfully; *how he's personally winning the war.*

"For fifteen minutes, then," she said. "After that, I'll really have to run." And then her voice failed her. It got small and shaky with memory. "Oh, I don't see what you could possibly have to say to me now! Everything's been said between us, and forgotten."

"I haven't forgotten anything," Dale said, picking up her gloves, "and neither have you."

The room was large and impersonal, and no sunlight came into it, and it had the kind of order that a chambermaid imposes upon a disorderly person. Allie sat down in the chintz-upholstered chair by the window. She did not put down her gloves or her bag. She held them in her lap. She started to say "You were going to tell me ——" when Dale closed the door and walked rapidly across the room. To her complete astonishment, he dropped down beside her and laid his face against her open hands. She couldn't speak. She was terribly embarrassed. Warmth rushed into her cheeks and beat in her temples.

"Please—oh, don't—what are you doing?" She struggled to her feet, and then he was standing too.

"Will you marry me, Allie?" he asked. "As soon as we can get the license? Before I go back?"

She stood there, perfectly quiet, breathing with slow, deep breaths, as though she were in a high altitude, feeling the coolness of her flesh as the blood receded from it listening to the words echoing (Continued on Page 88)

The Annulment

A STORY FOR EVERY WOMAN WHO HAS HAD HER HEART BROKEN, AT LEAST ONCE, BEFORE SHE WAS EIGHTEEN . . . AND STILL REMEMBERS.

By Nelia Gardner White

The Journal's Complete-in-One-Issue Novel

FACING a certain historic square in an Eastern city stands the Buckingham, an oldish hotel given over for the most part to permanent guests who do not mind paying a couple of hundred dollars a month for two rooms. The large and somewhat ornate dining room with its great chandelier is at the back of the hotel, but in the front there is a small room designated on the street door as the Buckingham English Grill and Bar. What few young people there are in the hotel, and those older ones who prefer cheer to luxury, congregate in this room at mealtime, for it does have a warmth and brightness the dining room lacks. On one side there are two very wide casement windows flanking a great fireplace which has a coat of arms with two lions rampant as decoration, and at the front you can look through windows and door to the square, giving its false sense of country strayed into the heart of a great city. Opposite the fireplace, the paneled wall is hung with Herring sporting prints. There is Molly, the waitress, who knows every crotchet of the guests and who deals with said crotchets with infinite patience. And there was, till recently, Franz, the tall, sunken-cheeked Alsatian, who had no patience at all and who intrigued or irritated by his rudeness, giving clients not what they ordered, but what he thought they ought to order. At the far end is the bar.

Into this room one day several years ago there came by the street door a tall man with an air of success somewhat subdued by the tiredness of his blue eyes, and a young girl of seventeen or so. It was just before the day when long hair was considered normal and beautiful, yet this girl had fair hair cut shoulder length in an Alice-in-Wonderland fashion that yet contrived to lend her sophistication and grace. She wore a coat of clipped beaver and a small button of a fur cap on her long hair. Both the face of the man and that of the girl were tense with some emotion that had nothing to do with a luncheon in the Buckingham. They came straight up the little flight of steps with its decent iron railing and down the room to the two red leather chairs in front of the fireplace as if they knew those chairs of old. The man hung up his coat and they sat down. A low gas fire burned in the grate and the lights were on, because the room was gray with the snowy winter's day. It was early, just past noon, and they were at first alone in the grill.

Franz came sauntering up slowly, as if he didn't much care what happened to his customers, put down two doilies, two glasses of water and two menus, then went away again and refused to look their way for a long time.

He's something special," Olivia had said. "Women go mad about him. Because he's hard to get." Abbie waited, but Jonathan Elliot neither called nor phoned.

"How about the squab, Abbie? It's always good ere," the man said.

"It doesn't matter," the girl answered. "I'm not ungry."

But Franz did not come near them, so they sat there or some moments in an odd silence. The girl, Abbie, slid ut of her coat. She wore a plain, schoolgirlish dress of ray-blue wool. There was something about her gray yes, however, that did not look young at all. The man ave her now and then an uneasy glance, but seemed nable to find any casual words to fill the silence. Fially he said determinedly:

"Abbie, it's over. I know you hate me and the whole orld at this moment, but please believe me; this would ever have done, and in time you'll know it too."

She was staring at one of the Herring prints. It was alled Full Cry, and showed the hunt sweeping over a edge, across a field fresh-plowed, the hounds leading, he pink coats making an exciting color against the landcape. One rider's horse had balked at the hedge and the ider had taken a spill, landing by the ditch while the unt flowed on without him. She kept on looking at this rint as if it were saying something to her, but she said:

"All right. Let's not talk about it if it's over. I've erjured myself; you've had your way, because you have he law and the power on your side. But when you say t would never have done, you don't know what you're alking about."

"I shall never forgive Miss Ferris," he said.

"Miss Ferris had nothing to do with it."

"You were in her charge."

"You mean I was staying with her. I wasn't a pupil— was her friend, staying with her in the country. Natrally, she trusted me. She still does," she ended harshly.

"If she does, then she's no fit person to be the head of girls' school. I'm sorry, Abbie, but that's the way I feel bout it. . . . We'll have the squab, Franz, and coffee."

"I advise the duckling, Mr. Harrington. It's very ice today."

"The squab, Franz, please."

Franz went away, muttering to himself.

The man, Mr. Harrington, said, "She should, at the ery least, have notified me before she did."

"Why should she? She knew we were right."

"You mean she's a frustrated, romantic old maid."

"Do we have to quarrel about it?" Abbie said, puting her fork very straight. "You said it was all over— hy don't you let it be over? I stayed with Rob for hree days—yes, and slept with him—but you've got it nnulled. I loved him and he loved me, but you've uined it all and made it ugly and indecent. Aren't you satisfied? Must we hash it over? Just let me say this, dad: you've always wanted me to think for myself, but now, the very first time I've made a major decision for myself, you treat me as if I were a child. I am not a child: I—I'm the fox those dogs in that picture up there are chasing, and you've all driven me till I'm pretty close to being finished. But I'm not finished. I'll find a hole to get into that no one can dig me out of, and I'll stay there from now on. I'm not of age, I know that. But I will be, and I can stay in my hole till then; after that, I shall do exactly as I please."

He put his arms along the table, glanced at the print and then looked at her with loving anxiety. "Aren't you, instead, the man who's had a spill?" he said. "You think you're killed, but you're not. You'll get up and brush yourself off, get on your horse and go on with the rest. Don't make yourself any more tragic than you are, Abbie."

Franz came up with two plates of duckling. "I'm afraid the squab's all gone, sir," he said, "but I'm sure you'll find the duckling quite tasty."

"What do you mean, all gone? You haven't even started serving luncheon yet. Please get the squab."

"It doesn't matter. This is all right," Abbie said.

Franz set the plates down with a small satisfied smile, ignoring the angry red that touched Mr. Harrington's cheekbones.

"Really, Franz is intolerable," the latter said. "I don't know why I ever come here." He attacked his food angrily, but Abbie sat quite still, not touching anything. When the coffee came, she did drink that, but in a remote fashion, as if she hardly knew she had done so.

Some other people had come in now, and the father and daughter said nothing more that mattered till they had finished and were out in the street again.

"Shall I take you home, Abbie?" Mr. Harrington said then hesitantly.

"No, I'll take the train."

"Look here, Abbie," he said more determinedly, "you've got to believe that I've done this because I love you and want the best for you. I'm not against you, as you seem to believe. I'm for you and always have been. You have tremendous potentialities and I want you to fulfill them. You couldn't have done so this way, no matter what you think at the moment. If, when you're of age, you still want this, I won't say a word. It'll be up to you. But I'll be willing to stake everything that you won't want it, that you'll see this as I do. You've got too much common sense not to."

She stood there in the snow, looking at him steadily and scornfully. "I'll run along now," was all she said.

He had to leave it at that. She had begun to walk away from him toward the railroad station. The snow fell on her fur coat and the little button of a hat. She disappeared in the snow.

Several stations past the city's edge she got out of the train and, ignoring the cab at the curb, began to walk the half mile home. It was still snowing, but she paid no attention to the wet—just walked on erectly, looking neither to right nor to left. Her own house was set away from the main traffic on a little hill. It was a rather fine house, old, of stone painted white in the Dutch fashion. The grounds were extensive, with beautiful beech trees planted here and there, planted long ago by some other generation and now tall and nobly proud even without their dark red leaves.

She took her key from her bag, but stood a moment motionless on the one low front step before she went in. In that moment her maturity seemed stripped from her. She was only a young girl and the gray eyes that had been so scornful and stubborn as she'd left her father were full of bewilderment and sorrow—that sorrow which only youth knows and which dares to go to the very bottom of the pit of despair, perhaps because youth instinctively knows it has the strength to climb out again. Then she opened the door and walked into the hall.

Mrs. Coyle, who had run the house ever since Abbie's mother had died, came forward anxiously. "You're soaking wet, child!" she said. Her eyes asked a question, but she had great reserve and respected reserve in another, so she did not speak the question.

But Abbie answered it. "Well, I'm single again," she said quite lightly.

Over Mrs. Coyle's face went a little shadow like that of pain, but she said only, "You'd better get in by the fire and dry out. I'll bring you something hot." She took Abbie's wet coat and hung it up.

Abbie walked into the living room and over to the fire. There was nothing in the lovely room to show that the house had no mistress other than a girl of seventeen. It was warm and bright and lived in. There was a great white bowl of tulips on an octagonal table just where it caught the light, and the big piano was polished lovingly. Books rose to the ceiling on either side of the hearth, and the old rugs on the dark floor were worn to a golden glow. The fire leaped up as if it were always burning there, not just lighted for ceremonial occasions.

Mrs. Coyle brought in a small tray with tea things on it. "Tea always warms a body up after a chill," she said. Then she said, a little more formally, "You've had several phone calls—from

(Continued on Page 46)

ILLUSTRATED BY R. C. HARRIS

CAN ADULTS THINK?

STOP AND THINK. HAVE YOU CHANGED YOUR MIND IN THE PAST TEN YEARS?
THESE TESTS WILL TELL YOU HOW MUCH OF A MENTAL GIANT YOU ARE.

By Mortimer J. Adler

IT MAY be true that you can't teach an old dog new tricks. But men are not dogs and ideas are not tricks. The legend that grownups cannot learn so easily as children—or can't learn at all—has hung on for a long time. It may have comforted many a lazy adult who preferred movies or the radio to the painful process of thinking. But it just isn't so.

Never too old to learn

The legend is reduced to a myth by scientific evidence on adults' ability to learn. Doctor Thorndike, of Columbia, has come to the conclusion, after painstaking research, that while the ability to learn seems to reach its height at twenty-five and drops until at forty-five it corresponds to what it was at eighteen, "the change from eighteen to forty-five is so slight that there is no reason for diffidence, on the part of those in the prime of life, about undertaking new branches of learning." He estimates the decrease after twenty-five at no more than 1 per cent a year. Professors Sorenson and Price, of Minnesota, conducting further investigations of the problem, found that "the decline in the mental abilities of adults is functional; it results from disuse and not from organic degeneration."

Even if there were no scientific evidence, we ought to know just by common sense that people don't stop thinking at eighteen or twenty-five or forty-five—or at least they don't have to stop thinking. What nonsense that phrase, "the prime of life," would be if it referred to the period when men and women no longer had the ability to think. Now it is obvious that anyone who can think can learn. Anyone who stops thinking stops learning. And thinking would be a funny thing, indeed, if it were something only the young could do, or do well.

But the myth persists that adults cannot learn, or at least that they do not do much learning as the years overtake them. It is not a myth concocted by children to humiliate their elders. It is a story we adults tell about ourselves, perhaps to avoid a frank confession of guilt. For all of us, if we are at all honest about ourselves, know that we don't do much thinking, and hence very little real learning, in the course of the hurried years. And most of us gradually get to the point where we resign ourselves to letting others do the thinking for us.

The mind does not grow weaker just by aging, but by disuse. If, as a matter of fact, our minds did weaken with the years that land us in the prime of life, we could not do anything about it, however much we regretted that this was Nature's way of doing things. But that isn't the case. The decline in our mental abilities is something of our own doing. It is something we can prevent, just as we can prevent flabby muscles by exercising them, or a ragged game of golf by practicing our strokes.

Mental Calisthenics

The familiar mental tests which are given to school children to measure their I.Q.'s are a way of detecting the amounts of native intelligence with which they were gifted at birth. There are other tests which measure the amount of educational accomplishment at various levels of schooling. And there are quizzes in books and on radio programs by which adults measure the stock of assorted information they have gathered from the passing show. But none of these tests measures the mental condition of adults—the state of the equipment with which a grown man or woman is supposed to be doing his daily thinking about the questions of the hour, about his own life or his country's. The kind of test I am thinking of is one which would tell each of us what we have been doing with our mind since we left school or college, whether we have been using it actively, whether we have been improving the talents we were born with.

I should like to propose a test by which adults can measure their own I.Q.'s. By "I.Q." here I mean the "Improvement Quotient," not the "Intelligence Quotient"—the ability we have acquired, not the native ability with which we started. The thing to be discovered is not whether an adult knows more or different facts from those he memorized to graduate from school or college; but, rather, whether he can think better about any of the major problems of human life. We can certainly be sure of one thing: if he doesn't think differently about these problems, he cannot be thinking better. There is no improvement without change, though, of course, since change may be for better or for worse, there can be change without improvement.

The first part of the test, therefore, is a way of finding out whether you have changed your mind. It invites you to consider some basic questions, and to see if, in answering them, you give the same answer you would have given ten or twenty years ago—or, shall we say, at the moment of graduation from school. Compare your answers now with those you remember having given before. Are they different or the same? If they're the same, are they at the same depth of understanding, or has your mind changed in the sense that you now *know* what you stabbed at many years ago? If they're different, can you give the reasons for their being different? If you can't, you may have only changed your prejudices, and that would hardly be improvement.

Now what's your answer?

Take questions like the following—don't forget that the important thing in answering each question is the *why*—and test yourself, or, perhaps, your friends.

1. Is freedom good? Is it good in itself or only as a condition for getting other good things? Is it the greatest good?
2. Does God exist? Did God create the world?
3. How does man differ from other animals? Does man have an immortal destiny?
4. What is truth, and how do we know it when we see it? Is anything either right or wrong for *all* people at *all* times; and, if there is such a thing, how does one discover it?
5. Are pleasure and pain standards for judging whether a line of conduct should be pursued or avoided? Are there any other standards? Are they better than the standards of pleasure and pain?
6. Is that government best which governs least? Is all good government self-government?
7. Is war always wrong; and, if it isn't, under what conditions is it right?
8. Are all men created equal? Is every man created with a *right* to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness? Can he lose that right?
9. Should all men work together on the same basis, or should they work, some as masters and some as servants? Would you rather be a well-fed slave or a starving freeman? Should there be any limit to the acquisition, possession or transmission of private property, and, if there should be, what limits should be set, and by whom?
10. In what does human happiness consist, and how does it differ, if at all, from the happiness of other kinds of creatures?

These are some of the hardest questions men can ask themselves, and all men ask them at one time or another, though they may use other words to do so. If the education we received in school was any good at all, we probably learned some answers to questions of this sort. However superficially we held these answers, the teachers we had and the books we read did something to form our minds. Now the question is whether we have done anything for ourselves since then, whether through experience, through facing practical problems, through further reading, we have deepened the formation of our minds by the continued exercise of our mental faculties.

Any adult who answers these ten questions simply by remembering—perhaps vaguely—what he once thought about these problems long, long ago has obviously done very little for himself in the way of thinking. Even if the remembered answers are true in fact, they were not, as given by the schoolboy, profound or penetrating. The things that are said in a schoolboy bull session may contain lucky flashes of insight, but they are seldom tested by much experience. The answers we give today should be either different or differently understood. That is the minimum we can expect in the way of mental improvement. Through all the benefits of experience and insight which age is supposed to confer, we should certainly have changed our mind on these fundamental questions.

But change of mind is not enough. It must be change for the better. The second part of our test, therefore, must discover the quality of the change. This is much more difficult to measure than the mere occurrence of change itself. Of course, one standard we might use is the criterion of truth itself. A mind has changed for the better if the answers it now gives to fundamental questions are true where before they were false, or if they are closer to the truth. But this criterion cannot be used unless we can get everybody to agree beforehand about what the truth is in answer to each of these questions. And if it were possible for all of us to agree in this way, we should all know the whole truth and there would be no room for mental improvement

(Continued on Page 188)

ou get used to having clothes rot away, and tin cans on each bed leg to keep ts from crawling in with you," says Assistant Field Director Muriel. "These small things." Big event: meeting Generals MacArthur and Eichelberger.

"Friends call me brave to leave home for dangers and discomforts of war. Oh, yeah?" comments Muriel, who comes from Brooklyn and wouldn't exchange present job for anything. Broad smiles from [illegible]

That Red Cross Dame Overseas

BY MURIEL PATCHEN

A THRILL I'll never get accustomed to is the old incredulous cry of "You're an American!" Not that Australian girls don't rate with our soldiers. They do. But can they talk about Keokuk and St. Paul and baseball and doughnuts? The next rush question is, "Where are you from?" I'm from New York City, and you can imagine what remarks that gives rise to. Then we settle down to battle out whose town is best, and invariably come to the conclusion that to each of us our home town is the best town in the best country in the world.

As an assistant Red Cross field director, I act as a clearinghouse for the troubles that beset our men here in Australia: provide for their recreation, bring news of births, disturbing news of deaths, lecture them on writing, wish I could lecture families on keeping their troubles at home instead of burdening the soldiers here, dance with them, eat with them, and generally do everything in my power to make life here a little more pleasant in the face of grimmer days that never lie very far ahead.

At first the soldiers in my area were a bit apprehensive about approaching a woman with their problems. But after the first one came to see me and spread the word among his fellows that "that Red Cross dame isn't so bad" and "I've seen worse," the ice melted.

I wouldn't exchange this job of mine for anything in the world, because I don't know of more satisfactory work anywhere.

For instance, there was the soldier who was worried because his wife was having a baby back home and he knew that the allotment would never see her through. Reports from his home state proved this to be true. So I gave him a loan. He promised he'd never forget, and he didn't: last week a huge box of Australian frangipani came to me with this note: "It's a boy and my wife's feeling fine. I can never thank you enough."

And there's the outfit that's been here more than a year. Their camp is deep in the woods, a good distance from town. The commanding officer called to say that the men would like a radio, if possible. So I combed the town carefully and discovered an Australian woman who offered hers. When I brought that little box under my arm, I was greeted with the warmest of smiles and enough wonderful compliments to turn a stronger head than mine.

Being away from home develops a kind of fervent love for home and the States. I have yet to meet the man who didn't think that the sun rises and sets on the United States of America. In the theaters, backs are straighter and heads are higher when our national anthem is played. And there is an effort, conscious or otherwise, to duplicate the comforts of home as nearly as possible.

When many of our units arrived overseas, they were set down in the midst of woods and told to make a home for themselves. Trees had to be cut down, brush thinned out, tents set up, huts built. Typical of most of the posts there, is the outfit that set up a barbershop with a painted pole in front and built showers by suspending pails with hole-punched bottoms. Not satisfied with this, they refined their showers by cutting open sardine tins, rounding the rough edges and tacking them on trees—and lo, soap dishes! They have just finished building a chapel, with stained-glass windows (2), a marble cross—found by rummaging through the shops in town—and a field-stone pulpit. The chapel was started in March and was ready for Easter services sixteen days later.

Another outfit was hungry for ice cream, so an ice-cream freezer appeared out of an assortment of materials that would have raised the eyebrows of a freezer manufacturer. Out of wood and tin cans and a worn-out chain came a Rube Goldberg washing machine that was strong enough to take care of all the regiment's wash.

Many troops adopt pets and lavish a kind of affection on them that must bewilder the animals. Here in Australia the most common animal to be taken to the broad American bosom is the wallaby—a miniature kangaroo whose belly is soon swollen with delicious grasses hand-picked by self-appointed keepers, and milk surreptitiously withdrawn from the soldiers' own mess. One battery of men in Darwin trained a goanna, a lizard about a foot long, to come to their recreation shack and beg for flies, of which there were plenty. Several organizations I know have adopted the kookaburra bird, commonly known as the laughing jackass. One company, a little weary of the constant chattering of the kookaburra, found the solution by placing a mirror in front of him. Apparently his own reflection stunned him to silence.

And then there are the animal and insect stories that fly thick and fast all the way from New Guinea to the southernmost tip of Australia. Our cocky and imaginative Yanks sure have pulled some tall ones.

For instance, two mosquitoes on a New Guinea reconnaissance flight saw a group of soldiers sitting about, picked up the most likely fellow and flew off with him. "Where'll we go?" one asked. "Let's take him home," said the other. "Bad idea," said the first, "big brother'll steal him from us."

And then, of course, there's the one about the ground crew who put sixty gallons of gasoline into a mosquito before they discovered it wasn't a B-19. But this story is apparently told the world over. Just a short time ago I got it from my brother, who placed it with the Air Corps in New Mexico.

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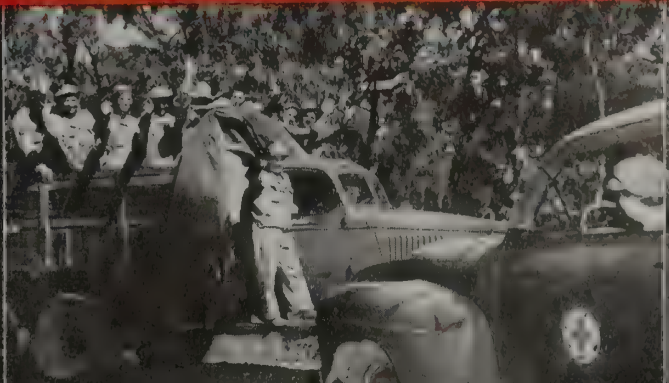
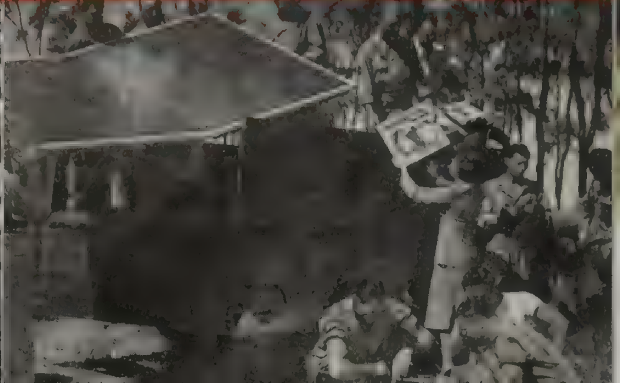
first the boys were reluctant to come to a man with their troubles. Not now!" Muriel es their money, love and family problems.

"A dame!" . . . "An American!" Yanks almost fall off their truck as Muriel drives by. "Sure Australian girls rate," she says. "But can they talk about hot dogs or the Dodgers?"

Yanks restless with long months of "just waiting" eagerly [illegible] tennis table from Red Cross clubmobile [illegible] play the phonograph.





Women are older than Men

There was something different in her face—a purpose, a serenity. "We're having a wonderful time," she said.

★ ★ ★ "WAR'S GOT NOTHING TO DO WITH IT," SAID JOAN. "I'D HAVE KNOWN IT WAS LEE IF WE HAD MET IN THE TIME OF KING HENRY THE EIGHTH."

BY GLADYS TABER

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM LOVELL

THE train was late. Martha kept going out on the platform to look down the empty track, then going back in to look at the clock—which, unlike most station clocks, seemed to be motionless. Outside, the air was crisp and cold as iced celery—it crunched when you breathed it—and the glaze of snow on the rails looked white and cold too. Stillriver was having the first heavy snow, the one that would never melt until the March wind roared in. The flakes fell thick and soft, deceptively soft, for everyone knew the power of the Northern blizzards.

Martha went in again and looked nervously at the clock. The air inside had that dead, moldy smell of small-town stations. The ticket window and the woodwork had a coat of cheap varnish over the spirals and wheels and beadwork and impossible sprays of foliage. The floor was heavy with dark oil. The blackboard had the trains smudged on with a nub of chalk; it was never changed. All the trains were listed On Time. But they never were.

Rodney had said at breakfast, "Now, Martie, don't get down there too early. You know how you are. Don't try to meet yesterday's train." He put down his empty coffee cup and got up. "I'll be home as soon as I can." He gave her the kind of kiss a long-time husband manages. "I suppose now Joan is home, we'll have a piece of meat again."

Martha nodded. "I had a hundred-and-some points and got a roast. I took all of Ella's too. And the Bennets sent over a bottle of cream!"

Isabelle, the black-and-white cocker, climbed in Martha's lap and reached a secret tongue to the breakfast plate, elegant with toast crumbs and a morsel of scrambled egg.

"Well, Bella, meat tonight," said Rod, patting her as he went out.

Now the train was late, and if it didn't come soon the roast would be dry as an old trunk in an attic, thought Martha sadly. Ella would have it ready right on time.

Martha looked at herself in the wavy mirror over the chewing-gum dispenser. The tight little black hat was new and had cost too much. Her dark hair was cut to frame her face, soft and short, and her face was all right, only a little pale. And after all, the coat was still mink, even in this year of belt tightening and the war. *If I had the brains of a rabbit,* she thought, *I could remodel it myself.* Under it, the gray wool was smart and becoming. Her shoe stamps had all gone to Joan, but the last year's pumps were very good, fixed by the new SaveAll service.

Everything, everything had to be as nearly right as possible, because Joan was coming home for vacation. There mustn't be a flaw or a cloud. Now that life was so difficult and youth no more than the beat of one bird wing, you strained to keep some brightness.

Joan had a right to gaiety, to security, to the illusion of it. Martha wondered, wiping soot from her clean gloves, how many mothers right now were waiting to welcome children home, boys soon not to come again, girls going on to a hard world—and even when the war had been over years, life would not have the old easy pattern.

Rod said, "Quit trying to protect her. She's got to face reality. They all do." But he was a man; he didn't know the deep sharp pain of being a mother and seeing your darling threatened on every side with the powers of darkness.

She shook herself and looked at the clock. Joan was still a baby, still a child. No use to get these anxiety spells. *Next thing I know I'll be at the doctor's getting pills,* thought Martha.

She ran out again, and there was a train rolling in, arrogant and ruthless. It was a troop train; every window framed a young tired face. As the train slowed, heads popped from every window, heads three deep. A very young boy in the last car had his head on his arm, and the arm looked thin, the untried hand very dirty. Coming from somewhere, bound for somewhere.

"They need a good scrubbing," said Martha.

The few people on the platform waved and the boys all waved. One boy called, "What town is this?" and then the train was gone, rocking the rails, steaming away the fresh sweet snow.

There must be an answer somewhere, thought Martha, and then she saw the lights of 97, at last, at last. Her heart popped like a firecracker in her breast. It was always the same. Joan was coming home! It was real, she was there; she was, in fact, bouncing from the train and the porter was piling tons of luggage around her.

Joan wore the new beaver coat, soft and brown and smart, and the little velvet camellia in her hair in place of a hat. And she had on—yes, she had on those old saddle shoes to complete the costume. She clutched her guitar in her arms. Three suitcases were beside her, and a hatbox and two parcels tied up with what looked like pieces of old rag rugs.

"Mother!" she said. "I got here!" Her young glowing face was pressed very fleetingly against Martha's burning one. Her dark blue eyes were dilated, her crisp chestnut hair was starred with snow, she smelled of violets. "Mother, I met three Navy men on the train and we sat up all night playing gin in the club car. We had a marvelous time, just too, too marvelous, and they're all coming to see me at school when they get leave. And mother"—they were staggering along under the baggage—"mother, there was an Army man I had breakfast with who was simply plastered with decorations and he's going to send me a grass skirt and some native beads from wherever it is!"

MARTHA started the car. It started very hard, being run only about once a week on heavy errands. The gears groaned and the engine choked and jerked.

"And mother"—Joan leaned forward, the pale light of the falling snow was on her face—"mother, we had a farewell party and everybody wore somebody else's clothes and I never laughed so much in my life. It was priceless, simply priceless. You should have seen Glennie in Deedee's skating suit—we had to tie a string on her to find where she was!"

Main Street was slippery with the glaze of snow. It was suppertime and the few lights were blurred and lemon-colored. People walked with their heads down, letting the snow fall on their hunched collars.

"I got A on my paper on Reconstruction After the War," said Joan, "and Pink said—Pink's the professor, you know—Pink said it was exceptional. I sat up all night to do it and wrapped wet towels around my head and we drank coffee and ate peanut butter all night long. My hands were entirely numb by four o'clock from typing all that time."

The lights were on at the house when they got there. Snow frosted the spiraea bushes, Isabelle had made patterns of tracks all over the white lawn.

"Everything all right, mother?" asked Joan. "How's daddy? I'm going to be in the French play. When do we eat? I'm starved. We don't have anything to eat any more but macaroni and spaghetti and rice. It's simply terrible. You can't imagine ——"

Isabelle was on the porch, tail whirling, eyes anguished with welcome. Joan shot from the car like a bullet and folded the cocker in her arms. Martha unloaded the bags and put the car in the barn. Joan didn't look or act a day over twelve, she thought, and somehow it was a warm thought, a comforting one.

Joan loosed a torrent of words on Ella. "But I mean to tell you, Ella, it was divine, period. It had no back at all and a full skirt ——"

"Indecent," said Ella crisply. "Your mother wouldn't have you run around half naked."

THE house seemed full of laughter and noise. Rodney came in and heard all about the time Deedee fell asleep in Shakespeare and what Professor Green said in Spanish. The roast beef, crusty brown outside and rare inside with the rich juice just ready to follow the carving knife, melted away.

Joan had four helpings. "Red meat," she said happily, "think of it, red meat! Daddy, we have fried mush now! For dinner!"

After dinner Rodney had to go off on air-warden duty at the post. Joan skipped to the door with him to say good-by. The phone had begun to ring every five minutes. Joan wanted to unpack to get her class paper out to show Martha.

"Now you just sit and relax," she said. "I'll get it all done in a second. I'm a wonderful packer now; you'd be amazed!" The phone rang and she flew. "Yes, I'd be simply devastated. But not before nine—I have to unpack. 'By. . . . That was Bill. He's coming around." Joan fished in the biggest suitcase and came up with something in a paper napkin. "There," she said happily. "It's an Oriental rice cake, mother." She opened the napkin and a few shreds of some kind of wafer appeared. "It's got seaweed on the bottom," she said. "I've been saving it and saving it." She took up one crumb. "Want to taste it?"

"Mercy," said Martha, "no, thanks."

Joan laid the napkin tenderly on her bureau and dived in again, emerging with three pairs of evening slippers.

"Did you bring your red evening dress?" asked Martha.

Joan paused, deep in thought. Slim hands on hips, she stared at her mother and then a look of amazement came into her dark blue eyes. "Mother, I forgot my evening dresses! They're hanging in Deedee's closet this minute!"

Martha put her handkerchief over her face a moment and then managed to say composedly, "Well, you have lots of slippers, anyway."

Joan said, "I was just getting ready to pack them when Roger came to date me, now I remember, so I just went on. We were going to the P B for beer and pretzels." Her mouth was soft and dreamy. "Everybody sang, mother, and sang and sang. We put all the tables together and told jokes and ate quarts and quarts of pretzels."

She went on unpacking. Further search yielded her riding boots, seven sweaters, all soiled, five wool skirts, very dirty, four blouses. She held one white one up, laughing heartily. It was about the size of a midget blouse.

"It shrank on me," she said. "I tried to do it up myself, mother, and I just washed it and washed it and then I went to Renaissance History and Ethics and came home and it was dry, so I ironed it, and look what happened!"

"Ella can fix it," said Martha. "You iron those things while they are still damp, baby."

In the end. Bill came while the floor was drifted with clothes, and Martha put them away, sorting the soiled ones, matching the socks. The youngsters would be out all hours now: movies and sodas and the diner—all the small-town amusements. Martha knew how it would be; they'd stop at three or four houses and pick up other boys and girls and in the last hour come home to the clean warm kitchen to eat up everything in the icebox. Just the way it always was. Bill and Ann and George and Gloria and that odd bright Hilda who played the violin and Nancy and Biff.

She went down and hid enough bacon for Rod's breakfast and laid out *(Continued on Page 116)*

There is such Strength

BY ELSA VALENTINE

ALEXANDRA FRITZHOFF'S baby arrived in early March, just as her stepdaughter Augusta knew it would. Augusta had promised, if it was a boy, not to tell her father that the baby had been conceived the summer before while his beautiful wife was visiting Baron Charles von Bergestadt in Vienna. Alexandra had always loved Charles, and even after she had borne three living and two dead daughters to the mild little Protestant minister in Laurelwaters, north of Chicago, her heart was still in Vienna with Charles. The daughters, Octavia, Febricka and Juliana, were a source of deep jealousy to Augusta, who felt that only in sweet, malleable Febby was there a chance to instill her German doctrine.

The baby was a boy. Augusta looked at his blue eyes and rosy skin and felt her fingers tingle with creative desire. She would mold this perfect child to her own way of thinking.

Maman had a difficult time at his birth. When finally she got past the childbed fever, Augusta was put in charge of the sickroom and *maman* saw with terror in her heart that she was in the hands of one who hated her. That night Augusta gave her patient a double dose of Veronal, and when *maman* had fallen into heavy sleep Augusta opened the windows wide on a wet, cold night and removed the blankets. The next morning *maman* was very sick, but Augusta forced her to rouse herself, to drink cold water and to sit for several hours in a straight chair. *Maman* pleaded with Augusta, telling her that she had already made arrangements for the baby's future anyway, and that Doctor Wendell and his wife would take him with them to Austria that summer (1914). She said that she had already written to Charles about the child, named Martin Alexander.

After *maman* died, Augusta told her father that the son was not his. From the look on his face, Augusta knew that her father was lost to her and that she had lost Martin too. But there was still her sister Febby.

As the war entered the third year, Augusta's firm defense of Germany made enemies for the Fritzhoffs. The war had prevented the Wendells from going to Austria, and the care of Martin was turned over to Octavia, who read him the tales of Grimm and Andersen and the adventures of Peter Rabbit. This caused constant war with Augusta, who was determined that Martin was to become vigorous and strong, with a preference for fearlessness and combat rather than for nursery rhymes and toys. Also, during this period, Augusta broke up her father's possible marriage with a parishioner, Gretchen Bach, and even persuaded him that Gretchen had cause for a scandal. She urged him to resign and move to the East so that they wouldn't all be disgraced. Augusta had written to *maman's* Uncle Martin Eberhardt, asking him if he could help the family move East, and in reply he offered them a fine old house he owned in Vermont, in the small village of Verdune, on Lake Champlain.

Before the family moved East, Augusta dealt them another blow. Against Doctor Wendell's orders, she forced Octavia to help with the heavy lifting in spring cleaning. Octavia's heart couldn't stand the strain, and she was dead by the next morning.

Augusta was forced to sell some of *maman's* fine things to pay for the move. She took them to an auctioneer in Chicago. In looking over the things Augusta had packed, Febby discovered a little box with the Von Bergestadt crest and a message in which Charles swore always to love Alexandra. Febby suddenly knew that Martin was their child.

Febby loved Vermont and felt really American there for the first time in her life. She grew warmly attached to old Doctor Ferguson, a neighbor, who listened to her play and told her she'd better study in America and prepare for the concert stage. Doctor Ferguson had three sons: Alan, a writer, who was now in France; Dave, and Larry, who was studying to be a doctor.

Uncle Martin died suddenly, leaving his entire fortune to the Fritzhoffs. Now, said Augusta, Febby could be sent to Germany to study music just as soon as the war was over. When Febby protested that she wanted to study in America, Augusta reminded her, "Don't forget that I'm the head of this family and what you and Julie think matters not in the least."

Febby's first impulse was to fight back wildly, but she ran from the room and knelt quietly in the moonlight, whispering that it was necessary now to begin standing on one's own two feet, to believe as Octavia had, to free oneself forever of Augusta so that in the future not even such strength as hers could tear one from a place such as this.

III

1924

IF ONE walked through the gardens, scaled a stone wall and walked into the wood along a path choked with rusty oak leaves and soft dead pine needles, one came finally to the shore and the choppy blue expanse of Lake Champlain.

Febby came to a standstill and drew a deep, uncertain breath. All the way across the Atlantic she had looked forward to this moment. She stared at the Green Mountains, at their uneven slopes and dark shadows in the water, and smiled to herself reassuringly. The Bavarian Alps had been far more magnificent, of course, but these friendly hills and the distant purple Adirondacks did really mean the comfort of home, which Julie said was and never could be anywhere but in America.

She watched a speedboat suddenly roar across the bay and out into the open, leaving a stream of churning white foam behind it. She wished she had one, or even a kicker to attach to the dragging old rowboat. She

ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER

She did not protest, but she was motionless with surprise. Then her arms went about him and her mouth under his was filled with ecstasy.

sighed and got in, adjusted the oars and pulled away, heading across the basin toward Eagle Rock.

There, at the base of some cliffs, was a small plateau of grass and birches and mountain laurel, jutting out into the water, cool and secluded, an admirable place in which to work. There, almost six years ago, during that unforgettable summer of 1918, she had enthusiastically begun the first movement of a sonata in F minor. Everything about that long and golden summer had gone into the opening theme; the rest of the movement, too, had developed quite easily, was soon finished. Then, to her dismay, the sonata had suddenly died. Nothing more would emerge, and for weeks she had been entrenched in sterility. Oh, there were themes enough and sounds sufficient within one's head, but when one began to work with them they traced back almost immediately to something of Beethoven or even Debussy.

So SHE had abandoned the sonata in F minor, wondering whether serious music had all been written and the shrill savage dissonance of jazz, which Professor Hamzigger, in Munich, had called *die schrecklichen Klänge*, was indeed to be the new order of composition.

At the thought of the old master, an unwilling stab of homesickness pierced Febby's heart. He was the sort one loved and grew provoked at all in the same breath. She was going to miss him keenly. She thought of Berlin and Vienna, Paris and Brussels, and the three years they had lived in Munich. She thought of the daily walk to the tall old house of Wolfgang Hamzigger, the hours spent in the studio with the old master's dramatic tirades, his rare dry humor, his vehement German and his spluttering erratic English.

Febby, smiling although her eyes were misty, decided as she beached the boat that she would write a long letter to him at once. She walked along the shore to her favorite rock, shaped almost like an armchair, and settled her bulky portfolio upon her knees. She stared at the pages of finished work. Hamzigger, after she had shyly shown it to him, had looked it over, played snatches of chords and arpeggios from it, murmured sadly that it was good but could be better, and handed it back. He had assured her that she was not yet ready for such things.

Minutes droned away lazily. It was hot and still, the air sharply and spicily fragrant. She leaned far back and stared upward to the tip of Eagle Rock. Drowsily she watched a huge bird with enormous wingspread soar up above the cliffs. It was heaven to recapture a familiar indolence, to know that for three months no exacting master would govern her time, rave at her if displeased and smile a bit grudgingly if her progress proved satisfactory. Three months until Prokmanoff, in New York, became a stringent reality. Hamzigger had ordered that, inasmuch as they had decided to return to America for a while.

Alexis Prokmanoff, she thought ruefully, *who charges forty dollars a lesson and does nothing but prepare artists for concert debuts.*

But that was all three months away; today one need not concentrate upon music or teachers. It was good to be back in Verdune again. She closed the big book and leaned back, shutting her eyes and recalling almost instantly all the amazing events of the past six years, wishing it did not already seem as though it had happened so long ago.

Franz Victor. The name sprang softly apart from all else, and she wondered across the distance of three thousand miles or more what he was doing and whether he had by now succeeded in forgetting her. Wistfully she hoped not. Capt. Franz Fritzhoff, he had been during the war, a sort of cousin from Berlin, extremely tall and handsome and such a contrast to sensitive, bleak André, to whom she was destined to say a tragic good-by in Paris.

André had had magic in his fingers and a way of playing Debussy that no other pianist at the Conservatoire could equal, but the poor boy was convinced that he was coughing himself into an early grave, and raged incessantly against the cruelty of his fate. Febby had pitied him deeply. It was not until Franz visited Paris and strode in charming and healthy arrogance straight into her lonely heart that she saw André Gautier in a new light. André had wept and stormed and threatened suicide.

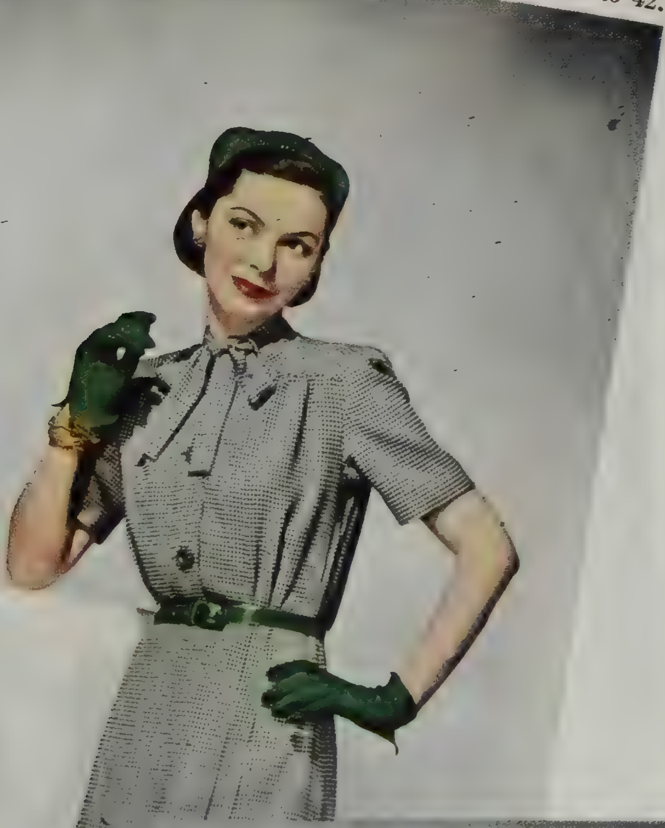
But Febby could now listen unmoved, for each night she dined with Franz, not at some obscure and tawdry little café, but at Maxim's or the Ritz. In the mornings before her lessons they went for drives in the bright sunshine along the Champs Élysées, and once as they neared the Étoile and the Arc de Triomphe, she had seen his face darken and he had told her that already he had secret plans for a new Germany. The war had merely been suspended for a time; Germany would prepare and in due time strike again, and this time she would emerge supreme! She had listened and had been reminded of Augusta, years ago in Laurelwaters, raving against the English and extolling the *Vaterland's* armies and powers. They were a pair, the two of them.

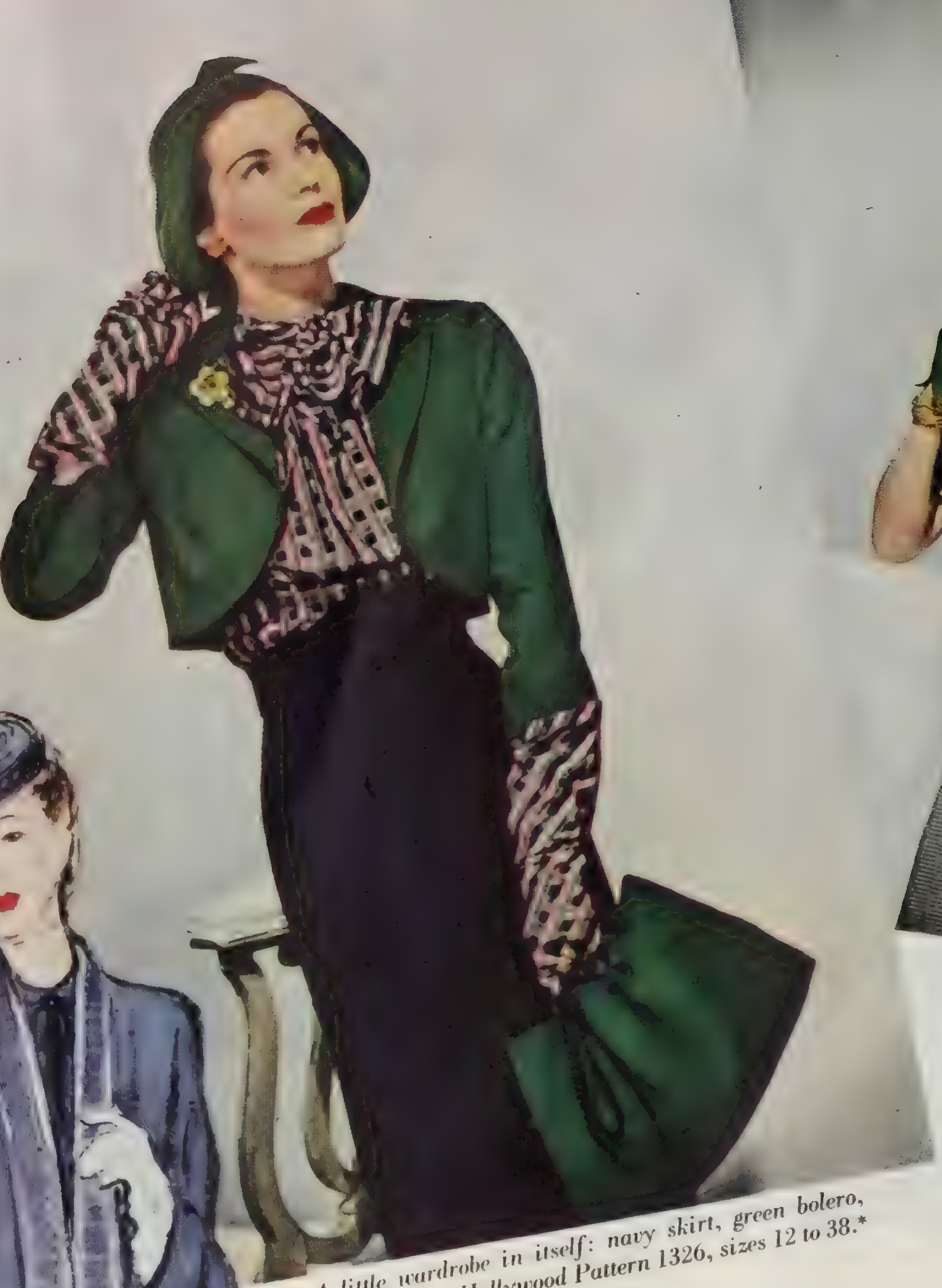
LATER on, in the apartment, they had sat for hours, discussing and planning. Franz had seemed to like Augusta's mind and he had told her that she should spend the rest of her life in Munich and work for the future of Germany. Was she not, after all, a native of the Reich?

There had followed several weeks during which Franz had begun insisting that Febby leave the Conservatoire and all thought of a musical career and marry him. It was at this period that Febby realized, with a frightening certainty, that her mind and her heart were two opposite factors. She tried to love Franz, arguing with herself that never had she known a person so attuned to her own knowledge and

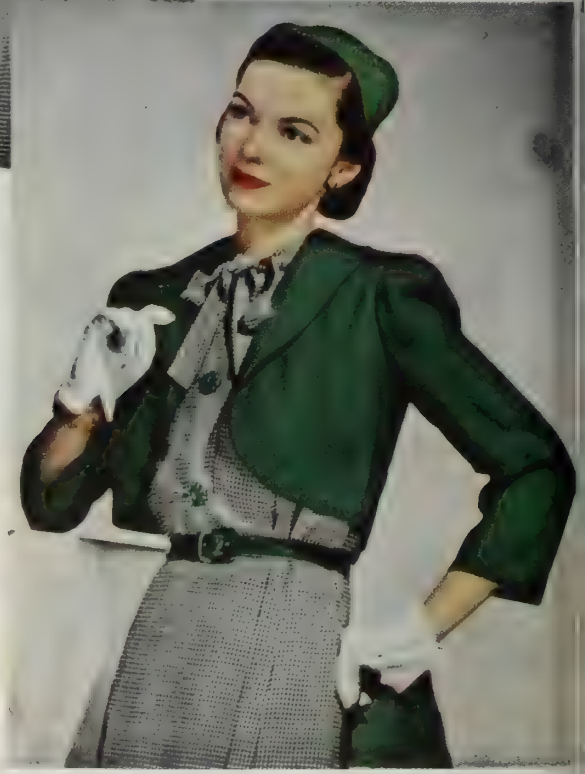
(Continued on Page 94)

year's classic for business girl or woman at home: wool-cotton-rayon check. 1311, 12 to 42.





*A little wardrobe in itself: navy skirt, green bolero, taffeta blouse, Hollywood Pattern 1326, sizes 12 to 38.**



Bolero of your suit makes an extra jacket for the checked dress, for a summer cotton or a dinner dress.

Straight wool coat with matching faille Tuxedo revers, right for suits or dresses. No. 1316, sizes 12 to 44.

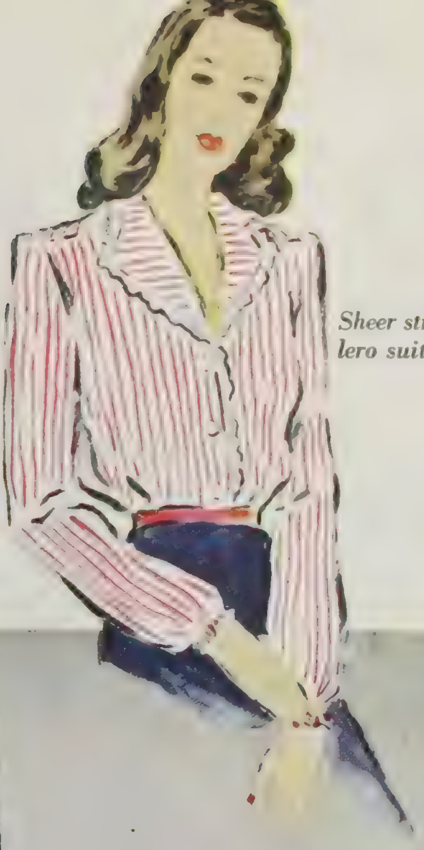
MADE FOR EACH OTHER

By Wilhela Cushman

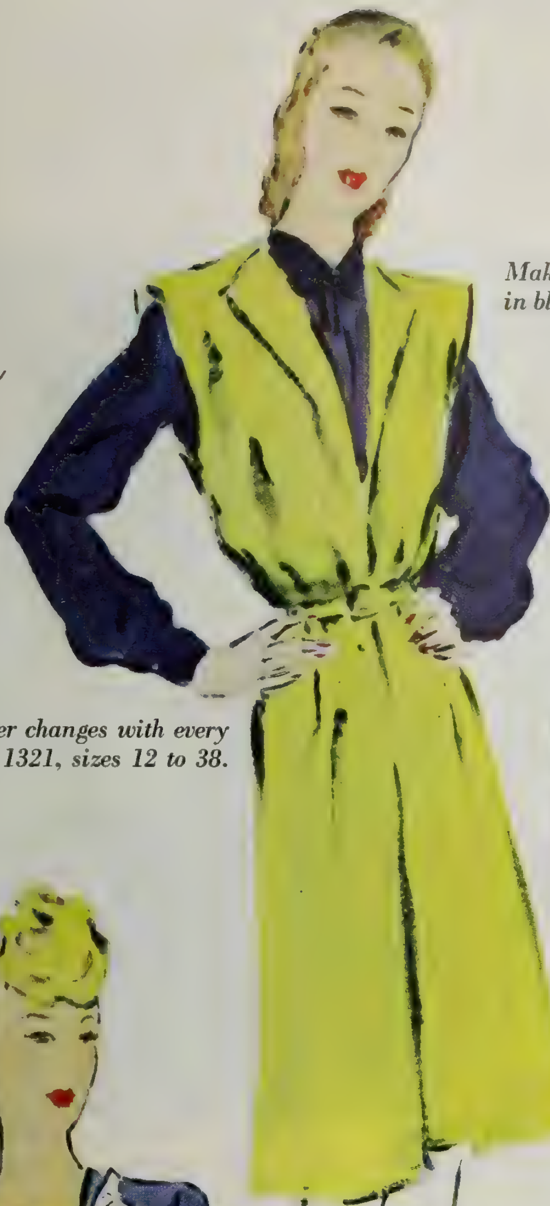
Fashion Editor of the Journal

Clothes that are easy to live with must have a little give and take. Take the little green jacket from a bolero suit, give it to a checked wool dress for a quick trip to town; make a navy faille suit that doubles for a two-piece dress when you take away its blouse; plan your blouses to go with both suits, and also with that comfortable jumper in bright-colored wool. Give a basic dress a changeable frill; make a cap-sleeve print that will be simple or sophisticated, according to accessories, and a good straight, Tuxedo-style coat that will be a perfect companion for everything. No wishful thinking about this Utopian wardrobe—select Hollywood Patterns, follow this plan.

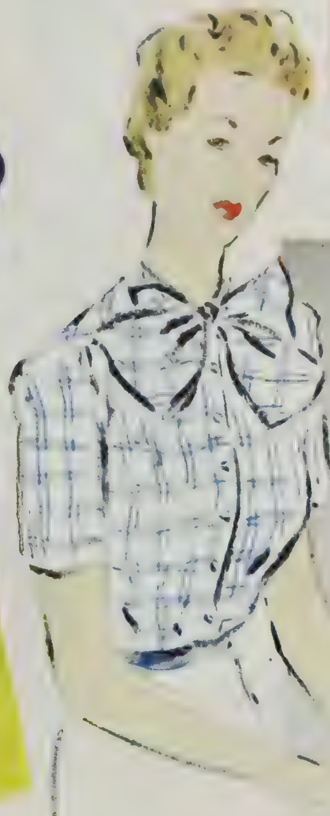
*Journal glove pattern 1937 and bag pattern 2086 can be ordered for 5¢ each from Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Phila. 5, Pa.



Sheer striped blouse goes with faille suit, bolero suit, the jumper dress. 1318, 12 to 42.

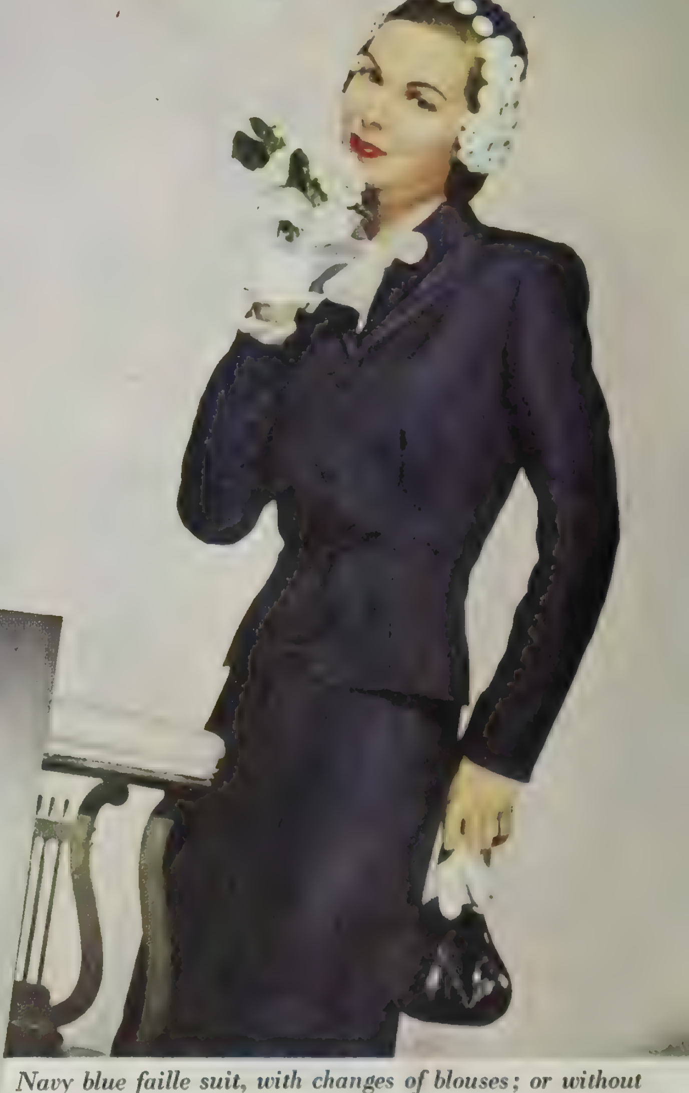


wool jumper changes with every of blouse. 1321, sizes 12 to 38.

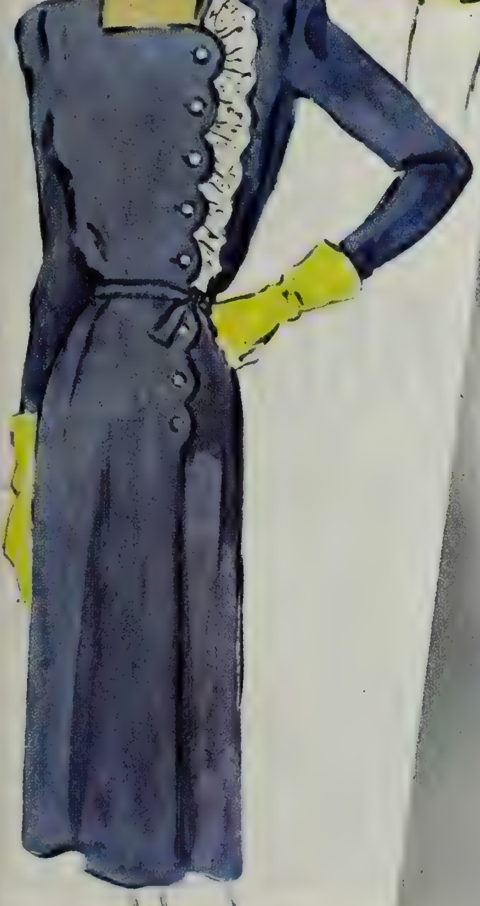


Make same pattern with bow tie, in blue plaid sheer for faille suit.

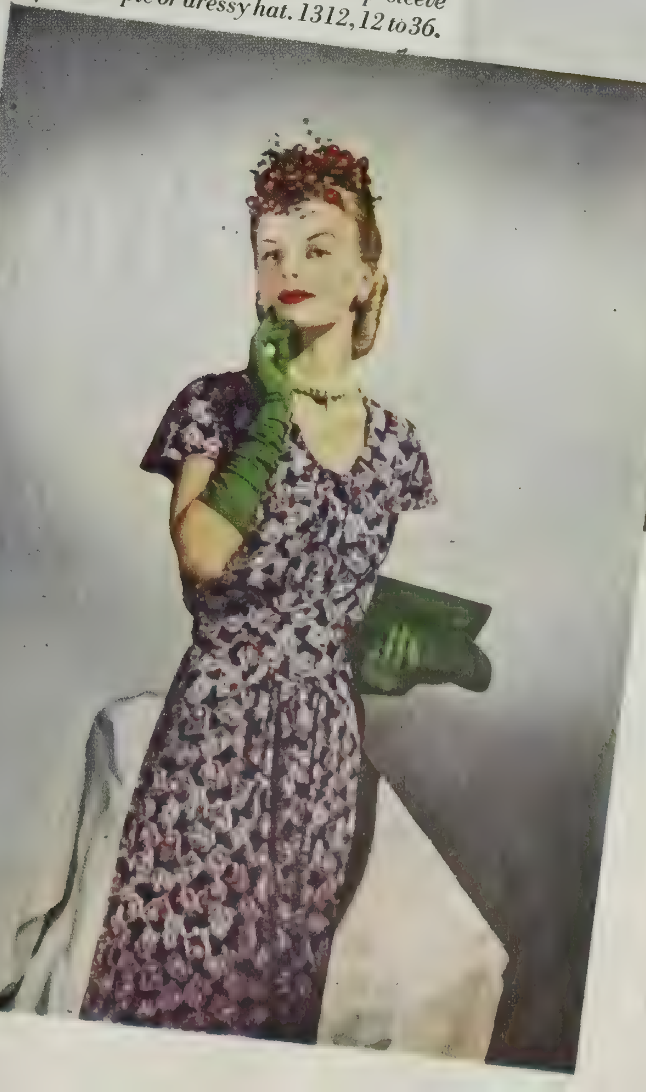
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CUSHMAN LAUMAILLET



Navy blue faille suit, with changes of blouses; or without a blouse wear as a two-piece dress. No. 1329, 12 to 38.



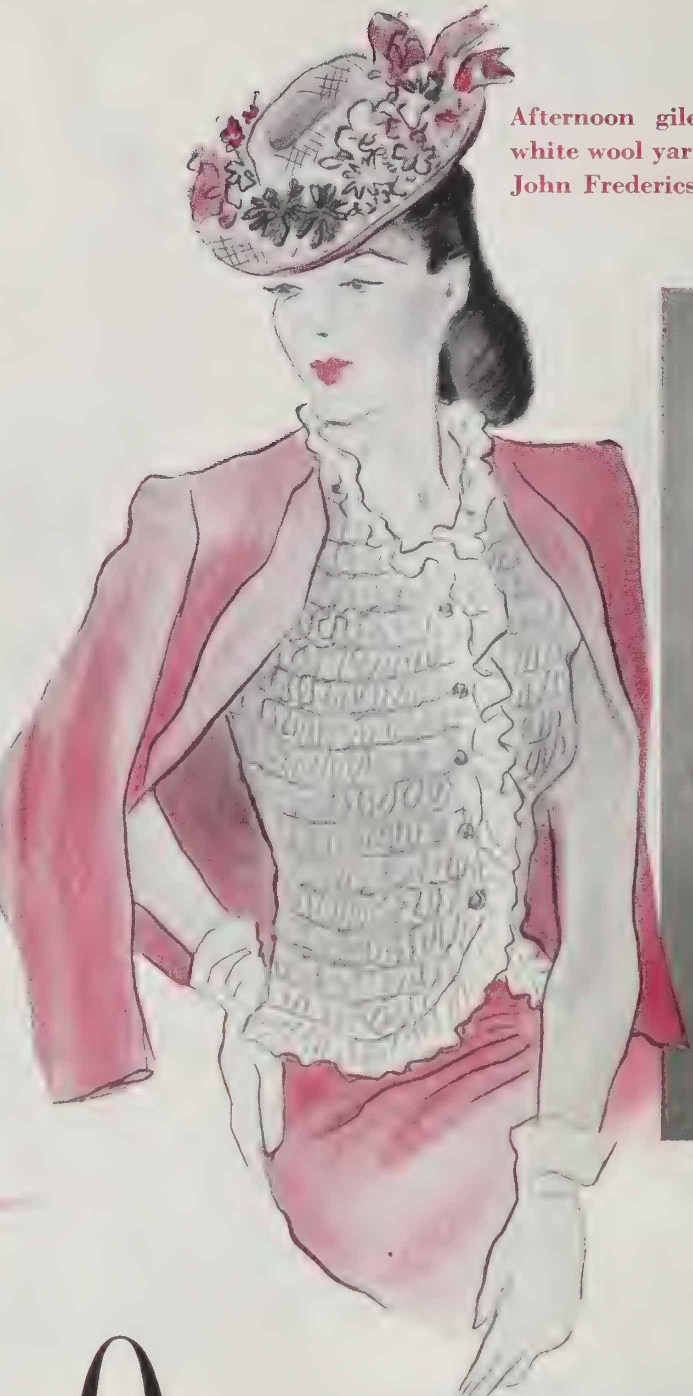
with a detachable frill—versatile age or size. 1317, sizes 14 to 46.



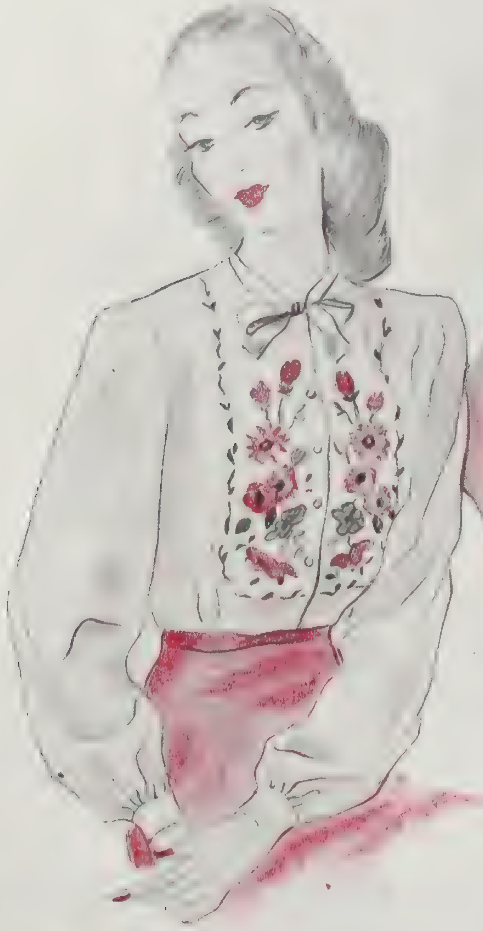
Noon to midnight favorite: cap-sleeve print, simple or dressy hat. 1312, 12 to 36.

For back and other views and prices see page 101.

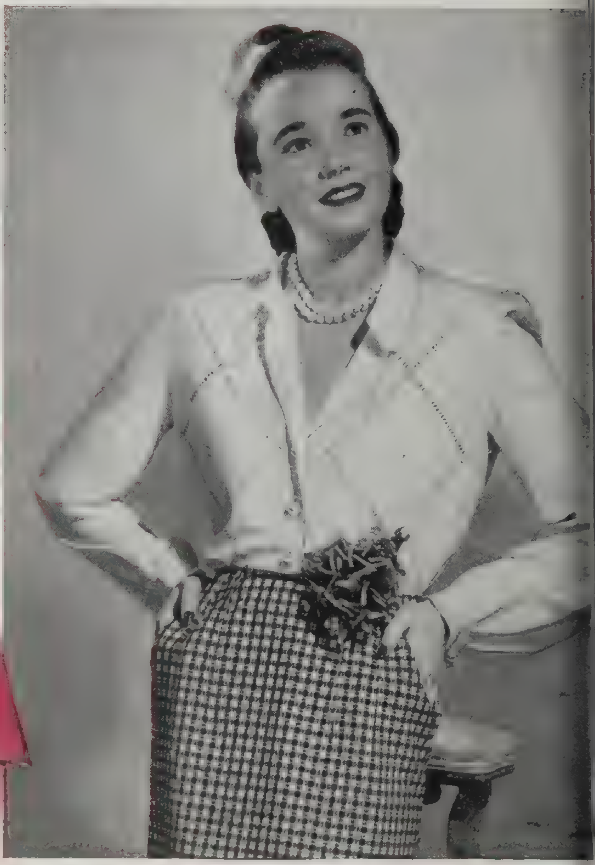
Buy Hollywood Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order them by mail, postage prepaid, from Hollywood Pattern Service, Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Connecticut, or 2 Duke Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.



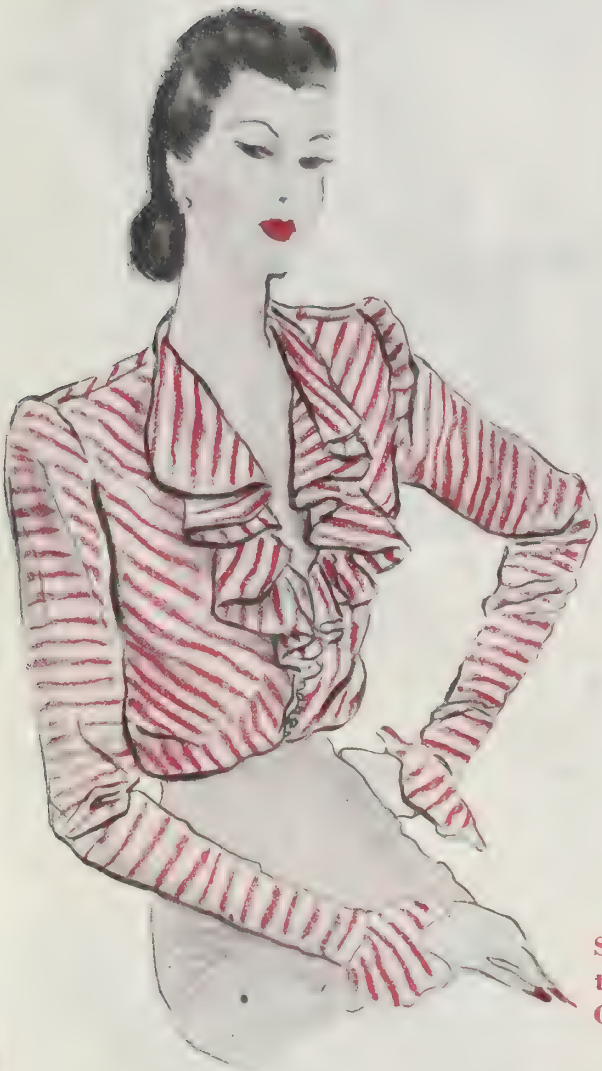
Afternoon gilet, crocheted of soft white wool yarn, by Sabina-Gustave; John Frederics' hat of field flowers.



The hand-painted blouse by Dorina Liebert features the fashion of long full sleeves and ties at the neckline.



The white crepe drawn-work blouse, often worn without a jacket, with a peg-top skirt; geranium boutonniere.



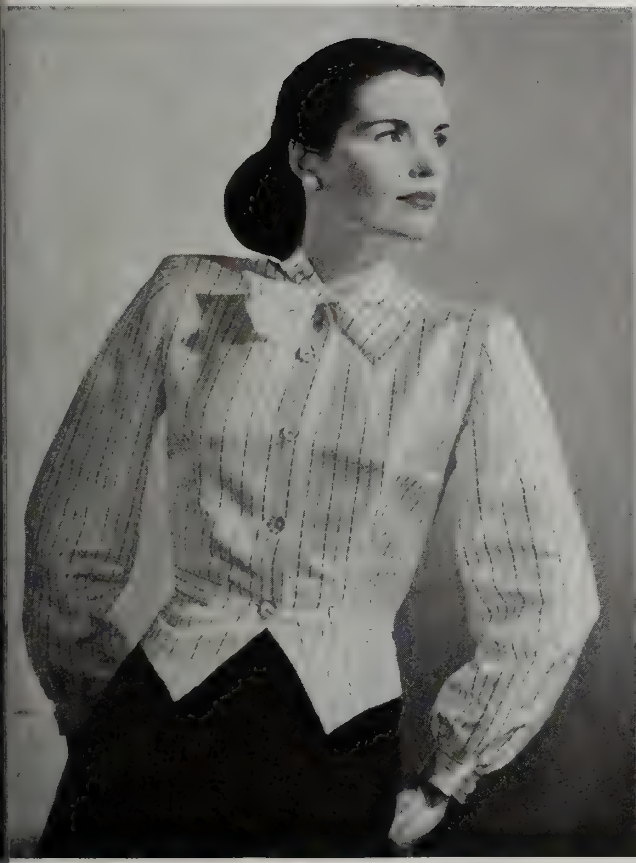
Striped Shantung in candy pink or turquoise blue, designed by Alice Orovan, with soft feminine ruffles.

OH, SWEET AND LOVELY . . . . .

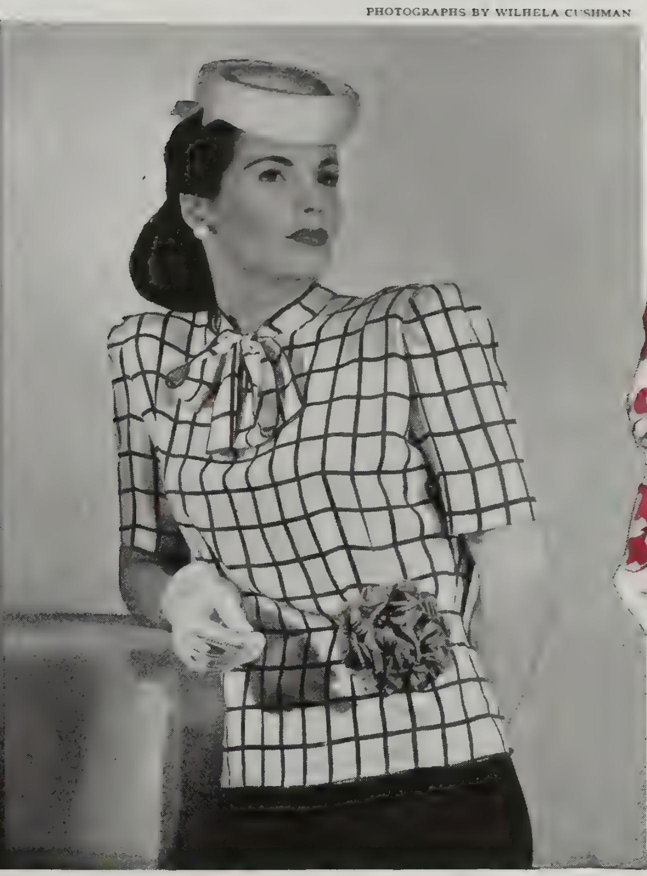
NOT since the day of the Gibson girl have blouses been such a fashion. You can live in them this year—have a wardrobe of them for any day, any hour. They go with suits for day or night; and if you have a slim straight figure and a talent for keeping trim, you wear them with a skirt alone. The overblouse of the '20's is a revival, appearing usually with a skirt as a two-piece dress—smart solution for women who have "tuck-in" trouble. The hand-painted blouse (originated by Tina Leser) is one of the loveliest, worn with a suit, or at home with a slim black crepe skirt or faille slacks, often with a bright sash. The white crepe drawn-work blouse is in again, and the geranium boutonniere, worn now at the waistline. Pale pink or white ruffles at your throat and wrists make you feel fragile; will look lovely over a table for two, at luncheon or dinner—with your jacket slipped over your chair. Bows and frills and transparent fabrics are a great change, but you can still find your beloved classic collars; and if you're true to the tailored, you'll love the weskit blouse in cotton or surah, for suits or skirts. Cottons are favorites, from starchy batiste to sheerest organdy; a white eyelet cotton with a drawstring neckline will be a week-end or Sunday-night favorite—young and pretty, practical as a handkerchief to wash and iron.

BY WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal

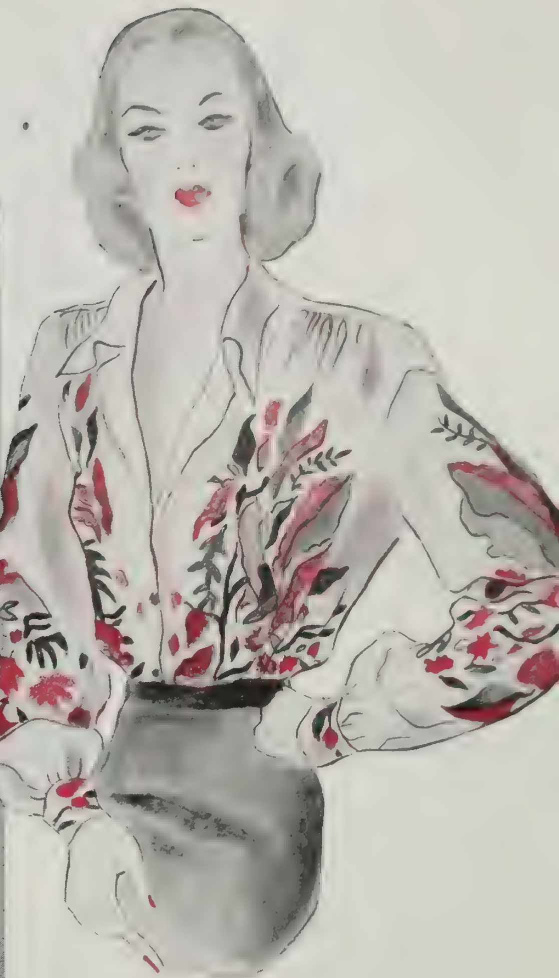
PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN



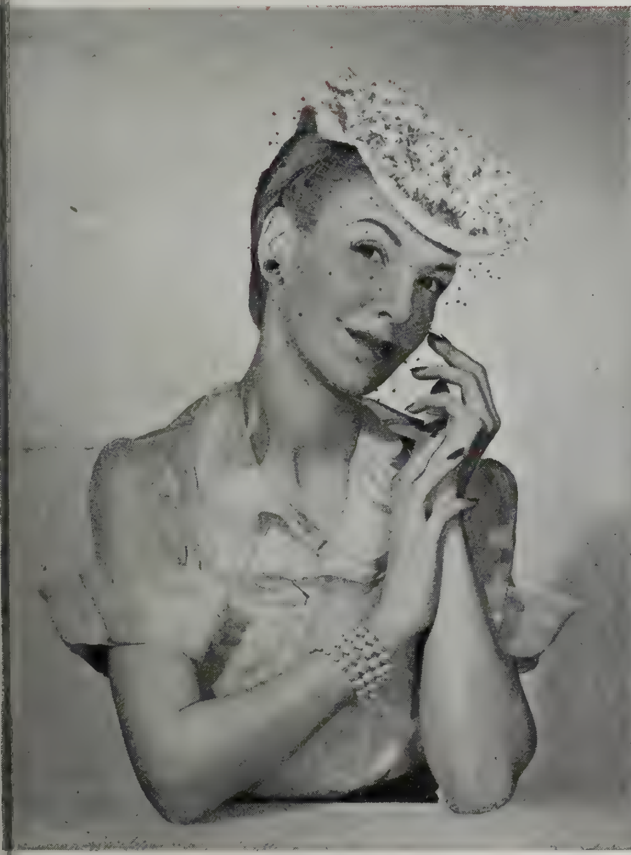
The tailored weskit blouse for suits or separate skirts is best in crisp fabrics; this one is of striped surah.



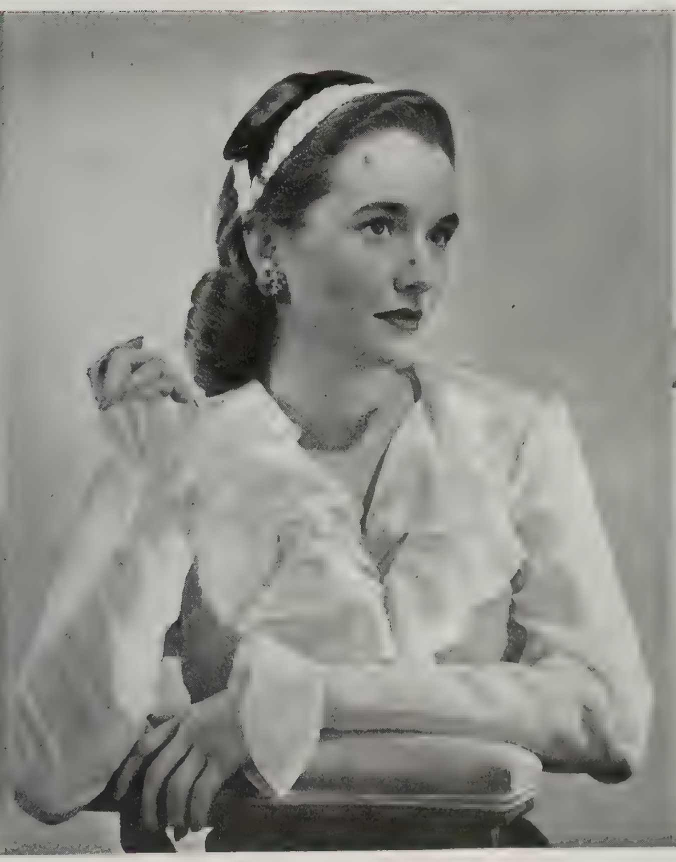
The overblouse, a revival and a favorite; this is a two-piece dress—tie-silk blouse, navy-blue wool skirt.



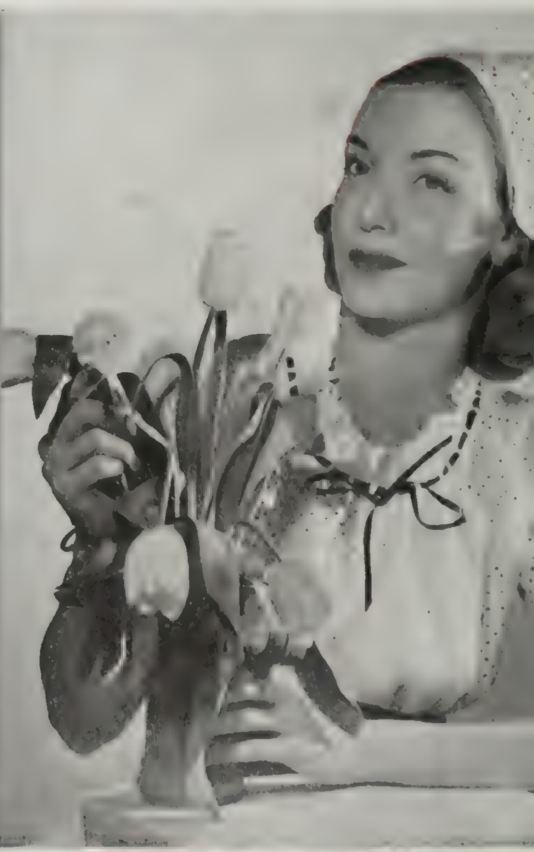
Hand-painted Mexican design on white crepe, by Tina Leser; worn with a slim black crepe skirt or faille slacks.



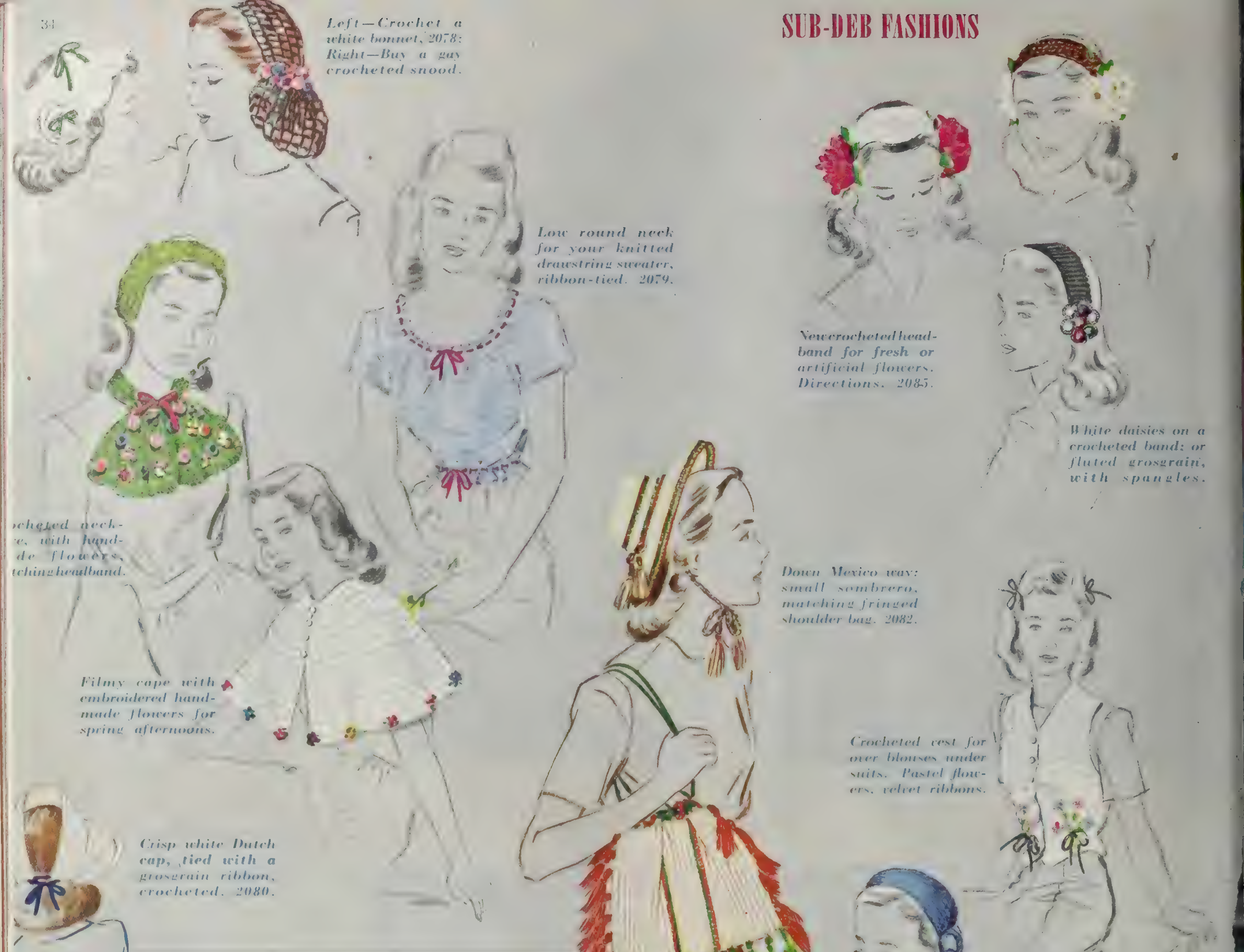
The pale pink short-sleeved sheer, afternoon or dinner fashion; with a shell-shaped straw filled with flowers.



The fragile look is fashion again: sheerest pale pink mousseline with a froth of ruffles at throat and wrists.



White eyelet batiste, drawstring neck
line, will be a summer pet; wor
with a skirt with a built-up waistlin



Left—Crochet a white bonnet, 2078: Right—Buy a gay crocheted snood.

Low round neck for your knitted drawstring sweater, ribbon-tied. 2079.

New crocheted headband for fresh or artificial flowers. Directions. 2085.

White daisies on a crocheted band: or fluted grosgrain, with spangles.

ocheted neck-
e, with hand-
de flowers,
tching headband.

Down Mexico way: small sombrero, matching fringed shoulder bag. 2082.

Filmy cape with embroidered hand-made flowers for spring afternoons.

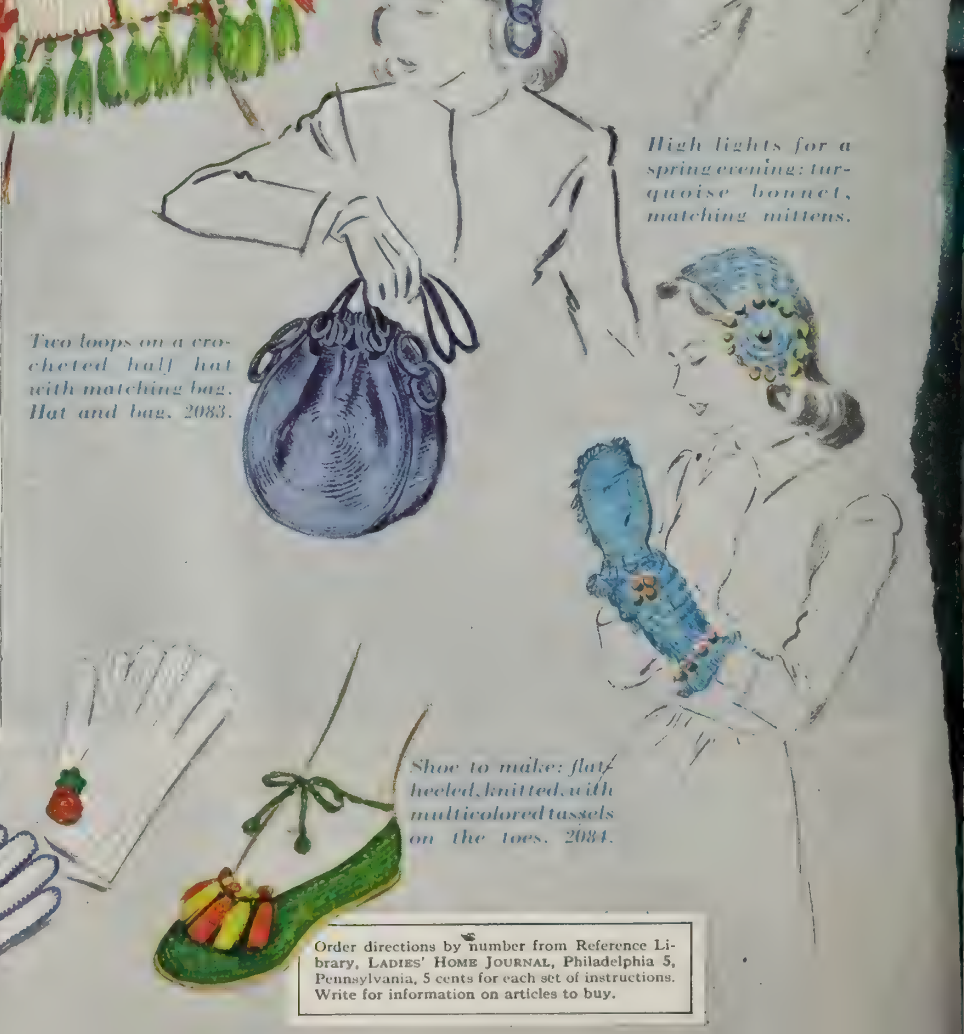
Crocheted vest for over blouses under suits. Pastel flowers, velvet ribbons.

Crisp white Dutch cap, tied with a grosgrain ribbon, crocheted. 2080.

YOUNG AND CLEVER

By Dawn Crowell

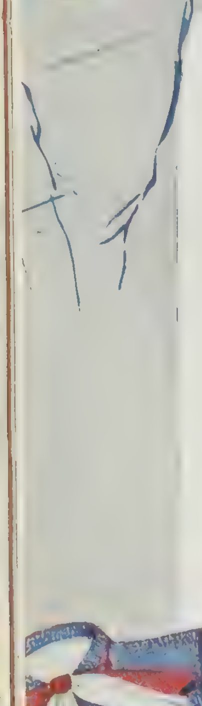
There's something special about your very own accomplishments. Something exciting about another girl admiring your handiwork, copying your ideas! It sets you up to have *him* discover you can be clever as well as pretty when you show up in your romantic drawstring sweater which you knitted by yourself. You'll bask in your mother's admiration over your colorful crocheted sombrero with its matching shoulder bag! Seventeen new accessories have just arrived in the first shades of spring. A crocheted bonnet and mittens in turquoise blue, a fresh white headband with American Beauty roses, a knitted shoe! Choose the ones that go with *your* wardrobe; some are to buy, some are to make, all are designed for the young!



High lights for a spring evening: turquoise bonnet, matching mittens.

Two loops on a crocheted half hat with matching bag. Hat and bag. 2083.

Shoe to make: flat-heeled, knitted, with multicolored tassels on the toes. 2084.



Favorite colors: red, white and blue! Crocheted dickey, ribbon bows. 2081.

Gloves to buy: white with tailored stitching, white with colorful rosette.

Order directions by number from Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania, 5 cents for each set of instructions. Write for information on articles to buy.

She knew just how she would say it: "Alex, this has got to stop!" Or, "Perhaps you haven't realized, Miss Brent ——" The angry scene. The civilized approach. She planned these steps over and over while she lay listening to Alex's steady breathing. ★ ★ ★ **BY LYN ARNOLD**

EVERYONE was suddenly very sweet and kind. "It'll be good to get it over and done," Alex said. "I've hated seeing you—not quite well, so long." He said it gently, without looking at her, the way he said so many things, often, now. . . . "I'll lend you my nightie—the one with the needle-run lace; the one I always save up and never wear." That was Meg, bending down for a quick, light, comforting kiss; her cheek felt the brush of Meg's soft, loose, sun-holding hair. . . . "You'll *enjoy* an operation, Margaret. I *adored* mine! The first decent rest I've had since the start of the war." Susan Pallister's thin, ringed hand slipped through her arm; Susan's high, shrill voice rose, fell and died away.

They talked, with their different ways of showing love; but none of them knew what it was she wanted to hear.

"Will you be back soon? Will you be back in time to take me swimming at half term, like you said?" Six-year-old Chris got nearest to the root of things; but to a child, what could you possibly say?

What she wanted to say, out loud, was, "Suppose I die?"

Sitting now in Doctor Rossitor's worn, shiny chair, facing over his desk, as she'd sat so many times, she tried to untie that knot of hurting words. "Doctor Rossitor, suppose ——" She did not ask. She knew what his answer would be: "There's no single reason—but you understand there's always the incalculable risk. At your age. But that's all you have to fear." She knew quite well what he would say to her if she asked. Yet she could not put the question into words.

He sat leaning forward on thin, splayed hands. So he had sat over ten, over twenty years. More tired now—worked to death because of the war; a little balder; lined under the eyes; his eyes lighter, perhaps, color drained away. But the same voice spoke that had punctuated the years with, "How soon now? In about six months, I should say. It's nice you're glad!"; with, "Bronchitis? Nonsense, Mrs. Mayer, it's a cold. Don't worry about that child"; that had said, "Not possible? Oh, you'll find it is," when Chris had started, twelve years after Meg.

AND now he said, in that same gentle voice, so calm, so strong, so full of life itself, "Very well, then—on the sixth. Let's get it done. You should be home—well, say within the month." He got up.

She got up, yet could not speak; a small, slight woman with a tiny stoop, steady dark eyes and soft, capable hands. "Doctor ——"

His light, tired eyes were meeting hers. He said, "Come out and see my runner beans."

When did it first happen? Margaret remembered their profiles. She knew that night. But was it the first time?

Margaret followed him through the cool, high, polished hall—the floor shiny, the walls hospital-bare—through an open door on to his garden patch.

It was summer now; high summer in the trees heavy with foliage, blown with a sea sound. Over twenty years flowers had been blooming here. "The doctor's garden's lovely," everyone said. "There's color in it always—all the year round. How does he find the time?"

Color was gone now. Where a much-rolled lawn had thrown up little stacks of scented grass—cut after sundown, with his surgery done—now runner beans, now peas, now cabbages in neat, sharp rows serrated the green square. They walked between them, pacing up and down. A church clock struck near by.

"I'll have to go."

"Food for the family?"

"Yes." She nodded twice.

"I'll let you out."

"Don't bother. I—I know ——"

He did not answer. He had never words to waste in needless talk or argument. She went ahead of him into the hall; he moved ahead of her to the front door.

In the half dark, the smell of polish and soap, the drift of disinfectant from his hands, she knew he understood what she'd tried to say; yet would not help her, or say it himself. So once before—so more than once, she knew—when Chris was coming and she'd said, "I *can't*," his answer had been cool: "You'll find you can." Not callous, and not hard; his help for her had lain not in seeing weakness but guessing strength. So it was now. He would not crystallize fear by helping her to put it into words. She would have strength enough.

"Good-by," he said.

She turned out through the gateway onto the road.

Now suddenly there was so much to do. Linen to sort and mend, and stores to check, fruit to be bottled, garden to get set; old Mrs. Milson, who'd come in to "do" in family crises over twenty years, to see, to talk to, carefully to instruct: "Alex likes porridge, Chris has cereal. You'll have to chase Meg with her glass of milk. Chris needs a lot of sleep; he *must* get to bed ——" First all the simple things, then one by one those not so simple. Alex, Chris, Meg. On Saturday there would be the nursing home.

On Wednesday night she heard Meg come in late, run up the stairs and shut her bedroom door. Then silence. Alex was working, Chris already asleep. Margaret sat a little while downstairs, hoping Meg would come down; remembering last year when, night after night, she'd heard Meg come in, close that bedroom door. Night after night it happened. Meg came in. Said nothing and saw nobody. Just sat alone. Now Meg had late work, first aid, canteen nights. Only an hour or two sometimes to spend so harshly shut away in her room.

Margaret laid a worn-thin shirt aside, stabbing the needle carefully into place, and walked upstairs and stopped before Meg's door. How often last year she had come like this, wanting to talk, not knowing what to say. "Have you had supper, Meg?" . . . "Yes, thank you, dear." Their even voices, through the still-closed door, holding a little, if it wasn't much, of sympathy, gratefulness and stumbling love

"Have you had supper, Meg?"

"Mother, come in."

THE room was golden with late-evening sun. Meg lay stretched out on the divan-covered bed; Margaret remembered now, with a half smile, the year when Meg had stored the bed head away in the attic, sewing the cover, careful to explain it wasn't that she didn't *like* the bed, but in these days—"Mother, you see, a divan—you see, that makes it somehow my own room."

Meg was still in russet slacks and yellow shirt; her thin brown hands were clasped under her head; her clear gray eyes looked upward, ceilingward.

"Come in."

She swung her long feet to the floor, and Margaret moved to the one easy chair, that Meg had snaffled at some auction sale, that Jim had hoisted home stuck on his head and calmly carried all this way upstairs. Here were Jim's photographs: the shockheaded boy; the snap of both of them, taken by the sea; the half-length portrait, Jim in uniform. Here were the books he'd given Meg over years—an Alice, Rupert Brooke, a week-end book; here were the books Jim's mother had given to Meg—Henty and Sherlock Holmes and Guilty Men—after the day when Jim's plane was shot down. The little room was crowded, yet you felt a space, somehow, of spirit and of mind; the china animals, the pot of flowers, the Cézanne reproductions all belied a sort of—cloistered, still austerity.

"What is it, ma?" Meg used the diminutive that Margaret had hated over years in a sweet, gentle teasingness.

"It's—nothing very much. Just one or two things, Meg, that I wanted to say."

Meg moved toward the window and leaned out, resting her slender elbows on the sill. Now, from this window, Meg could watch and see the grassy patch next door where she and Jim had practiced cricket—where, at least, Jim had invariably batted and made Meg bowl; the apple tree where there had been a swing; the currant bushes where, each summertime, both children had religiously made themselves ill. But Margaret remembered the one year when Meg and Jim, at evening pacing the lawn, had planned the world as well as their own lives.

What is it, ma? How could you possibly say what you had known—that Meg, staying the same, staying to face the implications of grief, that were not swift or single but of a life shared and now shattered; that were not only of love but of the growth *(Continued on Page 123)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT C. HARRIS

GIRLS TAK

When a man who never acts happy gets a girl on

IT STARTED the first Sunday we were on the farm for the summer. Sundays my father gets to inspecting things. He says, “Have you done this—have you done that?” He discovers things. Today he said, “Have you cleaned your saddles?” We had not. We would rather ride than clean tack.

We brought the saddles over on the front lawn. Debby washed. I soaped. Debby is my sister. She is almost eleven and very blond and has blue eyes and no nose to speak of. I am almost thirteen and have brown hair. I am shooting up, my mother says.

All at once there was that quiet rattle of wooden wheels, and a buggy came up the hill. It had a farm horse in the shafts, a fat horse and very sleek and brushed out and rolling a placid eye.

“Gee, look at the swell horse,” Debby said. She thinks all horses are swell. So do I, mostly.

There was a man in the buggy. He was sitting back very comfortably, with one foot on the dash and the reins loose. He was a youngish sort of a man, and so big that he made the buggy sag. But not fat. He had on blue work jeans and a work cap and his face was the kind of white tan that comes just after shaving. He had very heavy eyebrows and deep eyes. He looked nice. But he acted funny.

My father was sitting in the shade. He waved a hand and said “Good morning.” He had on white flannels—his old ones with the rip—because the chores were done and he likes to be clean Sundays. My father is lean but strong. His hair is going away.

The man in the buggy looked at the white flannels very completely, and then at us, and then he moved his head just a little. He did not say anything. He did not smile at all. He just kept going on up the hill, and he made you feel as if he did not think very much of you or of your place or of the station wagon that was parked in the drive. He just sort of looked over us and through us. It made you shrink.

“Did you kids get her out of that bog?” he said finally, as if he could not believe it. “By yourselves?”

“Who's that?” Debby said. “He's handsome.”

My father's face was red. He did not look pleased.

Marvin, our farmer, had come around the corner of the house. He grinned. “That's Will Clayson,” he said. Marvin has store teeth. He can take them out.

“Where does he live?” I asked.

“Down the road a piece,” Marvin said. “The big place with the long barn.”

“Where do you think he was going?” my sister said. She asks a lot of questions.

Marvin looked at my father and ju grinned. He did not answer. My fath got up.

“He does not like us, does he?” Debb said. She put the cover back on the sadd soap.

“Never mind,” my father said. “Dinn is ready.”

We went in, whooping.

“Have you washed?” my mother sai My mother is quite small and has brow hair and eyes. She is very pretty. Even i pants, my father says. We had not washe

While we were doing it, Debby sai “Why do you suppose Mr. Clayson does n like us?”

“I don't know,” I told her. “He doesn even know us.” It bothered me. Maybe b cause I liked the looks of him.

Debby finished washing on the towe “We could go down and see his place,” sh said, “on the ponies.”

“Sure,” I said, “this afternoon.” I though it was a good idea. It was not.

About three o'clock we went out to th barn. We had on the dungarees we wo usually, and striped shirts. We caught th ponies in the corral. We have two ponie Mine is named Spring Folly, and she is pa Arab and slate gray. She is about fourte hands high, and just coming five years ol and is very quick. I have had her thre years. I taught her to jump. She can d four feet easily. Debby's pony is Gray Mis She is light gray and about the same size Springy, only chunkier. She was a cow pon once, and has a brand. She is very wise a can jump, too, only she gets excited. She a handful for Debby. We ride them bareba most of the time, and take all the care them. We always have. It is fun becau you know them better and are friends.

“I'll tell you,” I said—I had an idea and was curious—“let's follow Mr. Clayson tracks up the hill and see where he wen Then we can see Laura too.”

Debby said O.K. She likes to see Laura.

Laura is Laura Alden. She lives with h father and mother and her little broth Angus on the big farm above us. We kno her very well because we stayed there whe we were getting ready to buy our farm Her father helped us about things. H advice was very valuable, our father say He squirts milk in your eye when he is mil ing. Laura is our friend. She is ninetee about, and has black hair and very brig cheeks and lovely teeth. She is fun all th time and works hard.

She was in the kitchen garden now, an she came out to the road. “Hello,” she sai “How's farming?”

That is a joke because we are just gettin started. We have only eight cows and tw work horses, besides the pigs and chicken Our father is just learning. He is stiff in th mornings and it is not a good time to ask hi things.

“O.K.,” we said. The ponies danced.

“And where are you two going today?

IME

By Newlin B. Wildes

he may be even smilier than the other kind of man.

er to Mr. Clayson's," Debby said.
e following his tracks."
as a funny thing. Debby hadn't said
ng, really. Just where we were going.
ıura's face got very, very red; she was
ıg, and she looked strange. Her smile
way and she tossed her head.
ll," she said, "you won't have very
fun down there. Nobody ever does."
more the way she said it than just
rds. It made you feel uncomfortable.
does not usually say things like that
people. She likes people.
—we just thought it would be a ride,"
I did not tell her the real reason.
did not say anything more, but her
ayed blushing. After a while she went
the garden. We walked on up to a
the road. The buggy tracks went off
tle backwoods path. I was thinking.
lowed them.
ura does not like Mr. Clayson, does
Debby said.
on't know," I said. I was trying to
out something. "If she doesn't," I
why did she blush that way?"
y skipped up and down beside Springy.
's eyes got big. "Gee," she said,
e it's a romance."
n't be silly," I said. But it made me
see Mr. Clayson even more.
buggy tracks went along for a mile,
and the going was very rough. It
unny place for Mr. Clayson to have
There were quite a few old tracks,
if he, or someone, had been through
times.
, on one side of the road, we came to
arsh. Sometimes, in the hill country,
big marshes like that, high up where
re springs. This one went a long way
rough the small trees and brush. It
l of hummocks and tall, reedy grass.
ere are probably snakes in there,"
said, shivering a little, "and quick-
naybe." We had read about quick-
They are terrible.
, right at the edge of the marsh, we
a fence. It was a good fence, straight
ht barbed wire, with the posts solid
uare, and not just all rotting and
the way some farmers leave them.
was a great pasture down the side
ıg, easy hill. It was clean and good,
ked like fine cantering. We like can-
cross country. The ponies are careful
e-footed if you give them their heads,
wind blows hard in your face and it
ng. Far down below were long barns
ny house tucked in beside them.
t's Mr. Clayson's," I said. We sat
n the ponies and looked. We could
down the rough road, or ——
wouldn't mind if we rode through
ture, do you suppose?" Debby said.
's a barway right here." The bar-
ıs just under three feet six, a nice

I was thinking about something else.
ınny," I said, "that he would drive around this circle and not go anywhere except home again."

"Maybe he was exercising his horse," Debby said.

"Don't be silly," I said. I looked at the barway again. It was very tempting. So was the field.

I gave Springy the heel and we sailed over the rails, with Misty after us, and cantered on down the long gentle slope. The ponies snorted a little, twisting in the air, because they liked it.

Then, when we were almost down, we saw the cattle. They were in a grove of poplars off to one side of the gate that led to the long barns. It was almost milking time, and they were waiting. They were very beautiful cattle, Jerseys, with straight backs and curving horns and big, soft eyes. But there was a lot of them, and they seemed, all at once, very much interested in us.

Now I am not afraid of cows. Neither is Debby. Not when there are only a few of them, and you know where you are. But this was a strange place, and strange cattle, and we were worried, a little, about being in Mr. Clayson's pasture. I thought we had better get out of there. And quick.

But there was only one way out through the wire. That was the gate into the lane, and to get to the gate we had to pass the cattle. It was quite a high gate, four feet or so, but we had to decide. The cattle were moving out toward us in a semicircle of low heads.

"Come on," I said. I tightened my knees on Springy and we went right at the gate and in front of the cattle, at a good gallop.

Maybe it would have been all right if the cattle had not started to run. I guess we frightened them. They began to run every which way, kicking up their heels and twisting their tails and banging their full milk bags. But we made the gate. We made it and went over it. Springy grunted under me because it was so high, and Misty grunted behind me and then I heard something else. Then I was really frightened.

We just nodded. We were too tired to be afraid of him any more. Debby grinned at him, kind of feebly.

It was Mr. Clayson. He came out of the milkhouse at the end of the long barn, and he came fast.

Standing up, Mr. Clayson was huge. He had the most tremendous shoulders and big heavy arms, with his sleeves rolled up, and he was very tall and, boy, was he mad! He might have been handsome, but his eyes under those heavy brows flashed at us, and he had the look of the time our father caught us poking down a hornets' nest with his trout rod.

(Continued on Page 176)

ILLUSTRATED BY ROY SPRETER

Kiss the Girls Good-by

He was pretty sure she loved him, but he was 4-F and she was 1-A and she was crazy about uniforms!

BY VIRGINIA WILSON

HENRY felt like a fool. Here he sat, in his neat pin-stripe suit, with his 4-F draft card in his pocket, watching his girl pack to go off to the wars. It was the kind of switch that is definitely upsetting. It upset Henry. His girl was Judy Blair. She had tawny hair and wide brown eyes and—right now—a black smudge on her nose. She was holding one lone moccasin helplessly in her hand.

"I had another," she said absently. "Henry, imagine, they won't even tell us which day we're leaving. They just said someday this week."

Judy was a singer, and the Government was sending her overseas with a USO unit. Well, naturally they wouldn't tell her when she was leaving. The military authorities were no dopes. Judy bubbled like champagne, and things came out. Judy wasn't the secretive type—she was too gay and friendly. She was, for Henry's money, absolutely perfect.

"Aren't you excited?" she demanded now, surveying him with a certain amount of exasperation. "Aren't you thrilled about my going?"

Henry managed a grin. He had a queer feeling in his chest. Sure, he was excited, but it was a reverse kind of excitement he didn't much like. He was conscious of wishing Judy was going to stay right here in New York, and it made him feel unpatriotic. It made him ashamed of himself.

"You're the one to be thrilled," he said. "You're going—not me. I'm just the guy you leave behind."

Judy laughed. She had a beautiful laugh—bright and warm, like an open fire. "You're too important," she said. "They wouldn't let you leave the factory even if you weren't 4-F."

They probably wouldn't at that. Henry was a designing engineer for the company he worked for. He was supervising production of the new inertia mount for machine guns on fighter planes. It was important, but Henry wished he was flying one of those planes. Ridiculous that the attack of pleurisy in college could put him out of the whole war. Besides, there was the question of Judy. Lately she had been going out with uniforms—lots of them. They had everything from privates to colonels inside, and they gave Henry an inferiority complex. Now she was going off to where she would be surrounded by uniforms a mile deep in every direction, while Henry stayed here and kept the home fires burning.

"At least we're going by plane," Judy said happily, flinging the moccasin into the nearest suitcase. "I was scared we'd go in a convoy and I'd be seasick all the way."

"Now you'll only be airsick," said Henry helpfully. He was behaving badly, but he couldn't seem to stop.

"Oh—airsick!" Judy dismissed this possibility with a wave of her hand. "Henry, do you think I'll do all right? Will the troops like me?"

"They'll be crazy about you," said Henry with conviction.

They would too. They had been, all winter, on Broadway, where Judy was in the musical show, Happy Days. The armed forces had flocked to see it, and had cheered and whistled like mad when Judy sang her Barrel number. Not, Henry admitted to himself, that it was her voice so much. It was more her legs. And that bright smile, as friendly as a cup of coffee. Oh, the boys would love Judy—there was no doubt of that. But Henry loved her too. Just thinking about her did odd things to his breathing apparatus.

"Judy," he said abruptly, "let's get married. Before you go."

She stared at him and her eyes got bigger and bigger. *She's going to say yes,* Henry thought, and happiness sifted through him. Then Judy's dark lashes swept down, veiling her eyes, and her scarlet mouth curved and she giggled a little.

"Don't be silly," she said.

The happiness dissolved and left Henry empty and cross. "Silly? What's silly about it? You know I love you, and you've acted as if you were pretty fond of me."

"'Fond,'" said Judy, in a queer voice. "Well, yes, I am. Very fond of you. But if you love me, Henry, how does it happen you've never mentioned it before?"

IT WAS a good question. A fine question. The trouble was, Henry didn't know the answer to it. Or maybe he knew too many answers. One was that he'd been busy. He'd meant to tell Judy he loved her ever since he met her, just before Pearl Harbor. But what with converting the factory to war production, and helping design the inertia mount, and—well, he'd been busy. Besides, Henry wasn't good with words. When he was kissing Judy everything was fine, and she ought to know from that how much he loved her. What was a girl for, if not to understand the things you couldn't say?

"Let's get married," Henry repeated stubbornly. He wouldn't meet her eyes and let her see she'd hurt him. She loved him—he was pretty sure she loved him. Why was she acting this way?

"I'm sorry, Henry," she said, and her voice was still not Judyish at all. It was kind, but a little impatient, the way it might be to a strange puppy that insisted on following her home. "You know," she went on reasonably, "this is just war hysteria. It's sweeping the country, because so many people are going overseas and want to get married first."

Only usually it's the man who's going, Henry thought. *If I were going and she were staying here, she wouldn't act this way.* It wasn't fair. It was a knife in the back, and resentment swept through him.

"Okay," he said. "Forget the whole thing." But then he looked at her and something queer happened. All of a sudden they were close together again. She was his Judy, and she loved him. It was in her shadowed eyes and her wide, sweet smile.

"You're funny, darling," she said, and her voice was sweet too. "Handsome, though. I love the way one of your eyebrows is higher than the other, and your hair's so black and your eyes so blue. You must have had an Irish ancestor somewhere."

HENRY grinned at her and pulled her down on his knee. She was small and warm, and holding her like that filled him with tenderness. "Judy, I wish I could talk like an Irishman. The Irish have the gift of words. I wish I could tell you how I ——" He stopped, because the buzzer in the hall was ringing.

Judy got up and said "Hello" into the mouthpiece. Then she said, "Wonderful! Come on up!" She came back to the living room, looking pleased. "It's Bret," she said. "He's downstairs."

"Bret?" Henry felt dazed, as if he'd been waked too suddenly from sleep.

"Major Bret Hart. I told you about him, sweet. He's assigned to take charge of our unit." The doorbell rang then, and she went to answer it. "You'll love him," she flung over her shoulder. "He's an utter lamb."

The young man who came in was tall, with curly blond hair and roving hazel eyes, and wings over his breast pocket. If he was a lamb, Henry had never seen a wolf. His uniform and the oak leaves on his shoulders made Henry's inferiority complex put the pressure on again. He remembered that Judy had mentioned Major Hart, but he'd gotten the impression he was old. Hart was a supersuccessful pilot, and this USO assignment was a sort of rest cure between bombing missions. Judging by the way he looked at Judy, it suited the major fine.

"Hello!" he said to Judy, holding both her hands. He glanced at Henry, but was obviously not impressed. It would take a four-star general to impress Bret.

"Hello!" Judy said, with what Henry considered unnecessary cordiality. "Bret, this is Henry Whitman. Major Hart, Henry."

They shook hands. The major had a grip of steel, but so did Henry. That round was even.

"Sit down and talk to Judy while I make some drinks," Henry said politely.

"Thanks. Very nice of you."

Henry thought so too. While he made the drinks he wondered moodily what the major looked like out of that custom-tailored uniform. He probably looked wonderful. Depression hung around Henry's neck like the albatross.

"Great that Judy's going over, isn't it?" Bret inquired over his drink.

"Oh, yes. Yes."

Judy laughed. "Don't expect Henry to enthuse. He isn't the type."

Bret smiled at her. "Did you buy that flashlight?"

"Yes, and the hard-water soap, and the woollies. I can leave any minute now." Her eyes went all sparkly at the thought.

"It may be any minute now," Bret assured her. "They'll call you and say, 'You're taking off this morning'—or this afternoon, or tonight—and away we'll go."

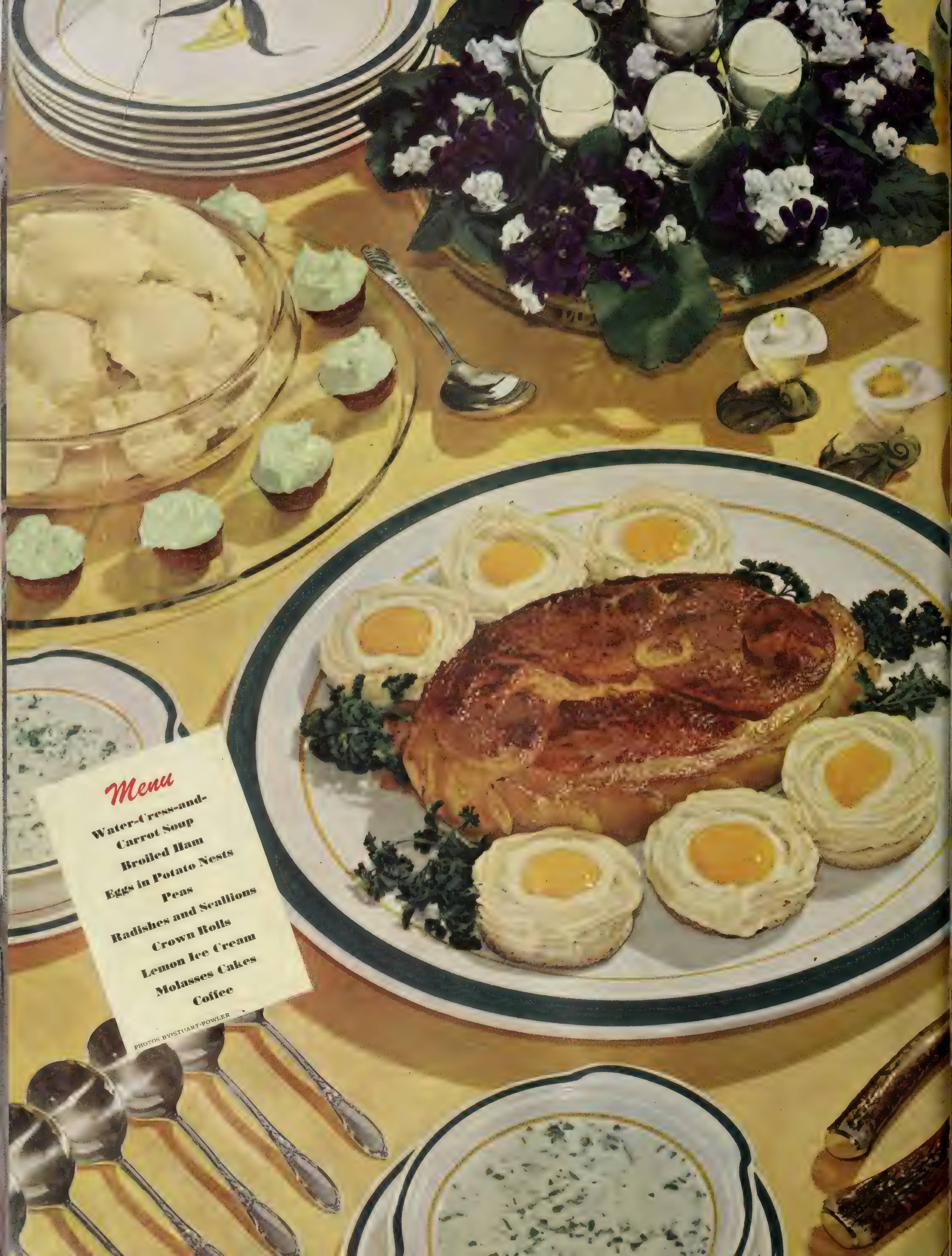
Away they'd go, leaving Henry holding the bag.

Judy looked at him and said quickly, "I wish you were going along, sweet"

(Continued on Page 169)

told you about him, sweet. He's the major assigned to take charge of our unit." Henry felt definitely 4-F.

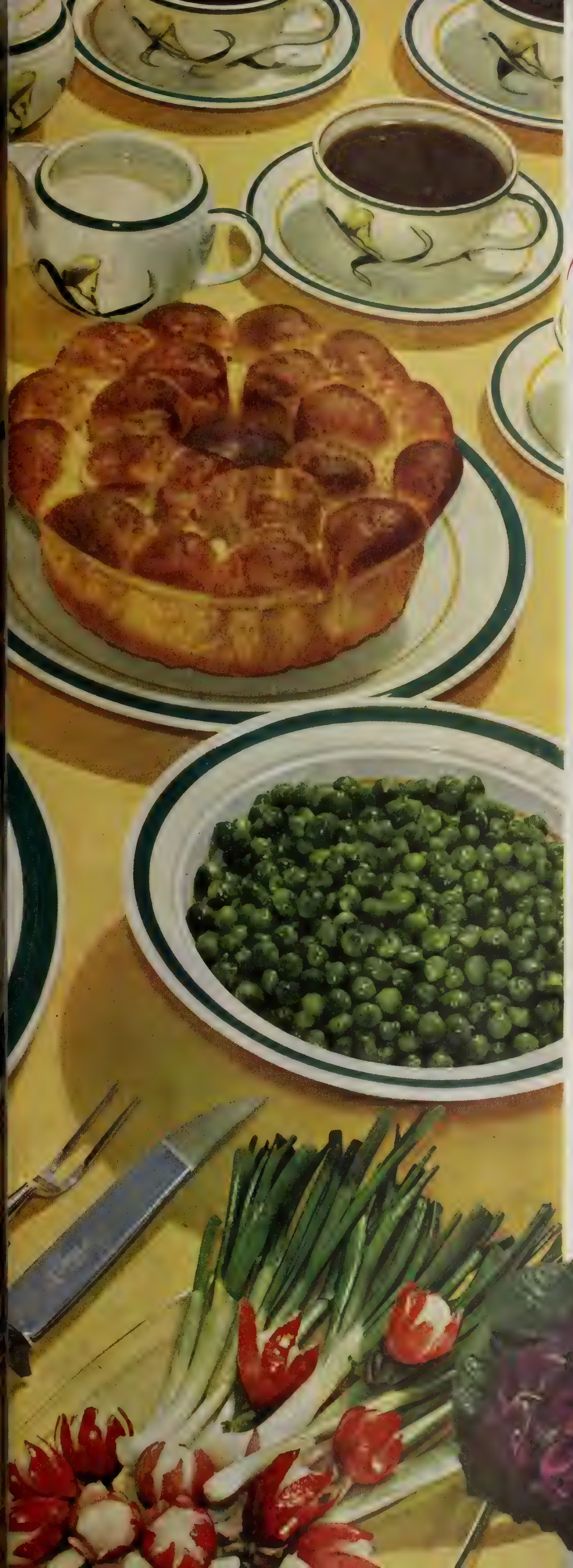
ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL



Menu

Water-Cress-and-
Carrot Soup
Broiled Ham
Eggs in Potato Nests
Peas
Radishes and Scallions
Crown Rolls
Lemon Ice Cream
Molasses Cakes
Coffee

PHOTOS BY STUART-FOWLER



Now that April's here

BY ANN BATCHELDER

HOT or cold, whoever heard of Easter without ham! Well, I guess you've *heard* of it, but ham is the thing. Especially in New England, it just *has* to be ham. And a good idea, too, as far as I'm concerned. For one thing, it's just salty and just smoky and just sweet enough to be a perfect dish for these hit-or-miss days that are April. It has an aroma like nothing else, and when it's cooking there's a mouth-watering quality about the whole process that makes you feel you can't wait—and that's one of the tests of good food. When there's something "on the fire" that calls you like a dinner bell and beckons like an aspen tree in sunshine and in rain, then you may be sure it's worth rallying around to. Of comparatively few things in life can this be said. But one of these things, take it from me, is ham and. That spells ham and eggs. Funny how they go together. As Longfellow so aptly said, "Useless one without the other"—only he wasn't thinking of ham and eggs, but of man and woman, as I recall.

Cook it as You Like. If it is a great big opulent ham, you'll boil it or bake it, and that is that. Little choice there. If it is a slice of ham, you'll have it cut thick or thin, according to your wishes and your just deserts, maybe. If it's thick, the best way, to my mind, is to bake it in milk. The next, or second best, is to broil it. Depends on the thickness. When it comes to a thin slice, then pan frying or broiling—well, it's a toss-up. I go for broiling, just a *shade* I do, but I don't know. Fried ham is terribly good. Anyway, do as you please. Who am I to try to boss anybody?

On the Diner. The best ham I ever ate, or *about* the best, used to be served in the diner on a certain railroad here in the East. It's a very well-known road and the ham was well known too. Among any fifty patrons of that dining car, you could bet on forty-five ordering ham, any day, any time. The other five were left to eat lamb chops or something else.

It was cut as thin as a sword blade; and how they got all the slices to look, as to size, as if they came out of the middle of the ham, I never was able to figure out. I asked the chef about it once, and he just grinned the widest grin on earth and said, "Ah *cuts* 'em that way." Lots of good that did me.

Well, as I was saying, the slices were as thin as four potato chips put together, or maybe three. Each slice was broiled, indubitably, for one of its charms was the mark of the wire broiler on both sides. The marks were dark, the rest of the slice very pink, very beautiful and pink.

(Continued on Page 109

WINS ORDERS FROM HEADQUARTERS
Washington, D. C.

KEEP EGGS COLD AND COVERED. Recent tests show that eggs kept in refrigerator in covered dish, like salad greens, keep fresh longest. (But don't put them in with scallions!) Eggs are plentiful and are good "no point" meal makers.

ANN BATCHELDER'S

Line a Day

1 Better be careful on the phone and doorbell too. Why? April Fool's Day, didn't you know?

2 Never uncover the kettle when a dumpling is cooking. It swears by privacy.

3 For dumplings with a stew or fricassee, add a little poultry seasoning to the batter.

4 *Can-you-imagine dept., last-ditch division:* "Cut brook trout into small pieces and cook, seasoning with nutmeg and sugar." And I didn't make this up, either.

5 Potato fritters sound all right to me. Grate up six large potatoes—peeled, of course. Drain, mix with a very little flour and half a teaspoon of baking powder. Season. Add three beaten eggs. Fry by spoonfuls in hot fat.

6 *A perfect receipt:* Slice very thin the breast of a large young chicken or capon. Marinate the slices in beaten eggs for an hour. Drain, dip in fine cracker crumbs, season with salt and pepper and fry slowly in butter or margarine.

7 Serve with quarters of lemon. Decorate the platter with fried parsley and broiled halves of tomatoes.

8 Food ideas are not often "dreamed up." They just happen.

9 Split those leftover muffins, spread them, sprinkle with grated rind of orange and sugar, or cinnamon and sugar, and toast in the broiler.

10 *From an old cookbook:* "Doughnut dough should be rolled, cut in squares, then in diamonds. It ought to be too soft to cut." Make up your minds, or did you?

11 Split frankfurters, spread with prepared mustard, put in a casserole, cover with a deep mixture of macaroni and cheese, and bake.

12 A ring mold does make a dish as dressy as a collar on a cat, especially when it's purée of peas with creamed mushrooms on rice in the center.

13 A simple supper dish is chicken hash and corn au gratin. Just line a casserole with a good thickness of the hash, fill the dish with corn, cover with buttered crumbs and grated cheese. Bake half an hour.

14 Make a rarebit, season with anchovy paste and pimiento. Cover toast with sliced seasoned hard-cooked eggs and serve the rarebit over all.

15 Here's another sandwich, as open-faced as a baby in a high chair. Cover toast rounds with a slice of sweet onion, one of tomato and one, on top, of Swiss cheese. Broil.

16 Sauté a sliced and well-disposed eggplant.

17 On each slice serve a poached egg, and cover the whole thing with tomato sauce.

18 *Herb reminder:* Plant some tarragon in the herb border; and don't neglect the sage, that wise counselor among the herbs.

19 In all fish dishes tarragon is magic. And so it is in salads too.

20 Which reminds me of a salad symphony composed by endive, casaba or Spanish melon and water cress, all tossed in a pottery bowl with tarragon dressing. Very cold. Make nice for wedding, eh?

21 A "slump" is a rich biscuit dough rolled out and covered well and deep in a baking dish, with apples or berries or any fruit, sweetened to taste and baked until the sauce is thick.

22 Given a slice of ham, rub it well, come time, with brown sugar and a pinch or two of clove.

23 Cover it with pineapple slices and bake, basting it with pineapple juice and melted butter or margarine, fifty-fifty.

24 If there's a scrap or two of ham left, you might use it diced with potatoes, onions and mushrooms, all tossed together and turned over and over in the frying pan to brown in a little fat. Season on the high side.

25 When your deep-dish apple pie is nearly done, pour a good cup of hot maple sirup through a vent in the crust. Serve with cream sweetened with shaved maple, perfumed with nutmeg.

26 Here's a rice hash—and if that name doesn't fool folks, what will! Mix a cup of chopped cooked ham with a large onion, chopped, and three cups of cold boiled rice. Season, add a beaten egg or two, and brown as any hash is done—in a little fat.

27 Conceal a small cube of soft cheese in a rice croquette before frying, and decorate with a spoonful of currant jelly.

28 This is a lovely thing. If the *croquette* is right, to begin with.

29 It beats the Dutch how folks go for salads. A few crumbled crisp pieces of bacon make a meal of a green salad. Put in at the last moment, you know.

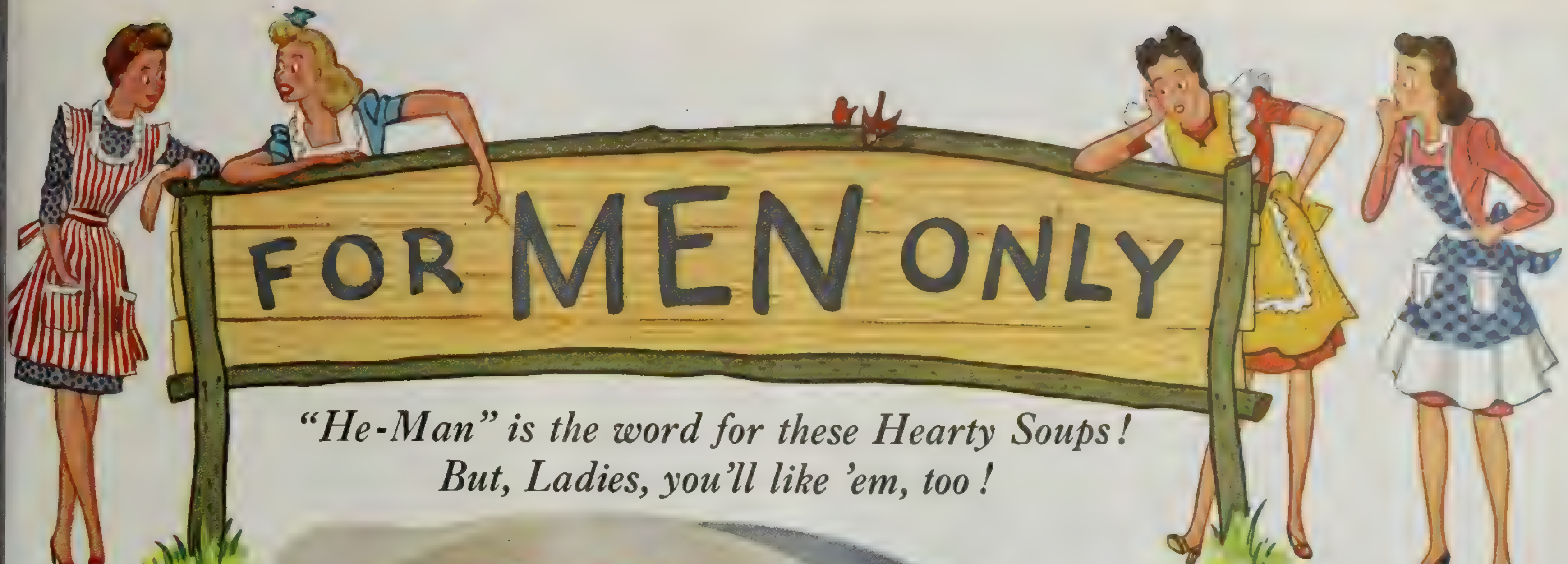
30 Thirty days hath April. Time to be spading, for before you can say Jack Robinson planting time will be here—and where will *we* be!

APRIL VIGNETTE

Somewhere along the way
I missed the shining hour
When April's earliest flower
Blossomed alone today.

But oh, I caught the breeze,
Savored the breath of spring,
And lo, on his golden wing,
An oriole in the trees.

FROM AN OLD CURRIER & IVES PRINT



"He-Man" is the word for these Hearty Soups!
But, Ladies, you'll like 'em, too!

BEEF! BEEF! BEEF!

BEEF is Big News everywhere today! So if you really want beef, here's the soup for you: a grand, deep-flavored beef stock, with hefty pieces of tender beef in it, and thick too with fine vegetables. You'll enjoy it—lots!

Campbell's BEEF SOUP

EVERYBODY LIKES CHICKEN!

And you can be sure the whole family will like this soup! Just try this homey chicken noodle soup and you'll know why it's such a favorite of young and old. A rich, slowly simmered chicken stock, plenty of pieces of tender chicken, and good egg noodles all combine to make it downright irresistible. Sit down soon to a supper that includes...

Campbell's CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP

ANOTHER GRAND MEAT-STOCK SOUP!

Again, in this hearty soup, the accent's on... Meat! After all, who better than Campbell's could take a soup as Scotch as the Highlands and, with a knowing touch or two, turn it so perfectly to our American taste? You'll relish its sturdy mutton broth, brimming with fine vegetables and with generous pieces of tender mutton. Seasoned, too, to the king's... and queen's... liking. Have it soon!

Campbell's SCOTCH BROTH

KINDS TO CHOOSE FROM: Asparagus · Bean with bacon · Beef · Black Bean · Bouillon · Chicken · Chicken Gumbo · Chicken Noodle · Clam Chowder · Consommé · Green Pea · Mock Turtle · Cream of Mushroom · Ox Tail · Pepper Pot · Scotch Broth · Tomato · Vegetable · Vegetarian Vegetable · Vegetable-Beef.

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Now it's Spring, my heart doth sing
A song 'bout "June" and "Moon"—
And one 'bout "Love" to rhyme with "Dove",
And one that says "Let's Spoon"!

Who'd guess he'd be fighting Tuberculosis—instead of Japs?

Nobody guessed Bob would be turned down. A strong, healthy boy like that!

But the eye of the X-ray saw what human eyes could not see—that Bob had early tuberculosis. Luckily, with the help of a sanatorium he will almost certainly be cured.

What is true of Bob is true of thousands who have tuberculosis—*many don't even suspect it.* Yet every tuberculous person may be a danger to his family, his associates, himself.

Tuberculosis is contagious. The crowded living and working conditions of wartime are particularly favorable for spreading the germs. Tuberculosis germs find easier victims when general health is low. The best precaution is *keeping fit, plus regular physical examinations including chest X-rays.*

An X-ray of your chest can detect tuberculosis before other symptoms become apparent. The usual symptoms—a persistent cough, chest pains, blood-streaked sputum—may come very late. Then cure is slow and difficult. Loss of weight, touches of indigestion, a constant tired feeling may mean tuberculosis.

Unfortunately, State health departments and tuberculosis sanatoriums report that some patients are forsaking

health institutions for jobs in wartime industry—thus gambling away their chances of recovery, and exposing others to infection.

Tuberculosis is dangerous to all ages, but you should be particularly watchful of young adults. Elderly people with coughs, "bronchitis," or "asthma" may have it. If you suspect that you or members of your family have been in contact with a tuberculous person, see your doctor at once.

Remember that tuberculosis can usually be cured—*if discovered early.* Tremendous progress has been made. Thirty years ago the death rate among wage-earning families was 220 per hundred thousand people. Today it is about 40—less than one fifth the old rate. On request, Metropolitan will gladly send you a free booklet, "Tuberculosis."

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THE ANNULMENT

(Continued from Page 23)

Miss Ferris. She has to be back at school tonight, she says, so I think she'll be out on the chance of finding you here."

"Oh," Abbie said.

Mrs. Coyle went out and came back with a little copper kettle of hot water, set it on a small stand, then hesitated an instant. She seemed not to find any words, however, except, "Drink your tea now, Abbie."

Abbie sat down in the high-backed golden chair by the hearth. She lifted the lid from the teapot, lifted the little silver ball on its chain and sat there looking at it. It was a ball her mother had once brought from Italy, and was beautiful. Presently she put it back and poured water from the copper kettle. She still sat there, her cup only half empty, when the doorbell rang and Mrs. Coyle brought Miss Ferris in.

Abbie shivered a little, but she stood up, gave Miss Ferris a polite, schoolgirl smile, asked her to sit down. Nothing in her face showed that she had loved and trusted this older woman more than anyone in the world.

There was no beauty in Miss Ferris, other than that of character. She had a strong, stern face, a somewhat brusque voice; she wore a plain tweed suit and the very way she walked seemed to say, "Let's have no nonsense, please!" But her eyes betrayed her brusqueness, for they were kind and deeply intelligent. She came over and sat across the hearth from Abbie.

"Abbie," she said without preamble, "I want you to come back to school."

"No, I'm all through with school," Abbie said firmly, though not ungraciously.

"Wait—I'm not through. I think I have imagination enough to know what you're thinking, what you're going through, but I believe you're wrong about school. I know you probably feel considerably older after this experience, that you fear you will never fit in again with schoolgirls, and to some extent that is doubtless true. But one thing I've always noticed about you and admired in you is your ability to see a thing through. It is part of your integrity. You've started this course. I think you should finish it and that you will be sorry if you do not. I don't mean that what knowledge you receive during the rest of this term will have any great effect one way or another on the sum total of your knowledge, but that you will always feel you have cheated on something if you don't finish. I—I am very fond of you, Abbie. I don't want you to fail yourself."

HEART TROUBLE

A man falls in love through his eyes, a woman through her imagination, and then they both speak of it as an affair of the heart.

—HELEN ROWLAND: This Married Life. (Dodge Pub. Co.)

Abbie put a hand up and slowly pushed her bangs back in a young gesture, as if she were somehow clearing her brow for thought. "I won't fail myself," she said, almost as brusquely as Miss Ferris had spoken. "My marriage has been annulled, Miss Ferris."

If Miss Ferris was startled, she showed it only by clasping her hands rather tightly in her lap. "Then all the more reason you should come back," she said carefully. "All the more reason you should fill in the time the best you can till you are of age."

For an instant something beautiful and wildly hopeful and deeply grateful sprang to the young face against the gold chair. Then the eyes grew guarded again. "I can't come back to school," Abbie said. "I can't, Miss Ferris. It—it just doesn't mean anything any more. It's just that I've grown up and I couldn't stand classes and all that now. I'd like to do it for you—but not for myself."

Miss Ferris' kind eyes looked sad suddenly, as if she knew there was nothing more to be said. "What will you do?" she asked.

"Oh, I will do something. There's my music," Abbie said. Then she went on with the first trace of intimacy she had shown: "But it shouldn't have happened this way, Miss Ferris. It wasn't a schoolgirl crush, you know. It could have lasted forever. I lied to the judge and I feel wicked and crawly all over, as if I'd been dragged in the ditch. They didn't have any right to do that to my marriage. It isn't that I couldn't wait, but that they've spoiled it."

"Yes, I know, Abbie," Miss Ferris said in her usual stern voice. "I do know, better than you realize. I have had a marriage spoiled myself you see. Only I was never married, even for a few days. My mother made me doubt him. . . . But let me say this, Abbie—let me beg you not to doubt that this, if it is real—and I think it is—will come right in the end. You must not let it be spoiled. You must keep yourself strong and fit for marriage and trust that Rob will do the same. You see, I do believe that your love is real. And furthermore, I feel responsible, for I knew you were meeting Rob, and one day I chanced to see you together by the little group of trees back of my house and I knew then that you loved each other. I did not think you would marry him then—no, I do not think I would have connived at that—but when you went away that night, I knew what had happened and I did not tell your father. I am responsible."

"No one could have stopped me," Abbie said slowly. "Not you—or anyone."

"Perhaps not. But if no one could have stopped you then, no one can stop you now. Four years—really not much more than three—will pass, Abbie. And I think if you show yourself to be faithful and true to Rob, your father will not make you wait that long. Those are old-fashioned words, I know, but they still mean something."

Abbie rose rather abruptly, walked away, asked Mrs. Coyle to bring fresh tea. She returned and stood by the hearth, saying some conventional words about being sorry she hadn't offered tea sooner.

When the tea came, Miss Ferris said, "Play something to me while I have my tea, Abbie, will you? I will miss your playing after dinner at school."

Abbie walked to the piano, sat down obediently, began to play a Chopin number that Miss Ferris liked. She played remarkably well. The notes fell clearly and sweetly into the quiet of the room. Miss Ferris sat looking, not at Abbie's strong hands on the keys, but at the fire leaping from the logs. Her stern face looked deeply troubled, as if this interview had not gone as she had hoped. She had made this long journey for nothing—for worse than nothing, for she had been rebuffed in a way she had not foreseen. Abbie seemed frank, but she was not. She had a look of someone who would never be wholly frank again, and Miss Ferris felt this with pain. The music died away. Miss Ferris picked up her gloves.

Then Abbie left the piano and came over to the hearth, stood with back to the fire, hands clasped behind her. The look of guardedness was still in the gray eyes, and yet something had changed. They were no longer teacher and pupil, but two women facing each other. Yet what came was nothing Miss Ferris had expected.

"You see, Miss Ferris, I will not be driven any more," Abbie said clearly.

"Driven?" Miss Ferris said.

"All my life I have been driven. Driven by love. First there was my mother. I loved her very much. My mother was so beautiful—you have never seen anyone so beautiful as my mother. My father worshiped her, and so did I. So did I. All the time I was a little girl, my first thought was for her, to make her happy, to make her laugh—she didn't laugh often—to wait on her. But she didn't love me very much. I can see that now. I doubt if she even loved father. She loved her own beauty and the—

(Continued on Page 48)

Cadet Nurse Engaged

DOROTHY M. FORRESTER of the U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps to Charles C. Carmichael, an officer in the U.S. Army Air Corps.

LISTED IN A PROUD PROFESSION—Her nurse's "white" lends a special glamour to Dorothy's
utiful eyes and exquisitely smooth skin. "It would be wonderful," she says, "if high school graduates
o see this page would enlist as Cadet Nurses. We need more nurses so." As a Cadet Nurse you—like
rothy—would be given *free training* and a monthly allowance. Write today to the U. S. Cadet Nurse
rps, Box 88, New York, N. Y. for full information.

FROM "HIM"! "Charles is as glad as I am that I'm one of the Cadet Nurse Corps." Dorothy says, "It makes us feel we're part of this war *together.*" Dorothy wears the official Cadet Nurse suit of gray wool with red epaulets and sleeve insignia. The beret matches the uniform and looks adorable with her soft-smooth Pond's complexion.

She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

CADET DOROTHY FORRESTER is studying at the California School of Nursing in Los Angeles, not far from her home town in Vista.

Her smooth, capable hands are learning to bring comfort at a touch. Eyes smile gratefully after her trim young figure in its white on-duty uniform—especially becoming with her glorious, dark hair and the soft, fresh-as-a-new-day look of her lovely complexion.

"I'm a Pond's Cold Cream girl—always." Dorothy says, "I think there's nothing half as nice as Pond's for making your skin *feel soft* and *beautifully clean.*"

Dorothy believes in a twice-over creaming with Pond's—this way:

1. She *smooths* Pond's soft-smooth Cold Cream over her face and throat. Pats briskly but gently to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off.

2. She *rinses* now with *more* snowy-soft Pond's, working its softening creaminess round her face with little spiral whirls of her finger tips—over forehead, cheeks, nose, mouth. Tissues off again well.

* * *

Give your face this soft-smooth Pond's complexion care that Dorothy loves. You'll see that it's no accident engaged girls like Dorothy, noted society beauties like Mrs. Ellen Tuck Astor, Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr., and Britain's Lady Morris use Pond's Cold Cream.

Ask for a luxurious *big* jar of Pond's today. Use it every night and every morning—and for in-between beauty clean-ups! You'll *love* Pond's Cold Cream, too!

K FOR A BIG LUXURY JAR!
ves glass and man-power!
d it's so *quick* to dip
ger tips of both hands
to the lovely wide jar!

Today many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price

Have you heard that Mary White
Blues her washes white and bright?
It's swell! It works! That gal's no dope—
Dissolves LA FRANCE *in with her soap!*

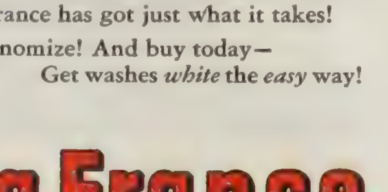
Use La France in *your* machine. Gosh!
Blues like sixty *while you wash!*
Toss it in your laundry tub—
Springs to action *while you scrub!*
Saves you loads of extra work—
No *separate* bluing job to irk.

Trust La France! You needn't fear
Bluing streak or spot or smear!
Try these *modern* bluing flakes—
La France has got just what it takes!
Economize! And buy today—
Get washes *white* the *easy* way!

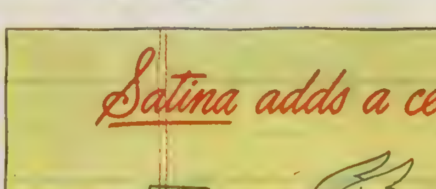
La France
Blues right in the suds

Satina adds a certain Something

1. A CINCH! Just add Satina to your starch. It stops your iron from sticking, dragging, bucking.



2. "LIKE-NEW" FINISH for curtains, shirts, dresses! Keeps them clean-looking longer.



3. UMM-MM-M! Smells so *nice!* And only a few cents for a *month's* supply. Get going! Get Satina today!

For EASIER Ironing, Fresher Clothes

(Continued from Page 46)

the sort of fairy-tale atmosphere she could make grow around her. . . . I'm not saying it very well. You see, I never thought it out till lately. But now it seems very clear, and I know I have been a fool to have longed for her so all these years that she's been dead."

"But isn't it the love you give that matters?" Miss Ferris said.

Abbie gave a faint smile. "No, I don't think so," she said. "After that I loved my father. I had to make up to him for my mother's not being there. I had to keep this house the way it was—before. Maybe it seems funny that a little girl would feel that way, but I did. Oh, I worked at it, Miss Ferris! I worked at it very hard. I learned to arrange flowers in the careless yet beautiful way my mother liked. I learned how to order meals that were right. I studied music because my mother was musical. Oh, everything that my father expected of me, I have done. Everything. That's why I've worked so hard at chemistry in school—so I could talk with father about what interested him. I even planned to go into his laboratories someday and work for him."

"But, Abbie ——" Miss Ferris began.

But Abbie went on as if she had not been interrupted. "Then I loved you," she said almost coldly. "It was a little different—but not so much different, I see now. You loved Latin and Greek, and though I didn't have any leaning that way, I studied Latin and Greek as if my life depended on getting good marks in them. Every time I pleased you, I felt happy. When you invited me to spend a holiday with you at your place in the country I—I felt—well, it seemed to me as if something very beautiful had happened to me. I felt as if I were your *friend*."

"You were—you are" Miss Ferris said.

"Am I?" Abbie said. "Am I, Miss Ferris? No, I don't think so. If I do what you want me to, it might still seem that way; if I go ahead and fulfill your ambitions for me, perhaps. But if I don't? No, you would soon forget me. I'm—I am not going to fulfill those ambitions, Miss Ferris."

FRIENDSHIP

The holy passion of friendship is of so sweet and steady and loyal and enduring a nature, that it will last through a whole lifetime, if not asked to lend money.
—MARK TWAIN.

Friends are people who dislike the same people. —ANON.

"My friendship doesn't depend on that, Abbie," Miss Ferris said sternly.

"No? Forgive me—please forgive me, Miss Ferris, but I don't believe you. . . . When I met Rob, I loved him. You see, he didn't know anything about me, he didn't expect anything of me. The day I walked to the village for you, I slipped and fell in the snow and he picked me up. That was how we met. It—it was so beautiful, to have nothing ahead or behind, just *now* to be happy in. It wasn't anything *for* someone else, you see. It was something just for me. I felt as if I had never been alive before. He told me he earned only twenty-five dollars a week on a newspaper, but that didn't matter. Nothing mattered except the fact that I felt happy and free and somehow on my own for the first time in my life. And for a little while he loved me too—yes, he did, or I would have known. He loved me the way I did him—for a little while. All those three days we lived together he loved me—and then my father came."

"Abbie, he still loves you."

"OH, NO, Miss Ferris. That's what I started to tell you, only I've been a long time saying it. He doesn't. If he did he couldn't have let my father turn him from me. He didn't—he didn't, Miss Ferris. I—I think my father even paid him something, though they both tried to keep that from me. . . . And that's what comes from loving, from letting love drive you, and that's what I won't have any more of. No more, so long as I live."

"You are hurting me very much, Abbie."

"If I said I was glad, you would be shocked, wouldn't you? But I am a little glad. For it shows I was right, that I have learned my lesson. If anyone drives from now on, I will be the one. That's the only way you can save yourself from being hurt. I suppose you'll be shocked, too, to know that I want to stay here to show my father that he can't hurt me any more. He can't, you know, though he doesn't know it yet. I am all through with loving, Miss Ferris."

Miss Ferris stood up. Her strong face suddenly showed all her years. "There is no use in saying to you that you are terribly wrong, Abbie," she said slowly. "But you are. Life without love is nothing—just dust and ashes. But I can see that there is no use now in telling you so. You will have to learn the hard way." Then she gave Abbie a smile that had considerable tenderness in it and said, "If you ever find you are wrong, Abbie, will you tell me so?"

"Yes," Abbie said, though her gray eyes said that time would never come.

Miss Ferris held out her hand and Abbie took it for an instant. In that instant something of her old worship for this older woman seemed to clutch at her and turn her young and bewildered again, but the instant passed. They said good-by and Miss Ferris went out the door, was gone.

THAT night a small thing happened. Oh, very small indeed. It seemed to have almost no meaning. At six Abbie, who had been sitting quite alone and still in the living room since Miss Ferris' departure, heard the sounds of the table's being laid for dinner. She rose, went to the dining-room door. Fanny, the young, slightly lame maid who helped Mrs. Coyle, was putting the beautiful service plates on the lace cloth. Candles in silver holders stood either side of a flat bowl where lilylike reddish flowers floated. It was just as it always was at this time of night. The Harringtons had always lived with a certain formality of service, though it was a pleasant, not too rigid formality.

Abbie said, "We won't use those plates tonight, Fanny. Bring some of the peasant dishes from the kitchen, please. And no flowers on the table, either."

"But, Miss Abbie!" Fanny protested.

Abbie took the lace cloth off and folded it. "Just some doilies, Fanny," she said.

Fanny was confused and dropped the cloth as she started kitchenward with it. She came back with doilies and bright pottery plates. She put them on the table, said doubtfully, "Is that how you want it?"

"Yes, exactly."

"Mr. Harrington won't like it," Fanny murmured.

"It's fine," Abbie said firmly.

Presently Mr. Harrington came in. He spoke to Abbie, trying not to show there was anything hostile between them, and Abbie answered pleasantly and carelessly enough. He went off to wash up and then dinner was served and they went out to the dining room.

Mr. Harrington scowled at the table. "What's up?" he said.

"Nothing. Why?"

"What's happened to the table? It looks appalling. Let's have no more of it. . . . I didn't know you liked the Bohemian, Abbie."

"I do, though. I think it's very nice for a change." She spoke without any animosity, any seeming notion that this wasn't quite in order. She even smiled.

No, it sounds like almost nothing, but it was something. Abbie had taken the reins in her own hands, she had exerted her will upon the management of this house—not because she was tired of formality, not to antagonize her father—merely to exercise her will. She had used power for its own sake.

After dinner she put on her coat and said, "I'm going to take a walk."

"I'll come too," her father said. They had often walked together after dinner. It was at such times that Mr. Harrington spoke of his work, of his discoveries in the chemical field, of problems of the laboratory.

(Continued on Page 51)

I saw a ship a-sailing by!
I heard the babies squeal:
"A Swan bath's like a lullaby,
It's pure as fine castile!"

Yes, Swan's the soap for mild, quick suds!
That's why smart mamas find,
For Baby, Dishes, Bath, and Duds,
They need no other kind!

So stick to Swan these wartime days!
There is no better buy!
With *one* pure soap to help *four* ways—
Just watch your troubles fly!

SWAN IS *four* SWELL SOAPS IN 1

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BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMP

"Home again, home again, jiggety-jig!"

"Marketing was certainly simpler in the car . . . *oops, there goes a potato!* . . . but it's a lot easier to park a bike — and cheaper, too . . . *hold on Johnny, we're coming to a corner!*"

An American sense of humor has helped Mrs. Frazer make the best of food, gas and rubber rationing. It's rather fun balancing a big box of groceries in front and a small boy in back. It's *not* so much fun balancing coupon points against high prices, and low stocks in the stores. But there's still a certain satisfaction in being clever enough to make things come out even!

In the same cheerful, chin-up spirit, she has pitched into other wartime jobs. Little things bother her most — the lack of elastic, bobby pins, zippers. But she's doing all her own cleaning since once-a-week Mary went to work at the plane plant. She's saving fats, flattening cans, baling paper. She grows vegetables instead of flowers in the backyard. She bandages knees and nurses sniffles to spare the busy doctor.

There are no medals, no "E" awards, for being a good wartime housewife. But Mrs. Frazer, and the millions like her who keep their families healthy and homes attractive in spite of everything, are making a magnificent contribution to morale and to Victory.

The "family" *we* feed with nature's most nearly perfect food — milk and milk products — includes millions of soldiers and civilians. We have many of the housekeeping problems that face Mrs. Frazer — on a far larger scale. But we're trying to do *our* job with the same good sense and good will.

Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.

Kraft Sealtest Breyers

NATIONAL DAIRY
PRODUCTS CORPORATION
AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES

(Continued from Page 48)

)h, it's messy out—you'd better read paper. I like walking alone," Abbie

e looked startled and hurt, but she went without another word. It had stopped ing and the whole world was white and eful. Abbie walked for some distance their house along the country road. At she paused, stood with hands thrust into ets, looked around her into the winter t. "I'm free!" she said then out loud nphantly. "Oh, I'm *free!*"

Have a nice walk?" her father said too fully when she came in.

Swell," she said.

fter a time he said, "What about school, ie? Shouldn't you be starting back?"

I'm not going back," Abbie said calmly.

But, Abbie ——"

I'm not going back," Abbie said again, angrily, just with complete conviction. picked up a book, curled up in the corner ne sofa and began to read. There was ing to show that she was the angry, airing girl of this noon. She looked quite ent.

the morning Orrin Root, a neighbor boy n Abbie had known for years, came in ay of the kitchen. They had always been ds in a careless, tomboyish fashion. was home on his mid-term vacation from ceton.

Hi, Abbie! You still home?" he called "How about some table tennis?"

I don't feel for it," Abbie said.

)h, you don't, eh? Getting too good for am I? Well, I might take you toboggan- if you'd get into duds."

I don't feel for gganing either," ie said lazily. "I for poetry — sit n and read me poetry, Orrin."

Good heavens — yougonecrazy?" stared at her, ing. "*Me*—read *y?* Go jump in the kid. Not me." ne had worked bly hard to get good enough so could play table is with him with- a handicap. It somehow seemed important that she do so. She went over e bookshelves, took down a slim volume.

Please, Orrin," she said. "It's just the for it." She thrust the book into his un- ng hands, dropped down to a stool, ed her head against a cushion on the "I'm ready—begin," she said.

e flushed again. "*Me!*" he said again nfully, but he sat down and opened the . She smiled at him and he began to one of those nostalgic Housman poems cherry blossoms and death juxtaposed.

Tommyrot!" Orrin said when he had .

It's lovely—do another," Abbie mur- ed.

EN he had read three, somewhat gerently and unpoetically, she reached and took the book from him.

You read like a little boy in the third e," she said. "It goes like this:

"Oh, fair enough are sky and plain,
But I know fairer far:
Those are as beautiful again
That in the water are.

"The [illegible] *rs wash so clean*
Th [illegible] *rington's and air,*
The [illegible] *n was never seen,*
And oh [illegible] *I were there."*

ne sat with head bent forward, her oth fair hair falling across her cheeks. looked young and defenseless and lovely. read for some time while the freshman Princeton sat looking at her as if he never seen her before.

"It's different when you read it," he admitted at last. "Seems to make more sense."

"Oh, it's simple enough, isn't it?" she said. "All he says over and over is that we all have to die sooner or later—the sooner the sadder. I like Jeffers better. Come over tomorrow and we'll read Jeffers together. Will you?"

"All right. Only you do the reading."

He seemed to be having difficulty speaking. Gone was his easy comradeship which he had shown when he came in the door, gone forevermore. He was a young lad, fallen suddenly in love with a girl he'd once liked to play table tennis with.

The next morning he came again, soon after breakfast. "Well, how about my education?" he tried to say in the old manner.

So she read Jeffers to him. He frowned as she read.

"I don't get him," he said finally. "I don't like him as well as that other chap. Too many hawks."

"I LIKE him. He's got a lot of guts," she said inelegantly. "At least he struggles. He doesn't just sink into death. He fights it."

"Funny, though, how short life is," he said boyishly. "Isn't it, Abbie? I never thought much about it before. You think you've got all the time there is—and all of a sudden you know you haven't. I—I never thought about it before."

"Haven't you? I've always thought of it," Abbie said, not quite truthfully. Well, yes, perhaps truthfully, for once we have acquired a knowledge it ever seems that we have always had it. "For a long time now it's seemed to me I've got to live every day terribly hard, as if I wouldn't have many more."

He gave her a quick, shy look, respect for her wisdom blending with his love for her. "Funny, too," he went on discovering himself, "I never knew you were so pretty before. Have you got pretty all of a sudden?"

"I'm just like I've always been."

"You seem different," he floundered. "Look, Abbie, how about coming up to Princeton for the spring dance? Would you?"

"Oh, I don't know. That's a long time off."

"I wish you would."

"Well, I'll see."

He mooned around the house constantly then till he went back to school. He was always underfoot, not scorning poetry, but begging for it now. Mrs. Coyle had always liked him, given him the freedom of the cooky jar. Now she was a little impatient with him, saying, "Goodness, is that you again, Orrin?"—things like that.

After he had gone home on his last night there, Abbie went up to her room. Mrs. Coyle was turning down her bed as she had done for years, a task Abbie had always been quite willing to do for herself but one which she ignored for the simple pleasure of having Mrs. Coyle lovingly ministering to her. Tonight it was all as usual. Mrs. Coyle turned on the little bed light, for it was dark outside.

Abbie played with the curtain cord and then she said, "Love is very silly, when you come right down to it, isn't it, Mrs. Coyle?"

"Silly? Why, I wouldn't say so, Abbie."

"Have you ever been in love?"

"That I have," Mrs. Coyle said after a moment. "Nor was it silly, child. I'm not speaking of calf love like young Orrin's, mind you."

"They're all the same," Abbie said. "All just the same. Only sometimes one side is the fool, sometimes the other. And it's so easy to make the other one the fool—I didn't know how easy it was." She seemed to be talking to herself.

"Begging leave to disagree with you," Mrs. Coyle said. "Making a fool of somebody

Camouflage

BY W. E. FARBSTEIN

You never can tell
If a girl is sensible
  By looking at her today,
Because the girl
Who's really sensible
  Won't let herself look that way.

JINX FALKENBURG AND JESS BARKER IN "COVER GIRL," NEW COLUMBIA PRODUCTION IN TECHNICOLOR

Jinx Falkenburg — the Charm of her Hands

Charming hands like Jinx's can be cultivated—and easily.

"I have the simplest, loveliest way of caring for my hands," says Jinx Falkenburg. "And it does help prevent skin-roughness and that *too-old* look."

Jinx Falkenburg uses Jergens Lotion—the famous hand care that's practically professional.

You know the way many doctors help gratey skin become soft and smooth? They apply 2 special ingredients, which are both in your Jergens Lotion. And Jergens never feels sticky.

Favorite Hand Care with Hollywood Stars is Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1

JERGENS LOTION
FOR SOFT,
ADORABLE HANDS

Friday night, when the bouquets arrive and the "Hour" is over, Kate Smith thrills a small admirer with an invitation to join her in her dressing room for supper.

THE MOST HEARTFELT COMMERCIALS ON THE AIR

Kate Smith really loves the products she talks about

LISTENERS to the popular Kate Smith Hour can't help but notice the great warmth and sincerity that Kate puts into her selling of Jell-O, Jell-O Puddings, and Sanka Coffee.

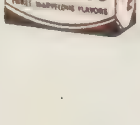
"Naturally, I'm enthusiastic," she says. "I enjoy good things to eat myself, so I love to talk about 'em to other folks. They're always keen for new food ideas, and I have loads to give 'em.

"And it sure warms my heart to be able to tell busy housewives how to save time. Why, do you know that you can make up a wonderful Jell-O Pudding in only 8 minutes—compared to a half-hour or so, the old, fussy way? And the old-fashioned, homemade taste of Jell-O Puddings is just perfect.

"Then, too, I like to tell folks how wholesome and satisfying Jell-O Puddings are. You know, these made-with-milk desserts do a lot to bolster up today's slimmer meals.

"So is it any wonder that I enjoy my commercials when I have such helpful products to talk about?"

Kate's supper tray includes a bowl of Jell-O Chocolate Pudding. "I never can decide which flavor I like best, Chocolate, Vanilla, or Butterscotch," she says



"All three flavors are really something to shout about! And especially now—because, even in wartime, Jell-O Puddings taste just as rich and luscious as ever."

isn't what I mean by love, not a bit of it. That's just mischief."

Abbie gave a soft excited laugh. Mrs. Coyle looked around at her, and her broad, round face was troubled.

"It's not my place to speak," she said at last. "Forgive me for speaking out, but it don't seem like you to play with a boy like Orrin. It don't seem kind. You've had some trouble, but it's not like you to take it out on other folks."

Abbie was silent. At last she looked full at Mrs. Coyle and said, "I'm not taking anything out on anybody, Mrs. Coyle. I'm just digging into my foxhole, that's all."

Mrs. Coyle looked at her without understanding. Her somewhat sharp eyes filled with tears and she turned away without speaking.

"Mrs. Coyle," Abbie said, stopping her in the doorway. When Mrs. Coyle turned, Abbie gave her a bright smile and said, "You're sweet!"

Mrs. Coyle flushed with feeling, went on, but her face was still troubled.

And so Abbie Harrington willed herself into maturity. She didn't slide in without knowing it had happened, as most of us do. All in the course of a few hours she grew up. She was a child, loving with a passion of eagerness and devotion; abruptly she was a woman, governing her emotions with her mind, using old spontaneous patterns deliberately for a purpose, taking hold of her life and turning it into channels of her desire. Even in her marriage she had been a child, though she had protested that she knew quite well what she was doing. She had not—she had only given herself with the ardor she had for giving. The change had not even come when she had stood before the judge and seen the termination of her brief marriage. No, it had come when she sat at last in the Buckingham Grill with her father and stared at the print called Full Cry. In that moment she hardened herself. It was not even as she had said: that she saw herself as the fox, panting away from the hunt, searching frantically for a hole that would be salvation. No, rather she determined then and there that she would nevermore be the fox again. She would be the hunter from now on—and not the one by the ditch, either, but the one in the lead.

The fact that she still looked like a young girl, that she used the same gestures, that she wore her fair hair the same and still wore her plain wool dresses she had worn at school, was disconcerting, not to her but to those about her who looked for familiarity of motive under the familiar features and garments.

Mr. Harrington was a busy man. He owned the Harrington Laboratories and was well known in the field of chemical experimentation. It had ever been a great comfort to him to come home at night, to find everything the same, to be able to talk with his daughter on any subject under the sun and to feel her loving intelligence meeting his at every turn. He had loved his wife very deeply and had never admitted to himself that he found a more satisfying companionship in his daughter. Perhaps if his wife had lived longer, he would have known her selfishness more completely; but she had died at the peak of her beauty and glamour, and so he kept her in his mind as a bright star that had shone in his world for a pitifully little time and then vanished.

HE HAD been shocked deeply at the marriage of Abbie. He had not dreamed that she was even thinking of such a thing, for she was a child to him still. He was angry at Miss Ferris, angry at the boy. He never once considered letting the marriage stand, in spite of Abbie's pleading. It was beyond the possibility of acceptance. He hated hurting Abbie, but he saw nothing else to do, and he believed in the resiliency of youth.

He should have been satisfied with the way Abbie took the whole thing. Except for the fact that she utterly refused to go bac to school, she seemed quite amenable. H did not even care too much about the schoo liking to have her in the house, wanting t be at hand to help her over this difficul time. But it was not long before he saw tha there was a change in Abbie, a change tha he could not quite put his finger on. If sh had been angry, he would have put forth a effort to appease her, but she was not. Sh did not ignore him, but neither did she approach him. It was just that somethin he had always taken for granted had gon out of their relationship: her intense interest in everything he did and thought. Sh listened, but often he found accounts o laboratory work dying on his lips becaus they seemed to be going out to nothing, t blankness.

"Yes?" she would say, waiting.

"Oh, I guess it would be dull stuff to you honey," he would say confusedly, and sh would not insist that he finish.

THEN there was a change in the house, i its routine. The change of the dishes wa only one of many minor differences. That di not happen again, but something like i seemed always to be happening. The Sunda dinner hour of four was changed to six, the to eight, then back to four. The long walk he had once taken with Abbie seemed to happen no more. She took the walks, but b herself. Where once she had never found th companionship of others so important as he companionship with him, now the hous seemed always to have people in it, peopl he had never seen before.

"You'd better clear out, dad—there's going to be a lot of racket here tonight!" she' say easily enough, not asking him if h needed quiet, not asking him to join in, ju taking it for granted tha he would be bored an advising him that his presence wasn't wanted. An presently from his stud which he had never like so well as a round tabl drawn up by the fire fo work, he would hear th sound of cello and violi being tuned up, and the would come the sound o strange music filling th house and interrupting his thoughts. ! was generally very strange music, unfamilia dissonant to ears that knew Mozart an Chopin and Schubert. He hated it. Bu there was no doubting the enthusiasm wit which it was performed.

PROVERBS

Pull gently at a weak rope.

Everyone tries to cross the fence where it is lowest.

No man limps because another is hurt.

One night he walked out into the roo where the music was going full blast. He sa down and listened, though his nerves fel all jagged with the harshness. A stoop shouldered, middle-aged Jewish fellow wa playing the cello. He had most intelligen eyes and a furrowed forehead. A youn blond boy was playing one violin and strange-looking woman with hair pulle straight back like a skullcap to a knob at th back was playing another. Abbie sat at th piano. She looked so very young and out o place with them. Only the strength of he playing made her a part of the group.

When they had finished the cellist sai "Damn you, Abbie, you played that la page too fast!"

Mr. Harrington pulled himself forwar angrily, but Abbie only laughed and sai "I know, darling—all of a sudden it bore me." Then she seemed to be aware that h father sat there and she said carelessly, "M father—everybody," not naming any name not even pretending that they might be interested in one another. Presently they be gan another number and Mr. Harringto rose and went away withou [illegible] one's havin noticed his going.

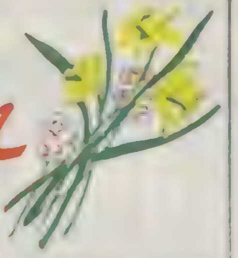
Another day Mr. Ha [illegible] met th same cellist in the hall in [illegible] e early mornin as he was going to work. The cellist had h bulky instrument with him and was takin off his somewhat shabby coat.

"Good morning," Mr. Harrington sai shortly. "Music so early?"

"What better time?" the man said.

(Continued on Page 54)

MRS. K. KEEPS A TREASURED *Easter Tradition*



GRAND NEWS! A cable from son Ted—who's fighting in the South Pacific—says he's been cited for gallantry. Hopes family has happy Easter. Mrs. K., in joyous mood, starts thinking about Easter plans. She's having three of the relatives for dinner, and traditional Easter dinner in the K. family for three generations has been Swift's Premium Ham. But Mrs. K. wonders . . . will she be able to get Swift's Premium Ham just now?

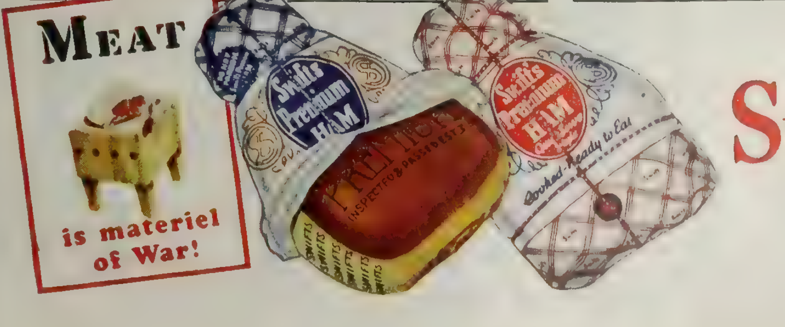
CONSULTATION with friend meat dealer brings more good news. He'll be able to let her have a butt end of Swift's Premium Ham, which can be "extended" if necessary with savory dressing. Mighty relieved to find she can get *Swift's Premium* as no other ham has its wonderful mild, rich flavor. *Attractive* meals are more important than ever in wartime, so platter will be glorified with garnish of edible flowers for which Mrs. K. is famous.

SURPRISE! SURPRISE! Who should drop in but an old schoolmate of son Ted's. He finds the K.s getting an early start planting their Victory Garden. As our Government urges, they are putting in an even bigger and better garden this year than last, for food fights for freedom . . . food makes the task of our invading forces easier, will shorten the war. Mrs. K. (remembering fine "stretcher" recipe!) insists that Bob stay for dinner.

DRESSING FOR "STRETCHING" While ham bakes in 325° oven (22 min. per lb.; 5 min. per lb. more if taken right from refrigerator) Mrs. K. fixes savory rice dressing. Her recipe for 6: Cook ½ c. rice in salted water. Brown 1 c. cubed unpeeled apple, ¼ c. minced onion, 1 c. diced celery and ½ c. chopped green pepper in ⅓ c. flavory drippings from Swift's Premium Ham. Mix with drained rice; salt to taste; bake in molds for 25 min. in 325° oven.

NARCISSUS FOR GLAMOUR. Peel turnips; cut slices 2½" in diameter; divide each in 6 equal parts by making slits with knife, leaving a center size of a dime. With scissors shape petals oval. For center, cut a round shape from a thick slice; hollow out; attach with toothpick, leaving long end of pick on under side. Touch outer edge of "cups" with paprika; fasten picks into 2-inch high clusters of spinach stems. (Trim bottoms so clusters will stand up.)

EASTER FEAST! How Mrs. K. rejoices to see Bob and the rest enjoy Swift's Premium Ham. And how pleased she is with admiring comments on artistic garnish. She reflects that—what with extender dressing and glamorizing narcissus—Easter tradition could actually be kept with ham shank or slices. Any part of a Swift's Premium Ham, with its special flavor from Swift's Brown Sugar Cure, could be used this same way for an Easter feast de luxe.



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That is from the findings of distinguished doctors, in clinical tests of men and women smokers—reported in an authoritative medical journal. Solid *proof* that this finer-tasting cigarette is *less irritating* to the nose and throat!

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

America's FINEST Cigarette

(Continued from Page 52)

"I'm Mr. Harrington," Harrington said, controlling a desire to slap the fellow for his rudeness. "I don't believe I got your name the other night."

"Abramer—Felix Abramer," the man said. "Is Abbie around?"

"I presume so." Still he lingered. It seemed to him somehow imperative that he should get to know these people who were taking up so much of Abbie's time. He said, "Isn't Abbie a little—well, inexperienced, to be a part of your quartet? She's only seventeen, you know."

"What's age got to do with talent, Mr. Harrington?" Abramer said a little impatiently.

"Well, age might premise a certain amount of experience," Harrington said shortly. He found himself detesting Abramer but hanging on all the same.

"Abbie was born old," Abramer said. He took out a cigarette and lit it, put his hand on his cello case as if to end the conversation.

"Nonsense! Abbie's been a perfectly normal young girl. Music was never more than a side line with her till these last few weeks!" He knew he was instilling antagonism, but he couldn't stop.

"It could be, couldn't it, that you, a businessman, have never known whether Abbie was a normal young girl or not?" Abramer said boldly.

"I may be a businessman, but I'm Abbie's father and I know her pretty well," Harrington said dryly. "And I know something about music, too, Mr. Abramer. I'm glad to have Abbie take music seriously—her mother was a musician, and Abbie comes by her interest naturally. Nevertheless, she has not taken it seriously up to this time, and I do not believe she has had the foundation in music to make her up to joining you professionals."

Just then Abbie came running down the stairs. "Hi, is that you, Felix?" she called. "Oh, you are a darling to have come so early! We'll have a day of it! . . . Dad, you'd better run—you'll be late. . . . First we're going to have some scrambled eggs and sausage. Oh, Felix, it was wonderful of you to come!" She spoke like a child being given a treat.

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT WAR BONDS

This is a struggle for survival. If you want to survive, don't quibble over the SURVIVAL RATES! Kick in with your money! Plenty of men and women are kicking in with their lives.

—H. I. PHILLIPS.
(New York Sun Columnist.)

Mr. Harrington slammed the door as he went out. It wasn't that he didn't want Abbie to play, or even that he objected too deeply to these strange people. He had no real snobbishness. It was something else that troubled him constantly—it was Abbie herself. Abbie had never, or so he believed, had the musical temperament. She had worked hard at her music, but without the fireworks that he thought went with genius. It was really a matter of loneliness for Mr. Harrington, a realization that Abbie had taken herself away from him and that this musical crowd was only a means to that end.

One night he said to Abbie quite abruptly, "Abbie, do you like that Abramer fellow who plays the cello here so much?"

"I adore him!" Abbie said lightly.

"Seems an awfully rude, rough sort of chap to me."

"OH, HE would, to you," Abbie admitted, as if it didn't matter too much. "He doesn't like the prosperous too much. He's always been poor and had bad breaks—but he lives for music. It's wonderful to know someone who really *lives* for one thing!"

"Where'd you ever pick him up, anyway?"

"Oh, he was playing in a restaurant. I talked to him," Abbie said vaguely.

"And that woman with the queer hair-do—who's she?"

"Why, that's Vanya. Isn't she marvelous?"

"They seem to be so old to be your friends. Aren't there any young people who get together to play?"

"Well, Jan's young. He's just a baby, really. I like older people. It's a wonderfu chance for me, playing with them."

"Are you sure they don't like to come here for scrambled eggs and coffee? After all Abbie, does it seem to make sense that they'd be attracted to a young girl like you? Oh I don't mean that exactly—but they're professionals. You're surely not in their class when it comes to music, are you?"

Abbie's face never changed from its childish look of eagerness, but something cold, like a wind, passed between them. "Perhaps not," she said evenly enough. "You mean you don't want me to have friends coming here?"

He felt put in the wrong at once. "Nonsense! You know better. Where else would your friends come? It's just that I don't quite see this particular lot as your friends."

"WELL, they happen to be," Abbie said. "If Felix and Jan are in love with me and Vanya with Jan, that doesn't make it less true. They're just the kind of people I like."

Her father flushed and his lips tightened. "In love with you? Those men?" he said more hotly than he'd known he was going to speak. "That's preposterous, Abbie! Utterly preposterous! Jan, maybe, or whatever his name is—he looks like a nice boy—but Abramer! You ought to be ashamed to admit it, even if it's so. I shall ask him not to come here again."

"Well, that would be silly, wouldn't it?" Abbie said reasonably. "I didn't say I was in love with him, did I? If I don't mind, why should you? And Felix is quite a person—you just don't know him, that's all. And I get free musical instruction, so I'm ahead all around. Of course we can play down in Jan's room if you don't want them to come here. Or at Felix's—only he lives in one room in a basement and there isn't much space."

"You know I don't mean any such thing. Have them here if you want them." He was more controlled now. "But I just don't know why you want them, and I find it very distasteful to think of their—their love interests. I should think you would too."

"Why? I like to be loved," Abbie said clearly. "I like it very much. It makes life so exciting."

He could say no more, but he went around for weeks after with a feeling of distress always tugging at him. He kept wondering if she were still thinking of Rob, whether that affair had retained its importance for her, whether this were not meant as a punishment for his interference. He still did not regret the interference, for he knew that marriage just never would have worked out between the irresponsible boy of twenty and the child of seventeen, not yet out of school But he wondered a good deal as to whether the wound was still there, festering in Abbie

One day he even said to Mrs. Coyle, "Mrs. Coyle, does Abbie ever speak to you of that Rob Dennis?"

"No, sir. Never," Mrs. Coyle said.

"I wondered," he said uneasily. "I—I get a feeling now and then that she still broods about all that."

"She keeps very busy," Mrs. Coyle said.

"Yes, I know. I know. But there's something wrong with her, Mrs. Coyle."

"Yes, sir," Mrs. Coyle said surprisingly.

"Well, what is it?"

Mrs. Coyle folded her hands under her apron and looked suddenly old and sorrowful. "That I don't know, Mr. Harrington," she said. "All I know is, she's not my little Abbie any more."

Abbie was eighteen now. The spring was well along. Orrin came home for Easter and haunted the house, but Abbie laughed at him. She didn't read poetry with him this vacation. He wrote her letters every few hours and slipped them under the kitchen door, where Mrs. Coyle took them in and

(Continued on Page 56)

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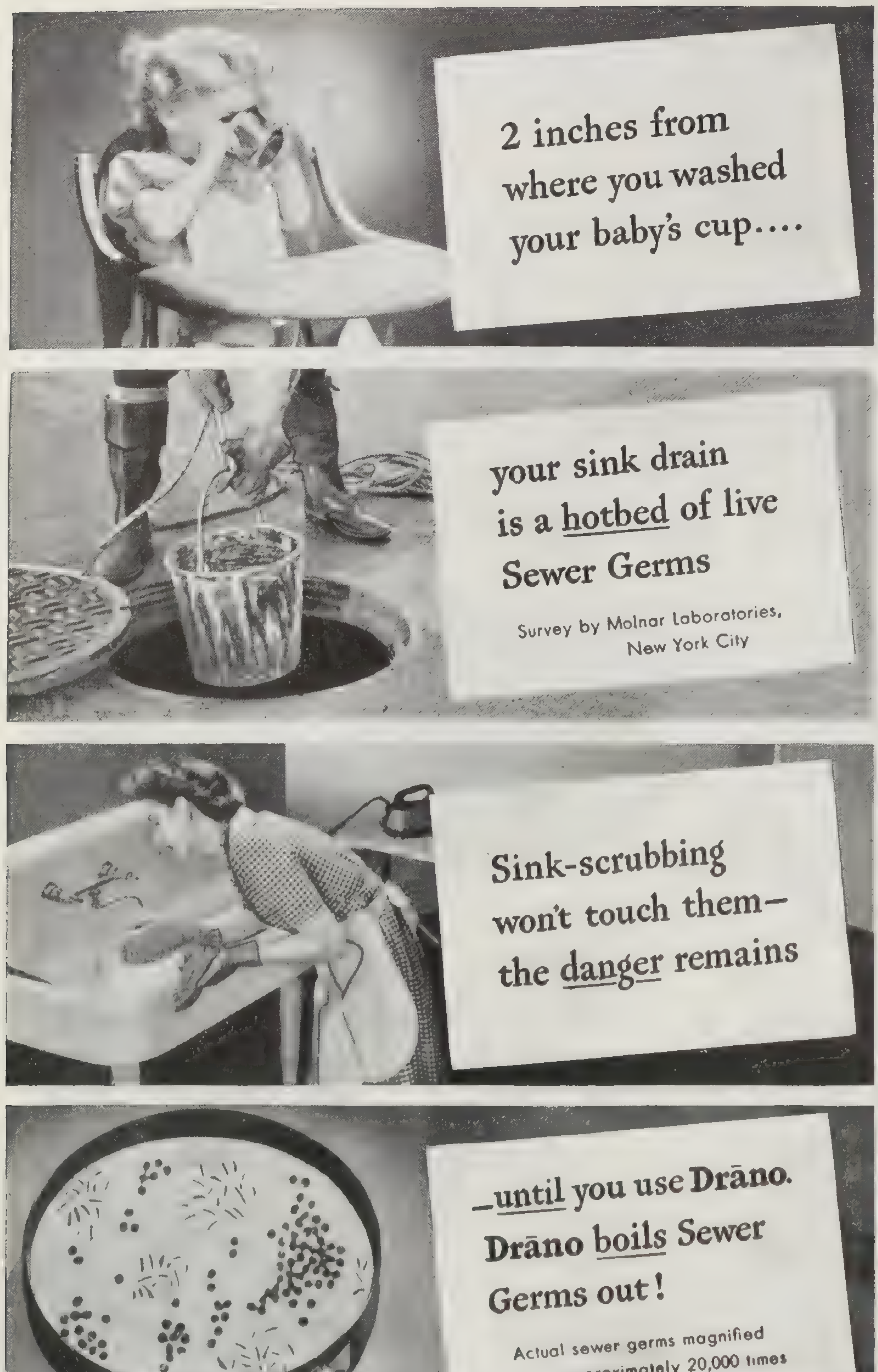
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(Continued from Page 54)

handed them over to Abbie. Abbie seemed scarcely to read them, and when she did often laughed aloud as if she were reading a deliciously childish effusion of a stranger.

And yet there were moments.

One day Mrs. Coyle found her sitting on the window seat of her room, staring down at the spring garden. There were daffodils beside her and Abbie looked young, like the daffodils, young in a pathetic sort of way.

"Will I be in the way if I dust up in here now, Abbie?" Mrs. Coyle said.

"No." Then she turned and said with a smile out of her past, "Sit down and talk with me, Mrs. Coyle."

"I've got my work to do."

"Oh, let it go. Let it go. You used never to be too busy to talk with me."

Mrs. Coyle sat down on the bench before the dressing table. Her heavy matter-of-factness seemed out of place in the lovely room.

"Are you happy, Mrs. Coyle?"

"Why, yes, by and large, I think I could say so," Mrs. Coyle answered.

"Why? You do the same old jobs day after day. You haven't any family. You never go anywhere. Why are you happy?"

"I GUESS I just get satisfaction out of doing my job," Mrs. Coyle said uncomfortably. "That's as good a way as any to be happy, child."

"Oh, but didn't you ever feel just bursting to be happy in a different sort of way? Didn't you ever have the feeling that just around the corner there would be something so beautiful—so terribly beautiful that you could hardly bear it? Didn't you?"

"Maybe, when I was a girl. But when you get my age, you don't ask for so much."

"Did you ever find it?" Abbie asked. She was again looking out the window, but her voice had a sort of tenseness of waiting in it.

Mrs. Coyle's wide face grew very serious. "Yes, Abbie, I did."

Abbie turned now. "How? Where?"

"In the Nesbits' kitchen," Mrs. Coyle said. "I was second girl there then. I came down to the kitchen and the new man had just brought the milk into the back hall. I don't suppose you'd think that Tim Coyle was so much, Abbie, but he suited me and we were happy for such time as we were together. He got hit with a truck that very first year we were married and he never got up again, but there was something—well, there was something between us, child, that I guess not so many have. Even all crippled up as he was, there was something."

"'Something,'" Abbie repeated softly. "You know, Mrs. Coyle, I just have the feeling that there'll never be something like that for me. Never. I—I don't even hope there will be, and I don't think it can happen unless you hope for it."

"Nonsense, Abbie! Of course it'll happen to you. If you'll forgive me for speaking so, you're a girl meant for happiness. It'll come, never fear, child." Her voice was firm and yet had deep feeling.

Abbie got off the seat, came over and put her cheek against Mrs. Coyle's. "'Child,'" she said. "I like to have you call me 'child,' Mrs. Coyle. Even if I'm not."

After she had gone out, Mrs. Coyle went about her tasks mumbling to herself, "Poor lamb! Poor lamb! There just don't seem any words to get to her. Poor lamb!"

And about this time Abbie began to keep a diary. She had always been one for secret thoughts, but she had never been one to put them down on paper. She got a little red book with a key and she hid the key carefully. But sometimes late at night she would sit at her desk and write in the red book. One night she wrote this:

It gets so dark in a hole, away from the green grass and everything. Sometimes it seems like night all the time, even with the sun shining. Sometimes it even seems as if everybody's hidden away in a place of his own; that's a horrible thought, but I think it's maybe true. Only once, for just a minute, it didn't seem like that. Rob seems awfully far away now, just awfully far away. But all the same, there was a minute when he didn't. I can remember how

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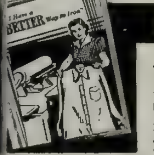
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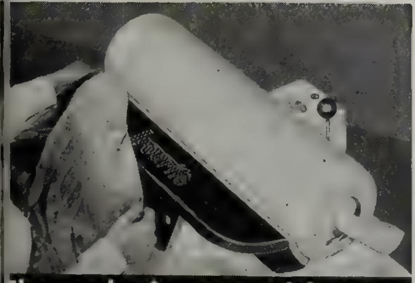
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it felt to have the whole world seem so beautiful, and people loving each other and all that. I guess it was a dream, what dad calls an "illusion." It just seemed real. Nothing ever feels like that now. It's awful to think that growing up is that way for everyone, that you see things so clearly afterward and know so much. It's awful. You just see inside everyone and you can't bear what you see. For nobody's really *good*—everyone has mean, selfish little things inside. Maybe not Mrs. Coyle. Maybe not—but how do I know? Maybe I'm just so used to her, I don't know. But I was used to dad and now I see him plainly enough. He just didn't want me to go away—he's selfish. I make him think of mother, so he doesn't want me to go away. He never thought of me and Rob at all, just of himself.

She closed the little book, locked it and put the key away. But she looked tired and didn't touch the book again for a long time. It was not easy to write the truth out and see it in black letters on the white page.

But one day when summer was fully there and Orrin was home and watching her always with that faithful stubbornness of his, Mr. Harrington called to Abbie from his study and asked her to come in. She stood there by the desk, fussing with a little amber cube her father used for a paperweight.

"Abbie," he said uncomfortably, "I want to talk with you. I've been worried about you."

"About me? Why?" Abbie asked with what seemed real surprise.

"Well, because you've changed, that's why. You're not the same girl you were a year ago, and it troubles me. I've been thinking that you may have been brooding over this affair of last winter more than I know. I'm forced to conclude that I may have been wrong. It seemed out of all reason to me, but it may be so. I want you to tell me if you're grieving over that boy."

REALISM

There is a strange reluctance on the part of most people to admit that they enjoy life.

—WILLIAM LYON PHELPS:
So Say the Wise.

Abbie smiled and looked straight at her father. "I never give him a thought," she said.

He gave a small sigh of relief, then frowned. "Then what is it?" he asked somewhat helplessly. "What's troubling you, Abbie?"

"Troubling me? Nothing," Abbie said. "What makes you think so?"

"It—it's just a conviction I have," he floundered. He was a handsome man, tall and lean, with a crisp dark mustache and hair beginning to gray.

"I'm as happy as a lark," Abbie said.

He had to let her go with that. There seemed no more to be said, and he ought to have been comforted, but he was not. He felt as if he had been groping after a bit of quicksilver and never been able to capture it.

Then, as suddenly as they had begun, the musical gatherings ceased. Mr. Harrington never stumbled against the bulky cello case in the hall, nor was he disturbed at dawn with the stupid exercises being played over and over.

It had happened this way, though Mr. Harrington did not know it: Abbie had come in from a walk and Felix Abramer was waiting in the living room. He was sitting at the piano, the furrows in his high forehead deeper than usual. He was playing with one finger, slowly, the first bars of a composition they had all been working on. He looked up. The boldness and the skepticism seemed to have been wiped from his tired, middle-aged face. He looked in that moment like a sorrowing old man.

"Where have you been?" he asked.

"Where have I been? What do you mean? What business is it of yours?" Abbie said quickly, tossing her beret to the sofa.

"I said, where have you been? I've been waiting an hour."

(Continued on Page 59)

I guess I'm just a "live-alone-and-hate-it" girl!

Judy: I feel like a spinster—all the nights I sit home alone. The whole crowd's going gadding, but nobody seems to think of asking me. My social life's a flop.

Babs: Why stew in seclusion, Judy—just 'cause Don didn't ask for a second date? You're too pretty to be lonesome long. If I could give you a teeny bit of advice...

Judy: Stop hinting, Babs! It can't be underarm odor—I take baths every day!
Babs: Of course you do, Judy! But one dance, and a bath may be pff-f-ft! *Gone!*

Judy: What a ninny I was! Of course a bath is only for *past* perspiration—but Mum prevents risk of *future* underarm odor. It's Mum for me—from now on!

LOVE BIRDS SURE HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA, JUDY!
(TO HERSELF) I'M A LUCKY GIRL, THANKS TO MUM!

Thousands of popular girls prefer Mum because:

It's quick—Just half a minute to smooth on Mum—prevents risk of underarm odor all day or evening.

It's safe—Gentle Mum won't irritate skin—even after underarm shaving. Dependable Mum won't injure your clothes, says the American Institute of Laundering.

It's sure—Mum works instantly! Keeps you bath-fresh for hours. Get Mum today!

• • •

For Sanitary Napkins—*Mum is so gentle, safe, dependable that thousands of women use it this way, too.*

MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION
Product of Bristol-Myers

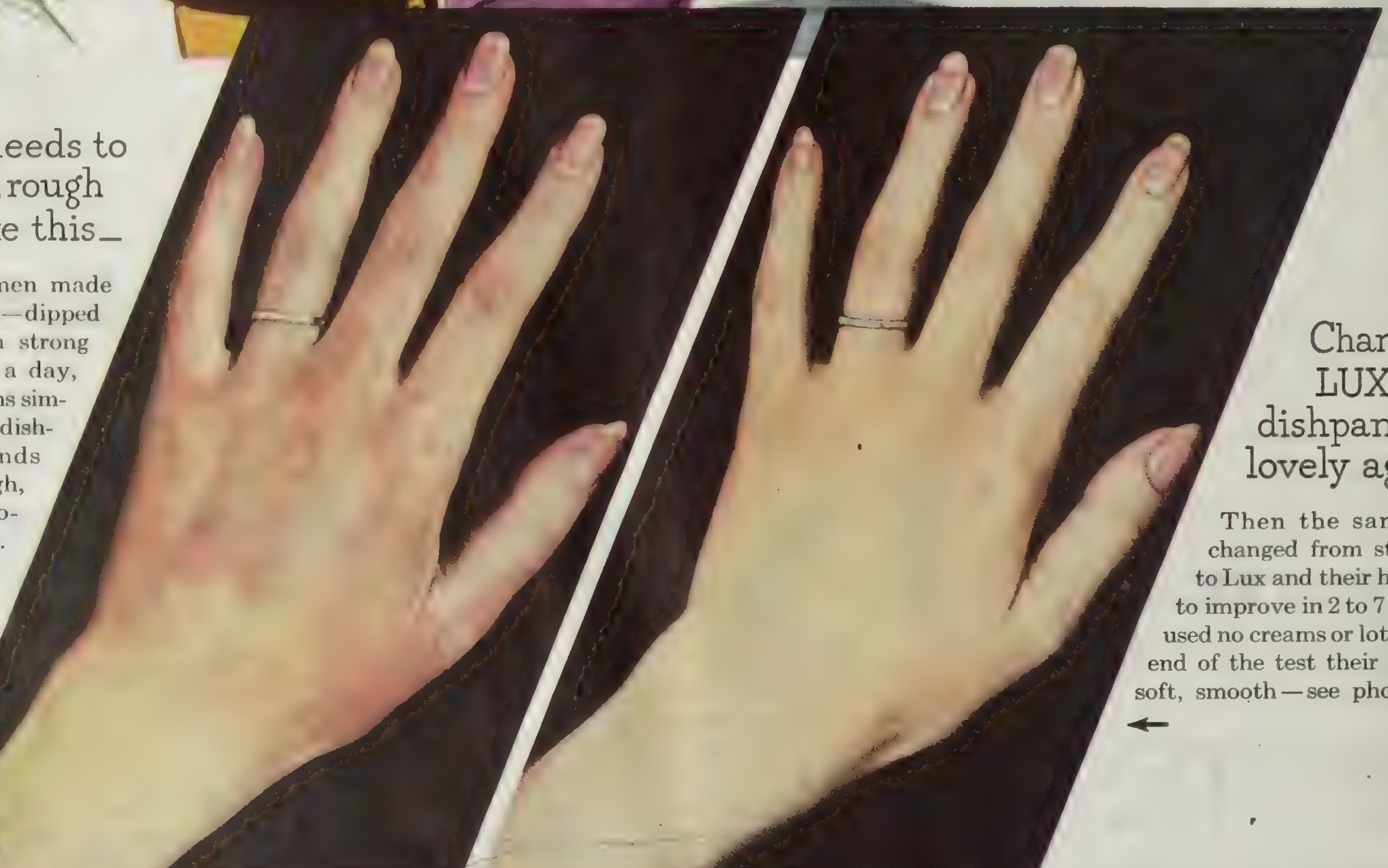
"I didn't blame Bill ...

for being ashamed of my red, rough Hands"

No wife needs to have red, rough hands like this_

Scores of women made scientific tests—dipped their hands in strong soaps 3 times a day, under conditions similar to home dishwashing. Hands grew red, rough, as this photograph shows.

→



Unretouched photographs of Mrs. LeRoy Washburn's hands

Changing to LUX makes dishpan hands lovely again!

Then the same women changed from strong soaps to Lux and their hands began to improve in 2 to 7 days. They used no creams or lotions. At the end of the test their hands were soft, smooth—see photograph.

←

Thrift hint: LUX DOES UP TO TWICE AS MANY DISHES!

Here's proof that gentle Lux is thrifty, too! Tests show that, ounce for ounce, Lux does *up to twice as many* dishes as other well-known dishwashing soaps. Its richer suds go further, last longer—do more work. Get the big box for dishes today!

Don't waste soap

Use all the Lux you need to get rich suds, but no more than you need. Don't use more water than necessary. To make your Lux go even further, scrape and rinse dishes before washing.

(Continued from Page 57)

"Well, what of it? I didn't know you were ning," Abbie said.

He got up from the piano bench, thrust his nds in his pockets. "I beg of you, Abbie, n't speak that way to me," he said with ading. "I cannot bear it."

"Well, I didn't know you were coming, d I? And I don't like people watching my ery move and making me account for it."

"Abbie, do I seem like an old man to you?"

"You don't seem any age at all. You just em yourself," she said slowly.

"I am old, beside you. But I seem to still able to feel. I suppose that's the penalty my talent and my racial heritage. Do you ve any feeling against me because I'm a w?"

"Good heavens, no! Don't be so touchy."

"I can't help being touchy. I go around in ever all the time—it makes me not quite countable for what I say and do. I'm go- g to lose my job unless I get over this. I nk of you all the time: the way your hair ls across your cheeks, the way your hands ve on the keys, the slow way you smile. don't think you know what you do to ople, Abbie."

"Are you trying to spoil all the fun we've d?" Abbie asked.

"I suppose I am. It isn't fun for me any re. I am forty-four years old—old enough be your father. Not that musicians ever so old as people like your father—they n't. They never get set in a rut. . . . es it sound fantastic to think of marrying , Abbie?"

"Yes," Abbie said candidly. "Oh, don't k so tragic, Felix! You know very well u don't feel as much as all *that!* You just e making a scene."

"A scene," he said soberly. "Yes, I sup- se you have a right to say that. I do like king a scene. That's rt of my nature. But I not trying to make a ne now. I am trying be very calm, so as not frighten you away. You ways seem about to fly ay; did you know that?"

Abbie put a hand out the edge of the piano. es," she said. "At least, know that's the way I l. I—I just don't want to get very close anybody. Not anybody at all."

EULOGISM

Most of us live as if we expected to be judged from our epitaphs rather than from our conduct.

—L. DE VAUX MATTHEWMAN.

"That's no way to live. You can't live that y."

"I can. I do. . . . Let's do the concerto, all we?"

"No," he said slowly. "I don't want to do concerto. I want to go somewhere by self and weep. I want never to see you ain—nor this house. I want to get you out my system—you're just a child with no pths at all. My mind knows that very ll, only when I look at you, or when I hear u play, I forget it. No, I don't want to y the concerto with you."

"I'm sorry, Felix. Really I am. If I can't l, I just can't. It isn't that you seem old me—I feel older than you sometimes. It 't that at all. I—I just don't want to— give that much of myself to anybody."

"It's Jan, I suppose."

"No, it's not Jan. It's not anyone. . . . ease, let's play, Felix."

"No," he said loudly. "*No!*" He strode t to the hall, picked up the big case.

She came after him, watched him open the or. She said nothing. At the door he rned and looked at her. His long, intelli- nt face was full of a quiet despair.

IT WOULD have been good for you to have ved me," he said suddenly, surprisingly, lmly. He went down the path to the street. didn't look back.

Jan came twice after that, once with nya, once alone. But it was not the same thout Felix and his passionate devotion to sic. Then they didn't any of them come y more.

"What's become of the musical gang?" r. Harrington said once.

"Oh, I don't know," Abbie said vaguely. suppose they're around somewhere. . . . How's the budget, dad? I feel like going down and splurging on some fall clothes."

He grinned and said he guessed the budget could stand anything within reason. He felt curiously pleased for a moment to have Abbie take an interest in clothes. She never had. Mrs. Coyle—who, for all her plainness, had very good taste in choosing clothes—had always taken Abbie down and outfitted her for school.

She didn't take Mrs. Coyle with her when she went shopping. She bought an expensive suit of green with a little stand-up fur collar and fur on the pockets and a little green, fur-trimmed hat to match. She bought three pairs of shoes and a topcoat and three dresses of sheer wool and an evening dress more grown-up than anything she had ever had. Then she called Fanny up to her room, opened the closet door on all her old things and said:

"FANNY, I—I don't mean this as charity or anything like that. Some of my things are still very good, but I don't ever want to see them again. Could you use them? If you don't want them, will you give them to the Goodwill?"

"Not all of them?" Fanny said, half-frightened.

"Yes, everything. Every single thing. I want to be all new from the skin out. Will you take them now, Fanny?"

Fanny, with nervous fingers, began to take the dresses down—the blue wool, the tweed suit, the summer prints and linens, the black dress of suéde cloth with the bright green belt, the brown chiffon. There was a bed jacket hanging there, blue with little flowers of pink embroidered on it.

"That too," Abbie said.

"Oh, but that's so sweet—you'll surely want that," Fanny protested.

"No, I don't want that. Particularly not that," Abbie said.

Fanny lifted the pile of dresses in her arms, looked anxiously at Abbie. "It don't seem right. They're all so good."

Abbie just smiled at her and Fanny went away with the dresses. But after Fanny had gone, Abbie sat down at her desk and took out the little red book. She wrote:

> I wonder if clothes make any difference. I don't know as they do. Only I just didn't want to see those things any more. Fanny looked scared. . . . I suppose Mrs. Coyle told Fanny all about Rob. Of course she did. I wish I wouldn't ever remember again waking up and looking out of the inn window and reaching for the bed jacket. I wish I wouldn't remember what Rob said to me. I wish it was all wiped out and my mind was a blank. Sometimes it does seem like a blank, nothing gets inside it at all. . . . I ought to have been sorrier about Felix. It did hurt in a way, but it was just as if I'd read it in a book. It didn't seem to have anything to do with *me.* Maybe there just isn't any *me*—sometimes it feels that way. . . . It would have been a good joke if I'd had a baby. I didn't, though. Suppose I had and it had been a little redheaded boy like Rob, with a grin like his? . . . Funny, time does pass. It won't be so long till I'm nineteen. . . . Everything's easier than I thought it was, and harder too. It's so easy to manage people, to make them do what you want them to do. But afterward, afterward you have such an empty feeling. You want them to be strong enough so you can't, it almost seems. Maybe that's why I love Mrs. Coyle so much—she doesn't let me change her at all. She just stays Mrs. Coyle. I don't want to hurt her, but sometimes I do.

After that Abbie seemed truly to have cast off her old self with her old clothes. She began to ask a different crowd to the house, the socially elect of the neighborhood. All in a few weeks she seemed to be going somewhere every night, packing up to go off to a college dance, getting flowers to wear against her new suit or the coral-colored evening dress.

"Having fun?" her father would say sometimes.

"But plenty!" she would say gaily.

(Continued on Page 61)

"I'm on my way to jail... Hooray! Hooray!"

1. Yesterday I was only a copy boy on the *Daily Bugle.* Now... but let me tell you what happened. For the forty-leventh time I tried to convince the sourpuss City Editor I ought to be a reporter. He pushed his eyeshade back and glared.

Whitney Darrow, Jr.

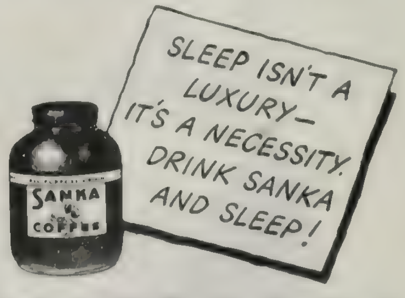
2. "It's ten minutes before deadline for the early evening edition," he hollered. "Big news is popping. I'm dying for a cup of coffee that I can't have. And *you* have to start pestering me about being a reporter. Reporter, my paste pot! Scram!"

3. "Why can't you have coffee?" I asked, just to change the subject. "Because I'm one of those people affected by caffein. One cup of coffee and I don't sleep. That's why," he bellowed. "*Now* will you get out of my hair?"

4. So I sneaked out for a container of piping hot Sanka Coffee. I laid it on his desk. And before he had a chance to speak, I gasped: "Boss-this-is-*Sanka* Coffee-real-coffee-only-it's-97%-caffein-free-can't-prevent-sleep-honest!"

5. He inhaled the tantalizing aroma. He hesitated. He sipped. He gulped. He sighed. "That was wonderful," he breathed almost reverently. "But, boy, you'd better be right about that sleep, or . . ." He didn't say or *what,* but I could guess.

6. Next morning he came in beaming. "That Sanka's marvelous," he announced. "I slept like a babe. Feel fine. Hey, you," he called, meaning *me.* "You're too smart to be a copy boy. Beginning now, you're a reporter. Hop over to the county jail and see if you can get a story on..." Wheeeee! Me! A reporter!



SLEEP ISN'T A LUXURY—
IT'S A NECESSITY.
DRINK SANKA AND SLEEP!
SANKA COFFEE

SANKA is *real* coffee, *all* coffee. *Only* the caffein is removed. Sanka comes to you roaster-fresh, in vacuum-packed glass jars. And you can enjoy it as strong as you like, because it's 97% *caffein-free!* Try it today! A General Foods Product.

★ Listen to the Kate Smith Hour every Friday evening. CBS Network.

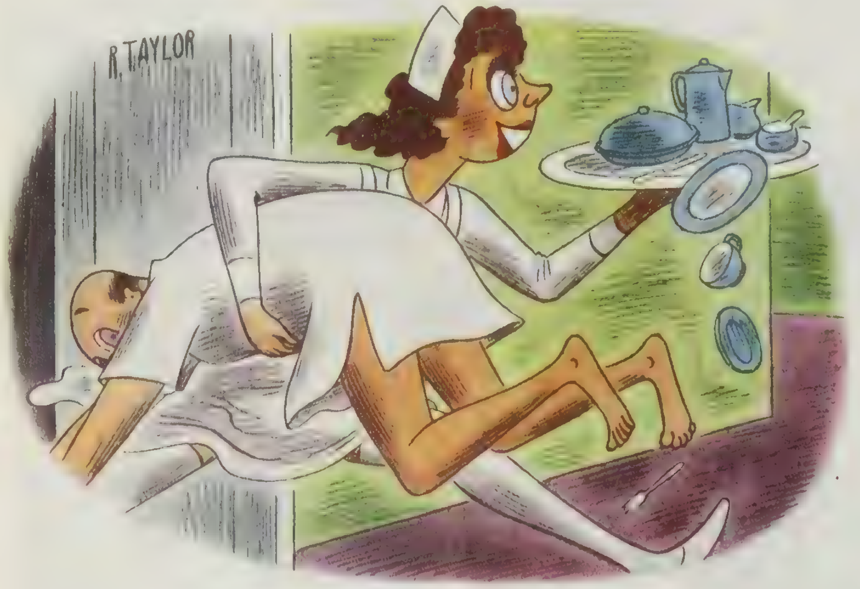
FOOD FIGHTS FOR FREEDOM

Let's resolve to produce, conserve, share, and play square with Foods!

LIMERICKS that may be YOU

A pert little welder named Susie,
  Found by ten she felt washed out and woozy.
Now at breakfast she takes
  Crunchy, rich Grape-Nuts Flakes
And at noon she's still peppy—not snoozy!

Fixing ships was a hardship for Denny,
  For of energy he hadn't any!
Then he learned with delight
  Grape-Nuts Flakes start you right—
Keep you on the job bright as a penny!



A "no-breakfast-for-me" girl was Maisie.
  But a nurse can't be listless and lazy.
So she tried Grape-Nuts Flakes,
  Now she's got what it takes!
Works all day feeling fresh as a daisy!

Take a tip from the trio above—*don't* try to do a man-size job on a *bird-size* breakfast. Doctors and dietitians agree that your vitality's awfully low in the morning . . . and morning's the time when you need at least *one-quarter of your daily nourishment.*

Uncle Sam says you need *whole-grain* nourishment every day. And that's the kind you get from Grape-Nuts Flakes—that "boy-I'm-on-top-of-the-world" cereal! It's a "Basic 7" food—honey-golden flakes packed with *whole-grain* nourishment, and vitamin B_1 for energy.

Tomorrow, try a big bowlful of malty-rich, sweet-as-a-nut Grape-Nuts Flakes. Pour on the milk, pile on the fruit. *Man, what a super-swelegant dish!*

Grape-Nuts Flakes

A GENERAL FOODS CEREAL

Eat a good breakfast—do a better job!

LISTEN TO THOSE WHO KNOW!

- Government authorities say that most of us *don't* eat an adequate breakfast.
- Doctors and dietitians agree that we should *all* get at least one-quarter of our daily nourishment in the morning at breakfast.
- In a survey of nutritionists, 424 out of 443 said an adequate breakfast should include *both* fruit *and* a cereal with whole-grain nourishment.
- All General Foods cereals provide whole-grain nourishment.

GRAPE-NUTS • GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES
GRAPE-NUTS WHEAT-MEAL • POST TOASTIES
POST'S 40% BRAN FLAKES

(Continued from Page 59)

Or: "How was the week end, puss?"

"Divine!" she'd say.

There was no doubt she was popular. Other girls had taken to wearing their hair long and now Abbie put hers up high on her head, with a little fall of soft curls over her forehead. She looked taller, more aloof that way, but she had a gay smile for old and young alike and people liked to have her in their houses.

When she was nineteen she did a little Junior League work with the blind. She distributed Braille books and even taught some kinds of handwork.

"If you really want to work, I've got a place for you in the laboratory," her father said once.

"Oh, I wouldn't be any good to you," she said. "I haven't the head for it."

"Nonsense! You knew more about chemistry three years ago than I did at twenty."

"I'm afraid I've forgotten it all."

"It would be good for you to do something about earning your own living," he said. "Not that I object to your having a good time, but parties don't fill all your days, and everyone ought to be useful in one way or another. You used to always say you were going to work with me as soon as you were old enough."

"No. If I had a job, I wouldn't want that," Abbie said. "I don't think it's a sound idea for members of the same family to be working in an office, do you? They rub each other the wrong way."

"I think we could get on," he said dryly, not quite believing his own words. Oh, he could have got on with the Abbie who had gone to Miss Ferris'. But this one? He wasn't at all sure. Yet he kept putting out feelers, trying to find that old Abbie.

But Abbie went on playing, buying new clothes, dancing, skating, going to the theater. And she was twenty, still doing a good job in her unpaid work, often praised by older people, but all the same adrift in a strange no man's land of life.

TOLERANCE

Perhaps if we had to walk a while in the other fellow's shoes, we wouldn't criticize his gait.

—ANON:
Encyclopedia of Creative Thought,
Edited by Martha Lupton.
(Maxwell Droke.)

That winter Fanny left them. She came to Abbie in the living room and told her. There was something very winning about her thin, small face beneath the frill of starched lawn as she faced Abbie.

"I'm going to leave. I'm going to be married," Fanny said.

"Really? How exciting! To whom?"

"Oh, to a boy I know in the church, Joe Mercer. He's got a steady job and he's a real nice fellow."

Abbie hardly knew why she felt sad. "I hate to have you go," she said sincerely.

Fanny's eyes filled with tears. "I hate to go, sort of. Only I've promised," she said. "I—it was the blue dress made him notice me," she confessed shyly.

Abbie looked away from her for an instant. "He ought to have noticed you without that," she said.

"Well, he did, only not so special."

"What would you like for a wedding present?"

"Oh, not anything, Miss Abbie, thanks. After all those clothes? Oh, I wouldn't want anything else."

BUT Abbie went out and bought her some silver and gave her the furniture that had been stored in the attic for years.

"You've been more than kind to Fanny," Mrs. Coyle said. "Not that she doesn't deserve it—she's a real good girl and hasn't ever had much. She came up in an orphanage and she's almost scared to have anything of her very own. Makes you kind of heartsick, somehow."

"Yes, doesn't it?" Abbie said slowly. "When you've always had so much yourself."

"You've always been generous," Mrs. Coyle said. "Real generous, Abbie."

"Oh, I don't think so. Giving *things* isn't very important, is it?"

She turned away, but that night she went up to Fanny's door and rapped. She went into the little room into which she had not stepped for over a year. Fanny was sitting there sewing.

Abbie sat down on the narrow bed. "I remember the first day you came here," she said almost shyly. "I remember it so well. You were so scared, getting your first job."

Fanny flushed, then laughed. "I certainly was. I was scared stiff!" she said.

"I wonder if I'd be scared if I tried to get a job."

"You, Miss Abbie? I guess you don't know what it is to be scared."

"Oh, don't I? But I do. I'm often scared. . . . Are you scared of this job—getting married, I mean?"

"OH, NO!" Fanny said, flushing again and trying to take a few stitches. "There's nothing about Joe to frighten anybody. And everyone's been so good and kind." Then she paused. "It's kind of wonderful to be going into my own house," she said then, softly. "I never had any folks that I knew of. It seems as if it would be different if you'd ever had folks and your own home—it don't seem as if anyone like that could understand what it means to have a place and somebody of your own."

"I know, Fanny—truly I do. It must be very wonderful. Will you let me come and see you and Joe sometime?"

"Would you?" Fanny said with an odd little air of pride.

Out in the hall, Abbie took out her handkerchief and rubbed at her eyes angrily. She stood, there a moment shaken with some strange emotion. She wished she hadn't gone to Fanny's room at all. It was the words with Mrs. Coyle that had made her go—a sudden feeling of necessity to give something besides silver and furniture. And yet what had she given, after all? A few minutes of time, that was all. The hall suddenly seemed very long, the stairs steep.

Presently a big, cheerful Swedish girl took Fanny's place. She was always smiling, always unstinting of labor, and yet Abbie seemed to keep listening for that faint irregularity of step that meant Fanny was coming. But it was not till several months had passed that she went one day to the tiny house of Fanny's to call. It was only by accident then. She was delivering some of the bulky Braille volumes and she suddenly realized that she was on Fanny's very street. On an impulse she asked the husband of the blind woman if he knew the Mercers, where they lived.

"Sure, they live just about—let's see—four doors up."

Abbie walked up the street. The steps of the very small, tall, thin house were scrubbed to a snowy whiteness. Abbie went up the steps, rang the bell. She heard the limping step along the hall.

Then there was Fanny, her body large with child, her face glowing with pleasure, crying warmly, "Oh, Miss Abbie, do come in!"

"For goodness' sake, call me Abbie!" Abbie said almost crossly.

Then she was in the little living room of the Mercers. It was a narrow room, made more narrow by the two very tall, narrow windows facing on the street, but there was something about it, something about it—Abbie searched for what the something was, then realized with a queer start that it was like their own house on the hill. There was a big white bowl of flowers on a table by the windows. Yes, they were paper, but they seemed real in the gray day. And there were no overstuffed pieces of furniture. The attic things were right here, and the few prints on the wall were colorful and in good taste.

"What a sweet house!" Abbie said slowly, without patronage. "Can I see it all?"

Fanny showed her everything: the small kitchen with everything so spick-and-span,

NEW EASY MIX SPRY IS HERE
Says Aunt Jenny
NOW YOU CAN GET LIGHTER CAKES THAT STAY FRESH LONGER
Spry

No creaming now—mix a cake in ⅔ less time!

"FOLKS, I'm just bustin' to tell everyone of you the news that New, Easy-Mix Spry is here! . . . How I wish I could be right in your kitchen when you make your first cake with it an' see what it can do now!

IT'S CHILD'S PLAY TO MIX THIS CAKE

"See the amazin' difference when you use new Spry an' my easy new 2-step way to mix a cake. There's no creamin' to do—no long beatin' to tire your arm out . . . your batter's ready for the pans *in ⅔ less time!*

"An', ladies, even if you got light cakes before, you'll discover new Spry cake is *lighter*. Or if you haven't been too sure of your cake you'll find new Spry gives you sure-fire success. Your folks'll rave about that finer texture, more delicious flavor. They'll say you're a better cook 'n ever.

LIGHTER, BETTER-TASTING CAKE—DELICIOUS!

"Lan' sakes, cakes are much better tastin' with new Spry. An' even small families can enjoy a nice big layer cake now without a crumb bein' wasted, 'cause *cakes you make with new Spry stay fresh an' moist much longer!*"

STILL MOIST AND FRESH DAYS LATER

NEW EASY-MIX
Spry
NOW AT YOUR GROCER IN SAME HANDY JAR

NEW

Try Aunt Jenny's Favorite Cake made this quicker, easier 2-step way

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Dry Ingredients
2 cups sifted flour (cake flour preferred)
1⅓ cups sugar
*3 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup Spry

Liquid Ingredients
1 cup milk
1½ teaspoons vanilla
2 eggs, unbeaten

*With a tartrate powder, use 4½ teaspoons

Step 1. *Mix dry ingredients—no creaming now.* Into mixing bowl, sift flour, sugar, baking powder and salt. Add Spry. No creaming needed!

Step 2. *Add liquids in easy stages—and mix.* To flour mixture, add ½ of milk, then vanilla, and beat until smooth—about 100 strokes. Scrape bowl and spoon; mix in well . . . Add eggs and mix thoroughly. Scrape bowl and spoon; mix . . . Add remaining milk; beat until well blended. Again scrape and mix well. Notice the smoother, easier-pouring batter, new Spry gives you!

Bake in two 9- or 8-inch Spry-coated layer pans in moderate oven (350°F.) 30 to 35 minutes—or in 10 x 10 x 2-inch square pan (350°F.) 55 to 60 minutes.

Minute Fudge Frosting—Combine: 1 ounce of chocolate, finely cut, 1 cup sugar, ⅓ cup milk, ¼ cup Spry, ¼ teaspoon salt. Bring to boil, stirring constantly. Boil gently 1 minute. Beat until lukewarm. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla, beat till thick enough to spread. Makes enough for tops of two layers. Double frosting recipe if desired.

Grand for all baking, frying

REMEMBER! New Spry's better than ever in your old cake recipes, too. Use pure, all-vegetable Spry for cakes, pies, cookies, fried foods—*all* your baking and frying.

Do's and Don'ts

every woman absentee should know

A WAR-PLANT NURSE WROTE KOTEX that their greatest number of absentees are women who miss 1 to 3 days of work each month, frequently on "problem days". These hints are just a few of the many in the new 24-page booklet we offer *free* to help you feel better and stay on the job *every* day. Lost days mean lost lives!

DON'T wrestle with these heavy jobs on "difficult days". Straining is harmful, and your foreman would rather give you lighter work at this time than have you on the absentee list. Send for the new free booklet "That Day Is Here Again" for tips on how to lift the *safe* way!

DO but don't overdo, and you needn't skip the "swing shift"! But why not wait for the waltzes and rhumbas and leave the jitterbug tactics 'til next week? Sit out a dance now and then . . . to look at the stars or hear a life story. You can always say your feet hurt.

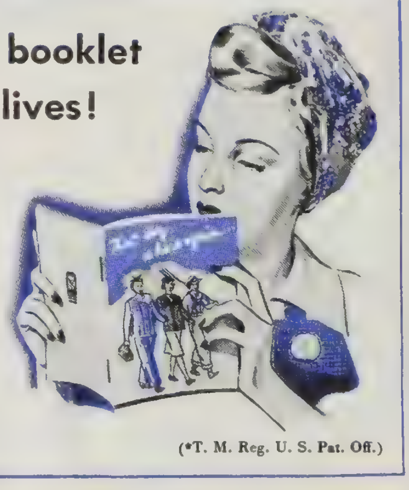
DON'T get the late-at-night cocktail habit . . . too much stimulation is bad at any time! And on these days, more than ever, you can't afford that logey, let-down feeling! Make it a rule to get your full 8 hours sleep *every* night! You won't be a sissy . . . you'll be smart!

DO watch your diet. Eat less starch—more salads! To help avoid constipation, get more greenery in your diet: leafy vegetables, for instance. Eat lots of fruit. Drink water a'plenty. If you should need a mild laxative, besides . . . take it. There'll be no harm done and you'll feel better.

DO send for this free booklet —lost days mean lost lives!

"That Day Is Here Again" contains 24 lively pages of do's and don'ts for war-workers' "problem days". A *full page* of suggested exercises to curb cramps. When to see your doctor. Facts for older women; and for when the stork's expected. Plain talk about tampons. We take pride in bringing you this authentic information just as we take pride that more women choose Kotex* sanitary napkins than all other brands of pads put together.

To get your copy free, just mail name and address to P. O. Box 3434, Dept. J-4, Chicago 54, Ill.



(*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

TO WAR-PLANT NURSES AND PERSONNEL MANAGERS. We'll gladly send you (free) a new teaching manual, "Every Minute Counts". It's a "refresher" course for plant nurse or doctor—makes instruction easy. Specify if you also want free jumbo charts on Menstrual Physiology. Address: Kotex, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

the two bedrooms with the handmade quilts for spreads, the homemade dressing tables. "There's two other bedrooms on the next floor, but we've no need to furnish them yet. This was Joe's Uncle Bert's place and we were lucky to get it so cheap. We might take in boarders or roomers, maybe, after a while. But for a year, anyway, Joe said we wouldn't. . . . Would you like some tea?"

"I'd love it," Abbie said.

She sat alone in the narrow room and waited for Fanny to bring the tea. She might have smiled a little at the low table before the pseudo hearth, but she didn't. She might have smiled at the way Fanny brought in the tray of cheap, painted tin with the little brown pot and the white cups with brown sprigs in an old-fashioned design and the little saucer of lemon, but she didn't.

"This is wonderful," she said. "I did need tea."

They talked about very commonplace things—the cake, the possibility of Fanny's calling on the blind woman down the street sometime, Mrs. Coyle's rheumatism.

Then Fanny said, pouring more tea for Abbie, "I heard about Mr. Harrington. I'm real glad."

"Heard what, Fanny?"

"Why, about his getting married again. It'll be nice for him—I guess a man gets more lonesome than a woman as he gets older."

Abbie had taken her cup, then set it down again on the table as if she could not trust her hands to hold it steadily. "Yes, I suppose he does," she managed to say.

"Mrs. Coyle's told me how beautiful your mother was—and I've seen her picture too. You look just like her, I've always thought. . . . But just the same, a person gets lonesome, and I think it'll be wonderful for Mr. Harrington."

MASTERPIECES

Beautiful young people are accidents of nature. But beautiful old people are works of art.

MARJORIE BARSTOW GREENBIE: Encyclopedia of Creative Thought, Edited by Martha Lupton. (Maxwell Droke.)

Abbie got away at last, climbed into her car.

After a long time she was sitting across from her father at the dinner table. The white candles burned softly beside the yellow roses. The damask cloth was of a faint cream that was a softer yellow than the roses.

"So you're going to be married," Abbie said suddenly with a faint mockery.

He looked up quickly, in his eyes a quick relief and at the same time a wariness. "Yes," he said, "I am. I've been wanting to talk with you about it, but I never seem to see you alone any more, Abbie." He shoved back his dessert plate and folded his arms along the edge of the table. "I suppose you think I'm something of a fool to do this."

"Why, it's your own business, isn't it?"

He reddened a little. "Yes, but naturally I'd like you to be pleased about it," he said. "She—Mrs. Daimler's nothing like—like your mother, but I think we're suited to each other. She certainly knows all about my crotchets! I—I need someone to talk to."

"Well, it's fine," Abbie said. "You don't need to apologize to me about it." But her gray eyes had gone a little blank. *Mrs. Daimler!* That plain little woman who had worked for years in the laboratories?

"I'm not apologizing," Mr. Harrington said more steadily. "I want to talk with you about the house. Of course it's to be yours when you're twenty-one, and that will be soon now. I've thought that perhaps you might not be happy at the thought of having another woman here, and I'm quite prepared to take quarters elsewhere if that is what you want. Of course I'm fond of this place and I'd like to stay here. I'd pay you rent, naturally—or I'd buy the place from you if you wanted it that way. It's up to you, and I won't feel hurt at anything you decide."

"Why, of course you'll stay here," Abbie said. "Don't be silly! There's plenty of room for us all, surely."

"Well, I'd hate to go, and that's a fact," he admitted. "Then we'll fix up some sort of arrangement about rent."

"Don't be silly!" Abbie said again. "If you keep the place going, I'm sure that'll be more than the rent. Cope with plumbers and all that."

"I don't think you should decide offhand," he said. "You'll have your mother's money. It isn't a great deal, but it would run this place. And I'm quite well aware that your ways are no longer my ways, that you and Chrissie wouldn't have the same interests and might not get on together. Women often don't—and I know how much you loved your mother. I didn't count on it to be an easy arrangement, and I don't think it will be."

"Well, don't try so to make it hard," Abbie said easily. "Your marriage is entirely your own affair. In this big house I'm sure there'll be room and to spare for all of us. I'll go my way and you can go yours. It ought not to be so difficult."

"Our ways are very different," he insisted stubbornly. "I wouldn't want Chrissie to be unhappy here."

If she shivered a little at the name "Chrissie," she didn't show it. "Then it's up to you to see that she is happy, isn't it?" she said reasonably. "I won't bother you."

"You're very generous," he said.

She smiled as she went upstairs. It had been fun, in a way, to be generous. It put him so hopelessly in the wrong. He had wanted to say, "I couldn't blame you if you were nasty, because once I interfered with your marriage," but he hadn't been able to, because she had been so reasonable and pleasant—and indifferent. He hadn't wanted her to be indifferent. But once in her room, the smile went abruptly from her face. She dropped to the bed, face down, feeling an almost intolerable sadness.

The door opened softly. "Oh, excuse me, Abbie," Mrs. Coyle said gently.

Abbie sat up, slipped off the bed. "It's all right. Come in," she said, but turned her face away from the sharp old eyes.

Mrs. Coyle took the spread off, folded it carefully, turned back the covers.

"I hope that you aren't taking this business about your father getting married too hard," she said. "It'll be fine for him, Abbie."

"Yes, of course," Abbie said stiffly.

"He's a lonely man, Abbie. He needs someone."

"Of course," Abbie said again. "If he can find any comfort in Chrissie Daimler, let him."

Mrs. Coyle hesitated. She seemed to be searching for words. She was not fooled by anything Abbie said, she never had been. "I—I thought maybe you'd help me fix up the front room special-like—change the furniture or something," she said at last. "A woman don't like to walk into a room that was meant for somebody else."

"Oh, do anything you like, Mrs. Coyle. But leave me out, will you?"

"It won't be the same kind of welcome, coming from me," Mrs. Coyle dared.

"Welcome?" Abbie said slowly. "No, I don't think I'll do any welcoming. That's up to dad, isn't it? He's the one that's marrying her. . . . I'm a little too old to feel the need of a mother now, Mrs. Coyle."

"I guess we don't ever get too old for that," Mrs. Coyle said. "It'll be hard for her, starting out. She'll need you to be a friend to her."

Abbie came over to Mrs. Coyle by the door, took the old hand and held it in both hers. "Don't try to show me my duty," she said without anger. "Don't try. I'm not interfering—I just don't care enough."

Tears ran down Mrs. Coyle's face. "That's just it, child—that's just it," she said. "You ought to care! You used to care—you ought to care, for your father's sake."

"Do you want to know what? I don't care about anyone in the world but you," Abbie said gently. "Maybe I'm wicked, but that's the way it is. It's just all gone out of me, that's all."

(Continued on Page 64)

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WINDEX

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(*Continued from Page 62*)

"Poor lamb," Mrs. Coyle said with compassionate dignity. "Poor lost little lamb!" She went out of the room, rubbing at her eyes. Abbie stood still by the door, staring after her firm, round old figure.

When she knew the date of the wedding was fixed, she said to her father, "I think I'll go down to Washington for a few weeks and visit Olivia De Vaux—she's been asking me for a long time. Then you and Chrissie can settle in here without me in the way."

He drew his cheeks in, in a way he had when he was nervous or angry. "As you please, Abbie," he said. "I'd rather hoped you'd be here, though. I think Chrissie hoped so too."

"On the contrary, I'll bet she hopes I won't be here," Abbie said good-naturedly. "Really, it'll be much easier all around."

"As you wish," he said somewhat coldly. Then he said more intimately, "It was nice of you to fix up the front room, Abbie. I'm afraid I wouldn't have thought of it."

"Oh, Mrs. Coyle did that. I didn't have anything to do with it," Abbie said.

"Oh."

So she went to Washington to visit her second cousin, Olivia De Vaux. The De Vauxes had a tall old house in Georgetown, one of those which don't look like much on the outside but which have a good deal of charm inside. It had a tiled floor on the ground level, with a little garden, and the second floor was almost entirely living room. Interesting people seemed to flock there, and Olivia was pleased to have this very lovely cousin to introduce to her friends.

Abbie had been there ten days when Olivia said, "There's a quite different crowd coming this afternoon—literary."

"Diplomats are nicer," Abbie said.

"Yes, but I've a real lion coming—Jonathan Elliot. He's a darling and he doesn't go many places. I've just asked my favorite people."

When Abbie saw her fussing over the flowers, the food, she said, "I don't believe any novelist is worth it. Really, I don't, Olivia. They're an awfully self-centered lot. And anyone who sells in the hundreds of thousands is sure to be pretty bad."

"Oh, but you haven't seen Jonathan," Olivia said. "Please don't snub him, Abbie. You do have the most high-and-mighty air sometimes. But I won't have you high-hatting Jonathan."

Abbie went out after lunch. Olivia always left her guests to do as they wished, and Abbie had other friends in Washington that she saw by herself from time to time, but as she went out Olivia said a little protestingly:

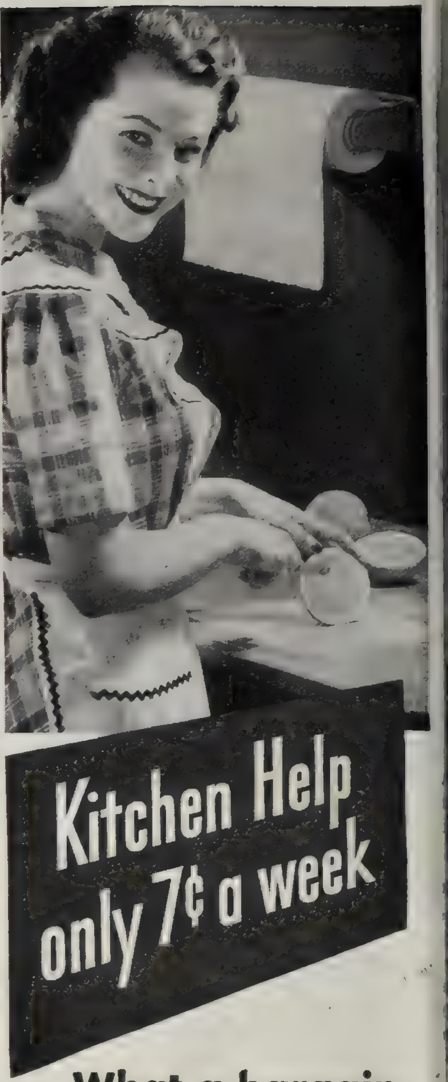
"Oh, Abbie, be sure to get back in time for the party, won't you?"

"Oh, I'll be here," Abbie said. "Though I seem to have taken a terrific dislike to your Jonathan, sight unseen."

She wasn't going to see anybody. She just wanted to get away from the house. She wanted suddenly to go home, not to see any more of these gay and charming people who were Olivia's friends. And yet the thought of going home turned her cold too.

She walked for a long time. It was a clear, cold winter's day in Washington and everything, the buildings, the avenues, the people all seemed to be etched sharply against the day. Presently she went into a little, unknown shop and had coffee, lingering over it a long time, reluctant to go back. *It's really better like this, when I'm quite, quite alone,* she told herself.

When she looked at her watch she was astonished to see it was four-thirty. Still, she did not call a cab. She walked home. The party was in full swing. She could hear voices talking earnestly—a lot of voices at once, it seemed. She slipped up to the third floor, put on her gray wool which Olivia had asked her to wear—because, as Olivia said, "It makes you look so austere!" She glanced at herself in the mirror. Yes, she did look faintly nunlike, austere, in the gray dress. She looked tall, disciplined, oddly mysterious. *Funny to look so interesting when I'm so nothing at all,* she said to herself, and went downstairs.



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ır **Soufflés go kerplunk?** Try adding tle cream of tartar to egg whites—¼ tsp. 3 egg whites. It works. You'll see.

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AMI FRENCH DRESSING: In making up French Dressing, use **leftover grape-it or tart orange juice** instead of vin- or lemon juice. Add ½ **tsp. prepared seradish, 1 tsp. chopped capers,** and **sp. grated grapefruit rind,** mixed with **sp. sugar.** Especially good with fruits salad greens, say my staff.

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ıother bowl, beat *1 egg* until light. Add ¾ *milk.* Combine mixtures, beating just until ded. Fill well greased muffin cups ⅔ full. about 20 min. moderately hot oven °). Then make a cross on each with con-oners' sugar and milk icing. Serve warm. ut 12 medium-sized muffins.

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L PANCAKES around crisp bacon. 've had this bright idea, too? I'd use flavored egg-pancakes. Easy with Bis-k. Just add **milk, eggs,** and **a little fat isquick.** These pancakes are delicious.

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Olivia sat by the fire talking to an old man with a scholarly face. She threw Abbie a look of reproach, reached out a hand to her and said, "This is Dean Jameson, Abbie Harrington. Sit down here, darling—I've got to be polite for a minute. Just talk to everybody—I can't stop their gabbling long enough to introduce you properly!" She was punishing Abbie for being late, but Abbie only smiled at the old man and said:

"I know all about you, though I didn't know you were going to be here. You wrote my chemistry textbook, didn't you?"

"I'm afraid I might have," he admitted. He looked at her with interest. "You don't look like a chemist, I might say, my dear."

"To tell you the truth, I know a lot more about chemistry than I do about novels," she confessed. She began to talk about some of her father's experiments, in the interested way she knew how to assume so well at will. She talked with Dean Jameson as if he were the only person present.

At last he said, "I'm keeping you from your younger friends. I don't want to be selfish."

"They're Olivia's friends," she said. "No one's missing me."

"I don't quite know how I happen to be here," he admitted with a wry smile. "These are all people who are literarily inclined. I used to know Olivia's mother well, and she takes pity on me now and then. Perhaps she thought my white hair might add dignity! Not that I don't like to hear them talk. I like people with ideas, and I'm afraid I'd rather have written Elliot's book than any number of learned treatises on chemistry."

"Fiddlesticks! There's something much more satisfying about the hard facts of chemistry than there is about any novel ever written. Novelists are all so neurotic—I don't like them."

JUST FRIENDS

Of course platonic friendship is possible—but only between husband and wife.

—ANON.

"I wouldn't call Elliot neurotic," he replied. "He's an interesting man, very sound and able, I'd say. He looks like a medieval monk, doesn't he?"

"I wouldn't know," Abbie said. "I haven't met him."

"The chap over by the piano looking at that book."

And Abbie looked over toward the piano and saw Jonathan Elliot for the first time. She grew very still. *A medieval monk*—yes, that was exactly what he looked like, standing there as remote from the party as if he were utterly unconscious of it. He was turning the pages of a book of Persian prints. He was extremely tall, extremely thin—almost emaciated, he seemed. His face was smooth, not too young, but one had the feeling it would look like that forever, no matter how old he became. The lines of his face were peculiarly pure and strong. *He's really got into his foxhole and he feels quite safe and content there,* she thought. *No one will ever dig him out.* Then she felt a stirring of excitement, almost as if she had protested those last words to herself. And, unbidden, came the thought: *I'd be proud to be married to a man like that.*

After a little, Dean Jameson made his adieus and then Abbie wandered about, talking to this one and that. Presently she drifted over toward the piano and said, "Hello, El Greco."

He raised his eyes absently from the page, saying, "Eh?"

"That's what you look like," she said, smiling ever so little. "Like one of those tortured, elongated El Greco saints. Who are you? And why don't you come to the party?"

He gave a rueful, guilty smile. "Heavens, am I being rude?" he said. "And where did you come from?"

(Continued on Page 67)

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(Continued from Page 65)

"I've been here right along."

"You haven't, either. . . . I'm no saint," said somewhat abruptly.

"What a pity! I've always been looking r one," Abbie said. "I hope you haven't ritten any books. I'm sure you haven't, beuse I've talked to five writers here now d every one has mentioned his own works me on the first breath. So I'm sure by this ne I'd know the name of your latest opus."

He did not seem embarrassed by her ords. Indeed, he ignored them and said, What do you want to find a saint for?"

"Oh, just to prove there is one. Didn't u ever wish you could find just one thorghly holy man? Just one?"

"Yes, I have," he said. "Listen, I've got duck out of here—think it's too early? s a nice party, but I just don't like parties. hy don't you come, too, and we could have nner and talk about saints and things?"

"I'd like to," Abbie said. "But do tell ivia you had a marvelous time. I'll get my at."

They walked down the stairs to the front or together, out into the wintry twilight.

"Let's walk a few blocks," he said. "Litry teas always seem so saturated with arette smoke—or something."

"Yes, or something," she agreed. "You ow, sometimes I wonder how writers ever anything written, they talk so much."

"So they do," he admitted somewhat ortly. "So they do. What did you say ur name was?"

"I didn't say—but it's Abbie Harrington. n staying with Olivia De Vaux."

"That's not a bad name. Old-fashioned."

"It hasn't anything to do with me. I didn't choose it," she said.

"I rather like it—though you're right, it doesn't have anything to do with you. I would have named you Theresa, I think."

"Then thank heaven you weren't there for the christening!" Abbie said.

He laughed aloud. Then he said, "This matter of saints—I don't know that they come any more. I don't know that this is the sort of world for them. I've often thought about it. But perhaps I wouldn't recognize one if he came my way—I've thought of that too. Perhaps they're never recognized till after canonization. Yet it's easy enough to pick out small men, so I should think you'd feel the presence of the others."

"I'm sure you would," she said soberly. "There just aren't any. The world is all full of half people."

"Yes, that's the rub, isn't it? We never give ourselves whole to anything—not to our jobs or our friends or our families."

"I—I used to almost make it," Abbie said almost shyly. "But never any more. When you're really adult, it gets very hard, because then you see too plainly the half measures of everyone else."

"You've got something there, Abbie. Only I've got a theory that you can keep that quality out of childhood—oh, you have to concentrate on it, but I think it could be done if you were very strong. That's what I meant to show."

"Meant to show?" Abbie prompted.

"Never mind. . . . Well, have we walked long enough? Let's get in a taxi and find a place to eat. Or aren't you hungry yet after all those cakes?"

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THIS IS LEAP Y'AR – AN' AH GOT A LAWFUL RIGHT T'GIT MAH MAN!! – NEXT STOP – MARRYIN' SAM.!!
COPR. 1944, UNITED FEATURE SYNDICATE, INC.
HAS YO' A LAST REQUEST T'MAKE BEFO' AH COMMITS MARRIAGE AGIN YO', SON ?
YASSUH!! – AH'D SO LOVE T'HAVE ONE DEE-LISHUS BOWL O' CREAM OF WHEAT WHILE AH'M STILL A *SOB* – GAY BACHELOR!
AH'LL COOK IT UP FO' YO' IN MERELY 5 MINUTES
AH'M FREE!!
SOB – NOW HE'S EXCAPED AGIN – IT'S THEM VITAMINS AN' MINERALS IN "ENRICHED 5 MINUTE" CREAM OF WHEAT WHICH MADE HIM SO STRONG !!
SNAP
WON'T YO' MARRY UP WIF ME, LI'L ABNER? – AH C'D MAKE YO' SO HAPPY!!
AH'S HAPPY 'NUFF NOW LONG AS AH GITS PLENTY O' THIS SMOOTH-TASTIN' CREAM OF WHEAT
DOCTORS SAY IT'S BABY'S BEST FIRST SOLID FOOD
Al Capp
QUICK COOKING
ENRICHED 5 MINUTE
CREAM OF WHEAT

LOOK WHAT YOU GET

IN ONE SERVING OF "ENRICHED 5 MINUTE" CREAM OF WHEAT

1 As much blood building iron as in 4 eggs

2 As much teeth and bone building calcium and phosphorus as in half a glass of milk

3 As much Vitamin B_1 as in an equal amount of whole wheat

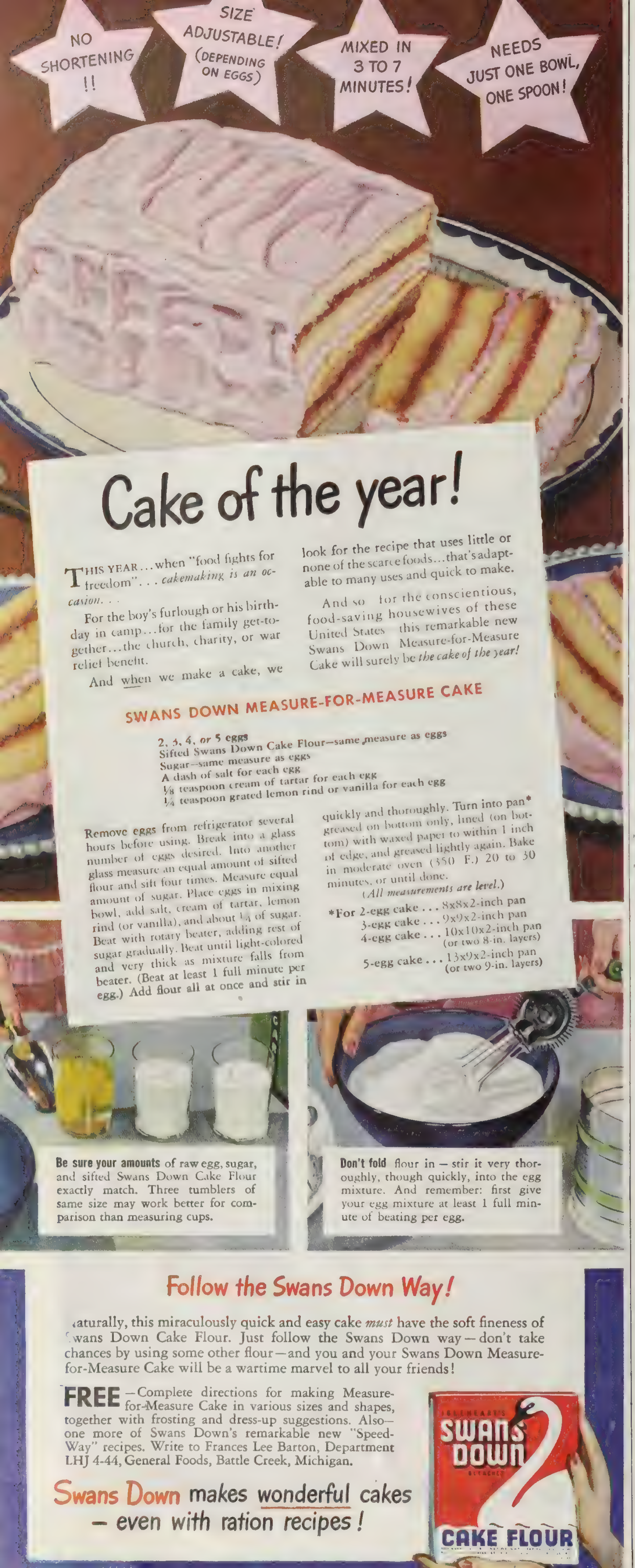
NO OTHER CEREAL SUPPLIES SO MUCH OF THESE HEALTH BUILDERS FOR LESS THAN 1¢ A SERVING!

"Enriched 5 MINUTE" and "REGULAR"

CREAM OF WHEAT

The Great American *Family* Cereal

"CREAM OF WHEAT" AND CHEF TRADEMARKS REG U S PAT OFF


NO SHORTENING !!
SIZE ADJUSTABLE! (DEPENDING ON EGGS)
MIXED IN 3 TO 7 MINUTES!
NEEDS JUST ONE BOWL, ONE SPOON!
SWANS DOWN
CAKE FLOUR

Cake of the year!

THIS YEAR . . . when "food fights for freedom". . . *cakemaking is an occasion. . .*

For the boy's furlough or his birthday in camp . . . for the family get-together . . . the church, charity, or war relief benefit.

And when we make a cake, we look for the recipe that uses little or none of the scarce foods . . . that's adaptable to many uses and quick to make.

And so for the conscientious, food-saving housewives of these United States this remarkable new Swans Down Measure-for-Measure Cake will surely be *the cake of the year!*

SWANS DOWN MEASURE-FOR-MEASURE CAKE

2, 3, 4, *or* 5 eggs
Sifted Swans Down Cake Flour—same measure as eggs
Sugar—same measure as eggs
A dash of salt for each egg
1/8 teaspoon cream of tartar for each egg
1/4 teaspoon grated lemon rind or vanilla for each egg

Remove eggs from refrigerator several hours before using. Break into a glass measure an equal amount of sifted flour and sift four times. Measure equal amount of sugar. Place eggs in mixing bowl, add salt, cream of tartar, lemon rind (or vanilla), and about 1/4 of sugar. Beat with rotary beater, adding rest of sugar gradually. Beat until light-colored and very thick as mixture falls from beater. (Beat at least 1 full minute per egg.) Add flour all at once and stir in quickly and thoroughly. Turn into pan* greased on bottom only, lined (on bottom) with waxed paper to within 1 inch of edge, and greased lightly again. Bake in moderate oven (350 F.) 20 to 30 minutes, or until done.

(*All measurements are level.*)

*For 2-egg cake . . . 8x8x2-inch pan
3-egg cake . . . 9x9x2-inch pan
4-egg cake . . . 10x10x2-inch pan (or two 8-in. layers)
5-egg cake . . . 13x9x2-inch pan (or two 9-in. layers)

Be sure your amounts of raw egg, sugar, and sifted Swans Down Cake Flour exactly match. Three tumblers of same size may work better for comparison than measuring cups.

Don't fold flour in—stir it very thoroughly, though quickly, into the egg mixture. And remember: first give your egg mixture at least 1 full minute of beating per egg.

Follow the Swans Down Way!

Naturally, this miraculously quick and easy cake *must* have the soft fineness of Swans Down Cake Flour. Just follow the Swans Down way—don't take chances by using some other flour—and you and your Swans Down Measure-for-Measure Cake will be a wartime marvel to all your friends!

FREE—Complete directions for making Measure-for-Measure Cake in various sizes and shapes, together with frosting and dress-up suggestions. Also—one more of Swans Down's remarkable new "Speed-Way" recipes. Write to Frances Lee Barton, Department LHJ 4-44, General Foods, Battle Creek, Michigan.

Swans Down makes wonderful cakes—even with ration recipes!

"I'm always hungry," Abbie said.

But when they were seated in a restaurant they didn't seem much interested in food. They went on talking. Once there fell a small silence and Abbie looked up to find him staring concentratedly at her.

"What's the matter?" she said.

"You're the most beautiful person I've ever seen in my life," he said. "Without exception. I looked up from that book and I couldn't believe my eyes. Even that ridiculous hat doesn't spoil it. You look as innocent as the infant Samuel and as old as Methuselah at the same time. It's amazing."

She laughed aloud. "You're an artist," she said. "I wondered."

"No, I'm not. And I'm not flattering you or making love to you—I'm just looking at you like a specimen."

"Yes, so I gathered." She leaned back against the high leather seat and said, "The innocence part is quite false. It's an accident and doesn't mean any more than my name. I am as old as Methuselah."

"Yes, you really are, aren't you? I wonder why, for you can't be more than twenty."

"What's time got to do with it?"

"Nothing, I suppose."

When he left her at Olivia's, he said, "Thanks for helping me escape, Abbie. Good night," and that was all. He didn't tell her his name or ask to see her again.

Olivia and her husband were sitting playing Russian bank. "I hate you," Olivia said dispassionately. "Walking off with my lion in the middle of the party."

Abbie opened her eyes wide and said, "Don't tell me that was your Jonathan Elliot!" She began to laugh and then she said guiltily, "I said the most horrible things to him. He never told me his name."

"Now don't tell me any such nonsense. You've certainly seen his pictures."

"Strike me dead if I have!" Abbie said good-humoredly.

But the next day Olivia came into her room and sat down and began to talk about Jonathan. "He is something special, isn't he, Abbie? I think he's a really wonderful person. Here he's been writing for years and only selling something now and then to some little highbrow magazine, and now he's written this amazing best seller. But the amazing part is that it hasn't spoiled him at all. He hardly seems to know it's happened. I heard him give a lecture—that was the first time I saw him. You know what a scatterbrain I am, Abbie, always on the go, sipping sweets where I can. I don't like myself much, but I generally seem to be having a pretty good time. But sometimes, sometimes it does seem that there ought to be more to living. Well, at that lecture I knew how there could be more. It was about the duty of the artist—well, he made me feel as if we were all artists, more or less, and that we had a duty toward life, a duty to live it fully, in an artist's way. You see, he doesn't fritter himself away—that's the thing about him that's so special."

WIVES!

Whenever a husband and wife begin to discuss their marriage, they are giving evidence at an inquest. —H. L. MENCKEN.

For a wife, take the daughter of a good mother. —FULLER.

"Yes, he's very concentrated," Abbie said.

"Women go mad about him," Olivia went on. "Because he's hard to get, I suppose. It made a sensation having you talk with him one minute and then drag him away from the party. How did you do it?"

"I didn't do it," Abbie said slowly. "I really didn't, Olivia. He was just tired of frittering himself away, as you put it—he used me as a means of escape."

Olivia gave her an odd smile, half friendly, half ironic. "You're a pretty concentrated girl yourself," she said. "I wouldn't be surprised if he really fell for you. . . . Tell me, Abbie—you haven't seemed to want to talk about it much, but I have a notion you ran away from this marriage of your father's. Did you?"

"In a way I did. I just thought they'd both like it better if I weren't there for a while."

"What's she like?"

Abbie shrugged. "Very plain—very ma
of-fact. She's worked in the laboratories
years. Fingers stained with acids—that
of person. All right, I suppose."
"But not after Janice, is that it? She
beautiful, Janice."
"But that was a long time ago," Al
said carefully. "You get lonely."
"You're sensible about it, at least. M
as well be, eh? Sometimes I get the stran
sensation when you come into a ro
Abbie—as if you weren't yourself at all,
Janice's ghost. You're awfully like her."
"Just on the outside," Abbie said. "
not really like her at all."

"THAT'S the funny part—it's the in
I mean. You don't look like her. Her
was fairer, her eyes were blue; no, I m
inside."
Abbie got up and said, "I must run,
ling. I'm having lunch with Jacques."
Ten days went by then and nothing h
pened. Oh, plenty happened, of sorts. Th
were the usual parties, the luncheons,
rides, the boxes of flowers arriving fr
Jacques and others. But Jonathan El
neither called nor phoned. And one
Abbie said:
"Olivia, I'm going home. I ought ne
to have stayed so long, but I've been hav
such a divine time and you've made me
I could settle down here for life and not
in the way. But I can't play forever."
"Oh, why don't you stay till spri
Abbie?" Olivia said. "We love having yo
"No, really, I have to go," Abbie said
She packed up that day and left the n
morning. She walked into the familiar ho
on the hill and her father's new wife
sitting at the table Mr. Harrington had o
often dragged near the
for a desk. She had sh
of figures strewn about
was working concent
edly. She was not
plain. She had a squ
face, a sturdy but not
short figure, warm bro
eyes that could go v
shrewd and, as Abbie h
said, acid-stained fing
She looked what she wa
a nice and sensible won
of forty.
"Hello, Chrissie," Abbie said with carel
welcome. "How goes it?"
Chrissie rose. She wore a black suit an
plain white blouse with a silver pin at
throat. She came up to Abbie and held
her hand. "It goes well," she said sturd
"How nice you're home, Abbie."
"Don't tell me that slave driver is mak
you work at home," Abbie said, wavin
hand toward the table.
"I like to," Chrissie said. "I've been
business a long time, you know."
"Well, I thought I'd at least educated
up to the point where he didn't overfl
from the study into the living room, but I
I haven't."
"I'll move it back," Chrissie said. "It
just pleasant working here by the fire."
began to gather up papers in a neat pile.
"Oh, no rush. Work where you like,
course," Abbie said.
But Chrissie went on picking up her w
began to carry it toward the study. Th
was something firm and a little stubborn
the short, businesslike figure of Chri
Harrington. She moved the table away fr
the fire, put its usual books and knickkna
on it again before she said, "Did you hav
good time in Washington?"
"Oh, heavenly," Abbie said. "Well, no
ing seems to have changed any. I thoug
maybe you'd have moved the furnit
around—or taken mother's picture down
something. Or don't you have any c
plexes about that? If you do, I'll take it
to my room—I've always rather wanted t
The brown eyes lost a little of their wa
ness and Chrissie said, "No, of cours
haven't any complex about your moth
picture, and I wouldn't dream of having
changed. I'm forty, Abbie, and I'm not
foolish as all that."

(*Continued on Page 70*)

Frigidaire here gives you SEVEN RULES FOR MAKING BETTER FROZEN DESSERTS

Food Fights for Freedom!
1. Conserve food 2. Share food 3. Play square with food

In times like [illegible] to know how to make desserts with th[illegible]rator. They're easy, too!

Trust your recip[illegible]m a reliable source it has been tried and proved. [illegible]structions exactly. Never improvise or substitute. Above all, *measure* ingredients, don't guess.

Use bottom freezer shelf—and for fastest freezing pour some water on shelf just before sliding in tray. This assures frozen contact between tray and freezer.

Freeze quickly to avoid large ice crystals. Keep control at coldest position during freezing. *A good mix should freeze to whipping stage within an hour.* If not, you may have used too much sugar. Or the freezer is not cold enough.

Break it up. After freezing, break mix into small chunks with wooden spoon (metal may mar tray) and remove to mixing bowl. If still too firm, allow to stand at room temperature for a minute or so, then whip to light creamy texture.

Whipping is important. If you use an electric beater, guard against overwhipping the center, underwhipping sides. At least once during whipping, scrape sides of bowl with spatula and turn into center. *Whip just long enough for mix to cream—that is, "hold up", and keep its form or shape.*

Quickly, now. This is the critical point. If mix starts to melt it will lose its creaminess . . . fast! If it shows any signs of breaking down, don't delay. Return it immediately to tray. Level it off *quickly* and place in freezer.

Complete freezing at coldest temperature. Then turn temperature control half way back to normal position until serving time. This "mellows" dessert, improves flavor and texture.

How to make delicious Vanilla Cream

(8 to 10 servings)

1 can (1½ cups) sweetened condensed milk
3 cups milk or coffee cream
2 tsps. vanilla
2 tsps. lemon juice

Be sure to read rules at left. Then: **1.** Heat one cup of milk. **2.** Add the can of sweetened condensed milk and blend. **3.** Add remaining two cups of milk and lemon juice. **4.** Pour into freezing tray and set temperature control at coldest position. **5.** When frozen, remove to bowl; add vanilla and whip with electric or hand beater until mix becomes light and creamy. **6.** Return quickly to freezing tray and allow to finish freezing. **7.** When dessert is completely frozen, remember to turn control half way back to normal position until ready to serve. *For grand-tasting variations, like the maple nut cream illustrated, see Wartime Suggestions* or your favorite recipe book.*

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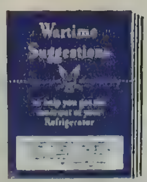

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Listen to
GENERAL MOTORS
SYMPHONY OF THE AIR...
Every Sunday Afternoon, NBC Network

Are you "on your toes"-- like 8 out of 10?

Women from coast to coast write frankly and freely, telling why they switched to Modess! "So soft!", "So comfortable!", or "So safe!" *8 out of 10* agree!

If you've been wishing you could breeze through these busier rush-rush days—no matter what time of the month—listen to this .

From all over the nation, 10,086 women recently wrote– telling *why* they switched to Modess Sanitary Napkins. *8 out of 10 said for its wonderful softness, its comfort, or its dependable safety!* Among them were women who had used practically every type of napkin. But they liked Modess better! Like Mrs. P. D., dancer and gymnast, who wrote: "*New-found softness and wonderful comfort!*" And there were thousands more . . .

Women of all ages praised Modess' greater safety. As Mrs. M.A.F. said, "*A busy mother appreciates Modess' extra security.*" A triple, full-length shield at the *back* of every Modess gives *full-way* protection—not just part-way. And because Modess is made with a special softspun filler instead of close-packed layers, it's softer, wonderfully smooth-fitting. Try softer, safer Modess. It costs no more!

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SANITARY NAPKINS

Modess Regular is for the great majority of women. So highly absorbent it takes care of even above-average needs. Makes bulky, over-size pads unnecessary. In boxes of 12 sanitary napkins, or Bargain Box of 56. **Modess Junior** is for those who prefer a slightly narrower, but equally absorbent, napkin. In boxes of 12.

(Continued from Page 68)

"Maybe I've read too many books—Rebecca, and all that," Abbie said vaguely.

"I'm afraid you have," Chrissie said only. "Abbie, perhaps we ought to have certain things settled before your father comes in. About the house—do you want to run it as you always have, or do you want me to? I've never had much experience in keeping house, for I've lived in a club for years—still, I'll do whatever you wish."

"Oh, you run it," Abbie said lazily. "It would look better, don't you think? Besides, I'm tired of being the boss. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Coyle's always managed things anyway."

"Whatever you say, Abbie. I just wanted to know."

"I see Selma's been doing the flowers—she's got a heavy touch, Selma has."

Chrissie said evenly, "I fixed the flowers, Abbie."

"Oh, sorry."

"That's all right. I'm more familiar with test tubes than I am with gardens. You'll have to teach me about flowers, Abbie." It was a generous remark, a hand held out, but Abbie seemed not to see it.

"Oh, it doesn't matter, does it? If you like them that way—we all have different notions about arrangements, I suppose, and your way may be as right as mine. My mother taught me—excuse me, I seem to be unlucky in what I say today."

"But I don't think my way is right." Chrissie said. "I knew that bouquet looked stiff, but I didn't have the knack to change it."

Abbie laughed and said again, "It doesn't matter. Well, I'll go unpack. I wonder where Mrs. Coyle is."

"She's down with Fanny today. Fanny's expecting her baby any minute, and Mrs. Coyle wanted to be with her. Selma thought she could manage the cooking."

Abbie's face grew warm and young and she said, "Oh, I do miss Fanny so! She's sweet, Chrissie. I must go and see her—I hope she doesn't have a hard time of it."

She turned at once and went up the stairs, not looking back at the square little woman by the hearth, not seeing the stern look that came to the brown eyes, not seeing the shoulders straighten, the generous mouth grow straight and very firm; not seeing, either, the sudden sagging of those shoulders, the hand reaching out to the chair back as if for sustenance, the sternness blotted out in sudden loneliness and disappointment.

In Abbie's own room everything was just the same. She began to put her things away. When she took out the gray dress she paused a moment, held it up against her and looked at herself in the mirror. *Young as the infant Samuel, old as Methuselah.* She stared coldly, trying by will to wipe the youth away, but the youngness of Abbie would not go. She saw herself, strangely innocent and lovely, a stranger, looking back at herself. She hung the dress away.

When she opened the drawer of her dressing table, she saw the red book lying there. She took it out slowly, brought the key from her bag, opened it and sat on the window sill, reading in it. Presently she reached for a pen, began to write:

> To know what you want and to have will, that is the same as getting what you want.

Then she paused, put the cap on her pen and just sat there, looking down on the wintry garden, not writing anything more. She felt a sudden sadness for the world, for herself. She thought of all the millions of people who didn't know what they wanted, or only half knew, and who, even if they had the knowledge, did nothing about it beyond dream. You did what habit made you do, never having the strength to go beyond habit.

Take Chrissie Daimler—she'd thought she wanted to marry Adrian Harrington. She'd even done it. But she couldn't even manage a house, to say nothing of a stepdaughter. How could she manage a marriage with a high-strung man such as the one she had chosen? She couldn't. She'd make half attempts, she'd keep struggling, but like a person in a swamp. She'd be jealous of

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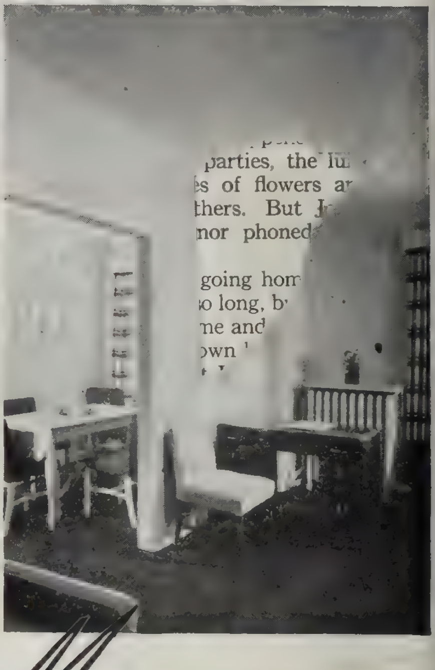

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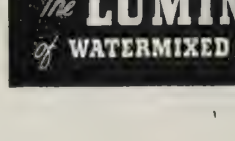

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BUY WAR BONDS

Janice, her predecessor, she'd be jealous of Abbie. . . . Take Fanny, who'd been so hopeful and so proud. She'd think this baby was going to be something special. But presently she'd have another and another and she'd be tired and poor and none of them would be anything much. . . . Then Abbie remembered the day she had had tea with Fanny in the narrow little house and the way everything had shone in that house—and something cried out in her heart against all that hope reaching out to nothing. "Oh, I hate this world! I hate it!" she whispered.

She was quiet at dinner. Chrissie looked a little tired, but she made an effort to talk. Abbie even helped a little, telling some of the political chatter she had heard in Washington, describing Olivia's house and her friends.

But after dinner, when her father said something about her playing to them, she said, "I think I'll go up and write a few thank-you notes and crawl in early, if you don't mind."

But when she reached her room she did not write. She sat in the deep chair, curled up like a child, her fair head resting against the pillow.

After a long time her father rapped on the door and said, "May I come in, Abbie?"

"Yes," she said, not moving.

He came in with a little pile of books in his hands. It had been a habit of his over the years to buy her books—he could scarcely pass a bookstore without pausing and thinking, *That might please Abbie.* "I've picked up a few books while you've been away," he said. He dropped them down on the bed.

"Thanks, dad," Abbie said. Then her eyes widened, stilled. For one book had spilled to the edge of the bed and she could see its cover: The Steeple, by Jonathan Elliot.

CAMPAIGN SPEECH

A man expects a woman to forget the promises he once made to her, but to remember the number of lumps of sugar he takes in his tea.

—E. J. HARDY:
Still Happy Though Married.
(Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

Her father hesitated. "I hope you won't feel we all have to live separately," he fumbled. "Let's try to be a family, Abbie."

"Dad, please don't be sentimental about it tonight," she said with faint mockery. "I don't mind your being married—why should I?—but Chrissie and I are as different as night and day. She'll never like me much—and, again, why should she?"

"Why shouldn't she?" her father said somewhat sternly. "She's a fine woman, Abbie, and she could be a good friend to you if you'd let her. The minute I came in I knew you'd hurt her in some way. I don't want her hurt."

"Hurt her? I don't know how," Abbie said. "Did she say I did?"

"No, but you did, all the same. Chrissie will never complain."

"Dad, please—if you're satisfied, so am I. If I want to be alone sometimes, for goodness' sake understand that it's just because I want to be alone, not because I'm objecting to anything. You used to always be saying that you wanted me to live my own life—well, let me live it. I'll let you live yours, I promise you."

"All right, Abbie, if that's the way you want it—but, you see, you've always been a *part* of my life, and I seem to find it difficult to believe you're not any more."

"Now you are being sentimental, darling!" she said and smiled at him.

His lean and handsome face looked stern again. He said, "Well, good night, Abbie," almost coldly and went out.

She rose from the chair, went slowly to the bed, picked up the book with the tall slim steeple in white against the cover of turquoise blue. Then she took all the books off the bed, undressed, got into bed, turned on the bed

(Continued on Page 73)

MISS EVELYN BYRD LAPRADE

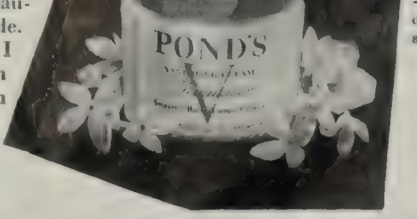
"After a 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream, my complexion looks ever so much smoother and brighter!" says this daughter of the famous Byrd family of Virginia. Miss LaPrade carries on the romantic tradition of beauty of the lovely 18th-century Evelyn Byrd for whom she was named.

Powder-catchers and dust-catchers—that's what skin cells are when they curl up and die on your face! They make even a naturally good complexion look coarse-grained and dull!

But here's good news! You can loosen and dissolve scaly dead skin cells easily and *quickly*. Just spread a cool, snowy 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your entire face—except eyes. Leave it on one full minute, for the Cream's "keratolytic" action to do its job. Then tissue off.

Now look at your "re-styled" complexion! It's clearer. It's brighter. It looks *lighter*. And your skin is so much softer that make-up goes on with intriguing smoothness. You're ready for a beautiful evening!

"A PERFECT POWDER BASE, TOO!"
"I like to have a 1-Minute Mask 3 or 4 times a week," says beautiful Evelyn Byrd LaPrade. "—And on the other days I smooth on a very light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream before make-up. It's a perfect powder base!"



Now there's a glass shortage! Help save glass and manpower—buy one BIG jar of Pond's instead of several small ones.

TAKE A JOB! THE MORE WOMEN AT WORK—THE SOONER WE WIN!

Twice in a lifetime

He was just a little fellow a dozen years ago.

Too little to know — or care — that even as he slept, General Motors men in a distant laboratory were putting the finishing touches on a special new refrigerant later given the trademark, *"Freon."**

Much too little to understand that the real reason for developing this new compound was the safety of just such sleeping youngsters as himself.

That it was important because it provided the last link in perfect safety for home or hospital refrigeration, ending even the remote risk of toxic harm in the unlikely event of leaks in the cooling system.

He is grown now, and off fighting for his country on a South Pacific island. He is old enough to know that one of his deadliest enemies there is the mosquito, carrier of malaria.

The interesting thing is that it is *"Freon"* that now comes to his aid. Twice in his lifetime, this one result of General Motors research is paying off in personal protection for him and his kind.

For when mixed with chemicals to kill mosquitoes, this compound makes a new and better kind of insect spray. Unlike heavier sprays that fall to the ground, it evaporates almost instantly, leaving the mosquito-killing compounds floating suspended in the air.

"Freon" was not developed as a war product. It came about because General Motors, seeking to provide more and better things for more people, never stopped trying to make better refrigerators for American households.

But because it was known and familiar, it was available when the war need appeared — just as it remains at hand for future peacetime developments.

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KEEP AMERICA STRONG • BUY WAR BONDS

*Trade-mark registered. "Freon" is made and sold by Kinetic Chemicals, Inc.

(Continued from Page 71)

t and drew that one book toward her,
ned to the first chapter.
t was a thin book, hardly more than a
elette. It was told in simple, very clear
se, almost as if it were a tale told to
dren. It was of a boy who lived next to
old white church in a village, and of the
tasy his child's mind built around the
ple of that church. As the steeple soared
ve the autumn maples of the churchyard
the blue sky, so his child's heart made
things point upward toward some blue
of goodness ineffable. He simply
ldn't see that any human being was not
ng to reach that blue land. He grew up
became nothing very important. He
, in fact, the shoemaker in that little
age. He lived and died there, never hav-
seen the world, never having left his job.
re was evil in that village, but he never
eved in it. There was even evil in his own
and family, but he never once stopped
eving that under these outward sem-
nces of evil, these people were striving in
r own way toward good. And finally he
and was buried in the churchyard not
from the steeple. It was almost a fable,
ept that the people were extraordinarily
e and real. It might have been sloppy and
lyannaish in other hands, but in this sim-
yet curiously subtle and poignant prose,
as not that at all.
bbie, strangely shaken, trying to be
stic about this book as a best seller, sat
re for a long time. "That's what I meant to
w," he had begun to say. Yes, that was
at he had meant to show—a child's vision
ng carried over into maturity, that clar-
which vanishes so surely with much
wledge, never discarded. "Oh, but it
er can be that way!"
whispered. "It never,
er can be that way!
're a child yourself if
believe it can." Then
remembered his face,
ntent, so shut off from
party, bent above the
sian book. It was not
ild's face.
he heard Mrs. Coyle's
coming up the back
rs. She slipped out of
, went to the door,
ed softly, "Mrs. Coyle!" The old sturdy
re came down the hall. "How is she?"
bie demanded.
She's fine. Just fine—though it was nip
tuck. She's got a nice baby girl."
Come in and tell me all about it."
Mrs. Coyle came in, but she did not sit
vn. "There isn't much to tell," she said.
he was in labor twelve hours and the doc-
got pretty worried. But it turned out all
ht. Joe was about frantic. . . . Did you
e a good time on your trip?"
Yes."
Fanny wants to name the baby Abbie,
er you. She wanted as I should ask you
was all right."
What an awful name to saddle a baby
h! But I can stand it if she can."
I'll tell her. . . . Well, I'll get to bed.
a little tuckered out. Good night."
Good night," Abbie said.
o Abbie Harrington came home. She
nged almost at once into her old life of
ety. She was almost never at home of an
ning. She deferred to Chrissie in all mat-
s concerning the house, smiling sometimes
herself at Chrissie's difficulties, for Chrissie
w nothing of buying food, of the actual
e of a house. Chrissie kept all office
irs strictly to the study.

BBIE would notice a frayed tablecloth and
carelessly, "Heavens, I forgot to tell you
t Mrs. Jones, on Devon Street, always
ks over the linen every two months and
nds up such things as this!" And Chrissie
uld flush or grow pale and write down the
lress carefully. She went on arranging
flowers, but sometimes, if Abbie was in
room, her hands would be unsteady.
Or Abbie would say in seeming friendli-
s, "Oh, put on something fluffy for a
nge for dinner, Chrissie. Didn't dad ever

tell you he liked his women glamorous?" But Chrissie had no fluffy clothes. She wore suits or plain black dresses that suited her—never frills and furbelows. If Abbie was going out she would come down to dinner in her party clothes—pale chiffons, soft, extravagant velvets. And Chrissie would sit there in her place at the table, saying almost nothing, her natural friendliness drying up. Mr. Harrington would try to be amiable, but presently he, too, would feel some tension and fall silent. Then Abbie would chatter, chiding them for their quiet, and presently fly off to her party.

SHE did go to see Fanny and the new baby, taking a silver mug with "Abigail Mercer" engraved on it. The baby was tiny, like Fanny, with some of Fanny's dark wistful expression. Fanny was still in bed, for she had been slow in recovering. She had a practical nurse, but the nurse was out at the store. The baby began to whimper.

"Oh, I wish Mrs. Gilligan would come back," Fanny said. "Would you just as soon pick her up and pat her a little? I can't bear to have her cry."

Abbie bent and picked up the baby from the homemade bassinet with its pink bows and ruffles.

"Keep your hand on her back!"

Abbie held the baby against her shoulder, patted the small, wriggling back and Abigail quieted at once, her tiny dark head burrowed into Abbie's shoulder.

"She likes you!" Fanny said softly. "She doesn't keep quiet for everybody."

Abbie laughed, but somehow could not make her laughter too scornful. It was strange holding a baby—she had never had a baby in her arms before, never once. Mrs. Gilligan came in, took over in a hearty fashion, and Abbie went away. She never told anyone she had been to see Fanny.

One day she said to her father, "How about that office job you wanted me to take, dad? Still open? Now Chrissie's not there, maybe you could use me."

"Why, I don't know, Abbie," Mr. Harrington said slowly. "I've got everything pretty well filled up right now—and Chrissie takes care of a lot of things for me still. You said, I thought, that you wouldn't like the laboratories."

"Well, I'm tired of doing nothing. Of course, if you don't want me with you, there's nothing more to be said."

"I didn't say that. I'd like nothing better, but I wouldn't want you to come just for a few weeks or months and then dash off to something else. It takes time to train people in my work, and I don't want to waste time right now. There's a war looming, that's plain, and every chemist is going to be needed. We can't waste time."

"Oh, well, skip it—you're probably right and I wouldn't last long," Abbie said.

There was none of his loving anxiousness to have her beside him. It was as if he had accepted her decision to live a life apart.

But one night Abbie picked up her father at the station and he said to her, "Abbie, about the office. I didn't mean to refuse you, of course. It's true, as I've told you before, that you'd be happier being useful. But for some reason I couldn't see you wanting to be useful, only wanting to curb your restlessness instead. If you're serious, I'd like you to come."

Abbie hesitated, then said, "Oh, I'm afraid you were right. I wasn't serious."

But it was true, she was restless. She was never still those days, it seemed.

"You're thin, Abbie," Mrs. Coyle protested. "You run around too much."

"Oh, I'm all right," Abbie said.

Then he came. He came, as she had known he would.

Mrs. Coyle came to her room and said, "There's a gentleman to see you, Abbie. A Mr. Elliot."

"Oh," Abbie said.

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Help Uncle Sam! Buy War Bonds and Stamps

She went down the stairs slowly. There he was standing by the fire. Surely he was not *that* tall and thin? Surely not *that* pure of face? She went toward him unsmilingly, almost shyly, held out her hand.

"You've forgiven me," she said.

"For what?" Then he withdrew his hand, said somewhat abruptly, "I've been writing a story and I couldn't get here before."

"Oh? Well, sit down. Do sit down!"

He sat down, crossed one thin leg over the other, lit a cigarette. "How old are you?"

"Twenty-one yesterday. If you count time that way," she said.

"I'm going on thirty-four," he said. "I don't count time that way, but when I was twenty-one I probably did. Thirteen years is quite a time gap in any kind of figuring." Then he threw his cigarette toward the logs, smiled at her and said, "Is there any reason we couldn't get married, Abbie?"

"I can't think of any," Abbie said calmly.

"Neither can I. I've got some money—and I've made some money. I might not make much more. You can't tell about that, but I've got enough so that won't matter. I decided to ask you right away, that day I saw you at Mrs. De Vaux's—only I've been busy, as I said. I'll often be busy and may seem to forget you're there, but I won't, really, you know. I've been very much aware all this time that I was coming to get you as soon as I could. . . . You know, Abbie, I don't honestly like women much. I told you I wasn't a saint, and I'm not, but I just get bored with most women. They eat you. If you know what I mean."

"Yes, I know," Abbie said.

"Well, I saw right away that you knew you had a life of your own and that you wouldn't try to survive by nibbling someone else's life. I'm a writer, but I won't talk about my writing to you. You don't even need to read my books. . . . What do you think?"

"I think it would be fun," Abbie said. Then she laughed softly, letting her gray eyes mock him a little, and said, "You see, you couldn't help yourself, because when I saw you standing by the piano at Olivia's, looking at the book, I said, 'I'm going to marry that man.'"

He gave her one of those sudden, steady looks, then grinned. Not a word about love. Surely, this was a fantastic proposal!

"You may not like me at all when you get to know me," Abbie said. "Nor I you."

"I'll take a chance on my part," he said. "But as a matter of fact, I know you very well right now. I don't have to know what you eat for breakfast. . . . Where would you like to live?"

"Here," Abbie said. "It's my house. Do you like it?"

"Immensely. Do you have any relatives I have to please?"

"My father. His wife."

"His wife? Not your mother?"

"No. They live here at the moment."

"That's a complication. Your father'll doubtless say I'm too old."

"No, he'll be relieved. Perhaps I ought to tell you I was married once—when I was seventeen. It was annulled."

He gave her again that steady stare. "So that's it. I did wonder what had made you so old. Well, I won't quiz you about it."

"There's nothing to quiz about," she said. "I fell wildly in love with him—in a child's fashion—and ran away with him. I was still in school. My father found it unsuitable, as of course it was. I was just keeping the record straight for you."

He got up, went over and drew her up to face him. He put his hands on either side of her face. "So beautiful—and so honest," he said quietly. "I don't deserve my luck."

And quite suddenly, for all her calm during this preposterous interview, Abbie felt a frightened shyness. She had known that somehow, sometime, this was going to happen. She had willed it to happen. But it had happened too fast. She reached up, caught his hand in hers, said, "Come on!" and led him toward the kitchen.

Mrs. Coyle was frosting a cake. "Mrs. Coyle," Abbie said, "do you mind if I marry him? Will he do, do you think?"

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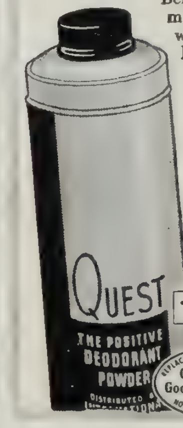

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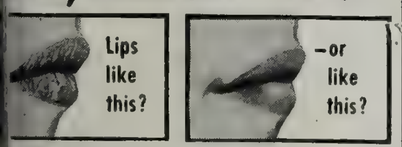
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Mrs. Coyle put down her bowl of frosting and her eyes filled with tears. "Why, Abbie, child!" she said. "Why, child!" Then she looked gravely and consideringly at Jonathan Elliot and said, "Yes, I'm sure he'll do, Abbie. Though I don't know what I've to say about it, I'm sure."

"Why, if you'd said he wasn't the one, I'd have shown him the door," Abbie said. "I truly would. . . . His name is Jonathan."

Mrs. Coyle smiled up at Jonathan and Jonathan smiled back.

Abbie drew him out of the kitchen. "Mrs. Coyle is the darling of my heart," she said. "She calls me 'child!' She likes you."

It was not so easy with her father and Chrissie, who came home together from the office that night.

Abbie was always bringing strange people in, introducing them in a careless fashion, and then turning to her own affairs. But this was different. This young man seemed to be there for dinner. Abbie murmured his name, simply saying "Chrissie" without indicating who Chrissie was. Jonathan nodded gravely.

Then Abbie ended the odd moment by saying clearly, "You'll be seeing quite a lot of him, folks, for I'm going to marry him."

Jonathan grinned at Mr. Harrington and said, "I hope you don't mind too much, Mr. Harrington. I dare say I should have 'asked for her hand'—only the world seems to move too fast nowadays."

Abbie's father was almost as tall as Jonathan. He looked straight at Jonathan and said, "Well, I am startled, but I'm sure Abbie must know what she wants. I didn't even know you existed—wait a minute, you're not by any chance the chap who wrote a book I brought home the other day, something about a steeple?"

OFF COLOR

To demonstrate how little attention people pay to actual words, a hostess said smilingly as she passed the cakes at a tea, "These green ones are colored with Paris green, the pink have strychnine in them." Every guest unconcernedly took a cake and thanked her.

—GLADYS BORCHERS: Living Speech. (Harcourt, Brace & Co., Inc.)

"I'm afraid I am," Jonathan said. "Do you mind?"

Mr. Harrington turned and looked at Abbie slowly. Then he said almost shortly, "On the contrary. I'm glad Abbie's got sense enough to want you."

"You see, I told you he'd be relieved," Abbie said.

Chrissie had not said a word up to now. Now she said, "I'm so happy for you, Abbie—for both of you."

"Thanks, Chrissie," Abbie said without too much expression.

After Mr. and Mrs. Harrington had gone upstairs Jonathan said, "Tell me about Chrissie. I suppose she's your father's wife, though no one said so. She's rather nice, isn't she? I got a feeling you didn't like her."

"I neither like her nor dislike her," Abbie said. "She's just Chrissie, who's worked for years in my father's laboratories. They've been married only two months."

"Really?"

So Abbie Harrington and Jonathan Elliot were married, not quietly, as Jonathan had suggested, but with a fashionable fanfare, in a church.

"Do you mind? You see, when I was married before, it was by a justice of the peace. I want to be married proudly this time, in white lace and all."

"All right," he said gently. "I like pride, too, in its place."

It was one of the events of that spring, for Jonathan Elliot was a name known suddenly across the land.

But the morning of the wedding, Mr. Harrington went into Jonathan's room and said, "Nervous?"

"Not in the least," Jonathan said. "Should I be?"

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Mr. Harrington sat down on the edge of the desk, took out his pipe and lit it before he said, "I don't know. Elliot, I like you a lot and I hope you won't misunderstand what I'm going to say. Did Abbie tell you she'd been married before?"

"Yes, she did, Mr. Harrington."

"Good. I was afraid she mightn't have. I've never known exactly what it meant to her, you see. . . . Perhaps I don't need to say this, after all."

"Go ahead," Jonathan said.

"Well, I've been worried about Abbie for years. She was one of the loveliest of young girls, sweet and generous and deeply loving. She seemed to have many talents, but her chief talent was just in living. Well, when she was a senior in Miss Ferris' school, she met this young man, a penniless but rather attractive newspaperman, and married him, all during a Christmas holiday. It was completely wrong for both of them. He was rather tough and she had always been protected and perhaps spoiled, though the spoiling didn't show, I must admit. Something happened to her at that time. I have often blamed myself. There even came a time when I was ready to offer to let her marry the boy again if she wanted to. I couldn't bear it to have her the way she was."

"The way she was?" Jonathan asked.

"Yes, cold and unresponsive and terribly self-sufficient. It wasn't natural for a young girl. But she said she never gave him a thought."

"But I don't find her cold and unresponsive at all; self-sufficient, yes," Jonathan said. "You seem to be trying to warn me about something, Mr. Harrington. But I am not a child. I like that self-sufficiency. Indeed, that's what drew me to Abbie."

Mr. Harrington got off the desk. "I'm sorry to have spoken so," he said. "Abbie had great potentialities, that is all. I am not a psychologist, but I do know when things are wrong in the mind of someone I love. Something has been very wrong with Abbie. Very, very wrong. She's lovely, yes. . . . Oh, well, perhaps we'd better drop it. I'm more than glad that you're going to marry her. Please forgive me."

LITTLE WISHES

If you want to be miserable, think about yourself, about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you, and what people think of you. —CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Everybody ought to do at least two things each day that he hates to do, just for practice. —WILLIAM JAMES.

"There's nothing to forgive."

So Jonathan Elliot went to his wedding and there was Abbie, radiant and incredibly beautiful, and they were made one, or so the rector of St. James' said.

Perhaps if Mr. Harrington had not had that talk with Jonathan, Jonathan would not have known so soon that he and Abbie were not one. Perhaps, again, he would, for he had that terrific concentration that goes to the heart of a matter rapidly and surely. He had truly liked that self-sufficiency of Abbie's. He had thought it was something vitally important to his marriage. He was emotionally moved by her beauty and grace, by her frankness, but his artist's mind was ever probing past surface loveliness to spirit loveliness.

For Abbie, in the beginning the marriage was everything a marriage should be. She was terribly proud of this tall, mature man, who didn't even care that he was such a success. He did things with her, talked with her friends, went to the theater, took long walks with her, fitted into the house on the hill as if he had been there forever. He insisted on paying more than his share for the running of the house. There seemed no flaw in him. He even consented to give a lecture to one of the women's clubs of the city.

It was when he was to give this lecture that the first faint division began to show. He went to his room for several days and worked quietly and steadily at his lecture. He refused engagements. He didn't even talk much to the family.

"Darling," Abbie said after the fourth day, "you really don't need to work so hard at it. They just come to look at you, anyway."

He looked at her slowly. "I'm afraid don't give that kind of a lecture," he sai

"Oh," she said, realizing she had spok too lightly, "I don't mean that you shouldn give a good lecture. But they won't remen ber it, you know. People just don't. Th come out of curiosity; you know that—th want a smattering of culture. It tru doesn't have anything to do with your re work."

"Sorry," he said, lighting a cigarette. S had become aware that when he was ups he always pulled out a cigarette. "It do have something to do with my work. The might, there just *might* be someone there w expected more. And even if there weren't couldn't give it less than my best. Do sound smug?"

She laughed and said, "A little."

"Well, that's the way I am, Abbie. The are certain things I want to say—things th have nothing to do with the fact that I' written a book."

When the day of the lecture came he sa to Chrissie at the breakfast table, "Will y come with Abbie this afternoon, Chrissi I want someone special to talk to." He ga her his somewhat rare, grave smile a Chrissie said:

"I'd like to very much."

So Abbie had to take Chrissie. She fel tugging of anger because Jonathan had su gested it. She sat beside her in the sma intimate clubroom and watched Jonath getting up to speak. She looked around the women. They all looked intelligent, b not deeply intelligent. They were an e tremely well-dressed lot, with costly jewel and smart, expensive hats and shoes. F just an instant, Abl hated to have Jonath wasting himself on the Then he began to spea His grave and beauti voice began to tell th about the technique writing and to apply th technique to living, ma all technique one. When looked at anyone, it was Chrissie, and Abbie kn this and felt again that a ger going all through h

After the handshakin the autographing, the fl tery, the three of them rode home togeth Jonathan looked tired and talked almost n at all.

It was not till they were in the house aga that Chrissie said, "I needed that, Jonatha I needed it very much. Thank you."

He smiled at her and said, "I needed too, Chrissie."

Abbie made no direct attack. No, s would not do that. Instead, the next d she began deliberately to destroy a flov arrangement on the dining-room table.

"What's the idea?" Jonathan said fr the doorway. "Chrissie just finished doi that."

"Did she? Sorry, but it hurts me. Y just can't *do* that to flowers." She walk out to the garden and came back with la spur and pink daisies, began to remo the centerpiece. Jonathan watched hands on the stems. Finally she looked and gave him a warm smile. "Better?" said.

"No," he said surprisingly. "I lil Chrissie's better."

"Jonathan—you never!" Then she s more seriously, "I've tried to leave eve thing to Chrissie, Jonathan. I've tried to her be the mistress here, though it *is* house, you know—but, you see, she d spoil some things. Sometimes I can't bea not to have everything beautiful and rig I want it right for you, darling."

"Well, couldn't you have offered to t over certain important things? I sho think Chrissie would have been glad to ha had you. It can't be easy for her."

"But she wanted the house," Abbie sa "She must have wanted it or she woulc have married dad."

"Perhaps she loves him."

(Continued on Page 78)

asked Abbie to play to him
play to me?" he asked
do you evade it?
don't have th

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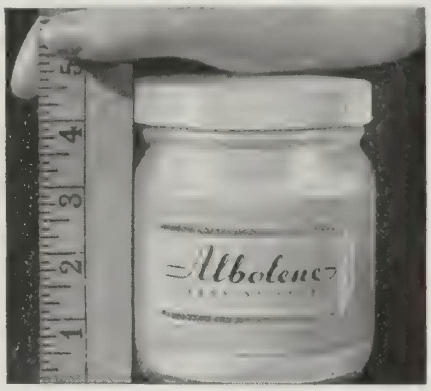

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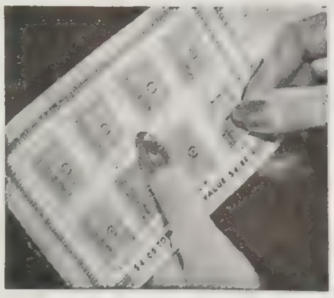

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ALBOLENE CLEANSING CREAM

"AND McKESSON MAKES IT"

(Continued from Page 76)

She was silent an instant and then she said slowly, "Jonathan, sometimes do you wish that we could be here quite by ourselves? Once dad offered to move out, but I wouldn't listen to it. But perhaps I was wrong. Perhaps we'd all be happier."

"I don't know, Abbie. When I first came, I'll admit I was somewhat alarmed at the thought of living in a house with your relatives. I don't feel that way now. They couldn't let you be more free, it seems to me."

"Perhaps it seems that way to you," she said. "But you didn't know my mother, you see."

He turned in the doorway and looked across to the picture of Abbie's mother. "You loved her very much?" he said then.

"Yes." Then she said more honestly, "But she didn't love me. She—she was someone—well, apart."

He continued to look at the picture. "Yes, I can see that," he agreed at last. "I often look at that picture and I have wondered how Chrissie likes having it there."

"I offered to take it down," Abbie said. "She said she wouldn't think of it, that it didn't bother her at all."

"Ah, Chrissie is a wise woman," he said. "For of course it shouldn't bother her. Your mother—forgive me if I hurt you, but I think you know what I say is true—your mother had no soul, did she?"

She stared at him.

"WELL, did she? Chrissie must know that, or she'd be hurt seeing that beauty there day after day. What I wonder is—did your father know it? You must, or you wouldn't have known she didn't love you."

She said, a little harshly, "And you're implying Chrissie *has* a soul?"

"Why, yes, if you want to put it that way. A rather pompous word, 'soul.' But Chrissie has something, anyway. I think she's a very brave and sound person."

It was almost a quarrel, but Abbie didn't let it get to be that. She gave a faint shrug and said, "Let's work in the garden awhile, shall we?"

Jonathan liked to get into old slacks and work in the garden. So they went out and got down on their knees to weed and everything seemed to be all right.

But two days later when they were going for one of their walks, Jonathan said, "Come with us, Chrissie."

"Oh, thanks, but I'm afraid not today," Chrissie said, hardly looking up.

"Chrissie's not an outdoor gal, are you?" Abbie said carelessly, picking up her hat.

But Jonathan went and took Chrissie's hand and said, "I won't take 'no'; it's a heavenly day."

Chrissie protested, but Jonathan kept her hand in his and drew her out-of-doors with them. And all the way he talked of science and things that Chrissie was interested in.

When they got back to the house Jonathan said, "There, you've got some color in your cheeks. That's better!" and gave her an affectionate pat on the shoulder.

Another time when they were going to a park concert, Jonathan said, "Why don't your father and Chrissie come along? Wouldn't they enjoy it?"

"I don't know," Abbie said. "But if you don't mind, let's not ask them. You see, it's better that we do things separately. It really is. Things get to be a habit, and then you do things together that you don't want to and people are always getting hurt. No, it's much better that we all keep our independence."

"But sometimes it seems as if we don't even give them the courtesy you'd give to friends. I think of them as friends," he protested.

"Oh, of course they are, but they're relatives too. It makes it difficult. Jonathan, I've always had to stand alone, and I think you have too. I want it that way. It has to be that way for me."

He said no more and they went alone to the park. After that Jonathan said very little about doing things with Mr. Harrington and Chrissie. But he grew a little quiet and abstracted.

He looked at her slowly. "
don't give that kind of
"Oh," she said
too lightly, "I
give a ge
be

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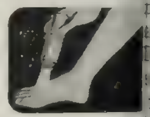

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One day he asked Abbie to play to him. Why do you never play to me?" he asked. . know you can—why do you evade it?"

"Oh, I don't know. I just don't have the sire, I suppose."

"Well, do something now just because I sire it," he said.

She went to the piano, sat down and gan to play. At first her fingers felt stiff, · she had not played in a long time, but en the old strength began to return and e swept through a difficult number with a tain feeling of triumph. She liked being le suddenly to do things well before Jonaan. But when she had finished, he said thing.

"I used to play every night," she said, ldenly a little embarrassed by his silence. practiced for hours every day and there s a musical crowd that ran in and out e. Then it was all over. I wonder why desire for something dies in you like it."

He was looking at her with that steady k with which she was so familiar. "Yes, s a pity when something dies in you," he d. Not a word about her skill.

After that, with a sudden effort of will, enever Jonathan was out of the house, bie practiced. She went over and over Czerny books. And then of an evening, ier father and Chrissie were in the study, would drift to the piano and play a little bussy or Chopin. t though Jonathan netimes spoke of composer or his rks, he never told he was delighted h her playing, and ne pride made her use to solicit praise. vertheless, it hurt l puzzled her:

One afternoon, en she had been an errand, she ne in and found livingroomempty. sat down at the k in the corner to k over the aftern mail.

Someone started wn the stairs. ere were voices, n a pause, and n she heard Jonan say:

Let's sit down e on the steps and e a talk, Chrissie. sed to have a couwho lived with us en I was a boy, the stairs were the place where we exnged most of our confidences."

Then she heard Chrissie give a small, ndly laugh and they must have sat down the steps.

There's something I've been wanting to to you," Jonathan said. He always ke with such a grave courtesy.

Yes?" Chrissie said.

Why don't you go back to the laboraes?" Jonathan said surprisingly.

Go back? Adrian doesn't want it that ."

I'm sure he does. You've always worked e, haven't you?"

ES. But I—well, I have a feeling that needs me more here at home, that's all."

And yet it doesn't quite satisfy, does ' he insisted gently.

No, it doesn't always satisfy," she adted with some sadness. "It might, but see, Jonathan, I am not a born homeer. No matter how I try, I still make takes. Then I get a queer feeling of havwasted myself on an effort that is bed me."

I don't think it is beyond you. Quite contrary. You give peace, Chrissie, and ly that is one of the most important edients of homemaking. But it wouldn't any effort at all for Abbie to run the se. She has a genius for that sort of thing. And you work terribly hard at office things even when you're here—harder even than Mr. Harrington realizes, I think. You might better do it at the office, it seems to me, and then you and Mr. Harrington would be together at the thing you love best. It's not my business, of course, but I wanted to urge it."

"You're very kind to be interested," Chrissie said soberly.

"It seems important to me," Jonathan said quietly. "Very important indeed."

"You really think it would be right, that I wouldn't be—well, running away from my responsibilities? You think it would make everyone happier?"

"Yes, I think just that."

Abbie rose from the desk, went softly through the dining room and kitchen out to the garden.

Chrissie announced that very night that she thought she'd go back to the laboratories for a while. Mr. Harrington looked startled, so it was plain she had not spoken to him about it. "I'm homesick for the smell of the place," she admitted.

"Well, heaven knows I need you there," Abbie's father said.

"You won't mind, Abbie?" Chrissie asked her. "As you said in the beginning, it's Mrs. Coyle who really runs the house, anyway, and I just get in her way."

"Why, it's your own business," Abbie said carefully.

But to Jonathan she said, "I'm afraid she's just running away from her own inefficiency. And to tell the truth, I don't want to take charge. I've done it too many years — and besides, dad must have wanted a change or he wouldn't have married her."

"I think it's fine," Jonathan said. "In fact, I urged her to go. Not because I wanted you to have more to do, but for her own sake. You probably don't mean to, but I think you make her very unhappy here."

"I? I'm afraid I don't understand. I've never interfered with her and dad in any way, in any way at all."

"I know. That's just it. You're quite indifferent, aren't you? The funny thing is that when I met you, I was sure you would never be indifferent to anything in the world."

"I told you you knew nothing about me."

"I didn't believe you. Sometimes I think you're even indifferent to me. It makes me feel very strange."

She gave him a sudden warm, young smile. "Oh, Jonathan, don't go monkish!" she said quickly. "How could I be indifferent to you? You see, darling, you can't possibly know all that led up to Chrissie and my feelings about her. Didn't you say once you liked me because I didn't nibble away at other people's lives? Well, why do you dislike me for it now? In the end, we're all alone, aren't we? It seems to me the kindest thing one can do for another—to leave him alone. Chrissie wanted to be dad's wife, to be the mistress of his house—well, I let her be. Now she's tired of it."

"Yes, now she's tired of it. Too desperately tired, considering how much she must have wanted it, it seems to me. People can't stand being put forever in the wrong, Abbie. Not real human beings, with a capacity for loving and suffering. I think you put Chrissie in the wrong at every turn, and I suffer for her. Perhaps I'm wrong about your indifference, and yet only indifference could let you hurt her and not be aware of it. I'm

---

WHAT SHALL I DO?

By Ruth Mary DuBois

What shall I do with my beautiful
dream
That I've kept between my heart
and the dark:
The dream where you held me fast
at last
And we knew that the past indeed
was past,
And the future stretched like a
beam of light?

Oh, the dream was bright
With the shine of love
And warm with the touch of your
arms.

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glad she's going back to work. She'll be free for a few hours each day, anyway."

"You're not addressing a women's club," she said angrily. "Nor writing a book for children."

Suddenly his eyes were enormously cold and distant. "I dare say I deserved that," he said, however. He thrust his hands into his pockets and walked away.

That night Abbie tried to make amends. "I hurt you this afternoon. I'm sorry."

"It's all right," he said. "I'm sorry too. I was insufferably moral. You look so like a child, you know, one is tempted to read you lectures. But I know you're not and are quite responsible to yourself for anything you do or say."

She came over, sat on the arm of his chair, put her cheek down against his hair. "I have been so alone," she said simply. "I couldn't make you know how alone I have been—and how different it is with you here."

He pulled her down into his arms and held her there against his heart, like a child. Presently he let his fingers trace the line of her face. "How strange," he said, "that certain planes and shadows can move one so. Sometimes—did you know, my darling?—you look like a frightened bird, lost, beating its wings this way and that. I don't know why you seem that way to me, but sometimes you do. And I want so to comfort you—and then, just when you seem to be resting against me, you go soaring off like an eagle, not needing me at all. Which are you, I wonder? Which are you, Abbie?"

"I'm both," Abbie whispered. "But you—you never need comfort, you never need me."

"I always need you," he said gravely. "Always. I am more lost than you."

But only two days after that, on a day when the elms were showing yellow quite clearly for the first time and the beeches were a red that was almost black, Jonathan walked restlessly around the house for an hour and then said:

"Abbie, I'm going away for a few weeks, down to my little place outside of Washington. I'm going to write a book."

"Wonderful!" she said. "But why not do it here? No one will disturb you."

"No, I have to do it there."

"It's hard to get away just now—but I suppose I can," she said.

"Not you," he explained with a faint confusion. "When I write, I write alone, quite by myself. I'll hope to be back before Christmas, at least."

"But, Jonathan ——"

"That's the way I write," he said.

He went up and put a few things in his bags—mostly books, it seemed, his old slacks and several sweaters. He left that very afternoon, anxious to be off, anxious to be away from them all, to be at his work. He had scarcely mentioned his writing all this time. He had seemed content to drift from day to day, doing only pleasant things with Abbie. But even before he left the house, he seemed to have slipped into his thoughts of work and cut himself off from the world, in readiness.

Abbie explained his absence lightly enough, even proudly.

"Well, I do miss Jonathan," her father said. "He's so quiet, but you always know he's here."

Mrs. Coyle said, "Goodness, how different it seems without Mr. Elliot. Seemed like old days, with him here."

"Well, he'll be back," Abbie said sensibly. "He's hasn't left me, or anything. He's just writing a book."

"Yes, I know, child. He told me about it. Kind of a queer idea, seemed to me; but then, I wouldn't know much about writing books. I guess it isn't as easy as it seems. He said he was going to put me in his book, which certainly seems silly, for I don't know who'd want to read about me. I wouldn't."

Abbie walked out of the kitchen, unable to talk more with Mrs. Coyle. She had a strangely empty feeling. She missed Jonathan more than she had known she would. It hurt her unwarrantably that he had talked with Mrs. Coyle about his book and

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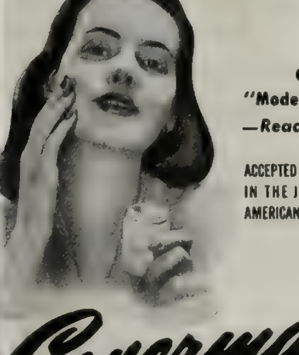

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never once with her. Yet at the same time she was proud of his ability to concentrate, to shut the world out. She had always been proud of him. He was a man you liked to be seen with, a man you liked to be married to.

Her father said one day, "Well, duPonts' have been after me again—after the laboratories. I think I shall let them go this time."

"Why, you couldn't!" Abbie said.

"That's what I've always thought. But this war is almost on us, Abbie. I've got a small but important business—it's been enough for me to manage. But when we're in the war, it's going to mean that everything will have to merge into a bigger effort that hasn't anything to do with the success or content of individuals. I'll still manage, of course, but we can work at what is most needed—and there's no doubt but that duPonts' will have a better chance to know what is needed. Yes, I feel it is best. Not that I want all chemical studies bent toward use in war. God forbid! But it is coming, no matter what I want. Chrissie agrees with me."

After dinner Abbie said to Chrissie, "How could you urge dad to sell, Chrissie? It would kill him. You haven't any right!"

"Any right?" Chrissie said. "But it has to be that way, Abbie. I do agree with him. It won't kill him." Her voice was almost dry on those last words.

"If you knew dad you couldn't say that."

Chrissie turned toward the stairs. "But I do know him," she said bravely. "And whatever he thinks will help the country most right now, will be right for him to do."

"I won't let him do it," Abbie said. Chrissie went on without answering.

Abbie took to dropping in at the laboratories, talking about old days there in a warm and childlike way, reminding her father of old experiments, old defeats, old victories. Sometimes he looked at her sadly, almost as if he were saying, "Of course we won't let it go, child," but three weeks later he came home and said it was all settled. He seemed quite calm about it.

Abbie made no comment at all. But that night she wrote in her red book:

> I suppose Chrissie is feeling triumphant because I didn't get my way about the laboratories. In the end she won't feel so pleased, because it will break dad's heart. I don't know why I feel so tired—sometimes I don't care who wins. It just doesn't seem worth a fight. But I hate cowards and I will fight. I will—I will. And next time I'll go to Virginia with Jonathan. He treats me like a child, but I am not a child. He will find that out.

She paused and thought, with the anger that was always clutching at her these days, of Jonathan. She knew the anger was a flaw. To keep cool and remote, that was the secret. And yet she saw, too, that in some strange way Jonathan had taken over her control in this, her own house. She would not have it so.

Two days before Christmas Jonathan came in unannounced. He looked unspeakably tired, but he greeted everyone warmly, was shocked that they hadn't bought a Christmas tree and insisted on Abbie's coming with him at once to purchase one.

"What's the idea, no Christmas tree?" he demanded on the front step.

"They're childish," Abbie said.

"Oh, but surely on Christmas we're meant to be childish! . . . Miss me, Abbie?"

"Must I say 'Yes'? I don't think you missed me or you wouldn't have gone."

(Continued on Page 83)

SILVER WEDDING

Love seems the swiftest, but it is the slowest of all growths. No man and woman really know what perfect love is until they have been married a quarter of a century.

—MARK TWAIN:
Quoted in My Father, Mark Twain.
Clara Clemens. (Harper & Bros.)

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Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream

(Continued from Page 81)

"Who's being childish now? I told you ong ago I would leave you for my work. I lways will. But that doesn't mean I don't miss you. I can't be divided when I work. t's nice to have it out of my system, hough. Only be glad—do be glad, Abbie!"

"I'm probably too proud," Abbie said. "I hate people being sorry for me, thinking you've left me."

"Oh, but Abbie—*people*—what's that to do with you and me? . . . There are some rees—we must have a pine, with cones on t, eh?"

It was strange and sometimes annoyingly hurting to Abbie that the house took on at once a holiday spirit with Jonathan's return. Mrs. Coyle began to worry that she didn't have Christmas cookies enough and got out her recipe books. Mr. Harrington brought home new lights for the tree and boxes of balls. Friends began to call, to say, 'Oh, what fun that Jonathan's back! You must come for dinner one night—we do *adore* Jonathan, Abbie!"

In the middle of Christmas afternoon, with the house full of people drinking eggnogs, Abbie slipped out of the house, ran the car out and went away. She went to Fanny's little house, with a present for the baby. Fanny opened the door to her. It was plain that Fanny was not well, that she was already expecting another child. But there was a tiny tree, covered with tinsel and one small string of lights, and there was Joe sitting holding baby Abigail.

Abbie came in gaily, presented the woolly Angora suit with the little peaked hood, sat down on the floor by the tree, let Abigail take hold of her finger and for a little space was young and warm. Fanny and Joe were proud to have her there, yet simple in their pride, not making too much of it or too little. They offered her fruitcake and coffee.

Then Abbie said, "Oh, let me put her new suit on and take her out in the carriage."

So she took the baby somewhat awkwardly from Joe, put the warm wrap on, went out into the winter's day, with Joe anxiously tucking the baby in and standing in the doorway as they went off. Abbie walked for quite a way. There was no snow, but the air was crisp and cold, with little bursts of a thin sunlight now and again. At last Abbie went back, handed over the baby, kissed Fanny suddenly and warmly, said "Merry Christmas!" again and drove home.

TWO SERMONS

Said one lady to another, "Have you been to church today? We had a most beautiful sermon on training children."

"No, I was at home doing it," was the reply.

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER: Home Life Made Beautiful. (Bible House.)

Jonathan was in the kitchen, getting more cookies to pass. "Running out on me, eh?"

She laughed, took the cookies, went in to the guests and was very gay.

But in their room that night Jonathan said, "I was worried about you this afternoon."

"Good," she said only.

And after that she went out often alone, never asking Jonathan to come along, never explaining where she had been.

But once he said, "I've been looking for you—this book just came in and I wanted to read it aloud."

"Oh, I went for a walk," Abbie said.

"You used to want me to come along," he said slowly.

"YES, I did," she admitted. "I used to think it would always be that way; but I see now I was right in the beginning—you have to learn to be alone." She spoke firmly and yet without animosity.

"I see," he said.

After that he never asked where she was going. Neither did she invite so many people to the house these days. She even apologized for having done so much of that sort of thing before.

"You don't like parties—why should I bore you?" she asked.

"I'm not so against the world that I want you to be dull," he said carefully.

"I'm not dull. I don't like parties much myself."

"What about a baby or two?" he asked unexpectedly then. They had talked of children before, but Abbie had said vaguely that she'd rather wait for a while.

Now she smiled and said, "Babies—in this world? No, no babies, Jonathan."

"It may not be so bad a world after this war is over."

"That'll be a long time off, won't it? And I'm afraid I don't have much faith that the world's going to be much better. Besides, I don't exactly see you as a family man, darling. Children need their father with them, and just when yours needed you most you'd be vanishing in Virginia or somewhere. No, I don't want any babies."

"It seems like cheating, when we have so much to give children," he said.

"No," she said only. "*No*, Jonathan."

The proof sheets of his book came and he went over them painstakingly.

"Is this book as good as The Steeple?" Mr. Harrington asked one day.

"It's better," Jonathan said. "But I don't think it'll sell."

ABBIE went up to the little room which Jonathan used as a study. The proof sheets lay there on the table and she sat down and began to read them. She felt a sudden antagonism to the long white sheets, but she read them. It was a strange book, not so simple and direct as The Steeple. Then the plan of it began to come clear. It was of an old house in Maine, filled with a captain's treasures out of another generation, filled with a queer, ugly family out of the present. Oh, they had great charm, great sophistication, but they were ugly underneath. There was a housekeeper—this must be Mrs. Coyle, and yet she looked nothing like her, talked nothing like her. She was a stern, dour-looking woman. But there was an idea under it all, the idea that the simple virtues and tasks of the housekeeper were important, and must be carried into all departments of living. The story had the rhythm of keeping house—sweeping, dusting, cooking, preserving, mending; these were the motif, though skillfully hidden in the action of the story. He never said, "This is what I am trying to show—that this stern old woman spent her life sweeping out the accumulation of dirt these people brought into the house, that she mended their ills of soul along with their linens, that she knew spirits are no good unfed any more than bodies." But it was all there if you wanted to read under the words. It was the theme of his lecture: all technique is one.

Abbie did not tell Jonathan that she had been reading his book, but she felt him, as the author of it, a stranger, not her husband at all. Whole worlds of thought seemed to lie between them.

Even after the book, The Handmaiden, came out, Abbie did not comment on it. Not at first. Oh, to others who spoke of it, she said, "I think it's much the best thing he's done." But to Jonathan, nothing. He had given her a copy with "For Abbie, Jonathan" written in the front and she had said, "Thank you, darling. Nice jacket, isn't it?" and that was all.

But after he had gone to Virginia in midsummer—staying but a week this time, however—and had come back, she said to him, "Well, have you created another Theresa?"

"Another Theresa?"

"Yes. I'm not a good forgetter, Jonathan. Didn't you say you'd name me Theresa if you'd had the naming? I remembered that when I read The Handmaiden. It's nice to know exactly how you see me, darling."

He stood looking at her. She was quite calm, seemingly almost indifferent, but she felt a sudden warmth come to her cheeks as he looked at her. Then he said, "I never thought of you when I was writing of

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Theresa. Never once. Not consciously. But perhaps subconsciously I did. If you saw yourself in her, perhaps you're really there."

"I don't believe you bother much with your subconscious," she said. "I think you always know exactly what you're doing."

"I gather you didn't like my book."

"I loathed it," she said.

"I'm sorry. I wrote it for you."

"For me?"

"Yes, for you, Abbie. I didn't want to leave you, but I felt as if what I brought back might be gift enough so that the going would be right. If you won't have the gift, you just won't have it, and that's that."

She had an impulse to appease him, to ask his forgiveness, but she did not follow it.

After that they were never really close again. He was polite. He did whatever came along to do with the old grave courtesy. But they were not close. The war came nearer and nearer and finally broke over their heads. Mr. Harrington was working longer hours than ever, often going to the plant in Wilmington and staying for weeks at a time. Chrissie always went with him.

Then one day, quite out of the blue, Jonathan said, "I think I will go to England, if I can wangle it." The words came clearly and seemed to mean just that and nothing more, but to Abbie they meant infinitely more.

"Why England?" she said.

"Oh, I don't want to write a war book," he said. "Nothing like that. I'll leave that to the journalists. And they seem to think I'm too thin to fight. But I lived in Cornwall for a year when I was just past twenty-one—I've never written of Cornwall, but suddenly I want to. I want to get it down before it's changed, never more to be the same. They're being kind to writers, giving them passage—trying to tighten the bond between us and the British, I suppose, which oughtn't to need tightening, heaven knows."

MOTHER KNOWS

My wise mother used to say, "Never marry someone you think you could get along with, but someone you know you cannot live without."

—E. AGNEW: This and That. (Privately printed: Southworth Press.)

"Well, then, why don't you go?" she said.

"I plan to," he answered, as if he were saying he thought he'd take a walk.

Abbie found Mrs. Coyle crying in the kitchen after Jonathan had made his plans known to the family. "You ought not to let Mr. Elliot go, Abbie!" she said. "He won't eat proper—he just won't."

"He's thirty-five years old, Mrs. Coyle," Abbie said. "He can look after himself."

But before he went Jonathan had an odd conversation with Abbie. He said, "I suppose you know I'm not going only to write a book?"

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"You know what I mean. I feel confused and troubled about my life. Perhaps everyone is feeling something of the same thing. But it seems a more personal thing and I want to work it out with myself, alone."

"You sound as if you're trying to say you're dissatisfied with your marriage," she said. "Are you?"

"Yes. Aren't you? It may be my fault—it very well may be. But it isn't what I expected and I don't think it's what you expected, either. I could wish you weren't so beautiful, Abbie."

"Why?"

"Because that is part of the confusion. It is hard to imagine, looking at you, what more a man could want of life. I may want too much. But shouldn't marriage mean a fullness one can't have alone? Shouldn't one be made more whole by it? I do believe that. Shouldn't your loneliness complement mine, and vice versa?"

"You don't mean 'and vice versa,' do you? You never have. You said you wanted an individual—I thought you meant what you said. But instead you want someone you can possess, just as all men do. I'm sorry, but I just never will be possessed by anyone—any more than you will."

"That sounds good, Abbie. It sounds all right, in principle. I don't want to possess you, though. It may be, as I said, that I' being stupid and wrong, but I seem to s you always trying to possess—not just stan ing alone. If I'm wrong, I think I'll mudd it out while I'm gone. Perhaps I was ju too old to marry. . . . I'll tell you som thing I'm ashamed of, but I want to be ho est with you—there's something about yo mother's picture that has become an o session with me. I try to picture what h life was in this house, what she was to yo father, what she still is to him, perhaps—b the maggot that's got into my brain is th you are a reincarnation of her. Sometim I have queer hallucinations and say to m self, 'Now she's her mother!' I told yo once what I thought of her, and it wasn pretty. . . . You'll hate me for this, I kno Or maybe not—maybe you just don't ca enough. But you've got to care or else o marriage is meaningless."

Abbie got up from the bench, stood by th window. "You don't mince words, do you? she said at last. "But you don't need to go t England to find out whether I'm like m mother or not. I am, and I'm glad I am My mother could never be hurt."

He was silent for some time, but at last h said, "Abbie, did your first marriage hur you very much?" His voice was suddenl gentle and yet urgent.

"No, it didn't hurt me at all."

He went to England, getting a plan passage sooner than he had expected to. H sent a cable when he landed and then ther was silence.

Abbie told everyone proudly that he wa doing his bit for the war. Abbie did a littl war work herself at the Red Cross. She wa very restless, going everywhere, doing everything. She willed herself into never goin home early to see if ther was any mail. There neve was any mail from Jonathan.

One day her father said "They want me to com to Wilmington for several months. I hate to leave you here alone, Abbie, but it makes a long trek back and forth every day, and time counts now."

"Oh, that's all right. I don't mind being alone."

But she did mind being alone. She asked people in often at first. Then she didn't ask anyone. She didn't seem to want to talk with Mrs. Coyle. Twice she went down and took little Abigail out—the baby could walk now, with some help. She played the piano a good deal. Now and then she walked into the little room where Jonathan's books and papers were, looked around and walked out again.

Then one day she was walking up Walnut from the Red Cross offices and she saw three naval officers standing outside a club. One of them had bright red hair. He suddenly saw her, stopped in the middle of a sentence and came toward her, held out a hand.

"Hello, Abbie," he said. "How goes it?"

"Oh, very, very well indeed!" she said.

"Good. Let's go somewhere and have tea, shall we?"

"As you like," Abbie said lightly.

He waved his hand absently to his friends, and they walked up the street together, came to the Buckingham.

"This isn't bad," Rob Dennis said. "Let's go in."

"It's better than you think," Abbie said. "In fact, it's perfect." And when they were inside she walked mechanically to the red leather chairs before the hearth, sat down there.

Rob was grown up now, there was no mistake. His face was brown and somewhat hard. He seemed to eye her smart clothes with irony. "Well?" he said. "It's been quite a little time since we met, Abbie. I heard you were married."

"Oh, yes—and you?"

"No. No, I've never married. I had a notion I'd wait for you. It was a poor notion, but now it's just as well I'm foot-loose and fancy-free, I suppose."

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Hot Dan's Vegetable-Egg Sandwich. *New! Delicious! Extra-nutritious!* 3 shelled, chopped, hard-cooked eggs, ½ cup grated raw carrot, 2 tbsp. French's Mustard, 2 tbsp. mayonnaise, ¼ tsp. salt, dash pepper, 6 slices cracked-wheat bread. Mix first 6 ingredients together well. Makes one cup of sandwich mixture. Use ⅓ cup for each 2 slices of bread.

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"How funny!" Abbie said. "You never intended to wait for me. You were relieved to be rid of me. So don't let's be nostalgic, Rob."

"All right. Let's not. You look very successful—very pleased with your life."

"Well, it's a good life."

"You certainly picked a winner when you did pick. Nice to have a husband who makes the headlines, must be."

"I like winners," Abbie said. "I always did. . . . Want to know why it's perfect that you chose this place?"

"Why?"

A new waitress, blond and pretty, waited on them. "I wonder where Franz is," Abbie said. The waitress said Franz wasn't there any more. Abbie said to Rob, "I came here with my father the day of the annulment—I haven't been here since. It was here I grew up."

He looked around him questioningly. His blue eyes were hard, along with the rest of his face.

"Yes, here," she said crisply. "See that picture over there? The one with the man taking the spill? I *was* a child when I married you, wasn't I! I can hardly remember myself, except that I know I dripped with sentimentality."

"I don't remember you that way."

"Well, I was that way. Oh, definitely! Ours *was* the grand passion, I thought! Oh, I didn't mind being poor or anything, so I thought. So I thought. Of course I would have minded like anything. Well, I sat here and stared at that picture, just like now—and I saw the dogs streaking after the fox and all of a sudden I grew up and knew that I wasn't going to be the fox, not ever again. Well, I never have been."

He made a little grimace. "No, I can see that," he admitted.

"SO REALLY I have you to thank for waking me up and standing me on my own feet," she said. "Wouldn't it have been horrible if we had stayed married? I can't imagine two such incompatibles being together long."

He drank his tea rather quickly. Then he said, "Well, I'm awfully afraid I'll have to run, Abbie. I'm getting a train to Washington in half an hour."

She stood up and they walked out of the grill. "Suppose we say good-by right now, then," Abbie said with a bright smile. "I have to hurry too."

He hesitated, standing there on the pavement at the corner by the hotel. Then he returned her smile and said, "And thank you, too, Abbie. It *would* have been horrible, as you say. You seem to have done more than annulled our marriage—you seem to have completely annulled the Abbie I fell in love with outside Miss Ferris' house." He lifted his gold-braided cap; she nodded coldly and walked away.

She got her car and drove home, going out the Parkway swiftly, not thinking at all. She put the car away and went into the house. Up to her room. She flung her hat and coat on the bed, sat on the window sill. Still she didn't think. She just sat there, looking down on the garden.

Mrs. Coyle found her there, just sitting, staring. "Oh, I didn't hear you come in, Abbie," she said quietly. "I was just going to put your mail on your desk." She handed some letters to Abbie. Then she looked anxiously at her and said, "Is something wrong, Abbie?"

"No."

"Shall I make you some tea?"

"Yes, that would be nice," Abbie said, not wanting tea but unable to talk.

Mrs. Coyle went out and Abbie looked down at the letters in her hands. The first one had a Virginia postmark. In that same blankness of a dream she took the letter out and read it. He had not come back to her, he had gone to Virginia. He was not coming back to her, not ever. It didn't take many lines to say it. He was sorry. It was his fault in part. But he was not coming back. He didn't think it would hurt anything except her pride.

Mrs. Coyle came in with the tea. "Child, you look sick," she said gently.

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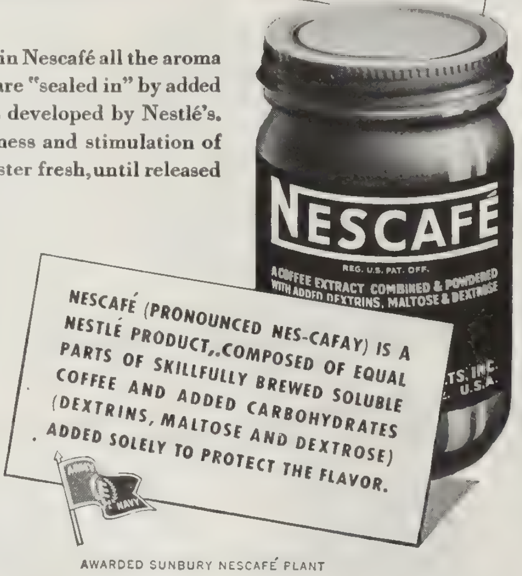
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"'Child,'" Abbie repeated. "You shouldn't call me that any more, Mrs. Coyle."

"It's a habit," Mrs. Coyle said. "Something's upset you, hasn't it?" She poured a cup of tea for Abbie, put lemon in. "I guess you miss him a lot, Abbie, but he'll be back before long."

Abbie turned, looked directly at Mrs. Coyle. "You were always hopeful," she said. "You've thought by calling me a child you could make me be one again, haven't you? But why did you want me a child, Mrs. Coyle? Why didn't you want me to grow up? Everyone has to grow up. Or didn't you like the way I grew? Was that it? Don't cry, Mrs. Coyle—tell me."

Mrs. Coyle folded her hands under her apron nervously. "It's seemed like you haven't been happy," she fumbled in distress. "Not like when you were little, Abbie. I can't help grieving sometimes."

"What makes you think I haven't been happy?"

"Why, you just seem that way, Abbie, that's all. It's easy to tell if you've ever been real happy yourself."

"Like you and Tim Coyle? Yes, I remember—there was 'something between you.' All right—you needn't tell me any more. Could I have my dinner up here?"

"Why, of course, Abbie. Of course." She went out, down the hall.

Abbie had her dinner in bed, or a few bites of it. She lay there afterward in the dark, eyes wide open, trying to see something through the dark.

In the morning she put on her plainest clothes, told Mrs. Coyle she'd be gone all day, went out and walked to the station. She rode for two hours, got down at a small country station. There was a dingy taxi waiting, as if unused to fares.

"I want to go to the Manning School for Girls," Abbie said.

She got out at the familiar entrance, walked into the familiar hall. Girls were going to and fro, carrying books. She went across the hall, knocked at the door of Miss Ferris' office. Miss Ferris herself said, "Come in." She walked in.

Miss Ferris looked older. Her sandy hair was streaked with gray. She still wore her tweed suit, or another like it. She took off her glasses and looked up, then said, "Why, Abbie Harrington! I'm so very glad to see you. Wait, I'd just asked to have a tray brought in here. Let me order another—we can eat together and talk." She picked up the phone and ordered luncheon, then she turned and said, "I've thought of you so often, Abbie. So very, very often."

"Have you?" Abbie said quietly. "Miss Ferris, I came only to say one thing. I promised you I would. You said if I ever found out that life without love was dust and ashes, I should tell you. Well, I've found it out."

Miss Ferris' face grew grave and sad. "I'm sorry you've had to find it out," she said quietly. "But thank you for telling me. Your promises were always kept, Abbie."

A girl came in with two trays on a little cart, went away again.

"It's a plain luncheon—frizzled-beef gravy today," Miss Ferris said. "But you used to like that."

Abbie took the tray. "I still like it."

After a little Miss Ferris said, "Do you want to tell me, Abbie? Or don't you? It's all right, either way. I know you didn't marry Rob."

"No, I didn't marry Rob, Miss Ferris. I married Jonathan Elliot."

"Yes, I know. His books are very fine."

"Yes," Abbie agreed. Then she said, "Yes, I will tell you. I will tell you everything if you have time."

"I have time," Miss Ferris said quietly.

"You know the beginning. I told you the beginning."

"Yes, you did, Abbie. But I hoped it wouldn't last."

"It's lasted till now." She began to talk of these last years, adorning nothing, hiding nothing. She even told about changing the dishes that night for dinner, about Chrissie and what she had done to her, about how she had grieved her father and made him so

starring in
RKO-Radio's
"MARINE RAIDERS"
•
PAT O'BRIEN

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To make this *different,* refreshing cocktail, add to each glassful of tomato juice a pinch of salt and pepper and a teaspoonful of French's Worcestershire. Mix well—serve very cold. Blended from choice ingredients, this famous sauce gives tomato juice a wonderful rich new flavor!

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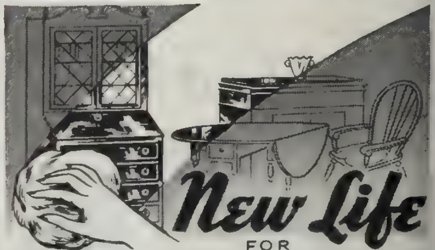

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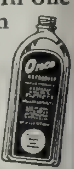

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lonely he had married Chrissie, about how she had tried to spoil the marriage. She told her about Jonathan, about meeting him and wanting him. "I didn't love him, you see. I wanted him," she explained carefully.

"I see," Miss Ferris said. Her face had a quiet pain in its sturdy squareness.

"It just didn't turn out the way I expected. He had more power than I. He wouldn't let me change him in any way. He went away from me to write. And then he let me know that he thought I was like my mother, without any soul, and he went to England. He's back now, but not with me. He's down in Virginia—and he won't come back."

"I'm sorry," Miss Ferris said.

"That's not all. I saw Rob yesterday." She told in detail about that meeting, all the things she had said. Her voice was tired, but she went on evenly. "And it was only the truth," she said quietly at the end. "Only the truth. And I did it on purpose, that's the worst of it. Everything I've done all these years, I've done on purpose. I love Jonathan very much. Not the way I did Rob; really with all of me, Miss Ferris—all there is left, at any rate. But you see, I'll never be able to show it now. He would never believe it. I—well, I suppose I just don't know the way any more to give myself whole to anything or anyone. That's what I've done to myself."

Miss Ferris folded her hands tightly together before her on the desk. Her eyes filled with sudden tears, but they did not fall. "Abbie," she said, "I believe you. And I always did believe in you. I've been waiting over these years, waiting for some sign from you; I knew it would come. Abbie, you had the strength to go the wrong way—well, I have faith that you have the strength to turn about and go the other way, back to that girl I knew here at school. Not all the way back, for you're a woman now. But I don't believe love can be annulled. Why don't you just go to him and tell him what you have told me? Surely the man who wrote The Handmaiden would understand."

Tomorrow is Forever

By Gwen Bristow

Every woman who has had to forget her first love will know what Elizabeth fought against.

Read this current best seller abridged to one-part-novel length in the

MAY JOURNAL

Abbie stood up. "Yes, why don't I?" she said humbly. She put out her hands and Miss Ferris took them warmly.

The next night at twilight she walked up the path beyond the village to "Mr. Elliot's place." She was tired of travel. There had been the trip yesterday to Miss Ferris', and now this tedious journey here. Her body was tired. Her mind was tired, too, for it had gone on longer journeys yet, groping back over her mistakes, back, back to that time when she had known what warmth and love were, when spontaneity had been hers, and generosity and humility. She saw the little cottage, and a yellow lamp suddenly glowed in its window. Her body felt heavy and she paused in the path. Then Miss Ferris' words came back to her: "Surely the man who wrote The Handmaiden would understand."

She began to walk more quickly, suddenly not afraid of interrupting, knowing Jonathan would know that this was more important than any book. The weight went away, the weight of pride and fear. She knocked at the door.

(THE END)

Look! 2-in-1 Desserts to save you time!

Get out the mixing bowls *once*, and dessert's ready for *two* days' meals. Tempting Fudge Sundae Squares for today . . . creamy Fruit Bavarian Cream for tomorrow. Magic? No, Knox Gelatine! Knox can do lots of time-saving tricks like that . . . lots of point-saving tricks, too. It makes rationed foods go further . . . stretches leftovers into real "company" salads and desserts. And Knox, a pure, plain gelatine, adds real nutrition to dishes because it's a supplementary protein food . . . good for everybody!

NOTE: *If you should wish to make only one of these dishes, prepare only half the basic recipe and continue with the desired variation.*

For Fudge Sundae Squares and Peach Bavarian

Start with Basic Recipe:

2 envelopes Knox Gelatine
½ cup cold water
1 cup milk
3 egg yolks
1 cup sugar
½ teaspoonful salt

Soften gelatine in cold water. Scald milk. Combine sugar, salt, and well-beaten egg yolks. Add hot milk *slowly*, stirring constantly until well blended. Return mixture to top of double boiler; cook until of custard consistency. Remove from heat, add gelatine, and stir until dissolved. Cool; divide mixture in half.

Fudge Sundae Squares: To half the basic mixture add ¾ cup top milk and ¾ teaspoonful vanilla. Cool until slightly thick; beat with rotary egg beater. Fold in 1 stiffly beaten egg white. Cover bottom of square pan with ½ cup chopped peanuts. Pour in mixture. Sprinkle with ½ cup chopped peanuts. Chill. When firm, cut in squares. Serve with fudge sauce. Serves 6.

Fruit Bavarian Cream: To remaining mixture add ¾ cup of juice from any canned fruit. Chill until slightly thickened. Fold in 2 stiffly beaten egg whites to which 1 tablespoonful sugar has been added. Pour in pint mold which has been rinsed in cold water. Chill until firm. When ready, unmold and serve with fruit slices, and berries if desired. Serves 6.

KNOX GELATINE . . PROTEIN . . . NO POINTS

P.S. Be sure to write Mrs. Charles B. Knox, Box 24, Johnstown, N. Y., for a free copy of her new recipe book just off the press.

Hot Oatmeal Leads in 2 Great Needs

For Nation's Growth and Strength!

Yes, natural, whole-grain oatmeal unquestionably leads *every other cereal* in Protein—the great vitality element every child must have for normal growth; every adult for true stamina. A highly important superiority now, with meat, eggs and other protein foods scarce or rationed.

Oatmeal leads all cereals in food energy, too. No wheat, corn or rice cereal—hot or cold, restored or not—matches true, natural whole-grain Quaker Oats in protein *or* food energy.

To help protect growth, stamina and energy—serve delicious hot Quaker Oats or Mother's Oats daily. Ask your grocer for Quick Quaker Oats today—it cooks while you make the coffee!

SO GOOD, SO QUICK, SO WARMING—ENJOY QUAKER OATS EACH DAY!
QUICK QUAKER OATS
QUICK MOTHER'S OATS
QUAKER OATS AND MOTHER'S OATS ARE THE SAME

SONG FOR A HERO

(Continued from Page 21)

in her mind. Marry him! And so at last he was asking her to marry him. After all this time. And sweetly, timidly, another thought grew in her mind: perhaps this was what he had wanted four years ago, and hadn't said in so many words. Perhaps he had always wanted it. She began to cry a little—fresh, easy tears that felt cool and good against her face.

"Oh, Dale—I thought you never, never would —— Even now I can't believe you really said it."

He put one arm around her, lifted off her hat and tossed it over on the bureau. "Said what? Listen—I'm just making conversation. Don't you know you should never cry in strange hotel rooms? Didn't your mother tell you? It creates an emotional situation ——"

"Dale—wait—I want to ask you something." She was very serious now, leaning back out of his arms. "Are you asking me to marry you because you like the idea of being married—I mean leaving something solid behind you when you go to war? Is that it, Dale? Because I've heard men sometimes feel that way. Or is it just that you want me enough to—to sacrifice your freedom? No, please don't laugh at me—I want to know."

But he couldn't keep from smiling, his eyes gleaming down at her. "Wouldn't you be a bit hurt if I said it was just marriage I was looking for, and almost any girl would fill the bill?"

SHE said passionately, "No! No. I'd be glad! Because if you *wanted* to be married, then I know it would last. Because, oh, I'd be such a wonderful wife! I'd be so happy if you wanted the things I could give you—the solid things ——"

"You know, Allie, one of your irresistible attractions is your neatness—that just-out-of-wrappings look. I have a constant urge to muss you up." Still smiling, he ruffled his hand through her hair. "So marriage is solid, is it? Solid, she says. Well, answer this one: What good is a wife if she's a couple of oceans away? No, I'm not anxious to get married. I don't suppose I care much, one way or the other." He pulled her head forward onto his shoulder, and into the darkness she said:

"Then it's me that you want—enough to be willing to do it my way."

"You haven't got it right yet," he told her. "You make it sound like some kind of bargain. No, I just thought you might like the idea."

His hand was under her chin, and his voice was absent-minded, as though he weren't thinking of what he was saying, but only of kissing her. Sighing, she gave herself up to the kiss. His arms tightened, grew hard and exultant, and he began to laugh softly.

"Don't fool yourself, Allie. The honorable proposal is just so much velvet. Take it or leave it. You're my girl any way I want it. 'Allie's my girl'—that's been drumming in my ears since the last time I saw you, everywhere I've been. You'd have gone to Brazil with me four years ago if I'd turned on the pressure. Admit it, sweetheart, and then we'll go out and get the license. . . . Allie, what's the matter?"

She was wrenching herself out of his arms. "You always spoil things, don't you, Dale? You build up something high and—and beautiful, and then you knock it down."

"Allie, for the love of heaven ——"

She said in a cold, bright voice, like sun on ice, "I'm going now. This closes the last chapter. I hope you have a good trip, wherever you're going. Give the other boys a chance to do something once in a while, won't you?"

She was deathly afraid he would say something before she could get the door closed between them. But he just stood there, holding to the bed's footboard, staring at her, as though he'd been hit and didn't yet know what had hit him. Running down the

So Easy to do!

Cheese qrill, a *new* way!

1 mashed hard-cooked egg; 2 tbsp. grated or packaged cheese; 2 tbsp. Durkee's Dressing; salt to taste. Mix well; spread on bread; grill in hot oven.

So tasty you'll smack your lips! Nothing like Durkee's Famous Dressing to give pep and flavor to salads, sandwiches, fish or meat. Rich, golden, mellow, it pours easily and has plenty of body and *plenty* of tang! Write for NEW, EASY-TO-DO RECIPES to Dept. LJ4, Durkee's, Elmhurst, L. I., N. Y.

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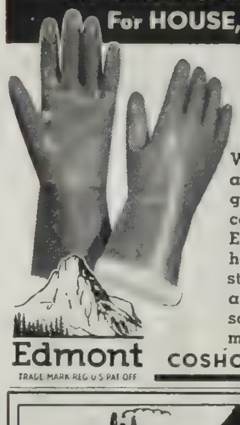

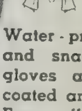

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Try This Tonight

IF YOU wake up tired and listless—if your freshness and "sparkle" are slipping away in the stress of these strenuous times—you should know this!

Thousands are drinking a cup of Ovaltine night and morning—for radiant morning freshness and vigorous days.

For Ovaltine is a scientific *food*-concentrate designed to do two important things.

First, taken warm at bedtime, it fosters sound sleep, without drugs. *Second,* it helps to build you up while you sleep. According to experts, two glasses daily, made with milk as directed, supply all the *extra* vitamins and minerals you need for utmost vitality—provided you just eat 3 average-good meals a day, including citrus fruit or tomatoes. In addition Ovaltine also provides the *basic* food elements absolutely necessary to rebuild muscle, nerve and body cells, and for vitality and endurance.

So why not turn to Ovaltine tonight, for better sleep and for morning freshness?

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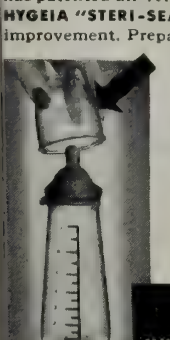

HYGEIA
NURSING BOTTLES & NIPPLES

carpeted corridor, carrying her hat in her hand, she glanced back once—but the closed door of his room looked like all the other doors.

Out on the street, she looked at her watch. It didn't seem to make any sense to her at first, but after a moment she saw that if she returned to her office now she would be only a few minutes late. She began to walk very fast, but not because of the lateness. The office loomed in her mind as a refuge. The office had its own life, and knew nothing of this last hour. There'd be work to do, and people around her.

Nobody looked at her when she came in. She hung up her hat, went to her desk and inserted a piece of paper in the typewriter. Her fingers went quietly to work, and her mind stumbled clumsily after them. Her mind was running away from something. She thought, *I'll get Roxie to go to the movies with me tonight. It will be the best thing for me.* If she could only become a pair of eyes and ears, absorbed in the affairs of others, she could go on shutting out the thing that was knocking against her mind.

THREE hours later she opened the door of her apartment. Roxie was in the bedroom, at the dressing table, doing her nails. When Allie came in, she set down the small, scarlet bottle, turned around on the bench and faced her curiously.

"Well, what happened to you?"

Allie took off her gloves and rolled them into a little ball. "I met an old friend. He asked me to lunch. You didn't mind, did you?" It occurred to her that she hadn't had any lunch, after all. That could be a good reason for this hollow feeling.

Roxie was looking at her steadily. "He gave you the jitters along with lunch, didn't he? What old friend? Have I ever heard of him?"

ARTIST

It is as absurd to contend that it is impossible always to love the same woman as it would be to assert that a musician needs several violins in order to execute a piece of music and to create an entrancing melody. —BALZAC.

"I suppose you have. I suppose I've told you about him."

"Dale Thomas?"

She nodded. She walked out of the room and into the bathroom and stared at herself in the mirror. She still looked neat, untouched. Her pale, soft hair rippled back evenly from the parting. The fresh, white collar lay smoothly against the dark jacket. *That's because nothing ever happens to me,* she thought. *Things almost happen, like getting married, like today, but never quite. Not enough to muss me up. That's what he said—that's what he said he wanted to do.*

Roxie came in and sat on the edge of the tub. "What's the matter? Didn't it come off?"

"Let's not talk about it," Allie told her. "If you haven't a date, I thought we'd go to a movie."

Roxie said, "Let's get back to the Thomas man. I cut a piece out of the paper last week. I meant to give it to you, but then I remembered that every time you thought of him, or something came up that reminded you of him, it took you a week to get over it. Would you like to see it? It might open up some new angles. Apparently you couldn't feel worse."

"What do you mean? Yes, I'd like to see it."

Roxie went into the bedroom. A moment later she called out, "Well, here it is. Maybe none of this is news to you, but I've stayed impressed for a week."

Allie had the newspaper clipping in her hand. She looked at a grayish blur that was Dale's face. He was smiling, and his eyes had little points of light in them, and he looked like a Hollywood heartthrob. There

(Continued on Page 91)

GORHAM STERLING...

for Mr. and Mrs. King of England

"Mr. Gentleman Knife here. Mrs. Lady Fork there. Little-girl teaspoon here... that's me, holding tight to daddy's hand. Grown-up daughter salad fork there." "Don't forget Auntie May soup spoon." "No... and the little saltspoon, that's my dolly. Oh, mamma, it couldn't look lovelier if Mr. and Mrs. King of England were coming to dinner!"

* * *

At least four generations of American daughters have known that there is nothing finer in sterling than Gorham. By the time Queen Victoria was crowned, Gorham Sterling was famous. 113 years of unbroken craftsmanship in sterling have put millions of dollars' worth of Gorham on the finest tables in America. Remember, you have our word that you can match-and-add when we return full-time to making our century-famous flatware.

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America's Leading Silversmiths Since 1831

Below, left to right: GREENBRIER • LYRIC • CHANTILLY • FAIRFAX • ENGLISH GADROON • CAMELLIA

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Cal.

Eayiwk Sycq Cvavtve

(which, when deciphered by cryptograph expert, Virginia Candela, means—"Camel is my favorite.")

WOMEN IN THE WAR

- Cracking secret codes ... flying planes ... testing parachutes ... tilling the soil ... building bombers ... riveting ships ... the women of America are "in service" today. And with them—as with the men in the services* — Camel is a favorite.

"There's nothing puzzling about my emphatic preference for Camels above all other cigarettes," Virginia Candela declares. "To me, Camel's flavor has a richness and mellowness all its own. And Camels are so mild I smoke as many as I please."

YOU USED to see Virginia on the courts of Westchester County's exclusive tennis clubs ... or dancing the night away at debutante parties ... or parading as a mannequin, for charity, in society fashion shows . . . or searching at auctions for old silver and Regency furniture, which she adores. Now . . . all that's changed. Now she's a code and cipher expert. Disappearing inks, chemicals, mathematical problems, vaporizers—those are her "playthings" today. She's at work...at "war." Here you see Virginia on the job.

FIRST IN THE SERVICE

***With men in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is Camel. (Based on actual sales records.)**

- There's always got to be a time when the disappearing inks disappear and the slide rule goes sliding into a desk drawer and a girl goes "all out" for glamour. Here's Virginia snapped at just such a moment. "At work or play," she says, "there's no cigarette like Camel."

The "T-ZONE"—where cigarettes are judged

The **"T-ZONE"**—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only *your* taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you . . . and how it affects your throat. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your **"T-ZONE"** to a **"T."** Try them.

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Camels

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

(Continued from Page 89)

as a caption underneath: CAPTAIN WINS IGH AWARD. She read on:

Capt. Dale Thomas, on leave from the uth Pacific, stopped briefly in Washington receive the Distinguished Service Cross for tstanding achievement against the enemy. ptain Thomas led a squadron against an emy concentration of transports, of which e was sunk, another struck. Captain omas' own plane was hit more than one hun-ed times by Japanese pursuits, but in spite of maged controls he managed to protect his mation and land safely. Captain Thomas is e recipient of many other recognitions merit, including the Silver Star and the stinguished Flying Cross.

Allie looked up. She looked blindly at xie.

Roxie was smiling and working on her ils again. "Your boy friend's the genuine icle, I'd gather."

"You should have given me this," Allie d slowly, "a week ago. You see, I never e in anything—unless it's pushed down throat."

It was getting dark outdoors, and lights re beginning to prick through the dusk. e street had a dinnertime emptiness. ie walked along between the brick-front uses lightly and without effort. She felt reshed, as though it were the beginning of ay instead of the end.

Some boys were playing with a ball on a le piece of bare ground at the corner, their ces shrill and impatient. The ball came ncing toward her, and she caught it be-e it got out into the street, and tossed it k. "Here's your ball," she called out ly, unnecessarily.

he walked on. The boys' voices receded, ame small and rhythmic, like a cricket rus, and she could think against the nd. She would begin with herself, be-se that way she could save the best for .

'm small, she told herself—*all my life been small and cautious and afraid. I r tried for anything big, because I was id of failing, and of people laughing at me. d no faith in myself. And so I had no faith ther people's bigness either. I was suspi-s of anything that wasn't cautious and est—like me. But Dale is big. Even his s. He simply tells the truth. Why not? him it seems obvious to anybody. It isn't,* explained carefully to herself, *just that discovered he's a hero. I've discovered t makes him tick. He paints a big, shiny, ling picture of himself, and then he works sweats and risks his life to grow up to it. that puts him a good notch higher. It's a of growing I never have thought of before.*

AD after a while she knew the thing she been holding back all afternoon. But sh could say it now, and the words sounded si ple and good: *I'm Dale's girl—any way he ants it. He was telling the truth then too.*

e had walked downtown twenty blocks. F the first time she felt a need to hurry. Su pose he had gone—just checked out for here? She got onto a cross-town trolley a group of people, and sat tense on the of her seat. When she got out she ran th two remaining blocks to the hotel.

was exquisite relief to hear his voice in er to her knock. She heard him clear his hroat, and then he said gruffly, "Yes—is it?"

e turned the knob. The door wasn't lo ed. She walked into the room. There no lights turned on. The room was sh by gray with twilight. The chintz chair wa pulled over facing the open window, and Da was sitting there in his shirt sleeves, sm ing. She had the feeling that he had be sitting there for a long time, looking out ov the city.

e said nervously, "Dale—I'm back. I jus walked in and rode up in the elevator. I wa scared you wouldn't be here."

'm here," he said.

Vhat have you been doing—just sitting th ?"

guess so."

ll the time?"

"Allie"—he got up and stood looking at her stiffly—"did you come back to explain to me—what happened? Because I'd like a little light shed on that—just for the record."

"Yes," she said, "that's why I came back." She put her arms around him; her palms felt the short-cut, thick hair at the back of his neck. She began to whisper, "Dale, forgive me—forgive me! For being so vain. Because I couldn't bear for you to be so sure of me. Everything you said is true—I know it now. I knew it all along."

HIS arms came up slowly, uncertainly. "Allie, I've got to tell you something. It's a bit hard to say. But when you walked out of here four, five hours ago—whenever it was—you took part of me with you—the best part. You took it and threw it away. What was left here in this room wasn't worth a thing, Allie."

"What's the best part, Dale? Tell me."

His voice came out slow, almost fumbling. "The part of me that's sure and confident of myself. I loved you, I tried to get you—and I failed. You walked out on me just when I thought everything was going to be fine. Twice I'd failed with you. I felt like a—like a rind, something that all the juice was sucked out of. You see what I'm getting at, Allie?"

"I think I see."

"The thing about failure is that it goes right through a man—turns everything rotten. A man's got to believe he's all right—he's *got* to. That's what I tell myself when I'm in a plane, with nobody but myself to count on, when the Japs start opening up and there aren't any odds on my side. I say, 'Thomas, you're worth twenty of 'em. You can outfly 'em, and outfight 'em, and outguess 'em. You're tops at this business, Thomas. Let 'em have it!' And it's true because I kid myself into thinking it is. See what I mean, Allie?"

"Yes."

He sank down in the chintz chair and pulled her after him. Their fingers twined together; their faces turned out over the dimlighted city. His voice was softer now, more relaxed.

"Maybe it's different with women. But it seems that if a man's going to pick himself off a piece of glory, he's got to keep that thing buzzing in his mind most of the time: 'You're pretty good, fella. You'll get there, all right. You've got the stuff.' Of course, sometimes he overdoes it."

She said, "From now on, that's my job—telling you how good you are." Suddenly she stirred, and pressed her face against his shoulder. "Oh, Dale—it's all true! When I read all that in the paper about you—when Roxie gave it to me to read, knowing what it would mean to me—I was so proud I thought I'd burst."

"That's the stuff," Dale said contentedly. "Nobody can sing that song as sweet as a woman."

Ask Any Woman

By Marcelene Cox

THE true actress is the mother who displays an enormous surprise over her Christmas present, which she helped the children select.

A child punished one day and let go the next leads a quicksand existence.

She talks in high gear and thinks in low.

There should be one yard in every neighborhood where a child's footprint is valued as highly as a flower.

Mothers who work should arrange to be in the home from four to eight P.M., when more problems need smoothing out than at any other time. By eight o'clock I generally feel that I should be placed on the shelf with the rest of the flatirons.

FOR DRY SKIN WITH TINY LINES...
THIS SMOOTHING LUBRICATION

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New Orleans has a way with Salads

You might think it was the old-world charm of the place that casts a spell over its famous salads and makes them taste like food for the gods.

But no! These glorious New Orleans salads can grace your table wherever you are, for the magic of them lies in the dressing... and the *secret* of that dressing is Wesson Oil, New Orleans' own salad oil.

With Wesson, you can give that same subtle quality to all your salads. When you open your first bottle, you'll be delighted at the difference in Wesson Oil. Its lighter, *delicate* flavor points up the seasonings... never hides them under a heavy oily taste. Wesson even *looks* different as it pours... it fairly sparkles, it's so clean and pure. No wonder Wesson users say they're never going back to imported salad oils!

Basic New Orleans Dressing
Mix! Shake in Jar!
½ teaspoon salt — ½ teaspoon dry mustard
¼ teaspoon sugar — ¾ cup WESSON OIL
Dash white pepper — ¼ cup vinegar

Most New Orleans cooks like to rub the salad bowl with a clove of garlic before making the salad. And for interesting Creole variations, try adding either ¼ cup of Roquefort-type cheese, or ¼ cup of chopped chives.

Wesson Oil
FOR SALADS & COOKING
NEW ORLEANS

DINNER DISHES

By Louella G. Shouer

Ever Try Heart?

CALF'S-HEART RAGOUT

(Approximate cost, 58 cents—serves 4)

Order calves' hearts a day ahead. They are low in points and, if slowly cooked, delicious. Buy 2 calves' hearts for four. Remove veins and arteries. Wash well. Cut into half-inch cubes. Brown in 3 tablespoons shortening in a heavy pan. Stir often so meat will brown evenly. Sprinkle with 3 tablespoons flour. Stir and let flour brown a little too. Add 3 cups water, 1 cup sliced onions or a piece of garlic, finely minced. Also add salt and pepper, a bay leaf, crushed, a pinch of thyme and one of marjoram. Cover and simmer about two hours, until heart is tender.

Menuette: Calf's-heart ragout; rice or noodles; salad bowl; crusty rolls; stewed rhubarb; spongecake; coffee.

Lenten Special

BAKED FISH, ITALIAN STYLE

(Approximate cost, 67 cents—serves 4)

Have halibut or codfish steaks cut one inch thick. One steak will serve two. Place in baking pan. Cook 1 No. 2 can tomatoes with ¼ cup chopped parsley, ½ cup diced green pepper and 1 clove garlic, minced, until the tomato is somewhat reduced. Add 1 tablespoon butter or margarine, some pepper and salt and pour over the fish. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., about thirty minutes. In the last few minutes sprinkle ¼ cup grated or diced cheese over the top and allow it to melt.

Menuette: Baked fish, Italian style; spinach with olive oil and vinegar; radishes and scallions; Italian bread; lemon soufflé; coffee.

Tastes Like Chicken

RABBIT FRICASSEE

(Approximate cost $2.95—serves 6)

Joint a 3-pound rabbit and cut into serving-size pieces. Wipe with a damp cloth. Dredge with flour, salt and pepper. (The easiest way to do this is to put ½ cup flour in a paper bag with 1 teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Shake well.) Brown pieces well in 4 tablespoons melted shortening, salad oil or drippings. Add 2 cups water, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 onion, chopped, and 1 clove garlic, finely minced. Season with ½ bay leaf, crushed, and a good pinch of thyme and one of marjoram. Bring to a boil. Cover and simmer gently until meat is nice and tender, about one hour. More water may be added, if needed. Remove meat to a hot platter. Taste gravy and add more salt and pepper, if necessary. It should be a nice consistency just as is, but more liquid or thickening may be added, if desired. Pour gravy over meat and serve.

Menuette: Rabbit fricassee; mashed potatoes; Lima and string beans cooked together; water cress; toasted rolls; fruit compote; coffee.

Eggs for a Spring Meal

EGG CROQUETTES

(Approximate cost, 23 cents—serves 4)

Hard cook 3 eggs and make 1 cup thick white sauce, using 3 tablespoons butter or margarine, 3 tablespoons flour, ⅛ teaspoon salt, a pinch of thyme and one of marjoram and 1 cup milk. Peel the eggs and chop both whites and yolks. Combine with the thick sauce. Reseason with salt and pepper. Add 1 tablespoon grated onion or chopped scallion tops and 1 tablespoon chopped parsley. Chill mixture thoroughly. Put ⅔ cup of soy grits in a shallow pan or plate. The soy grits we mean are ground fairly fine—about the texture of corn meal. In another pan put 1 beaten egg mixed with 1 tablespoon milk. When croquette mixture is cold, shape into 4 patties. Dip first in the grits, then in the beaten egg and lastly roll again in the grits. Fry in about 3–4 tablespoons bacon drippings or other fat. Turn when brown and crusty. When using soy grits for crumbing, watch the heat. Soy products brown quickly.

Menuette: Egg croquettes; new potatoes and peas; chopped buttered beets; spring-salad bowl; French bread; strawberry-rhubarb tarts; coffee.

Soup Supper

MUSHROOM CHOWDER

(Approximate cost, 45 cents—serves 4)

Saute ½ pound mushrooms, chopped, with 1 large onion, minced, in 2 tablespoons drippings. Add 1 cup water and 2 potatoes, diced. Season well. Simmer until tender. Add 2 cups milk. Reheat. Serve with sour cream.

Menuette: Mushroom chowder; hot biscuits; salad bowl; cherry pudding; coffee.

Bring Out the Casserole

PORK-AND-POTATO CASSEROLE

(Approximate cost, 57 cents—serves 4–6)

Cut 1 pound lean fresh pork into pieces. Season. Brown in a little shortening. Add 2 cups water. Heat so all the brown drippings are loosened from bottom of the pan. Slice 6–8 small potatoes thinly as you do for scalloped potatoes. Put a layer of potato in bottom of casserole. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and lightly with flour. Next put in some of the meat and juice and about 1 tablespoon chopped onion. Add another layer of potato, salt, pepper and flour, more meat and juice, onion, and so on, until casserole is filled. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., about one hour or until potatoes are done.

Menuette: Pork-and-potato casserole; scalloped celery, tomatoes and spinach—bake in same oven; coleslaw; rolls; fresh fruit bowl; coffee.

Eggs, Plus

DEVILED EGGS IN CHEESE SAUCE

(Approximate cost, 31 cents—serves 4)

Hard cook 4 eggs. Peel, halve, take out yolks and put them through a sieve. Add 1 teaspoon vinegar and ½ teaspoon dry mustard, enough mayonnaise to make a creamy mixture. Season to taste with salt, pepper and a little grated onion. Fill whites, arrange in a shallow, greased casserole. Prepare a cheese sauce, using 4 tablespoons butter or margarine, 4 tablespoons flour, 2 cups milk and ½ cup grated or diced cheese. Season with salt and pepper. Pour sauce over the deviled eggs. Sprinkle with buttered cracker crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., about twenty-five minutes until bubbly and brown.

Menuette: Deviled eggs in cheese sauce; parsley-buttered new potatoes; spinach; celery; whole-wheat muffins; jellied rhubarb whip; coffee.

Don't let them get tired of those wartime "musts"!

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And what a world of extra goodness you get—when you dress up any one of these plentiful foods with Del Monte Brand Fruits and Vegetables!

It doesn't really matter which Del Monte varieties you use. Or what everyday foods you want to brighten and improve. Any Del Monte Foods your grocer has will "make up" just as delicious and tempting as the ones you see here.

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But that shouldn't discourage you! Get the wartime habit of choosing cheerfully from the Del Monte Foods your grocer *does* have. That's the way to make the very most of your ration points—and money, too!

And take hope! Some fine day you'll choose again from all the Del Monte favorites—in every can and jar size you need.

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Potatoes and Eggs—but Different!

Every time you can, call on the goodness of Del Monte *Early Garden* Peas to make potato cakes and steamed eggs something to hurry home for! This combination flourishes with Del Monte Whole Kernel Corn, too—the tender, golden kind!

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Pit these rich Del Monte Plums or not—mix with cooked rice, place in buttered casserole, top with brown sugar, butter or margarine, and spice. *Cover tightly,* bake about 30 minutes. Extra fine served hot with top milk.

Something Special for Your Pancakes!

Make very thin pancakes, then make them wonderful with drained, hot, buttered Del Monte Fruit Cocktail, sweetened slightly with brown sugar. Or, use Del Monte Apricots or Sliced Peaches. Grand, whichever Del Monte Fruit you use.

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Enna Jetticks
America's Smartest Walking Shoes

THERE IS SUCH STRENGTH

(Continued from Page 29)

appreciation of the arts, yet she could not reconcile herself to marrying him. Franz had very little sense of humor, no imagination nor any patience after one really got to know him well, and her frequent resentment at these discoveries caused her to quarrel with him frightfully. Nevertheless, she might have married him if Augusta, frantic with jealousy, had not interfered.

Febby had listened to Franz and Augusta as they quarreled over her future, and, as she watched them, had seen that they were alike in arrogance and dominance. Febby understood then what marriage would mean to Franz. He needed a wife only because she could be a decorative asset, could eventually bear him six sons or more who might one day fight for the *Vaterland* and avenge the great wrongs done the country. But love and companionship, as Febby desired them, were unfamiliar to Franz. He had left in a rage for Berlin and presently Febby did not miss him so keenly. Augusta's vast relief brought peace at last to the household.

Well, it had not all been unpleasant. Before that episode there had been several delightful months spent with Grandmother van der Liest-Leyden in her white stone house in Brussels. She lived alone with her numerous servants. To her house swarmed a great many friends and relatives, aged men and women with titles and interests fastened to other eras. Febby and Julie hugely enjoyed the atmosphere of tarnished splendor, but Augusta hated it. There was from the first a deep and burning animosity between her and the old lady. After a half year it was thought best that the visit come to an end. The family moved to Paris because Mme. van der Liest-Leyden insisted upon Febby's entering the Conservatoire.

Naturally it was Augusta who impatiently terminated the interval in Paris. For three years they lived in Munich. Doctor Fritzhoff, even here, could not fully recover from his peculiar illness, although he seemed much better among old friends and relatives. The outrageous state of inflation and the scarcity of good food kept Augusta in a grim mood most of the time. Finally, after talking it over with Franz and other relatives, Augusta had decided to go back to Vermont and wait until matters were more normal in the Reich.

But first Martin had to be taken to Vienna. He was now nine years old and would be well taken care of at the Von Bergestadts; he was to go to a good *Gymnasium*, learn to ride and shoot. Later, when they all returned to Germany, Augusta would claim him once more.

The speedboat slid quietly around the bend, engine cut, and came to a smooth stop in the bay. Febby opened her eyes and looked up, startled, as a young man stepped into her rowboat, shoved it inland and jumped to shore. He was browned and bareheaded, his shirt open at the throat beneath a disreputable Norfolk jacket. He wore soiled corduroy trousers, and between his teeth was a pipe. As he came closer she saw that his eyes were dark and he had a dimple in his chin. He stopped and said "Hello" in a surprised voice and she answered him huskily. Then they both appraised each other in silence.

Febby dismissed him by opening her book and saying briefly, "I'm supposed to be working."

He glanced at the mass of music-filled notes and said, puzzled, "Where have you come from? Isn't it rather early for the summer crowd?"

She did not look up. "I don't belong to any summer crowd. I live in Verdune. I'm Febby Fritzhoff."

A change crossed his face. The friendly curiosity left his eyes and voice and he said almost formally, "Oh. You're the family that's just back from Europe. Well, I'm Larry Ferguson. I've just come back to

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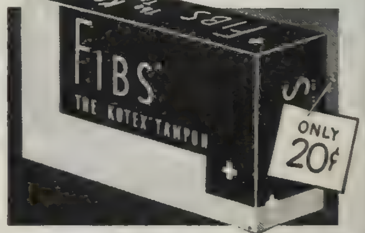

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. . . a name you know, a tampon you can trust. No other brand is made of Cellucotton,* the soft, *fast* absorbent that's used in Kotex* and demanded by many famous hospitals! In Fibs, just as in Kotex, there's no compromise with quality.

(*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat Off.)

The Kotex Tampon for Internal Protectio

Verdune, too, taking over the practice, as father died last spring, you know."

Quickly Febby looked at him. Why, of course. The photograph of the youngest son. Gracious, how long ago that seemed. They had seen so little of the old doctor, once they were settled, that she had almost forgotten that strange evening with him almost seven years ago. Augusta had managed that, seeing to it that none of them became too familiar with the townsfolk.

Febby said gently, "No, I didn't know. I'm so sorry. We haven't been back long enough to have heard all the village news. Would you sit down and talk to me about Verdune?"

She smiled at him and after a moment he sat on the ground beside the rock. Her smile was a dazzling surprise. Evidently this one wasn't entirely like the oldest sister, about whom he had heard plenty.

He indicated the thick portfolio in her lap. 'Father used to write me about your fam- ly. You were quite a sensation in torpid lit- le Verdune seven years ago. So you're the one that is to be the concert pianist?"

Febby kept silent. She decided to ignore he amusement in his eyes which asked so plainly why in the world she ever bothered becoming a concert pianist. She thought of him as bourgeois and knew he believed a woman should be a good wife and mother and housekeeper and nothing else, appar- ntly.

She asked, with the same sort of amused oncern in her voice, "So you're the one that s to be a country doctor? Won't you mind burying yourself here in Verdune after living n Boston for so long?"

He said shortly, "It was Baltimore. Johns Hopkins. No, I won't mind. Why should I? 've just finished my internship and I've got o start somewhere. If you ask me, I think 'm more fortunate than most young doc- ors."

"There were two brothers? What hap- ened to them?"

"Dave's around. He married wealth in New York, which is one way for a lawyer to cquire a lucrative practice. And Alan was illed in France. He is buried over there omewhere." Idly he flipped over the pages, lack with notes. "This looks as unintelli- ble as Chinese characters."

"So do your prescriptions, scrawled in atin, but it would never occur to me to oubt their value because of that."

There was another short silence. Then he ot up, puffing on his pipe just as his father ad done. He said indifferently, "I guess I d disturb you. Sorry. See you again metime."

She put out a hand to detain him. "Please on't go. I'd like to hear all about your work and everyone in Verdune. We've been gone so long."

He hesitated, then sat down again and suddenly smiled. "Tell me, why did you decide to come back after all these years? I understood that you had left for good, and the house was for sale."

"We had intended staying abroad, but now I'm glad we didn't. I like Vermont. Besides, I'm to study with Prokmanoff in New York next winter. You see, I'm just about ready for a debut, but I'm scared. Alexis Prokmanoff is the sort of teacher who takes the fear out of artists. I need a season with him and then I think I'll be all right."

"Why are you scared?"

She did not answer at once, thinking how openly curious he was, pelting one question after another and expecting immediate enlightenment. She looked at her strong interlocked fingers and wondered if she should tell him about the nightmares. The ghastly horror of certain recurring dreams. She always jerked awake from them, panting and soaking wet. There she had been, alone upon a vast concert stage, before a piano. And there was the hall, thronged with those white blobs of faces, those great black holes for eyes, waiting for music that never, never came! There was never such a thing as memory in those nightmares, not the tiniest scrap of remembered music could seem to filter down from one's mind to those paralyzed finger tips. . . . No, she'd better not. He might scoff.

Before she could speak, he said gently, "Is it because you don't really want a concert career at all?"

Shock widened her eyes. "But I do!" she exclaimed. "There isn't anything else I'd rather do."

"Isn't there?" He kept looking at her. Anyone with that face and figure was made for nothing but a man's arms. For the life of him, he couldn't picture her in a crowded hall, pounding out sonatas of Beethoven or Chopin.

Febby was smiling. "You look upset. What about?"

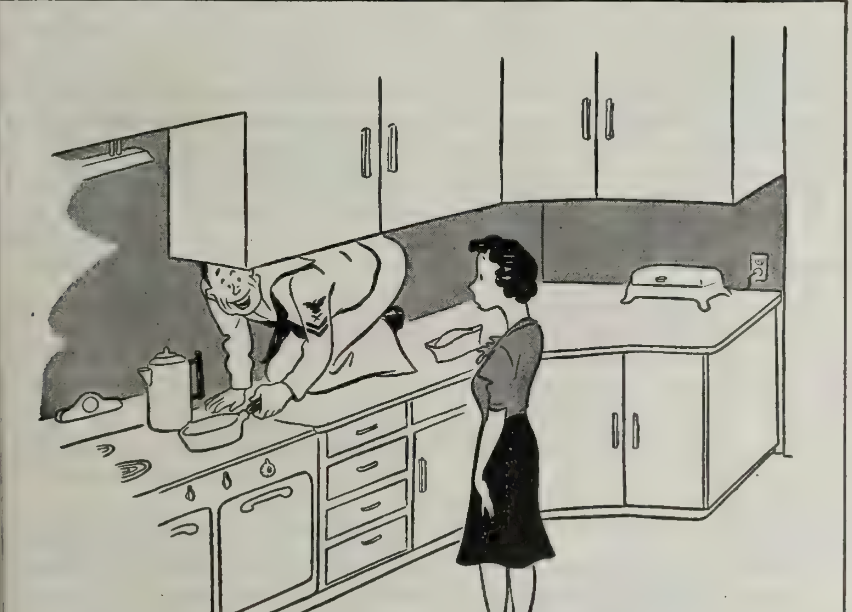
"I was just thinking. I remember father mentioning that older sister of yours. She runs the family, doesn't she?"

"She has to. Father has been ill for many years. Augusta has complete authority over us. But tell me, why did you say that I was scared of my first concert because I didn't really want to have a career in music?"

He laughed softly. "Have you ever looked into a mirror quite honestly? You're the sort one does *not* see upon the concert stage!"

"I know," she said swiftly. "I'm the type that should be married and bear six sons. You talk just like Franz."

"Who is Franz?"



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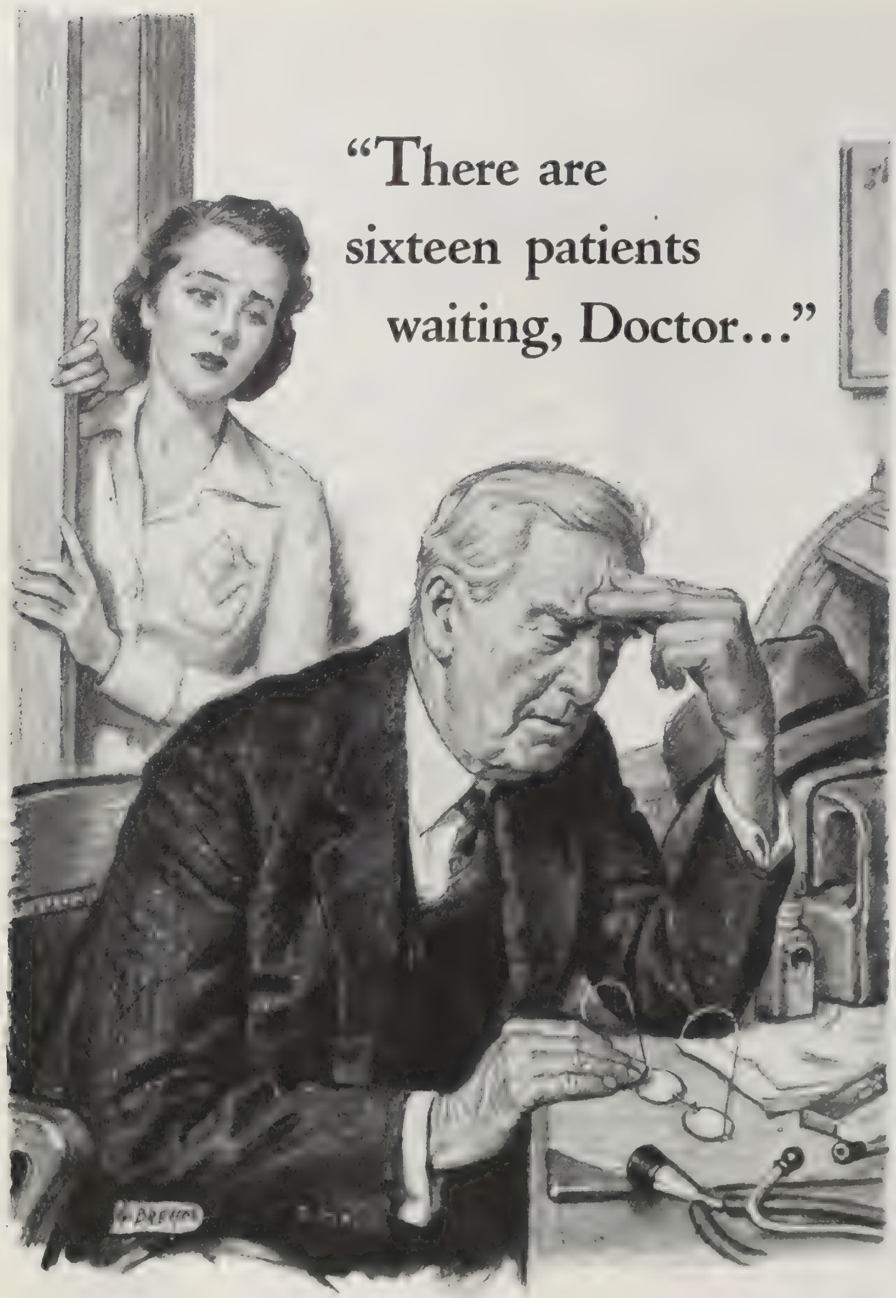

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An important wartime duty—
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"A third cousin from Berlin. I was engaged to him for a while. He was in love with me, but all he could see were physical potentialities. My brain and my talents just didn't exist."

"And that's why you broke the engagement?"

"It's a good reason, don't you think?"

He looked at the sky, slowly darkening with mauve storm clouds. He pointed with his pipe. "Storm brewing. We'd better go. We can tie your boat to mine and perhaps beat the storm across the bay." He got up and she gathered together all her papers and jumbled them into a heap within the portfolio. He took it from her. A blue zigzag of lightning cracked apart the darkened sky. The trees began wildly to toss and in a moment the lake was a mass of whitecaps. "I guess we'd better not be caught in the middle of the lake in *that.* Come along to that shack over there or we'll be drenched. The roof probably leaks, but at least it is shelter of sorts."

She followed reluctantly; and as she apparently did not go fast enough, he took her arm and pulled her along hurriedly. She hated the scrambling through underbrush to a ramshackle old cabin. Someone had evidently built it for fishing or hunting and it was probably full of snakes and bats and he was the sort of man, Febby was perfectly sure, that made fun if one shuddered or screamed.

The inside of the cabin became cloudy with dust as they entered. It was dimly lighted, because cobwebs crisscrossed the windows in festoons. A rickety table, an old leather couch and some broken chairs were scattered about the room; rubbish filled a stone fireplace.

Doctor Ferguson, muttering, drew the precious manuscript from beneath his jacket and laid it upon the table while Febby removed her damp sweater and shook the raindrops from her hair. As soon as they were inside, the skies opened and rain fell in torrents.

Larry dropped to a low wide window sill and relit his pipe. Febby remained near the battered old Dutch door, leaning against the lower half and looking out at the solid gray wall of water. She wondered why it was that she and this Larry, whom she had found so fascinating in a photograph years ago, should be so antagonistic toward each other, now that they had finally met. She knew he was sitting there, smoking and appraising her, and presently she turned.

SHE was wearing a short-sleeved silk blouse, a short pleated skirt, no stockings and queer flat sandals on her bare feet. Her taffy-colored hair, which Augusta forbade her to cut in the prevalent boyish bob, hung to her shoulders in thick and curly profusion, tied about her head with a ribbon. Even though there was a haunting, mature gravity in her eyes, her mouth looked as sensitive as a child's.

Larry blew short puffs into the room and asked suddenly, "Mind if I ask how old you are, Febby?"

"Not at all. I'm twenty-two. Why?"

He looked out at the streaming rain. "I thought you were about that. But every now and then you look fourteen or so."

"That's because I have never been able to hide what I feel or think. It's really quite a dreadful trait, but I can't help it. Everything inside of me pops right up into my face."

"You'd make a poor liar."

"Yes, I suppose so."

Her finger tips drummed a Bach fugue upon the door and she whistled very softly in accompaniment. Finally she went over to the window sill. She sat down gingerly in the corner opposite him. The rain pelted curiously upon the roof, which did leak in several places. The wood roared with sound and Febby could hear the lake crash wildly against the rocks.

She said, "I hate storms. I've always been deathly afraid of lightning."

"A bit of training Augusta overlooked, no doubt."

SHE was quiet again. It was better not to say anything to him; no matter what it was, he found something in it to be sarcastic about. He smoked on, looking at her from her head to her sandals, quite unabashed.

He said musingly, "Imagine finding anyone like you here in this isolated little whistle stop!"

She began her finger tapping again. "It's to be a very short visit, as I told you. I'm going to New York in September."

"Although you'd rather not? Look, Febby, tell me what there is about this final lap that scares you. Afraid you'll be a flop—is that it?"

"Partly. I'm quite a good pianist, I think, and I should be a success. But I won't be. If I were to tell you why, I doubt if you would believe me, or understand what I was trying to say."

He smiled in mock reproach. "Now really, Miss Fritzhoff! What have I been doing for the past seven years? I couldn't have spent them at Johns Hopkins without learning something, could I? Really!"

With an effort she folded her hands in her lap. She wished her heart would stop racing so madly. "The storm makes me nervous. I wish it would stop so I could go."

"Relax, can't you? You're like a race horse, straining to get out on the track, or anywhere but where it's standing. When you're in your forties you'll have a blood pressure of two-twenty."

She scoffed, "I'll never be in my forties."

He was quiet a moment, thinking. "As a matter of fact, I don't think you will. You will have burned yourself out long before then. Unless you change. That's why you hate the thought of your first concert. It's the beginning of a dreary grind, and you hate anything that just plods along, don't you?"

She gave him a smile. "That's it. I can't stand aimlessness. I wish everything in life—and life itself—were quickly over."

"Take it easy, Febby. You're still quite young; you might grow out of it."

"But when? Augusta sometimes calls me indolent. I'm not. It's just that I'm waiting. I seem to become sated with everything so quickly. You spoke just now about being in the forties. Imagine having to keep on living when you've long since finished with it. Do you understand now?"

He looked at her, wondering whether this was a pose. But there was an intense look in her eyes, and her mouth had tightened harshly. She looked older, anxious and almost frightened. He began to feel sorry for her, dropped his half-bantering curiosity and became seriously interested.

"Febby, what are you running away from Don't you know yet that no matter how hard you run from imaginary fears, they'l

(Continued on Page 98)

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Texcel Tape
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(Continued from Page 96)

tag right along at your heels? Stand still and maybe they won't even come near you."

She turned with an annoyed sigh. "You don't really understand. It's too difficult to explain. Forget about it."

"But how about marriage and children? Maybe you'd rather have that instead of a career in music. I mean really have it, not try to divide your time between a home and a job as some women do."

She murmured, "I think I would loathe marriage and children."

"But deep down in your heart maybe you wouldn't. Maybe you're denying it to yourself because you were forced to decide upon a future, and so that's that. I don't think you mean you *hate* marriage and children."

She became quite vehement. "But I do mean just that! If there is one thing in this life that does go plodding along, it's marriage! I don't trust my likes and dislikes from one day to the next. How in the name of all that's reasonable would I be able to get married when I'm not sure that the man I married at the age of twenty-two would be the man I care about when I reach thirty-five? And suppose I get tired of my own children? Sooner or later everyone and everything makes me sick!"

"But you said you had been engaged to that Franz in Europe. You must have considered marrying him."

"Yes, I guess it was quite a narrow escape. But Augusta convinced me how senseless it would be ——"

"Oh, Augusta! Febby, has she always told you what to do and how to act? Ever since you were a small child?"

"SHE brought us up, and naturally we all grew to depend on her. Augusta always knows what to do. I never do."

"Perhaps she never gave you the chance to practice controlling your own mind. Look, are you crazy about that sister of yours? Do you have some sort of hero worship for her, or something?"

"No one ever worships a person like Augusta. The only emotion I have toward her is pity, and that surprises me. Why should she be pitied? She bangs life around and makes it do exactly what she wants. Life bangs *me* around. That's the difference. I'd certainly rather be like her."

"No, you wouldn't. Want me to tell you something? It's fear of Augusta that makes you run. No, that's not it exactly. It's fear that people will find out that you actually *like* being banged around by Augusta, and *that's* what makes you run!"

Febby stared stonily out the window, but her heart was racing. Larry watched her, his curious and troubled eyes tracing the entrancing lines of her profile. He no longer wondered why she looked so lovely one minute and the very next so sullen and aggressive. She had an intelligent forehead, a beautifully straight nose, an exquisite mouth and a chin that was proud but not so stubborn or so assertive as it would like to be.

"Febby, it just occurred to me that I had seen you once before. It was in 1918, when I came home for a week end to be with father after we heard the news about Alan. You and your little sister passed the house and walked toward the green. I'd never seen two prettier girls. Dad came to the window and said, 'That's two of those Fritzhoffs I was telling you about.' Dad told me he had hoped to become friends with your family, to try to help your father, who was so ill, but you had an older sister who seemed to think otherwise. She apparently had the entire family under her thumb."

Febby creased and recreased the pleats in her skirt. "I remember they wanted me to play at the spring glee-club concert, and I told them I'd love to. They sent your father to ask me. But I didn't do it. Augusta wouldn't let me."

"Why do you listen to her, for Pete's sake?"

Febby's chin quivered, then she lifted it defiantly. "Well, maybe she was right. No one in the town liked her, because she wouldn't waste time gossiping with the provincial village women!"

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The storm had stopped and, save for the distant roll of thunder and the dripping trees, it was as though it had never been. The sun was trying to break through the remaining clouds and a fresh, pine-laden breeze began stirring.

Larry said gently, "Listen, Febby, as far as I can make out there isn't anything that sister of yours likes outside of herself and her own plans. Most of us here in Verdune aren't morons, exactly. We understand something about music and literature too. My mother was a graduate of Wellesley and interested in public health and child welfare. She did a lot of that in Boston before she married father, and here in Verdune she went right on working and helping the poor. She was the busiest and happiest woman I've ever known. And there are quite a few others like her in the village. I don't think they'd have any trouble understanding Augusta."

Febby got up and went toward the door. "The sun is out. We'd better go. I think you've said enough about my family for one day."

He got up, too, and asked one more question: "How's the little sister?"

"She's not so little any more," Febby told him." She's almost seventeen and very pretty. Do you know, I think you'd like Julie; she's so darned American. Absolutely normal, and has to make friends with everyone she sees. She'd like to get married and have seven children; it's her greatest ambition."

Then, to his amazement, she laughed, turning back to him. Completely gone were the unhappy, brooding shadows in her eyes, the tense set of the lips. Her eyes were dancing, and she looked merely like a very beautiful young girl to whom conflicts were quite unknown.

TAKE YOUR CHOICE

A delusion that fills me with hope is worth a truth that casts me to the ground. —WIELAND.

In the long run even a gloomy truth is better company than a cheerful falsehood. —GEORGE ELIOT.

"Febby, you're sweet." He drew her suddenly into his arms, held her close and savagely kissed her.

She did not protest, but for a moment or two she was motionless with surprise. Then all at once her arms went about him and her mouth under his was filled with ecstasy.

On the opposite shore, he tied the rowboat, helped her jump to the landing, then smiled and waved good-by. The speedboat roared into life again and vanished around a bend. She walked toward the fragrant, moist wood, climbed the stone wall, traversed the garden and went into the house by way of one of the back doors.

She saw Katrina, the counterpart of Erna, whom they had brought from Munich, placidly shelling peas for supper. Augusta sat in the living room, busy over her accounts. Father was apparently asleep and Julie had vanished. She had probably gone to the Penfields', next door. The youngest Penfield girl attended Middlebury College and Julie had mentioned that perhaps she would go, too, in the fall.

Febby went quietly through the rooms and up the stairs. The queer happiness that had been racing through her veins burned itself out and she began to feel tired. She didn't like Larry, but there was a refreshing sort of strength and normalcy about him. If she could see him during the summer it might dull the longing for Munich and Hamzigger, and the terror of the immediate future would perhaps be tempered too.

She threw her sweater toward a chair. Changing her clothes, she stopped to stare at the silk blouse in her hands, thinking suddenly of Larry. She let the blouse drop to the floor, threw herself face down upon the

(Continued on Page 101)

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(Continued from Page 99)

bed and stared miserably into star-shot darkness. Larry and his rambling analyses. What did he know about her—what did any man know? She wished she could loathe them, everything about them.

And it seemed as though the same were true of music. She wished she could free herself of that, too, of Prokmanoff and the debut in Aeolian Hall. It would never be as wonderful as she longed for it to be; the very thought of a restless, coughing, staring crowd unnerved her. She'd never be able to remember a single note. She'd have to go on with it if it killed her. What else was there, what else?

Because Larry Ferguson was constantly in her thoughts, Febby spoke his name aloud one day a week later and told Augusta she had met him out on the lake.

"Doctor Ferguson?" interrupted Augusta, frowning. "Why, yes, he called one morning to see father while you and Julie were down n the village. He seems a pleasant sort—though young, of course, for a doctor. Probably doesn't know very much. However, father liked him." She went back to her work, then stopped suddenly and looked up. Febby saw a flush creep slowly across her face and a warning flicker leap into her eyes. Augusta's mouth became tight and she lapped a pencil down upon her papers. "Even here, in this isolated little mountain own! You seem to be a magnet, Febby. had hoped I could get you away before you ttached to yourself another victim. But am never swift enough to keep ahead of you. Well, you have met this young doctor now, so forget him. Remember that you eave for New York in September, and nothng is to interfere with that!"

Febby said, "I can't help it if men fall in ove with me. Anyway, it should be my ffair and not concern you in the least."

Augusta wondered how the black and nguished jealousy clutching at her heart ould fail to reflect itself upon her face. When she spoke, her voice grated harshly. "You talk like a fool, Febby. Not concern me in the least! What would you have done without me all these years? You have come long way in music—you're almost at the op—and ——"

"But just this summer, Augusta. He's oung and handsome and I get so tired of music sometimes."

"Listen to me. He's an American, and merican boys are not like the men on the Continent. The Americans don't have affairs. f they fall in love they get married, have omes and children and go about their dull, neventful lives in their own little circles. If this man is in love with you he will naturally want to marry you, and won't that be a nice career for our brilliant, temperamental young pianist?"

Febby remained silent, her pensive face flinching beneath Augusta's sarcasm. Before she could speak Augusta had gone on: "Hamzigger seemed to think your talent is so great it would be a crime to deprive the world of it."

"But, Augusta, what harm can it do if Larry and I see each other now and then?"

"Larry and I! So it is already 'Larry and I.' Haven't you yet learned that every time you disobey me you get into trouble? . . . Febby, come back here—I'm not finished ——" but Augusta found herself suddenly spouting into thin air, as the screen door shut after the younger girl.

Julie sauntered in from the side terrace. She was exceedingly pretty, with unusually fine eyes, but she was far too thin, even though she was constantly eating. She sank into a chair, draped her long slim legs over the arm and bit hungrily into a wedge of cake.

"Don't you ever get tired of telling that girl what to do? Febby's in love again, Augusta. Leave her alone."

Augusta asked abruptly, "Did you happen to hear the Sonata Appassionata last night?"

Julie swung her legs and stared at a bee circling above the roses just outside the windows. Sometimes when Febby wouldn't go to bed, but sat in the music room thumping on the piano for hours, Julie became frightened, thinking of *maman*. She tried to answer casually, "Who could help it? She played most of the night, didn't she? Maybe being in love would be another sort of release for Febby. I don't believe you have to worry. You know Febby tires of everything quickly. By September it will all be over and she will be in a hurry to get to New York."

Augusta got up to go to the kitchen, but at the door she turned. "Does Febby look well to you, Julie?"

There was a moment of silence. "No. She doesn't."

"What's wrong, do you think?"

Julie shrugged. "She's too nervous. Doesn't sleep well, and goodness knows she isn't able to sit through a meal. That's not right, Augusta, and you know it."

Augusta considered this. "Perhaps she has been working too hard? She may need to rest."

Julie licked frosting from her fingers. "That's what I've been trying to say. Better leave her alone where Larry Ferguson is concerned. Might be good for her."

---

ack and Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Hollywood Patterns on Pages 30 and 31.

1316. Coat with set-in sleeves. 12 to 20; 30 to 44. 15c.

1326. Blouse, skirt, bolero (bolero dart-fitted). 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 25c.

1311. Dress. 12 to 20; 30 to 42. 15c.

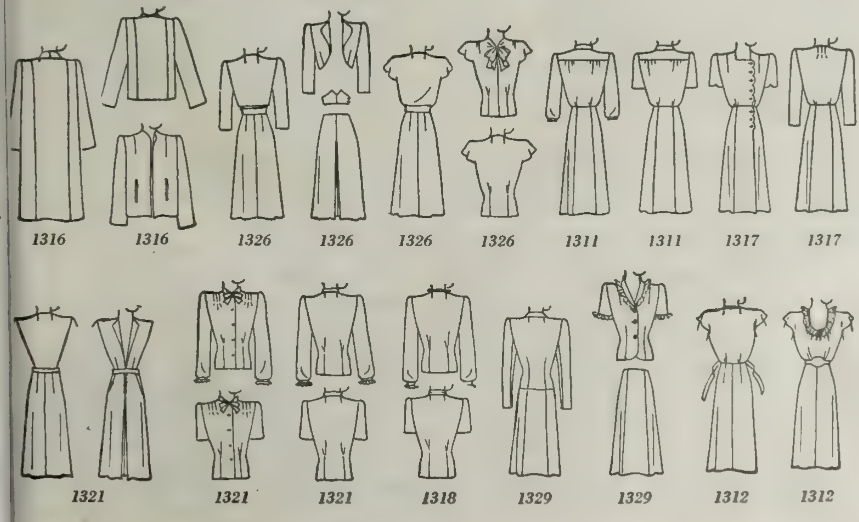
1317. Coat-dress, side opening, six-gored skirt. 14 to 20; 32 to 46. 15c.

1321. Jumper and blouse. 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 15c.

1318. Blouse. 12 to 20; 30 to 42. 15c.

1329. Two-piece suit, six-gored skirt. 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 25c.

1312. One-piece dress; cap sleeves, inset belt. 12 to 18; 30 to 36. 15c.



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ANSWER: 3 out of 4 physicians said *yes*—helps prevent dryness, chafing. (Most important—*antiseptic* oil helps protect skin against germs).

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ANSWER: 3 out of 4 physicians said *yes. (Antiseptic* oil helps prevent diaper rash caused by action of *germs* in contact with wet diapers).

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ANSWER: Physicians said, on average, "Continue using oil until baby is over 6 months old." Many advised using oil up to 18 months.

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Augusta sighed and went to the kitchen. Erna, having been sent for to help Katrina, had just arrived and needed a bit of supervision.

Julie's ribbonlike little figure uncoiled itself from the chair and she went down to the gardens. She could see Febby lying in a hammock stretched between two tall pines. She was apparently asleep. Julie dropped into a wicker chair and picked up a magazine. She glanced over at Febby, wondering if her affair with Larry would become serious enough to end in marriage. In Europe she had overheard so many quarrels between Augusta and Febby because of Franz. It would be nice to have Febby safely married to an American.

The third time Febby saw him, Augusta knew that another tug of war was imminent. The second time she met him was casual and unimportant. Febby was going to the post office as he came out of the drugstore with his black bag. He was in a hurry and scarcely glanced at her. She called "Hello" and he turned and hesitated a moment, then smiled. He said hello pleasantly enough, calling her Miss Chopin, then went on to his waiting car while she hurried in to get the mail, hating the heavy lump that all at once settled about her heart.

She concentrated suddenly upon the post. There was a thick letter from Aunt Catherine, a thin one from Martin, another from Hamzigger. With all this richness in her hands and on her mind, Larry was temporarily excluded as she hurried home.

But the third time was different. It was a breathlessly hot day in July, and Doctor Fritzhoff had suffered a queer sort of spell. He had fallen just as he reached his room upstairs, and there he lay, his mouth twisted upward and his eyes rolling. Augusta had hurriedly called the Ferguson number.

Larry said it was a mild stroke, and got the old minister into bed. He asked Julie for an ice cap for the patient's head and hot-water bottles for his feet and told Augusta that he must be kept perfectly quiet. Doctor Fritzhoff's left side seemed to be slightly paralyzed, but Larry said that might clear up. And yet again there might follow a second stroke far more severe.

Augusta asked the doctor if he didn't think her father too young to suffer a paralytic stroke. "He is only fifty-six, and I have always watched his diet and seen to it that he gets plenty of rest."

"A stroke comes from a cerebral hemorrhage, Miss Fritzhoff, and I have seen patients in their thirties who suffered from it. Keep him quiet, and I'll be back in a little while. I have a woman in labor, but it's her third child, so it won't take long."

Augusta and Julie stayed by the bed and Larry hurried downstairs.

On the terrace Febby intercepted him. She said softly, "Larry, why haven't you called me? Why haven't I seen you since that day at Eagle Rock?" She watched a small knot work at the edge of his jaw line.

"Febby, I'm sorry about that day. I wish you'd forget it."

"Why? Are you in love with a girl here in Verdune?"

"No. I'm not in love with anyone. I can't afford to be. I have work to do in this town, and you have a first concert coming next winter. I think we'd better not get in each other's way. Believe me, it's the best thing to do."

Febby looked into his eyes and said softly, "I hate you. Every minute I was with you the other day I was despising you. Did you know that?"

He said quietly, because they both heard Augusta coming down the stairs, "No, I didn't. I'm sorry. I thought you were very sweet." He turned as Augusta came out and said, "I'll be right back, Miss Fritzhoff. . . . Good-by, Febby." And Larry went down the walk and got in his car. He drove off to his waiting patient, muttering that the whole family was unbalanced except the youngest one.

Augusta was saying, "I think I'll call in an older doctor from Middlebury. I don't

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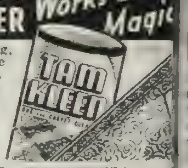

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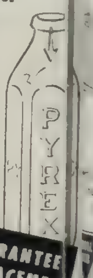

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This KROLL KRIB *grows with the child!*

Ajust-a-matic Feature

Exclusive KROLL feature lengthens the life of the crib. Enables growing child to climb in and out of bed safely. Note tilting spring . . . brings comfort to sick baby.

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like that young man." She turned and was amazed to see tears running slowly down Febby's face. There was an interval of shocked silence. Then Augusta said tightly, "You're in love with him, Febby!"

Something of Febby's old fighting spirit, so prevalent in former years, broke through her wistfulness and tried to reassert itself. "What if I am? What's that to you? He isn't in love with me yet, but he will be! He *will* be!" Febby broke away from the deluge of wrath sure to follow this, and went down to her hammock.

Augusta stood at the door and watched her go. Why had they ever come back?

Doctor Fritzhoff recovered sufficiently to be propped up in a chair beside the windows. He seemed a great deal better and for the first time in years began to take an interest in people and his surroundings.

At first Larry called twice a day. Then, as the patient continued to improve steadily, he ceased coming, and Augusta uttered a fervent *"Gott sei dank!"*

It was early in August before Larry again came to the white house on Lake Road. Erna had slashed a finger to the bone. Juliana, after a yelp of horror, flew to the telephone.

Augusta was in the garden with her father. She looked up as Larry's brakes squeaked and his tires hissed on gravel. She hurried up to the house, stopped in the kitchen doorway and watched while Larry, assisted by Julie, took stitches in Erna's forefinger.

When it was all over, her right hand a beautiful big boxing glove of snow-white bandages, Erna went out to sit weakly in a chair on the back porch, gratefully sipping strong black coffee, off duty for the rest of the day. Julie hovered about her and Augusta went back to the garden, disgusted with the entire procedure.

Febby, having heard Erna's screams and noticed Larry's car outside, waited for him at the front door. When he appeared she said huskily, "What happened to her? Did she chop off a finger or something?"

"Almost. How are you, Febby?"

"I'm all right. But it's warm, isn't it? Could I go with you while you make your rounds? It must be cool out in the country." When he hesitated uncomfortably, she said, "Please, Larry?"

"Well, if you like. But you'd better tell Augusta first."

Anger, mingled with fear, leaped into her eyes and she opened the door. "No. Do hurry before she comes or sees us."

Together they went out to the car and she sank into the seat beside him with a long sigh. It was a nice car, dark blue with tan leather seats.

She asked in her tired voice, "Is this a new car, Larry?"

He nodded. "Dave gave it to me. He married Cynthia Vanderbocker, you know, and they probably have five or six cars. Evidently he didn't think they would need this one."

"Where are we going?"

"To see a fat old lady who has to be convinced that her gall bladder should come out."

"Oh. I hope the operation cures her. And the next one?"

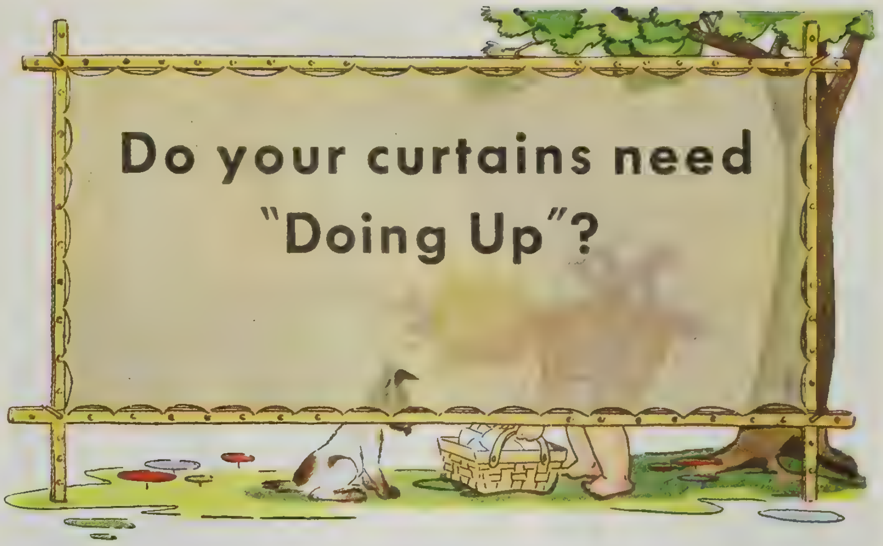
"A farmer who has stones in his kidneys. Also needs an operation. Wish I could do it, but renal surgery takes a heap of skill, and

---

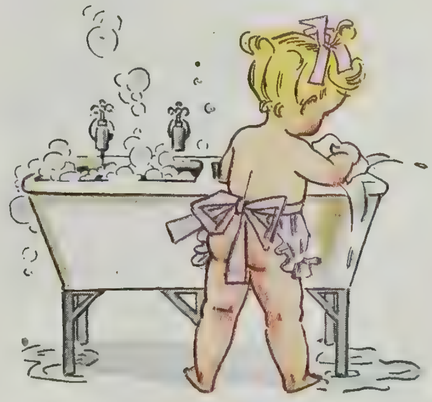
HE SAID IT!

"Uncle Joe" Cannon, meeting a German one day in Washington, discussed conditions at some length, ending his remarks by saying, "What we Americans need is a darned good licking." This pleased the German, who assented eagerly. But his delight was short lived, for Cannon added dryly, "The only trouble is, there ain't nobody can do it."

—A. C. EDGERTON:
More Speeches and Stories.
(Noble & Noble, Publishers, Inc.)


Do your curtains need "Doing Up"?

CLEAN CRISP CURTAINS add the final touch to a spic-and-span home. Laundering curtains is easy when you **LINIT**-starch them. And **LINIT**-starched curtains stay fresh and attractive longer because **LINIT** restores their original "finish"—helps shed dust, too.



WASH them carefully with plenty of good sudsy water. For rayon and rayon mixtures, starch with 1 part *basic **LINIT** mixture to 5 parts water.

FOR LIGHT WEIGHT SHEER COTTONS, net voiles and marquisettes, starch with 1 part *basic **LINIT** mixture to 2 parts water.

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***EVERY BOX OF LINIT** tells you three quick ways to prepare the basic **LINIT** mixture.

YOU'LL FIND LINIT at all grocers. It's the modern starch that thoroughly penetrates; protects and lengthens the life of fabrics hard to replace.

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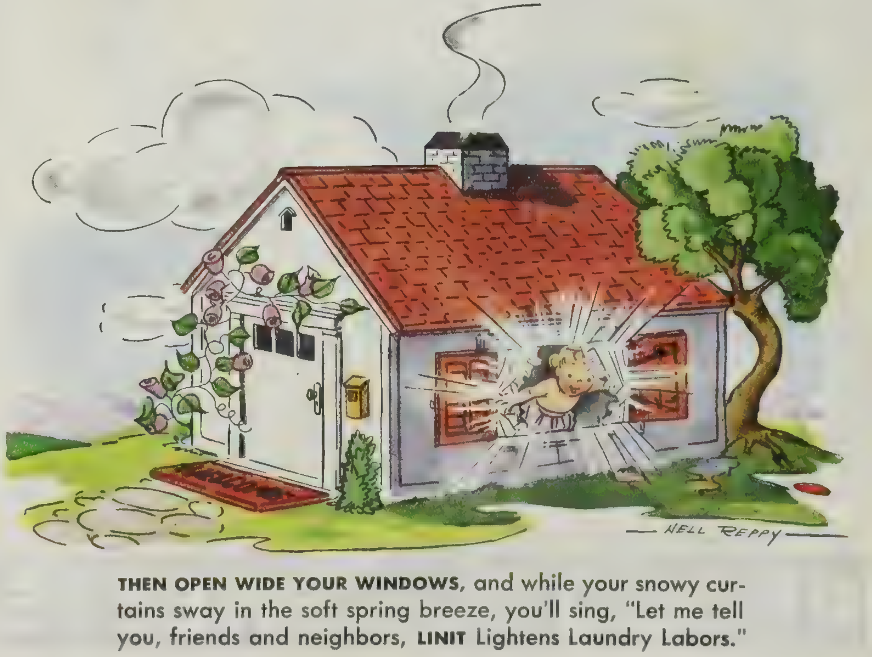
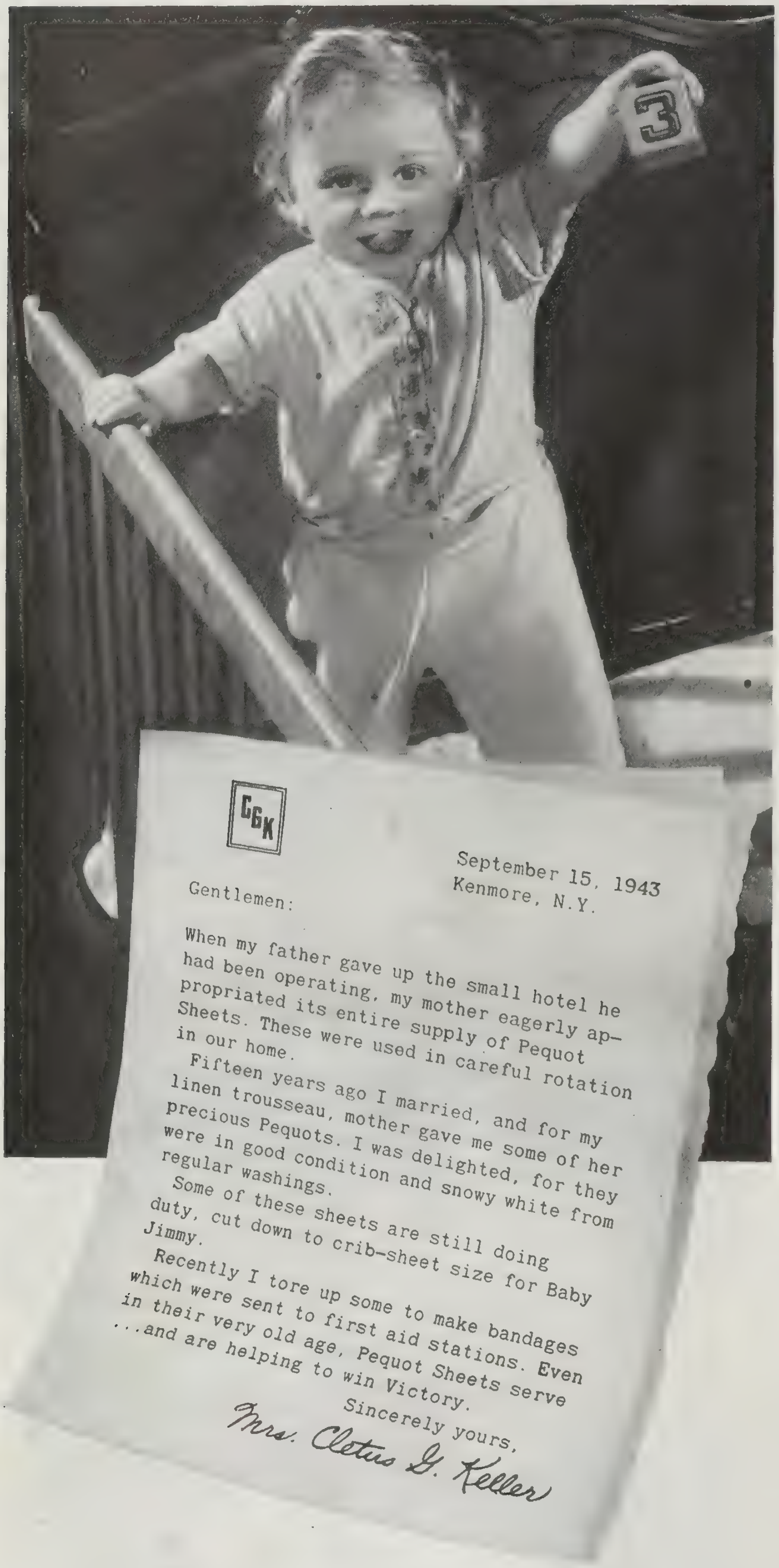


THEN OPEN WIDE YOUR WINDOWS, and while your snowy curtains sway in the soft spring breeze, you'll sing, "Let me tell you, friends and neighbors, **LINIT** Lightens Laundry Labors."

NOT 1~NOT 2~
BUT 3 GENERATIONS
have slept on these Pequots!



CGK

September 15, 1943
Kenmore, N.Y.

Gentlemen:

When my father gave up the small hotel he had been operating, my mother eagerly appropriated its entire supply of Pequot Sheets. These were used in careful rotation in our home.

Fifteen years ago I married, and for my linen trousseau, mother gave me some of her precious Pequots. I was delighted, for they were in good condition and snowy white from regular washings.

Some of these sheets are still doing duty, cut down to crib-sheet size for Baby Jimmy.

Recently I tore up some to make bandages which were sent to first aid stations. Even in their very old age, Pequot Sheets serve ...and are helping to win Victory.

Sincerely yours,
Mrs. Cletus G. Keller

Never too old to serve . . . that's what thousands of women say about Pequot Sheets. They swear by Pequot quality. They also like Pequot's projecting size tabs for quick identification, double tape selvages for extra strength. War needs come first, but some Pequots are still made for civilian use. Pequot Mills, Salem, Mass.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

PEQUOT SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES

PEQUOT SHEETS

I haven't had enough practice yet. . . . Here's the Trimble house. I'll probably be about fifteen minutes."

He had stopped in front of a neat white frame house, almost obliterated by a tangle of wistaria vines. He disappeared inside and Febby sat and watched a hummingbird whir above some tall red hollyhocks on the other side of the picket fence. Scarlet suddenly flamed in her cheeks and her heart pounded. She stared at her tired, tingling finger tips. Larry disliked her, and she could see that he was conscientiously intent upon returning her to the house on Lake Road as soon as his rounds were finished.

He came back, unsmiling, and grumbling about fat females who gorge on too much whipped cream and mayonnaise. Febby's hands tightened in her lap and she sat silent, with eyes closed, as he went into a dissertation on abdominal surgery. Well, let him talk ——

As he got out to see the next case, she detained him and smiled directly into his eyes. Gently she poked a finger into the cleft of his chin and wrinkled her nose at him. "Don't be so glum, Larry—and this time don't be so long about coming back. I want to talk to you."

He cleared his throat as he turned away. "I'll not be long. There's a Saturday Evening Post in that pocket." He walked up a lane that led to a shabby brown frame house and she turned to the pocket in the door and pulled out the magazine.

It was a half hour before Larry came out, flung his bag in the back seat, sank behind the wheel and let out a deep sigh. He lit a cigarette, then started the car.

"Sorry I was so long. He had a lot of pain and I had to give him morphia and convince the family he had to go to Burlington to the hospital. . . . Well, suppose we talk about something else."

"I should say it was about time. Let's talk about us."

Such Knowledge Goes Deep

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

The dog turns round three times
To make sure he will fit
When he rests. It seems by now
He should be sure of it.

But ten thousand years
Is too short a span
For dogs to learn new tricks, and it
Is much too short for man.

Men who have no sails
Or ships now in their blood
Like to know when tide is ebb
And when it is at flood.

Ones who pulled their roots
From green earth long ago
Will stop in city streets to see
Which way the least winds blow.

I like to know when I
Sleep in a strange bed
Whether I have the Northern Star
Or South Pole at my head.

Such knowledge is not whim,
Fancy or mere hap,
We earthy children want to fit
In our mother's lap.

"I think the less said about us, the better. A certain savage streak in you seems to appeal to the same sort of streak in me. It's not love, Febby. Let's skip all that and be honest with each other. Isn't it better if we never see each other at all? We could never just be friends. You know that."

"Such as you and Julie are, for instance?"

"Julie is a sweet kid, and I like her a lot. She seems to be different from the rest of you, and I wonder why. Your family fascinates me. I'd like to hear more about your mother. Would you tell me?"

FEBBY'S eyes grew dark and her mouth tightened. "What is there to tell? What do you want to know?"

"Well, why did she die? What happened? She had a baby, the little boy, Martin. Did she die when he was born—or later?"

She was silent, lifting veils from the past, tasting again the bitterness of terror and wonder. She said harshly, "It is none of your business, Larry. You have no right to pry. I don't want to talk about it."

He was surprised that she should be so upset, and quickly told her that he was sorry. For a few minutes neither spoke.

Then she said, "Larry, I hate it when you evade the truth like this. It's so silly. Nothing matters to us except just the present, only the moment that we're together. I hate you when you don't understand."

He drew up at the side of the road and stopped. He turned and looked at her, his face troubled. "Febby, I do understand. More than you can possibly know. But I don't want to marry you and spoil your life or your career. Febby, we'd despise each other in a month."

She interrupted coldly. "Who said anything about marriage? I'd rather die than marry *you*—or any man, for that matter. I could strangle you for being so stupid and narrow and self-righteous. Look at me, Larry!"

HE WAS so angry and wretched he could not, so she put her hand out and turned his face to hers. There. They looked at each other, angrily, then soberly, finally gently. He saw again the queer transformation creep slowly over her features; the flames faded from her cheeks, the tense look that made her mouth so thin and tight.

She moved closer to him and he drew her into his arms. But as soon as he kissed her, turbulence rose within both of them.

He said, "Febby, I'm going to take you home."

"No, Larry—we'll take the boat and go to Eagle Rock."

He pushed he
from him and did no
answer. He set th
car in motion. Sh
leaned back agains
the seat and whe
she could breath
more easily opene
her eyes and stared a
his rigid, determine
profile. It made li
tle difference wher
they were going.
came to her all
once that it was
last difficult to reca
just what Franz Vi
tor had looked like.

The town spoke
it disapprovingly as
whirlwind courtshi
The inhabitants, or
and all, hoped your
Doctor Larry woul
soon grow tired of th
girl, settle down
serious work an
eventually mar
someone from Ve
dune or Middlebur
As they watched th
familiar car fly abo
the town, not alwa
on rounds, but som
times headed for Bu
lington, and again
the end of Lake Roa
where it would stand for hours while th
two were somewhere up the lake in
speedboat, they shook their heads and p
dicted that no good would come of it. V
dune could not understand how one of
sons could possibly think that Fritzhoff
would make a good wife for a country doct

Augusta, helplessly watching, was equa
baffled. Music had been relegated to
background. Instead of that familiar sou
the new stillness was filled with Febby's
very laughter and her quickly tripping fe
Augusta's tirades fell upon deaf ears.
was almost beside herself with fury and
feat.

The last days of August thus dissolved
neath heat and gossip. Larry and Fe
frequently went off in the boat to expl
distant shores of Lake Champlain, tak
packed lunch boxes and fishing rods. Ev
morning they went on rounds together,
out into the country, or to the near-by to
to hospitals where she would wait until
finished with an appendectomy or se
broken hip. Sometimes she sat with hi
his office, thumbing through great volu

(Continued on Page 106)

Your doctor will see your baby safely into the world. But his crowded schedule will limit the frequency of later visits.

NOW THE DOCTOR'S JOB IS DONE — AND YOURS BEGINS

VEN IN PEACETIME, your baby's utter helplessness is a tremendous and stirring sponsibility. Today, when you may have to nage without your busy doctor's routine eck-ups, your baby needs more than ever ur constant and watchful care.

is greatest danger — *the "other fellow's cold"*

e greatest cause of fatal illnesses in infants and y small children is respiratory infections and ir resulting complications. This means that a tiny baby just an ordinary cold, passed on m an adult or older child, represents a real l serious danger.

The *safest* way to ward off the "other fellow's d" is never to allow *anyone* with any kind of d or nasal irritation in his room . . . or anywhere near him. But suppose you get a cold yourself? Or, if you are not well enough to take care of him, suppose whoever is helping you . . . catches cold? How can you protect your baby?

Reduce the risk . . . *wear a protective mask*

If you can't keep your baby isolated from a person with a cold—you can try to isolate the cold itself. Wear a mask yourself, if you have a cold. And *insist* that anyone approaching the baby does the same—the father, the grandmother, visitors. There should be no exceptions!

Mask of tissue quick, satisfactory

If you do not have a supply of standard hospital masks on hand, here's an easy way to make an effective emergency mask. Just take two thicknesses of ScotTissue, cover the nose and mouth, and fasten at the back of your head with an ordinary pin.

Clinical tests show that germs are effectively trapped by two thicknesses of ScotTissue and the danger of contagion is greatly decreased. Doing your best to protect your baby from respiratory infection is a responsibility you cannot conscientiously overlook.

● A ScotTissue emergency mask—shown above—has two practical merits. It is used only once and is instantly disposable. If you stick to the "Mask For A Cold" Rule your family and friends will soon get used to it. When you explain its importance they cannot object.

• • •

FREE—Write for 32-page booklet, "*Helpful Wartime Suggestions on Mother & Baby Care.*" Authoritative information on Supplies for Emergency Use, Rest After Birth, Advantages of Nursing Your Baby, Use of the Mask, Time-Saving Schedules, Bathroom Habits. Address the Scott Paper Co., Dept. 64, Chester, Pa. Trademark "ScotTissue" Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Soft as old Linen
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The absorbent soft white Toilet Tissue
1000 SHEETS
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Soft, Strong Bathroom Tissue for Baby and Family

The correct choice of a toilet tissue for your child is important, too. It should be soft enough for comfort yet strong enough for thorough cleansing. ScotTissue has both these qualities . . . you will find it is soft and "nice" to use even against the face as an emergency mask. And with 1000 sheets to every roll, it is also an economical tissue for the whole family.

LIGHTS ON FOR LAUGHTER-

Lights on... soon ... for reunions and romance!
Lights on for you... lovely as your dreams deserve ... with "Bond Street" beauty preparations by Yardley to give you a head-start on the heavenly days ahead!

New world . . . new woman . . . with "Bond Street" Perfume and Beauty Preparations by

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"Bond Street" Perfume: Subtle, intriguing, inspired! $13.50, $8.50, $4.50 and $2.50.

Dry Skin Cleansing Cream, $1; jumbo jar, $2.

"English Complexion" Powder: Mist-blown, in 8 lovely shades, $1.

YARDLEY PRODUCTS FOR AMERICA ARE CREATED IN ENGLAND AND FINISHED IN THE U. S. A. FROM THE ORIGINAL ENGLISH FORMULAE, COMBINING IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC INGREDIENTS

N. W. AYER & SON

(Continued from Page 104)

on surgery and obstetrics, while he answered the telephone or sat at the desk making out bills.

One morning, just five days before Augusta had arranged for Febby's departure, Julie, on the terrace with her father, stopped reading to him and listened to a sudden flood of Chopin pour from the music room. She met Doctor Fritzhoff's eyes, and presently he looked away and sighed.

"I had hoped she had forgotten about it. I—I wanted her to marry him." His blurred words trailed away and he stared at the distant mountains.

Febby played steadily for an hour. Then she got up and went to her room and closed the door. Augusta had heard the music, too, and wild hope stabbed her heart. She waited. Febby did not come down to lunch, nor did the telephone ring for her as it had been doing daily. Perhaps they had quarreled? Perhaps it was all over now. Maybe Febby herself saw the folly of it and had made up her own mind to get back to serious work and leave for New York.

Febby was lying upon her bed as Augusta entered, and she turned her head. She looked as though she had been crying. Augusta stood and regarded her, deciding swiftly upon caution.

"Well, Febby, it sounded good to hear the piano again. But is something wrong? Are you feeling all right?"

"I've been lying here thinking it all out. I really believe I've reached a decision. Imagine, Augusta, me, making up my own mind! But I have, just now. I'm not going to New York, Augusta," Febby told her.

Augusta sat down in a chair beside the bed and drew a deep breath. "Now, Febby, this is just the end-of-vacation blues, as Julie would say. Be a good girl and get ready for your trip."

"Don't try to be facetious, Augusta. And don't treat me as though I were a child. I'm not going to Prokmanoff, nor do I care a hoot about a concert debut. I'm staying in Verdune and marrying Larry."

"Now look here, Febby—look here. Think of the time and money spent upon that music of yours. Haven't I done everything possible to get you to the top? You can't give it up now, you simply can't! And we're not staying here much longer. Father, of course, can't cross the ocean again, but he can't live forever either; as soon as he goes ——"

"SHAME, Augusta. Father is much better and may live for years and years. Larry said so. And I'm sick of music and sick of worrying for fear I'll be a failure. There are too many pianists in the world as it is, year after year prancing across some concert stage and playing the same old hackneyed works of Beethoven and Chopin!"

"And I suppose you think a life with Larry Ferguson here in Vermont won't be lonely and hackneyed after a bit? I tell you it would never work out. Three months after you are married, you will be absolutely miserable."

"I've been happier these few weeks with Larry than I've ever been. I'm the sort of girl who *should* be married, Augusta. I seem to be happiest when I'm in love and ——"

Augusta made an exclamation of disgust. "Must you come out and say such dreadful things, Febby?" she said. She took out her handkerchief and wiped her flushed, moist forehead.

Febby watched a vein throb in her temple. "Augusta, I'm getting too big a girl now to be harnessed to your apron strings. I want to be free forever. I want to marry Larry and live here in Verdune and have six children."

Augusta got up and walked about, stopping at the window to watch a blazing sun drop behind a tree-jagged mountain. Even marriage to Franz would have been infinitely preferable to this—this stupid, impulsive alliance to a Vermont yokel! Well, there was one sure way to appeal to Febby. Frighten her. She turned and came back to the bed.

"Febby ——"

Febby sat up and swung her long legs over the side of the bed. "It's no use, Augusta. I'm through with music and I'm going to marry Larry."

"Febby, I think you are overlooking something quite important. Aren't you forgetting about *maman?*"

Febby looked up quickly. "*Maman?* What about *maman?*"

"Think back. What was there about *maman* which always worried you so?" Augusta asked.

Febby swallowed. "I—don't understand. What about *maman?*"

"Don't be stupid, Febby. You've known it all your life. You haven't a right to marry anyone and have children."

FEBBY'S face went white, as all the early fears and memories came crowding back into her mind. Words caught in her throat. "No one was—ever sure. Anyway, I think you are lying."

"I am not. *Maman* was insane. Doctor Wendell told me so. Now will you believe me?"

Febby sat motionless, staring, wetting her dry lips. Doctor Wendell. Where was h now? How could one reach him and beg him to tell the truth? Augusta was never to b trusted. She never uttered a word unless i was directed toward benefit to herself.

"I could ask father," Febby said.

"Yes, you could, but you won't. Any mention of s dreadful a thing woul completely unnerve hin and you know it. *Mama* grew worse with eac child, which happens whe there is a tendency towar mental unbalance. You Febby, with your uncertain temperament, you queer moods, certainl you must realize that you have six children ther is no telling ——"

Febby sprang up. "O stop, Augusta. Don't-don't say anything more; you don't hav to remind me ——"

Augusta subsided. She had already wo She waited until the wildness had left Fe by's eyes. Then she said calmly, "Febby, want to show you something." Augusta le the room and returned a few moments late She placed a round object upon a table ar removed the white cloth that had covered It was an exquisite head of a child.

Febby went to it and touched it gentl "Why, Augusta, it's me."

"Yes, it's you. At the age of eleven. A never has there been such a beautiful chi I had to do it, Febby. To capture you fo ever, as you were then. It was the modeli clay *maman* brought back from Europe, r member?"

"Yes, I remember. It is lovely, Augus I never knew you were as clever as all th You must do something with your talent."

Augusta was pleased, and vastly reliev Gullible child. She would believe anythi she always had.

"That is something I would like to c cuss with you, Febby. You see, when we back to Europe, perhaps after father is go and Julie is teaching or busy at someth here in America, you and I could have beautiful life together in an atelier in Ber or Munich. It is something to look forwa to. You with your music, I with my scu ture. After a time you will thank me. Y will wonder how you could have been stupid as to consider a lifetime spent Verdune with a country doctor."

For a few moments neither said anyth further.

"When am I supposed to leave, gusta?"

PUZZLES

There are four things that I cannot explain: why street clocks never show the right time; why thermometers hanging outside of drugstores never indicate the right temperatures; why slot machines on a railway platform never give the right weight; and why weather vanes always point in the wrong direction.

—SIMEON STRUNSKY:
The Patient Observer.
(Dodd, Mead & Co.)

Caprice

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TO YOUR TABLE GUESTS

Deservedly America's favorite crystal, aprice gives to your guest-expectant able a matchless brilliancy and sparkle . . in exquisite shapes that gleam and pple with ever-changing patterns of pure ght. A practical choice, too — easy to ean, safe to handle, moderately priced. 50 open-stock pieces, in clear Crystal or oonlight Blue.

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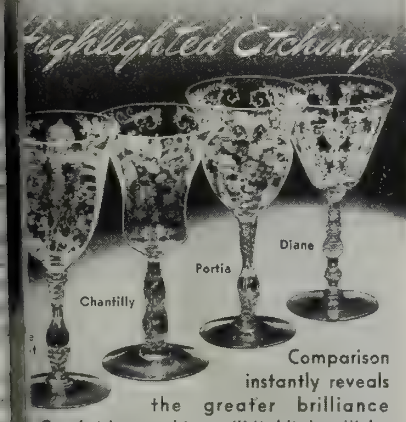

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"Prokmanoff is expecting you around the tenth. I think you should leave tomorrow. That will give you time to get settled before you begin your studies."

"But, Augusta, suppose I'm a failure? Such things happen, you know."

"Certainly, if you let them happen!" Augusta told her. "Never think defeat, Febby. It is a word with which I am absolutely unfamiliar."

"Yes, but I'm not you. I don't know what life would be like without fear. Suppose I *do* fail?"

"Well, we could still have our life together in Europe. You could take pupils, perhaps." And with that Augusta left the room, taking the head with her.

After the door had closed, Febby, shivering, went to her desk and sat there. She tried to feel relieved for Larry's sake. When they had talked it over she could see that he hadn't been too eager for the marriage. He hadn't trusted her: "Are you sure, Febby, you'll be perfectly happy giving up your concert career? Are you sure you won't begin to grow restless and wish you hadn't married me?" No, she hadn't been. She had had to take the entire day alone to think about it. She had told him she would let him know.

IT WOULDN'T have worked out. Larry was only being decent about the entire thing. Febby reached for pen and paper and wrote for a few moments. Then she read what she had written, sighed and quickly tore up the scribbled sheets. Why bother? A telephone call would serve the purpose far better.

She went into the sitting room and called Larry's house. Then there was Larry's voice, and Febby said she had to tell him that she had made up her mind. She thought it was best that she keep on with her music and go to New York. She was leaving tomorrow.

There was a silence at the other end. She wished with all her heart that she could see his face. When he spoke again, his words and voice were quiet. He said perhaps, after all, it was better that way. But he had a call to make out at the Higgins farm. Mrs. Higgins was in labor. It was a nice drive and would she care to go along if he stopped by for her?

Febby said yes and rang off abruptly. She sank into a chair, terrified because the very sound of his voice shattered all her resolutions.

They turned into a scraggly driveway of a little farmhouse. A woman, perhaps a neighbor, stood on the front porch, looking rather frightened, and eagerly hailed the doctor as he drove up to the door.

They went into the dim little parlor. Larry and the neighbor woman disappeared into a bedroom beyond the kitchen and Febby stretched upon a worn and faded velvet sofa. It was close in the little room and her nose wrinkled in distaste. Strange how these poverty-ridden farmhouses always retained the same odor of ancient, enclosed air, dusty old matting, rotten apples and mice. Mixed a bit with yellow soap.

Think what it would mean, to sit in a mountain town completely snowbound, wrapped in silence, month after month; trapped by marriage and perhaps children, and wishing in a perfect frenzy for freedom and music and Europe. Silence lay like a blanket over the little house and Febby stirred uneasily. No wonder *maman* had gone mad. That was exactly how it happened with her. Yes, it was unwise to follow impulses.

A few ragged screams drifted out to the front of the house, and reached the ears of a farmer moving slowly about the hot fields with his pitchfork. He listened for a moment, then he went back to his work. Larry had said Mrs. Higgins was almost forty and had tried several times to have a baby. She had lost three and was in a panic lest this one be stillborn too.

Febby got up and wandered to the kitchen for a drink of water. It was a tiny room. There was a pump in the sink, and an archaic-looking range. She pumped a glass of water and drank some of it. It tasted earthy and wasn't very cold.

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2 nifty, thrifty meals from this 1 can of beans

Stokely's SMALL WHOLE WHOLE GREEN BEANS

BEANS IN SAUSAGE NESTS
Low-point feast for four

For a meal that's tops, serve with baked potatoes and cabbage salad. For dessert, baked apple.

WHAT YOU NEED
2 cups dry bread cubes
⅓ cup milk
½ pound bulk pork sausage
2 tblsp. finely cut onion
2 tblsp. flour
¼ tsp. salt
few grains pepper
½ cup liquid off beans
¼ cup water
1½ cups Stokely's Small Whole Green Beans

How You Make It—Mix bread and milk, let stand 5 min. Add sausage, onion. Form into 4 patties. Make nest in each to hold beans. Bake in greased pan in mod. slow oven (350° F.) 45 min. Drain off 1½ tblsp. fat into saucepan. Stir in flour, salt, pepper. When brown, add bean liquid and water. Stir. Boil 1 min. Add beans. Heat. Serve in patties. Serves 4.

SHEPHERD'S PIE
Delicious one-dish meal

All that's needed to complete the meal is a tossed green salad and a fruit cup for dessert.

WHAT YOU NEED
1 lb. meat,* cubed
2 tblsp. flour
2 tsp. salt & ⅛ tsp. pepper
2 tblsp. meat drippings
½ cup finely cut onion
½ cup liquid off beans
1½ cups boiling water
1½ cups sliced carrots
1 cup Stokely's Small Whole Green Beans
2 cups seasoned mashed potatoes

How You Make It—Roll meat in mixture of flour, salt, pepper. Brown in hot meat drippings. Push to side of pan, add onion. Cook slowly until light brown. Add bean liquid, water. Cover, boil slowly 30 min. Add carrots, cook 15 min. more. Add beans. Put in baking dish, top with ring of potatoes. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 15 min. or until lightly browned. Serves 4.

*Pork, beef, veal, ham or lamb.

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For a hungry family of four
With a can of Stokely's Small Whole Green Beans
Fresh-picked and quick-packed
These famous prize-quality green beans
Give you a wealth of nourishment
And a bonus of "bred in" flavor
Not found in ordinary brands
So when you shop ask for Stokely's Finest

Stokely's Finest Foods
BACK THE ATTACK...BUY MORE BONDS

The door to the bedroom was slightly ajar and Febby went over to it and peeped inside. Larry was in a white gown with rubber gloves on his hands, standing beside the neighbor woman, who was watching him, wide-eyed. He was trying to slap life into an infant, peculiarly blue-white. On the bed lay the mother, pale as paper, with enormous eyes and damp curly hair. Larry worked swiftly, dipping the baby first in hot water, then cold, slapping its buttocks, flexing its arms and thighs, blowing through a tube into its mouth, pressing down upon the tiny still chest. The sweat poured from his face as he stubbornly persisted in resuscitating the infant. The woman on the bed followed every move with anxious eyes, and her face was stiff with fear.

Febby wished with all her heart that the baby would suddenly open its mouth and begin to yell. She went quietly into the room and, because the new mother was trembling so, took one of her frightened, work-stained hands and held it fast. The woman turned and tried to smile. Febby whispered reassuringly, "It'll begin to breathe soon, you'll see." She felt suddenly like crying, and in that soul-shaking second felt as though she worshiped Larry and that she wouldn't be able to stand it if the baby didn't live. This pity and love for him filled her eyes and throat and brain so she scarcely heard the thin wail that all at once sundered the charged stillness of the room.

But the hand she held had jerked free, and she saw then that the baby had reddened, its face was puckering, a weak cry escaped like a wisp from its lips. It grew stronger as air poured into the unfolding lungs. Then the whole house was filled with the precious sound of the infant's lusty yelling.

Mrs. Higgins began laughing shrilly, uncontrollably. Larry tossed the baby to the woman beside him, stripped off his gloves, washed his powdery hands, prepared a hypodermic and came back to the bed. He ran the needle swiftly into the arm of his patient, smiling down at her. He rubbed the tiny puncture with the alcohol-soaked cotton.

"There we are. Now you're going to sleep. The baby's fine; it's going to be all right. Just a bit stubborn, that's all, like his old man."

LEGACY

Some years ago I attended the funeral of a very wealthy man, and we mourners stood in the cemetery, talking after the interment, as is the way with us country people.

An acquaintance whispered in my ear, "Do you know how much he left?"

"All of it!" I answered forthrightly. —O. WARREN SMITH: Musings of an Angler. (A. S. Barnes & Co.)

The woman nodded, whimpering, laughing softly, clinging to his hands, kissing them and drenching them with her tears. She tried to thank him, asking him if he would tell John, who would now be so pleased. It was the fourth time, doctor, but everything would be all right now.

LARRY pulled off the white gown, drew down his shirt sleeves, reached for his coat. He began to pack his bag, giving brief instructions to the neighbor. His eyes were shining and his shoulders proud as he straightened and smiled at his patient.

"You just bet everything is going to be all right now," he told her. "If I see John in the fields I'll tell him and he can come in and see the baby for a minute, and you too. And I'll be back in the morning. Good night, Mrs. Higgins, you were a grand girl and I'm proud of you."

Gently he led Febby from the room and they went out and got in the car without speaking.

He made a trumpet of his hands and turned to the figure in the fields. "Hi—John—it's all over. You've got a son—a *son*. . . . Sure, he's alive, and wife's fine too!"

They saw the incredulous farmer drop his pitchfork and begin to walk across the fields toward the house. Presently his feet would not walk fast enough, so he broke into a run.

The car hummed homeward through the deepening dusk. They did not speak until the house was reached. Then Larry stopped the car and turned to her. Somehow it was quite effortless to face each other; it was to shake hands, to say good-by and to each other luck.

She leaned over and kissed him lig "Good-by, Larry," she said. "And g luck again."

She could see that he was happy that t could part friends. It was better this w He had a job to do, he belonged to the c munity and she was not the wife for him, they both realized it. She left the car and not look back as she went up the walk.

Febby felt as though she could not le fast enough, now that the eagerness study had again gripped her. She told gusta to make all the arrangements for parture the next day, went upstairs to and never slept more soundly.

Augusta tapped briskly upon her do moment later, it seemed, and Febby w suddenly from a deep dream in which and Larry had been bending over a b that wouldn't breathe. There had hover bleak and desolate aura over the drear hopelessness so vast that she had diffic in shaking it off. She wondered if she w ever see Verdune again. If only the bab the dream had cried!

WHILE she dressed, Augusta finished packing, her anxious eyes scraping a clo face as she rushed busily about. "It's a q ter of ten, Febby. The train leaves at ele Run in and say good-by to father."

Febby sighed and went across the ha her father's room. He was sitting up in an old smoking jacket wrapped about shoulders. She stood beside the bed Doctor Fritzhoff looked up.

"I've come to good-by, father."

He reached out and one of her hands. " Febby, if that is the you want it. Remem this: if you're to be a sician, be a good one very good one. Other it is just a waste of and effort."

"I'll remember, fat And it is better this I'll be a very good m cian. And I'll write all about my concerts, send you the review the best ones! *Auf wi sehen, und sei glücklich*

He nodded and patted her hand. "Th good. That's fine. *Auf wiedersehen, l chen.*"

She left then, quickly, and in her room packed the last few things.

Augusta came to the door as Febby ha thrust a small object out of sight. "And w was that?"

"A small keepsake of *maman's*. It is n ing that would interest you, Augusta."

"Let me see it."

Febby held forth the small black box the enameled crest, then put it again in dressing case.

Augusta sniffed. "Whatever do you with a rosary! I wondered what had pened to it."

"I am never without it. I hope it br me luck."

"Nothing will bring you luck, Febby cept hard work and intelligent planning. Well, are you ready now? We'll take things down, then."

The restraint between Augusta and Fe at the station was almost clumsy. There so little they had to say to each other. gusta prattled busily about studying h about writing, getting enough sleep. tried hard not to cry as the train c puffing up, but Augusta merely held o stiff hand.

"Well, good-by, Febby," she said, " good luck!"

Febby kissed Julie, briefly shook gusta's strong hand and went aboard. two on the station platform waved unti train was a mere speck in the distance.

(To be Concluded)

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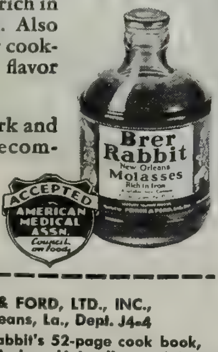

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NOW THAT APRIL'S HERE

(Continued from Page 43)

A slight edge of fat around was brown and crusty, but never the slice itself. That remained, as I said, divinely pink, magnificently tender, succulent, meltingly sweet, homely with a suspicion of hickory fire, broiled over glowing charcoal in a cubbyhole no bigger than a good clothespress, and—glory of glories—adorned, but not hidden from view, with fried eggs that were like gold and alabaster in color, like manna from heaven in taste.

I don't know how things are now—not so hot, I reckon. But I wanted you to know with what regard and respect *one* chef at least, on *one* crack railroad, on *one* first-rate dining car, treated ham and eggs. And if you ever travel that road and that route—and there's ham on hand—don't hesitate. Just say, "Make mine a double order of ham, with two fried medium and basted, please, one order of fried potatoes."

Eggs in Potato Nests. To make your dinner a little on the fancy side, in case you should want ham for Easter and have only a slice, I've added the nests and the eggs to the ham. Eggs are singularly at home in nests, you know, and you'll find these as good as they are good to look at. Give them a try.

Cut out slices of bread with a round cutter, big enough to hold an egg with a potato frill—about two or two and a half inches in diameter. Toast the bread rounds—or better still, sauté them to a light brown. Pipe well-seasoned mashed potato around the edge of each piece of toast. Adding a beaten egg to the potato mixture makes it brown better and taste better too. Pipe the potato on with a pastry tube—or with two teaspoons you can do a pretty good job. I do, often. Even with a spatula. Be sure to leave room for the eggs in the middle of the nests. Drop the raw eggs in the center and bake in a slow oven, until set to the stage you like best, *or* fry the eggs in butter or margarine while the potato nests brown in a moderate oven. Then they don't get that crust on top that baking is apt to give. With a small biscuit cutter, mark out the fried eggs so the yolk and some of the white make a circle. You know about this. Slip the eggs into the potato nests with a spoon. Dot with butter or margarine. Season with salt and pepper. And garnish your ham, as you see.

Good Beginnings—Green and Yellow. I speak of a water-cress-and-carrot soup. April leans to yellow, and you've probably some carrots left over from other days, as it were! If you haven't—and some *don't*—make a water-cress soup all by itself, and there is a charm about it that tells you of whispered secrets down by the old mill wheel and close by the rustic bridge.

Water-Cress-and-Carrot Soup. Cover and cook 1 cup of shredded carrot and 1

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onion, chopped, in 1 cup of water until tender. Most of the liquid will be absorbed. Add 3 cups of milk and 1 bunch of water cress, washed and chopped fine. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Heat but do not allow it to boil. Just heating is enough. It does cress no good if you cook it first. Serve very hot.

Just Once More—Only Once. Perhaps you'll guess it is rolls again. Why, Hetty, you bright little thing, you guessed it before mother did. Bet you looked at the picture. Maybe you've kept count, Hetty, and could tell just how many times I've "given" as far as rolls go. But these are *different*. Yes, ma'am, different. Read on and you'll find out.

Crown Rolls. The idea is that you have two kinds of rolls baked in a crown, and this is how you do it. Before the flour is added, the liquid mixture is divided. Half is made into a whole-wheat dough and half plain. When the two doughs are risen light, you alternate white and whole-wheat rolls—two layers thick in a well-greased tube pan or ring mold. As the dough is shaped into balls they are dipped in melted butter or margarine before being set in the pan. When they have risen and baked, they break off easily. Those who want whole-wheat pull off a whole-wheat one—those who want white take their choice too. One receipt makes a good-sized ring-mold crown. Sort of nice idea, don't you think? And different too. Well, anyway, I'll give—again. So here's your receipt:

Scald 1½ cups of milk. Add 2 tablespoons of sugar, 2 teaspoons of salt and ⅓ cup of shortening. Cool to lukewarm. Soften 2 cakes of fresh yeast in ¼ cup of lukewarm water and stir into the milk when it is lukewarm. Add 1 well-beaten egg. Divide the mixture evenly. Sift some white flour and some whole-wheat flour separately. To half the liquid add 2¼ cups of sifted white bread flour. Beat smooth with a spoon. Do not knead. It may need slightly more flour—a tablespoon or two, but not much. Put to rise in a greased bowl. Brush with soft butter or margarine to prevent crusting. Cover with a towel and a tin cover. For the other half of the liquid add 1¾ cups of white flour sifted with ½ cup of whole-wheat flour. Here again slightly more flour may be needed. Mix, rise and go ahead as you did with the first dough. When both are risen to double their bulk, have your pan well greased. A tube or ring mold is nice for these rolls, as the heat gets up through the middle. Punch down both doughs and smooth out on a board very lightly floured. Cut off small pieces of the dough and shape into round balls alternately, first a plain, then a whole-wheat. Dip in melted butter or margarine and arrange them in your mold so they just touch. Make two or three layers, depending on the depth of the pan. Let them rise until light and bake about thirty to forty-five minutes in a moderately hot oven, 375° F. Like all hot breads, these are better the fresher and hotter they are. And at their best they're hard to beat!

This Could be Gingerbread. Only it isn't. This has to do with those fascinating little mint-frosted molasses cakes sitting so smugly around the bowl of ice cream. If you should be so minded, you could add spices and such and turn out a gingerbread as quick as scat. But these are cakes. And make no mistake about that.

Molasses Cakes—Mint Icing. Cream together ½ cup of shortening and ½ cup of sugar. Add 1 beaten egg. Cream until fluffy. Add ½ cup of molasses. Sift together 1½ cups of flour, ½ teaspoon of baking soda, 1 teaspoon of baking powder and ¼ teaspoon of salt. Stir into the creamed mixture. Beat until smooth. Now add ¾ cup of boiling water. Mix well. Pour into eighteen tiny greased cupcake pans, filling only two-thirds full. There will be enough batter to bake a layer, too, or to fill quite a number of larger cupcake pans. Bake the cakes in a moderately hot oven, 375° F.—

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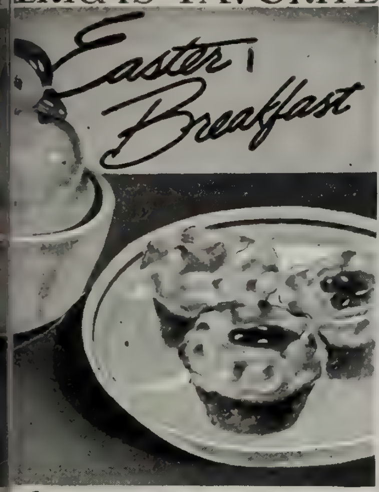

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the time depending on the size of the pans. They are done when they spring back lightly from the touch and begin to shrink from the pans around the edges. Turn out on a rack and cool.

Mint Icing. Beat 1 egg white with a pinch of salt until stiff. Add part of ½ cup of mint jelly. Beat with a rotary beater or mixer until very light and fluffy, just as you would in making a meringue. Add the rest of the jelly and beat until still lighter—peaked and fluffy. This should have a nice pale green color and a mild mint flavor—depending on the jelly, of course. Sound all right? Well, so it is.

What is Cream? It is that fine contribution made unwittingly, no doubt, by the cow to the world. The cow doesn't care what you think of it or how you come by it. The cow has other things on her mind. It is a full-time job, being a cow, and any byproducts that are salvaged by human beings are no concern of hers.

But here you have an ice cream that is no cream and never came near a piece of ice. It is not a riddle and is no joke. And it is real good ice cream, as you'll find out when you get hold of some.

Lemon Ice Cream. Beat 2 eggs until thick and lemon-colored. Add ½ cup of sugar gradually, beating until thick as custard. Then add ½ cup of light corn sirup, 1 teaspoon of grated lemon peel, ¼ cup of lemon juice and 2 cups of top milk or 1 cup of milk and 1 cup of thin cream. Mix well. Pour into 2 shallow refrigerator trays. Set up refrigerator to the coldest position. When frozen around edge and just a small portion in the middle is still soft, scrape into a chilled bowl. Beat up quickly with a rotary beater; this makes the texture finer, but it has to be done quickly so the mixture won't melt back to liquid. Return to the trays. Freeze until firm. And for what is practically a creamless ice cream, I'll bet it will get your vote.

So "the Year's at the Spring." Wish I could truthfully add "all's right with the world," but I'm not sitting in the same row with Browning, and our glasses aren't alike either. But—there is much to explore and enjoy and muse over, even now. In my own garden, the crocuses will soon be up, and already I see the wood hyacinths—bluebells, we used to call them—are showing their fragile stems. It won't be long before the dogwood and lilacs and syringa will be out. I count on them for Memorial Day, and in the meantime I'll settle for whatever blossoms want to get here first, and I don't care *what* they turn out to be.

"*Two, please! I lead a double life!*"

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Rich in flavor, nourishing and satisfying, Heinz Soups provide a quick, hot dish—change a sandwich-snack into a real meal—go into millions of lunch boxes!

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to build a better world

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I have seen the livid look of pain and shock an utter exhaustion change to the clearer pallor of normal illness. I have seen lips blue with approaching death regain the hue of health.

I have seen these things. I have seen death defeated.

And I have felt gratitude deep beyond expression that men and women have given gladly of their blood that other men may live...that useful lives may be prolonged to their full term.

For blood banks and the plasma that goes to the front are bulwarks against encroaching death.

To them, I...and you...and men and women in every land...owe a debt too great ever to be repaid save by our working and our striving to build a better, freer world.

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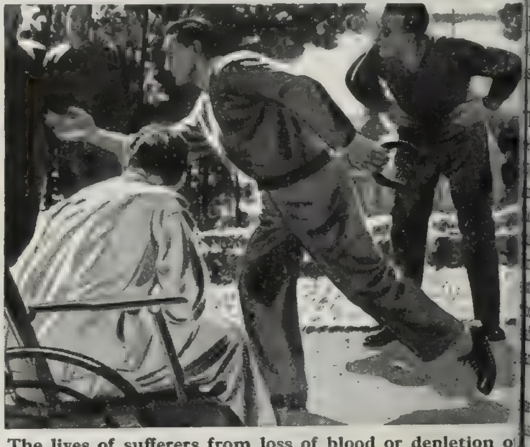

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Spring is always a surprise. It never seems possible that almost overnight the trees will turn from etchings into water colors and the yard, snow covered and anchored in ice, will be starred with daffodils.

Diary of Domesticity

By Gladys Taber

LAST week we had a final farewell from winter. It snowed, a light, delicate lacy snow, and while it was snowing the sun came out. I looked out the window and saw Star and Pussy sitting by the old well with the snow falling on their black fur and the sun shining in their faces. It was like something in a dream, the clear pale light and the two black dogs and the falling delicate snow. I leaned on the window sill and ooked out, dreamily, until a hot spicy smell from the kitchen reminded me that I was supposed to be baking nut bread.

I have dozens of recipes for nut bread, date bread, raisin bread, molasses bread, graham bread. But the one I use the most, partly because it is so easy and so quick and partly because it makes such elegant sandwiches for that lunch box, is one I first used years ago. It calls for 1½ cups of graham flour, 2 cups of white flour, 2 teaspoons of salt, 4 teaspoons of baking powder and 1 cup of sugar (I used to use light brown in the old days). These are sifted together, and 1 cup of whatever is handy by way of nuts, dates, raisins, figs is added. Then 1½ cups of milk are stirred n and the whole poured into two buttered loaf pans and left to rise twenty minutes, then baked about three quarters of an hour n a moderate oven. It's a good sugar stretcher, too, because it is a sweet-enough bread to make a plain fruit dessert sufficient afterward. With a good soup, a green salad and the nut bread, warm, supper is all fixed.

We have discovered that Yorkshire pudding is good with many different meat dishes, aside from the roast of beef we always used o consider imperative. I use my Aunt Minnie's recipe: 3 eggs, beaten, 1 cup of flour stirred until smooth, salt and 1 pint of milk. I pour the batter over the dripping from the meat or bacon fat, or whatever fat have, in a shallow pan. In about half an hour in a moderate oven it is puffed and brown and done. Hot applesauce, adds Aunt Minnie, is good with it.

March and April are difficult months for the cook, I think. Unconsciously our appetites race ahead to those first green garden vegetables, and the day when the asparagus can be cut and the dandelion greens are big enough to see is a real celebration. I have read that it is possible to dry dandelion greens, but we never have enough for that; and besides, if there is one frightful job in the world, it is getting the grit out of them. After washing them in large amounts of cold water, I always finish with practically scalding water just before cooking them. The hot water helps carry away the dirt.

When the birds come back, we know how still the winter was. And in the swamp the peepers make music that is as good as a symphony to hungry ears. I think it is by all odds my favorite sound of all the lovely sounds there are in the world. The night is soft and the April moon so young and cool, and the sound comes in the open window and just sings "Spring, spring, spring." Sometimes in January I remind myself that after a while the hylas will once more hold forth, but it is always a surprise when they begin.

Spring is always a surprise to me anyway. It never seems possible that this is the very same yard that was knee-deep in snow and armored in ice, and then suddenly it is starred with daffodils as if someone had cut the sun up into pieces and scattered them everywhere. And when the trees turn from etchings into water colors, that is amazing too. The misty greens and the warm shiny pink buds and the swelling varnished tips on the lilacs. Everything is like a dream.

Spring plowing is an event. The whole family assembles to watch the quiet earth turned in rolling furrows by the farmer boy's shining plow. The horses are patient, they steam dark with sweat. It is a difficult trick to plow our garden, because we made the mistake, when amateurs, of making perennials grow all around the edges. To dodge the asparagus bed and the rhubarb and the grapes, and avoid my husband's tree wistaria, which grows on the side near the barbecue, and keep the horses from walking at ease among my roses, these take an expert hand. Fortunately, George has it.

Every spring a whole new world of stones rises up from the deep earth. I don't see

(Continued on Page 115)

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Dessert for Easter! For dinner on that festive day, serve a Dole Pineapple Meringue Pie. Eyes will sparkle when they see this symphony in gold and white. Tastes will marvel at its tropical goodness. Save this recipe . . . Be constantly on the lookout for Dole Hawaiian Crushed Pineapple. Every effort will be made to supply your grocer so you will have that precious can of Dole Crushed before Easter Sunday.

DOLE

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE PRODUCTS

DOLE PINEAPPLE MERINGUE PIE

- 2¼ cups (No. 2 can) Dole Crushed Pineapple
- ½ cup sugar
- 2½ tablespoons cornstarch
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 3 egg yolks
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 1 baked 9" pie shell

Heat pineapple in saucepan. Mix ¼ cup sugar thoroughly with cornstarch and salt, add all at once to hot pineapple, and cook, stirring, until thick and clear. Beat egg yolks with remaining ¼ cup sugar, stir into hot mixture and cook, stirring, 1 minute. Remove from heat, stir in lemon juice, cool, and pour into baked pie shell. When cold spread roughly with this meringue: Add dash of salt to 3 egg whites, beat stiff, then beat in gradually 6 tablespoons sugar. Bake 30 minutes in slow oven (300° F.). Serve cold.

BUY WAR BONDS AND KEEP 'EM

(Continued from Page 113)

those enormous boulders are so rest- But they crawl up and the plow strikes n and they have to be heaved and labored just as if we hadn't been doing just that en years.

hen the maples are in bud, or when the les are in leaf—those are the magic ses for planting. About the third week pril, Jill and Bob get out the string and seeds and the hoes. The dogs are kept le the fence, but the cats climb nimbly and start rolling in the furrows as fast ey are lined. Planting goes on to the of a constant "Tigger, do get off the ots. . . . Esmé, stop it! Stop it! Go y now." The dogs all stick their eager s through the wire and watch, intimat- they would love to help.

e plant only the early-maturing vari- of vegetables, and we skip past any table advertised as an excellent shipper, ood commercially. The others are the er, delicate-flavored kind. Wilt and nt resistant varieties are the best. We t radishes in the same row with carrots onions. The radishes come up and mark row and are out by the time the slower s get up.

e plant both onion sets and onion seeds. gives a succession of onions all summer, ould if we didn't eat the scallions so fast. nd I can consume a whole row in pass- Last year we had some leeks, also, which e very well. I like the new vegetable, ce, too, but Bob says it tastes like soap. e it both raw and cooked; it has a del- mild flavor, good in salads and good d in salted water and served with plenty s own juice. Early May King and Oak lettuce and endive we like the best of lettuce group. I like them mixed in a n-salad bowl. It pays to plant the seed too ly. And for beets, we to thin until we can he tender baby greens. he first crisp rosy rhu- stalks are greeted with We even like rhubarb reakfast, stewed and ly sweetened with y. Rhubarb pie can its own in any com- . And it grows with- any attention.

WHY WOMEN AGE

One reason why a man stays young so much longer than a woman is because a woman always insists on doing all his worrying for him.

—HELEN ROWLAND:
This Married Life.
(Dodge Pub. Co.)

e plant Black Mexican sweet corn and xture of the other sweet varieties. The oit Dark Red and Extra Early Dark ty are the best beets for this climate and They are early and without any woody crisp and firm. For the beans we use the Kidney Stringless wax and the Tender- n. The Windsor A is a fine pepper, sweet full and red. The Early White Bush sh is excellent. We plant the bush cucum- nd the Longfellow. Yellow Beefheart to- is a new fine variety of yellow tomato. used to plant Chantenay carrots, but e is an improvement in a new coreless ot. We like Lucullus chard the best, but t some rhubarb chard for color. Our h is the white-tipped Scarlet Beauty, h grows fast enough to mature before it ten up by our radish pests. Our favorite sman puts out a mixture of lettuce which lded to the planting of May King and Leaf.

BUY plants for eggplant, most of the atoes and some peppers, also cabbage celery. Peas and pole beans we have n up. They don't like to grow in our en.

e save our own acorn-squash seeds, and we have what is known as "The Best ash I Ever Ate." A friend sent the seeds year in a letter and said, "This is the squash I ever ate." It is a big soft gray- n oblong squash, sweet as honey and er, not stringy inside. "What will we today?" we ask. "Oh, let's have The Squash I Ever Ate." We also plant the kneck squash. And an improved early ip.

hat a hopeful, rich month April is, the th of planting. I like to think of the settlers who came here in early spring. They came because of religious dissension in Stratford, fifteen families with their minister, Mr. Walker. They journeyed through the wilderness of Pomperaug till, arriving on Good Hill, they perceived the valley of the Pomperaug lying below "in solitude and silence." The deacon fell on his knees and prayed that their posterity might be an upright and godly people to the latest generation. According to legend, one of the company prayed another prayer—that his posterity might always be blessed with plenty of "rum and military glory." They came down into this silent valley and built their first huts and turned the virgin earth. They must have loved the spring as we do—or maybe more, because winter was sheer struggle every day.

Later on, it was in April that Benedict Arnold, on leave in New Haven, heard that the British were in Danbury. He had failed to receive a promotion and was much disgruntled, but he got on his horse and rode hard and reached the patriot army and turned the tide at the battle of Ridgefield so it became a British rout. After which, he did get his promotion.

THE story of Benedict Arnold is a tragic one. If his brilliant military genius had received just a little more credit, perhaps he would never have sold West Point to the British for £30,000. Ambitious and brilliant and being denied advancement, and seeing the ragged, chaotic, plot-ridden state of the American Army, no doubt he came to feel the British offered more stability as well as a modest fortune. He was not the man to regret that he had but one life to give for his country, but not many are.

And after all, came the time when the whole Pennsylvania Line mutinied and marched on Philadelphia until Congress capitulated and gave them relief. It is interesting to note that one early petition for food for the Army says, "The men have nothing to eat but fresh beef and their health is greatly impaired." They wanted salted or smoked meat. Probably the lack of any refrigeration resulted in the belief that fresh meat caused sickness.

I am glad to think that this Connecticut land was bought from the Indians legally. There was no bloody struggle such as went on in Deerfield. These Indians wanted the settlers to move in and protect them from the fierce Iroquois. In the old deeds, the names of the Indian sachems are listed, signed with their mark. My favorite name is David Hatchet Tousy. One deed has a woman signing it too: Muttanumace, her marke. This valley was a garden spot to the Indians and they came and camped in the summer, to fish and raise maize.

When we put in our radishes and lettuce, we always turn up a few stone arrowheads—now and then a delicate little quartz bird arrowhead, smooth and beautiful. I like to think of us as part of the long sweep of history, not just separate people dropped down on earth. It's a good comforting thought that this same earth nourished those dark people, and will nourish us and those who come after us.

I said over to myself yesterday, while I was thinking about the long-gone folk, my favorite of Rossetti's translation of the lines of François Villon:

> *Nay, never ask this week, fair lord,*
> *Where they are gone, nor yet this year,*
> *Except with this for an overword,—*
> *But where are the snows of yester-year?*

April is almost the busiest month, but such a good one. And it is always easy to stop a few minutes when the air has that first real softness and the sky is deep and little April clouds feather the horizon. The air smells of growing things and damp earth. The rains are sudden and life-giving—not the long, dreary rains of autumn but the brisk little downpours that feed the pulsing life in seed and root.

The storm windows are off!

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WOMEN ARE OLDER THAN MEN

(Continued from Page 27)

the eggs in a bowl—there were plenty of eggs, thank goodness. Homemade whole-wheat bread, a guarded morsel of butter. Ella had used all the sugar to make an imposing cake. There would be plenty, and that was fine in these tight days.

Martha let Isabelle out and stood in the door waiting for her, watching the last lazy flakes of snow fall from the close sky. The air on her throat was cold and clean.

Rod came down the walk, shoulders sagging a little. "Joan out? We had a lot to do on the records—sorry I'm late."

They undressed and Rod looked at the paper while Martha read the second installment of Faith Baldwin's serial. But the house wasn't lonely: Joan would be dashing in with her gang any minute; the radio would go on playing only hot music; the smell of frying eggs would come up the stairs and some boy would break a plate, followed by stifled squeals and laughter.

The humor of the young, thought Martha, *is really something.* And just as she drifted peacefully to sleep she heard the scuffle of young feet and the sound of young voices singing, "*Last night in Manhattan was the start of it* ——"

The next morning Rod got off early, but phoned after he got to the office. "Martie," he said, "I'm sending a boy over for some breakfast. Picked him up downtown. He's a nephew of those Randolphs, used to live on Peach Hill; came to see me about the property, belongs to him. Kind of look after him until I get back, will you? I'm driving him out there, but I have to have that call from Cleveland first and go to the bank."

GREATNESS

A big man is not one who makes no mistakes, but one who is bigger than any mistakes he makes. —ANON.

Encyclopedia of Creative Thought, Edited by Martha Lupton. (Maxwell Droke.)

The great man is he who does not lose his child's heart. —MENCIUS.

Martha went out to tell Ella. "It's some client of Rod's," she said. "One of those Randolphs—remember them? They moved away—let's see—years ago. I'd forgotten there was a nephew, but I suppose he inherits the old farm."

"I better make fresh muffins," said Ella.

"Now I'll have to talk to him, I suppose. And I've got ten thousand things on my list for this morning. Joan won't be up for ages."

Martha put a fresh yellow cloth on the breakfast table and Ella made busy sounds with the egg beater. The house looked decidedly the worse for last night's wear—rugs askew, magazines helter-skelter, forgotten compacts and lipsticks adrift on the tables. Martha started to straighten the living room.

The bell rang and Isabelle sounded her alarm too.

THE Randolph nephew was younger than she'd thought. He had a straight, lean figure in his Army uniform and he had some kind of insignia, but Martha had never been able to remember one from another. Could be anything—lieutenant or captain, or just in the Tank Corps—as far as she knew. He looked just like another one of the gang, exactly. He had a good mouth and gray eyes and a clear, pleasantly tanned skin and light hair that didn't want to stay in place and nice big masculine hands.

"Do come in," said Martha cordially. "It's nice to see one of the Randolphs again."

He grinned, a little shyly. "This is awf'ly good of you. I'm in luck." He followed her in and Isabelle fell in line, approving of his smell, evidently. He stooped and rubbed her head. He followed Martha to the breakfast table and saw the glass of tomato juice with the little sprig of parsley and the wedge of lemon. "My," he said gratefully, "I haven't been in a home since I can remember. This is pretty swell."

Ella brought the muffins and eggs and coffee.

His name was Lee, and his mother ar father had died shortly after they left Stil river. An aunt brought him up; she w gone, too, now. He was on his own. Th was his last leave before moving on to par unknown.

"Just thought I might as well look at t old place," he said, looking happily at t muffins. "After the war, if I am still aroun I want to raise black Angus cattle on t place. That's what I want more than an thing. I'm just crazy about cattle."

"Do you know anything about farming?

"Not a thing," he said cheerfully, "b I'll learn."

HE WAS lifting a forkful of scrambled eg to his mouth when he looked up and sa Joan. The fork clattered to the plate and got up instantly.

Joan was wearing her oldest bathrobe, t one she left at home for vacations. It h once been fuzzy, but most of the fuzz w worn off. It was delphinium blue, but fad in spots. She wore, also, a pair of scuff mules well engraved with Isabelle's tee marks. Isabelle had grown up on them her puppyhood. Above this costume Joan hair was a bright tumbled mass, and h face, without make-up, looked sleepy a childlike. Now she looked at the guest a said in great grief:

"Moth—er!"

Martha laughed; she couldn't help "This is my daughter, Joan. Joan, this Lee Randolph; he's waiting for your father

"How do you do," s Lee in a stiff, faraw voice. "I didn't know- mean, I hadn't e pected ——"

The phone rang loud For the first time in l life, Joan made no mo so Martha hurried to it. It was a long about changing the me ing of the ration boa from Tuesday to Wedn day. When she fina hung up and went ba to the dining room, Jo was still standing in the doorway and I was around the table, standing and look at her.

"Joan, you better get dressed," s Martha. "And the eggs are getting cold."

"Eggs?" said Lee, as if he had ne heard of them.

Joan said, "I'll be right back."

Lee sat down and absently reached fo muffin. Isabelle was glad to help him with

Martha said, "Joan was out late with gang."

He said nothing. He kept looking at door. And in ten minutes Joan was ba Yellow sweater, brown skirt, yellow so saddle shoes, yellow ribbon tying her cu Lipstick on soft young mouth, the new tory rouge on her cheeks. And a whif that extravagant perfume Rod had gi Martha for Christmas.

The phone rang again.

"Mother, darling, you answer," said Jo "And tell him I'm busy. I'll be busy day." She sat down across the table f Lee.

"Will you have one of my muffins?" asked.

They laughed. They laughed as if it w the funniest thing in the world. "Muffi repeated Joan, and laughed again.

Martha said, "I've got to go to the st Joan. Will you ——"

Joan spared a glance. "I'll be right he she said. "Stay as long as you want, mu

And as Martha went out the door a minutes later she heard his voice, very and determined, saying, "And listen, I have five days. Just five days."

When Martha got home, they were there. Or, rather, they were back. Le appeared, had postponed the trip to place until the next day, and Joan was g

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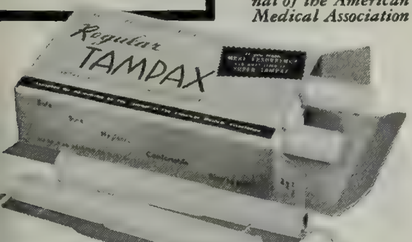

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too. But Lee had some very important shopping and needed Joan to help with it. They had a fire in the living room and the radio was on, rather low, playing Blue Skies. Joan was sitting on the stool by the fire, looking at Lee, her chin cupped in one hand. He was in the wing chair, leaning half out of it. The firelight fell on their faces and seemed to make a light on them of extra brilliance.

"And so I tried an end run," he was saying, "and you should have seen that field—mud like molasses and me trying to get away like a greased skate, and so Scotty—well, he was left guard ——"

The phone rang.

Martha poked her head in and said, "You'll have to take it, Joan; I'm terribly busy."

Joan didn't hurry. Her voice was brief and firm. "No, can't. . . . No, I'm busy. . . . No, Bill, I really am. I'll be busy tomorrow too. Something special has come up. . . . No, I'm not mad. Why should I be? It's just—just something—something personal. . . . No, don't phone me tomorrow. . . . No, Bill. . . . No. No."

Lee said, "Is that guy going to phone every half hour?"

"Let's take a walk," said Joan.

Martha thought, *Joan is really doing her best to entertain that boy. I never knew her to put herself out before.*

The next day Joan went to the Randolph place with her father and Lee. Rodney was delighted that Joan wanted to see something of him while she was home. They all three sat in front and Lee and Rodney had a long talk about black Angus cattle and making a living from raising them.

"Of course I'll have to mortgage the place to buy them," said Lee. "I won't have much; I thought I'd try to save as much of my pay as I could, but it's an awful little bit."

Rodney said, "You'll have to remodel the house—there's no furnace. Chimney's fallen in. Have to keep working on a house or it falls to pieces fast."

Joan said, "Would you live there—alone?"

When Rodney repeated all this to Martha, he finished with, "And then the boy said, 'Do you think I'd have to?' Then they neither of them said another word all afternoon. I never can make out these children—they're moody."

"It's just because they're so young," said Martha.

Joan and Lee had gone to see Bette Davis in something or other. Rodney wouldn't go; he said Bette Davis was funny-looking. It was just as well, because they had a blackout around eleven and, with some rather warm language, Rod had to get dressed and hunt up his galoshes and start out.

Martha pulled the blackout curtains in the living room. It was a clear night, with stars like a field of daffodils in the meadow of the sky. The winter moon rode high and serene, an open white rose. The snow-covered earth had no flowers at all, but the sky still flowered, thought Martha, and smiled at herself a little for the figure.

A flight of bombers went over, very insistent in the blackout quiet. Isabelle got to barking wildly; blackouts always made her nervous. Martha felt nervous, too, and she slipped on an old Mackinaw and tied a woolen scarf over her hair and went outside. The street lights were out, so only the glow from the sky lit the shadowy houses. Martha went around the house to be sure the barn lights were off.

When she got back, she saw Joan and Lee on the porch steps, and Lee was kissing Joan and saying, "You're so beautiful!"

Oh, dear me, oh, dear me, thought Martha.

She could see Joan's eyes when Joan broke away and the winter moonlight woke in their dark blue depths. Joan's mouth was curved so sweetly, so passionately, and her hands were suddenly lifted and pressed against Lee's Army uniform.

"Darling," said the boy.

Martha moved then, and scurried around the house to the back door and fumbled for

Evelyn Keyes in "NINE GIRLS" A COLUMBIA PICTURE

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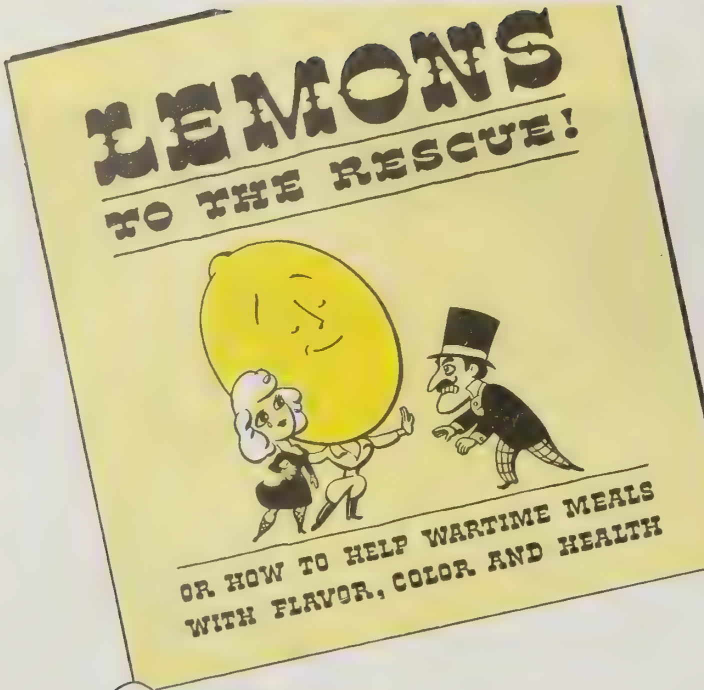
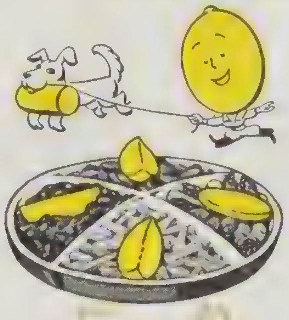

LEMONS
TO THE RESCUE!
OR HOW TO HELP WARTIME MEALS WITH FLAVOR, COLOR AND HEALTH

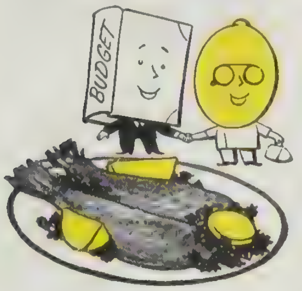
FOIL LISTLESS MEALS!

Many foods are apt to be humdrum without the zesty tang of lemon. Clear soups call for it, salad dressings thrive on it, tomato and the other juices need it, tea fairly *cries* for it! Bright, squeezable lemon quarters on the table make it handy for everyone to add flavor and health.



SAVE LOST VITAMINS!

Cooking is the villain, vitamins the victim. Fresh lemon juice restores vitamins, perks up the flavor of asparagus, beets, broccoli, cabbage, cauliflower, spinach, and other greens. It helps fresh, canned or stewed fruits in the same way. And remember, whenever you add lemon you add *health*.



REVIVE FAMILY BUDGETS!

A bright and lively lemon garnish will dress up thrifty dishes, increase their enjoyment, too. Fish becomes something *super!* Lemon in sauces or gravies gives added flavor to inexpensive meats. Try grated peel on puddings or cobblers. Cook apple sauce with lemon strips. Bread pudding is *new* with a lemon clear sauce!

MAKE THAT HAPPY ENDING!

Homemade lemon pie! Could there be a happier finale to any meal! Bank it high with fluffy meringue and be sure to use fresh lemon juice and grated peel for that brisk, fragrant tang. Then get ready to take a bow when you bring it in!

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the catch, which always stuck. In the kitchen she put on the light, remembered the blackout and switched it off and stood trembling by the sink. The faucet leaked; the water dripped, a drop at a time, plop, plop, plop. Like time going by. Like time, passing and passing and changing life, a drop at a time, drop, drop.

The all-clear came, the street lights slowly winked on, the neighbors rolled up their curtains and let the light shine on the snowy lawns. And Martha, feeling numb, got on the kitchen light and moved to the door as Joan and Lee snapped the hall switch.

"Mother," said Joan, looking at her out of a dream, "we had a blackout."

"Yes, I know."

"I'm going to run on and see your dad," said Lee, with elaborate casualness. "Call you in the morning. Good night, everybody."

"Come for breakfast," said Joan softly. "I'll be up." Her eyes followed him. Then she threw her arms around her mother's neck and said breathlessly, "Mother, mother, isn't life wonderful? Wonderful?"

Martha felt as if her heart had cracked. Life wonderful! She said carefully, "Do you think so?"

"I know it! Mother, he loves me, he really loves me! Oh, I never knew how it felt to be happy right inside your bones before!"

"Joan," said Martha, "you've only just met." She reached for sanity and added, "Let's don't stand out in this drafty hall; let's start up the fire for your father—he'll be frozen stiff."

"Lee's going to ask him," said Joan, clasping her hands over her beating heart.

"Ask him what?"

"If we can be married Friday morning," said Joan.

Martha sank on the stairs. Words died on her lips. She lifted a hand and let it fall and felt the stair carpet scratch her palm.

Joan said, "I'll get you an aspirin."

The family prescription didn't quite fit, but it was something. Martha took it, swallowing hard. "Now, Joan, let's try to be practical," she said, moving to the living-room couch and letting her shaky knees fold up again.

Joan said, "I am. This is it, mother; we both knew right away. Even in my old bathrobe."

"Oh, mercy," said Martha. "You can't possibly know—you're too young to be serious ——"

Joan said, "I can go with him for the rest of the three months he's at the camp he is now."

There was too much to say, so Martha couldn't even begin. Rodney would do better. A man could always argue around everything—youth and school and the war and support and unsuitability and not knowing each other. A man had a way of hanging on to details and worrying at them and making his stand on them.

Joan sat down and clasped her hands and looked at her mother with a strange, tender look. "I am sorry," she said, "for you. But I'll be coming back with Lee goes—when Lee goes ——"

Live at home. Another not really married, idle, unplaced girl.

"I want to open up the Randolph place," said Joan. "I can start working at it, and when he comes back it will be ready for us. I believe I can raise chickens, mother, and maybe get started on the cattle."

Martha stared, speechless.

"I know I'm a dope," said Joan, "but I can learn. Other women have."

Other women! Martha swallowed hard and said, "But, Joan, you are so young ——"

"You'll have to come out for the summer and help me with things," said Joan calmly. "Take your vacation there. Especially if I get a cow."

"I'm afraid of cows," said Martha. This was perfectly absurd. How in the world did she get to talking about cows in this frightful crisis?

There was Rodney, stamping in, and he was talking fast enough. "Now, Joan, if you

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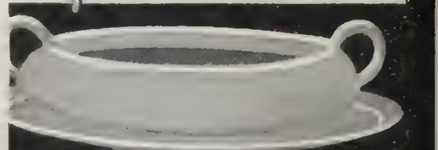

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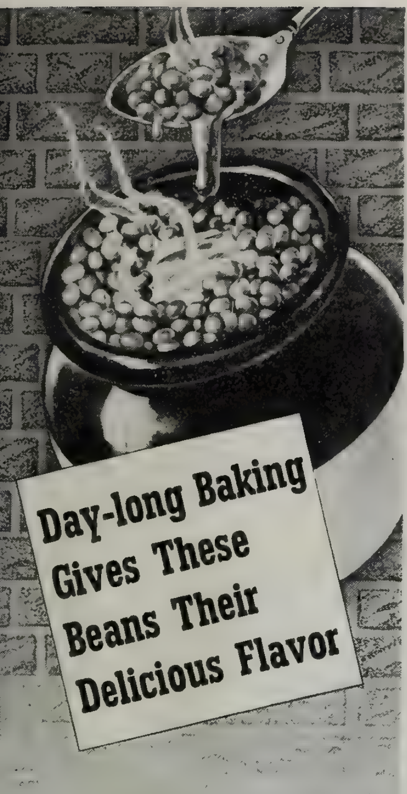

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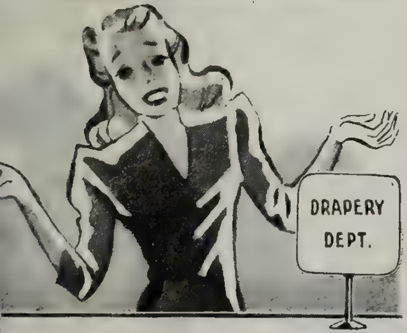

en she says "I'm Sorry"—
ERE'S A GOOD REASON WHY!

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will clothe a soldier

haven't the sense to know this isn't the way to start the—the troubles of married life——"

Joan said, "Haven't you been happy, daddy?"

"What's that got to do with it?" he snorted.

"Well, you got married too.".

"Well," he said, "your mother and I were engaged two years."

"Boy, were you slow on the uptake," said Joan.

Martha had thought so, too, she remembered now. Rodney wanted to wait until he had a nest egg and a secure job and all that. Rodney was a cautious man. And she had nearly married another man in the meantime. It came back now, distinct, that feeling she had.

"We'll have no war hysteria in our family," announced Rodney.

"War's got nothing to do with it," said Joan. "I'd have known it was Lee if we had been in the time of Henry the Eighth."

"Nonsense," said Rodney. "You're just a baby. I don't want to hear another word. You've hardly even met each other."

"Time goes fast," said Joan, "if you work on it. I mean, you can do a lot of knowing in a little while."

Rodney threw up his hands and left the room, and Martha got up and said wearily, "Let's not talk any more until morning. After all, love is a long-time thing. It's not just an easy thing."

Joan looked at Lee and her whole face was bright. "It ought to be a long-time thing," she said.

Martha held out her hand to Lee. "I'm sorry," she said, "that you feel you want to rush ahead this way. It's not that you're not all right ——"

HUSBANDS

A good husband is a rock of strength on which to lean—but there are lots of times when he seems more like a pebble in the shoe.

— HELEN ROWLAND:
This Married Life. (Dodge Pub. Co.)

He grinned suddenly, a warm, quick grin. "How should you know how we feel about each other? Nobody knows what a bombing raid is like until they've been in it."

Rodney was sitting on the bed nursing his ankle. "I wish you wouldn't put that darned rocker in the middle of the floor," he said. "I'll break my leg some night."

"It's been there for years," retorted Martha, reaching for the bureau lamp. "There isn't any other place for it. I should think you'd learn in time ——"

Rodney dropped a shoe, groaned audibly. Martha ached all over. *I feel so old*, she thought; *whatever is the matter?* She turned and spoke to Rodney: "Rod, I just wonder—I mean, how do we know what goes on in their hearts? Joan and Lee. He's really a nice boy; there isn't a thing against him except he's new to us and they don't know each other very well and ——"

"Don't be sentimental," said Rodney. "Joan is just a child. She's never had a grain of responsibility in her life."

"Maybe we were wrong," said Martha. "Maybe protecting her—wanting her to have her young days carefree ——"

"I've got to catch the nine-o'clock to Oshkosh," Rodney said. "You'll have to take me to the station. Now don't worry, it's all settled. He'll be gone in three days. It will all blow over."

Martha didn't sleep very well. She kept going back into Joan's childhood—the time the rabbit died, the day the kitten was lost. She remembered the pink crepe de Chine baby bonnet framing an exquisite little face. . . . And now Joan, heedless, gay, irresponsible. Bringing Oriental rice cakes in her suitcase, three pairs of evening shoes and no dress. "And what does that child do to her slips?" said Ella. "Grimmy, just

(Continued on Page 121)

Betty Crocker
says: "This sponge cake is practical! All the mixing is done with a rotary egg beater in less than 5 minutes!"

Served with fruit and fruit sauce (as at left), with delicious nut-cream icing (above), or with whipped jelly icing as below, this inexpensive sponge cake is truly "versatile." Takes only 2 eggs. Fluffy and tender. Lovely for Easter. Can be made in individual shapes as festively intriguing little party cakes.

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The baking qualities of Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Enriched Flour perfectly match this recipe; give a cake of unsurpassed eating quality!

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Perfect results assured only with Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour

2 Eggs—¼ tsp. Salt—1 cup Sugar—½ tsp. Lemon Extract—½ tsp. Grated Lemon Rind—½ cup Milk—1 tbsp. Butter—1 cup sifted GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Flour—1 tsp. Baking Powder

ASSEMBLE ingredients. Beat eggs with rotary beater till very light. Beat in salt, sugar, lemon extract and rind. Beat in boiling hot milk that you've heated with the butter. Sift GOLD MEDAL Flour and baking powder together, beat into egg mixture . . . Pour very quickly into well-greased-and-floured 8" sq. pan (2" deep) or two 8" round layer pans (1¼" deep). Bake *immediately* for 25 to 30 min. in *moderate* oven (350°). Serve plain, with fresh fruit or berries, or topped with fruit, or with your favorite icing . . . or with this

WHIPPED JELLY ICING

Place 2 cooled 8" layers of cake together with 3 tbsp. jelly spread between layers. Cover top, sides with Whipped Jelly Icing. To make icing, place ½ cup tart jelly (i.e., currant), 1 unbeaten egg white and dash of salt in top of double boiler, place over boiling water. Beat with rotary beater till egg white and jelly are completely blended. Remove from over hot water, continue to beat till mixture stands in peaks when you pull out beater. (*Color of jelly determines color of icing.*)

See Betty Crocker recipe folder in sacks of Gold Medal Flour for recipe for delicious Peanut Brittle and Whipped Cream Topping and Nut-Cream Icing — plus other recipes.

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BUY MORE WAR BONDS

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(Continued from Page 119)

grimmy." Ella always said that instead of "grimy." . . . And the time at camp she stayed ten days with no bath towel, because she had forgotten to pack one. When pressed, she said she dried herself in spots with a washcloth. . . . And the look on her face when she looked at this strange boy, this perfectly ordinary boy. That was it; he wasn't a glamour figure, a movie idol, an artist or anything peculiar at all. That was why maybe it was real.

The next thing Martha knew she was roused from a heavy, unrestful sleep by Rodney's shaking her. "Martie, get up! Joan's gone and taken the car! My train leaves in ten minutes; I've borrowed Jack's car, but he needs it right back!"

"Don't talk so much," said Martha, "before I get awake." He knew she hated conversation in the morning. Then it finally came to her what he had said. "Joan took the car? She couldn't! What will the OPA say?"

"Hurry up," said Rodney. "I got to meet this man. I can't be late. It involves an entire block of city property for a defense housing project."

Martha was dressing. "Do stop talking, Rod," she said, fighting her girdle. "Get me some coffee; I'll be right down."

She got him off with half a minute to spare and then she drove back to the house and went out to Ella.

"Ella, what time did Joan go?"

"Oh, I was just stirring up pancakes," said Ella. "That boy came with the milkman, practically, and they just flew off. Joan said it was business so the gas was all right."

"Business," said Martha faintly. She sat down. How far would they have to go to get married? Oh, all the dreams for Joan mustn't end in a sneak marriage! Where would they go?

RUSSIAN PROVERBS

One does not get a headache from what other people have drunk.

"Let us agree not to step on each other's feet," said the peacock to the horse.

"They took my last can of beans," said Ella bitterly, "and a bottle of catchup and what else I don't know. Catchup at all those points too."

Martha swallowed hot coffee.

"Isabelle went too," offered Ella.

Martha's mind was merry-go-rounding. Why should anyone elope with a can of beans and a cocker? But what in the world? Her temples were full of static. She rubbed her head. *I'm too old to go through so much violent emotion,* she thought.

"Fine weather for picnics," grumbled Ella, still regretting the beans.

"Picnics!" Martha stared at her. "Listen, Ella, that boy wants to marry Joan. I'm frightened out of my wits. Suppose they have—they have ——"

"You mean they'd pay the minister with beans?" asked Ella. "I don't doubt he'd marry 'em for beans. Not to mention catchup. But they needn't to have carried away paper napkins. That's too much."

"Picnics." Martha got up. "Well, the only place they've been except the movies is the old Randolph house, and that ——" She pressed her hand to her eyes. "I wonder if they could have—no, it isn't possible. But I'll try. Then I'll go on to the state line—I've got to do something."

THERE was that borrowed car. She took it back and went on to another neighbor's and made up a perfectly silly story about having to do some business for Rodney and their car not being available—*And what a liar I make,* she thought wryly, *but I can't have the whole town talking. Oh, bad enough to get the notice in, announcing the wedding of —— Please, God, don't make it that bad!*

The borrowed car was old and full of arthritis and stalled three times. It took her all morning just to negotiate the hills outside town and get to the Randolph place. Her mind was feverishly wondering whether they were already off and married, in some cheap hotel, afraid of the future, worried about what their folks—or Joan's folks—would say, starting the serious business of marriage under all the handicaps possible. She could see Joan, so young, so lovely, in some dirty tourist cabin, not heated, shivering ——

"I must concentrate on the beans," said Martha, pushing the accelerator and gritting her teeth.

The old house was at the top of the hill and the snow was clean and pure around it. But there were tracks of very worn tires in the drifted driveway. And Isabelle was chasing a rabbit on the edge of the garden.

Martha closed her eyes a moment and prayed, and then she stopped the car and ran to the house and pounded on the door, crying, "Joan ——"

The door was flung open. "Why, mother," said Joan, "come in."

THE whole house began to sway, the walls were falling in. Martha flung out her hands and Joan caught her and drew her in and she leaned on Joan.

Joan said, "We've got a fire in the kitchen."

Martha pushed the blackness away and made it to the kitchen. Lee was putting good dry wood in a very rusty stove, and there was a table spread with clean newspapers, and two dusted wooden chairs, and a spray of juniper in an old milk bottle in the center of the table. Joan wore her old slacks.

"You're just in time," she said. "Oh, mother, I'm glad you came; you can help plan where the fireplaces should be open and where they shouldn't be. We've been working hours and we got a lot of scrubbing done." She held out her hands and there were a dozen flourishing blisters on them. Her face was streaked with dirt. She said, "We are having a wonderful time, mother, and it's all right about the gas because he's on leave and has only—only such a little while; he called the OPA man at midnight."

"Where did you get gas?" asked Lee, plopping down the stove lid.

"I—it was an emergency," said Martha. They'd never know what an emergency.

"I've even got lunch," said Joan.

Martha looked at her daughter. There was something different in her face, a purpose, a—a serenity. The room was clean, the stove gave a good warmth; outside, the winter day was clean and sharp. The sky was pure and somehow hopeful. Joan had washed the windows; a cake of damp window cleaner was still on the sink. They even had the water turned on. It would take the Army to get the Stillriver Water Company to turn on the water in a closed house for one day.

"Oh, mercy," said Martha, "all the bathroom fixtures will burst—there's no furnace."

"Lee cut them all off," said Joan serenely, "and we put kerosene in."

"You better stir these beans," said Lee.

Joan flew over. As she bent over the pot—she had even remembered a pot—her hand brushed his sleeve. He looked down at her and there was such a brightness in the room that Martha felt as if she were on the summer beach without her dark glasses.

"You'll make a cook yet," he said.

"I'll learn," said Joan.

Her young, flushed face was lifted. The darkness of her blue eyes was deep and tender suddenly, her mouth was quivering and then it steadied. Lee went to let Isabelle in.

"However did you happen to come out, really?" asked Joan. "You knew I'd be perfectly safe with Lee."

"I just—I just wanted to see you," said Martha. She smiled and put out her hand. "Yesterday you were a little girl," she said. "I have to get kind of used to your being grown up."

Joan smiled back and her eyes were deep and quiet. "I guess maybe you don't grow up," she said, "until you need to."

The boy and the dog came in and the two women turned to greet them.

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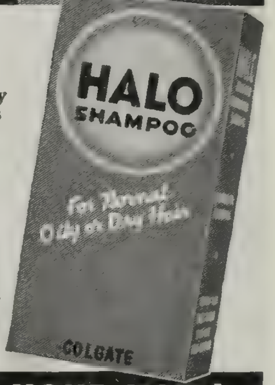

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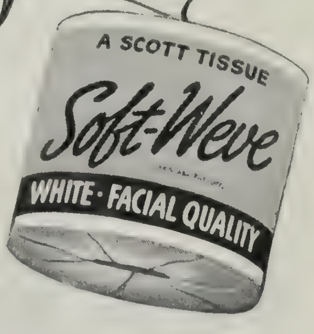

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The Grains are Great Foods — W. K. Kellogg

WHAT THE OTHER WOMAN KNOWS

(Continued from Page 37)

rough childhood, bandithood, the difficult ars, into a flowering youth—how could you y that you had known Meg right? How uld you tell of all the days and days you'd ne about your work weighed down with in, when half the pain was knowing that at you felt was not the thousandth part what Meg suffered? How tell Meg you'd ed—a thousand times failing for the once u'd won—to show her by a word, a look, a ich that you were here; you loved her, derstood?

Meg turned and looked at her, one eye- ow raised in quick interrogation.

Margaret began: "It's—nothing much. st that I want to fix things up a bit before o. Old Mrs. Milson's cooking is so bad— t I don't want you to be taxed with that. ur father can feed out—there's the can- n. Chris will stay for his middle-day meal school."

'Of course!" Meg leaned out, smiling, not ceived. "What is it really, ma?"

No time for thought, preamble or finesse. e words rushed out: "It's—Meg, I hate seem to interfere. But have you thought, ely, of going away?" Now it was said, the rsh and difficult thing—quickly and coolly, thout word of love, because Meg must not e another death, not face again that terror this house.

Meg didn't answer. Margaret saw her sh. She bent down lower, so that her soft ght hair curtained her face. Her voice s muffled.

'Because of Jim, you mean?" There was ong pause. "Lately, I *had* thought—as a tter of fact—only, you see, I've got a od enough job—important, I mean. Im- tant to the war. I do ood enough job dispens- here. I didn't want seem to run away just en you weren't so ll—I didn't want to m to let you down, ma." Her voice grew clear and onger as she spoke. She ned. She wore a careful, nking look. It was the k she wore when she would range her lings and her thoughts, trying to put them o simple words.

'You were so very good to me when Jim shed. I've never said this, though I've nted to. I couldn't have gone on, except you." She smiled; her eyes, her voice, her s all smiled. She made it loving, and yet nmonplace. "I'd like to sort of—well, nd by you now."

Meg stood there watching her. Margaret od up. She tried to smile. She managed ll enough. But, as she stood, she trembled h the shock of knowing now what she l never seen: that Meg had stayed at first nting herself the clumsy, helpless and yet ming love that comes in families, that her ther had given. Meg had wanted to stay. t now, for some time now—and this Meg ew—she ought to have been gone.

ARGARET made her voice matter-of-fact l light. "But, Meg, it's nothing. Not as I'm really ill. There's nothing really you possibly do. And now we're forced to rrange our lives—even a little—well then, w's the time. Besides, you'd be one less to k for afterward."

Meg laughed. She'd been deceived, or r enough. "That *is* a point. I hadn't lly thought. Well, if you're sure, ma, I l go away. The Wrens would take me. a matter of fact, I did—sort of inquire ne time ago."

How long, then, had Meg wanted to be e? "I wouldn't put it off, Meg, any re."

Dozens of letters; years of household ounts; three day-filled diaries; untried ipes—it would be easier if these were e. All morning she had sat and sorted and d. And now her desk was cleared, now could think.

She took a pen up very slowly and wrote: "Alex dear, if it happens that I die ——" She faltered; smudged the paper; tore it up. And knew then well enough there was no need—no reason, no excuse—for writing that. Death was, she knew, of course, a thousandth chance. And yet she wanted to get it written down, to help herself face it that way. But if she left for Alex that damning note he would be made to feel as if he'd failed her in some way. No letter. No reproach, tacit or clear.

SHE got up now. She moved with seeing eyes from desk to bureau, and from bureau to chair. This room, that was a distillation of time, each stick a sort of signpost of the years: the children's christening mugs, the photographs; the wing chair bought the year Meg had been born, where she had sat endlessly sewing for Meg, later for Chris. She saw it all now with a stranger's eyes, and as she saw the room she saw herself. It was as if with letters, diaries, bills she had been clearing out a cluttered mind.

Now what she'd puzzled over these two days began to focus, settle into place. Two days and nights she'd puzzled over Meg. "*I didn't want to seem to run away just when you weren't so well. . . . I'd like to sort of—well, stand by you.*" Meg meant to stay—because she had been ill? That wasn't it. That wasn't the whole truth. Now the last jigsaw piece fell into place. Could Meg have known about Alex and herself?

She walked toward the window, stood looking out, her hand tracing the neckline of her gown. But there was nothing to know—how could Meg know? Nothing had happened. Nothing would, until she spoke the words she'd time and again planned:

"Alex, I tell you this has got to stop." Or "Perhaps you haven't realized, Miss Brent. Alex and I've been married twenty years. We have two children. There will be no chance—let us be clear now—no chance of divorce."

The angry scene. The civilized approach. These steps she'd taken—only in her mind. Over and over, while she lay awake, listening to Alex's deep, steady breath, while the soft curtains blew and the owls hooted. But in the morning she was back again; the trough of indecision deepened once more.

"Try not to worry so much," the doctor had said.

He couldn't possibly have known why she did. Could Meg? But nobody knew. Nobody could. Not Alex, certainly. Not Meg—how could Meg know the things her mother thought, lying awake, alone through sleepless nights?

The windowpane was cool against her head.

Not Susan, surely? It had seemed to her—without there being rhyme or reason or sense—once or twice now that somehow Susan knew. Susan said nothing; or rather, Susan said—as always—plenty that meant little enough. Not Susan. Nobody. Nobody knew.

She moved out quickly onto the garden path, bent automatically to root up a weed.

Dressed to go out later that afternoon—the summer print, the three-year-old black straw hat—Margaret met Chris rushing through the open front door.

"Where are you going, mum?"

"Aunt Susan's," she said. *Susan will help. Why, isn't Susan my friend? Hasn't she been for nearly thirty years?* "Where have you been, Chris?"

"Playing." He pulled away.

"Darling, you got *so* hot." She knelt and held him in her arms.

He turned within them, restless yet polite, kind yet impatient, Margaret saw, and smiled; still with the moist, sweet warmth

---

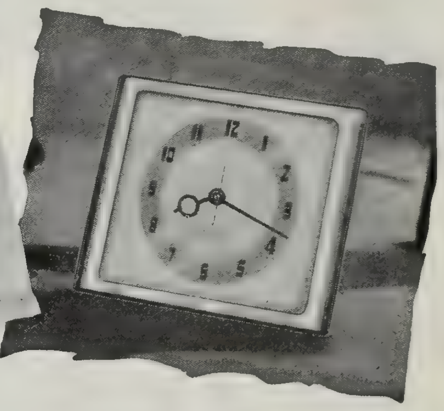
WOMEN

No woman is to blame for not being beautiful at sixteen, but she has only herself to blame if she is not beautiful at forty. —FRA LIPPO.

Ellen goes shopping with shears!

1. Ellen is a wartime newlywed. Her husband's in the Army. Ellen's in a war job. They can't set up their home till after the war, of course. But smart little Ellen is making plans just the same. She's shopping for lovely home things — with shears! Clipping pictures of things she wants to get—but can't get now. Look, for example, at some *Seth Thomas* clocks* she's set her heart on! . . .

(Remember, Seth Thomas clocks are *not* available now)



2. Ellen loves Early American things. So what could be more fitting for her living room than this Seth Thomas, a reproduction of an original design by Seth Thomas, Esq., master clockmaker?

3. But Ellen likes modern beauty too. So, to dress up her dressing table, she's chosen this Seth Thomas. (She'll never have occasion to say, "*Darling, I never realized* it was so *late!*")

4. And for their bedside table she has her eye and her ear on this handsome, soft-spoken Seth Thomas alarm. Come rain or shine, it'll always suggest that oh-what-a-beautiful-morning feeling!

5. Even if Ellen could start furnishing their home this minute, of course she couldn't find her favorite Seth Thomas clocks in the stores. So she's buying War Bonds now to buy clocks later!

6. When you plan your post-war home—and why not start a scrap book today?—remember that few things give a room the warmth and character that a fine clock does—a Seth Thomas clock. Of course Seth Thomas clocks for homes are not being made now. But as soon as our country no longer needs our entire productive capacity, there'll be even more surprising values in Seth Thomas clocks than ever before! . . . All these clocks will be notable for exquisite design, faultless timekeeping, and long-lived dependability—as all Seth Thomas clocks have been for more than a century . . . *They're something to look forward to!*

GTI

***Remember, Seth Thomas clocks are NOT available now.* Seth Thomas Clocks, Thomaston, Connecticut. A Division of General Time Instruments Corporation.**

*TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Seth Thomas Clocks

SELF-STARTING ELECTRIC, OR KEY-WOUND

The best is ALWAYS worth looking forward to

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Hungry Families and Hungry Budgets—Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Dinner satisfies *both*. A heaping platter of plump durum wheat spaghetti, cooked by you *a la express** in just 12 minutes, then blended with ready-to-heat sauce and crowned with zesty Parmesan style cheese—imagine getting all this nourishing food from one handy, inexpensive carton! No wonder it's a favorite everywhere!

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* **SPAGHETTI EXPRESS** is how connoisseurs order spaghetti--specially cooked, expressly to the individual taste. Try it with a Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Dinner and you'll never be satisfied with anything less!

Chef BOY·AR·DEE Spaghetti Dinner

Over the spotless kitchens of Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Quality Foods, Inc., Milton, Pa., floats the Army-Navy "E" . . . awarded for excellence in the preparation of fighting foods for America's fighting men.

of babyhood. "Mother, you won't forget—about half term? Will you be back in time?"

"I don't know, Chris." She stood up now and buttoned her gray gloves, the elegant pair, saved from before the war.

Chris raked her face with a blank, puzzled look. "But *mum* ——"

"I'll fix up something, anyway."

"Promise?"

"I promise."

She heard the back door swing as Chris went charging by into the yard.

Susan was knitting. In the high, cool room, made over first Chinese, then film-star set, now cheerfully mixing relics of both with dining-room furniture moved here to save fuel, Susan sat knitting: like her room, surprised, yet giving out a crisp vigor.

"Margaret! How nice to see you. We haven't had a decent talk for weeks."

We've talked so much, Margaret thought, *over years. What have we ever managed to say?*

"Where have you *been,* dear?"

"There's so much to do."

"My dear, I know! I know there was, when I —— You're not doing too much? You've looked so tired—more than once lately, Margaret, I've sometimes thought ——"

A tiny silence, into which Margaret spoke: "Why, Susan—no, I'm perfectly all right." Susan sat knitting. And the chance was gone. She tried to say now, forcing the words out, "You're right, I'm tired. I'm worried. About Alex." She couldn't say it, for no words would come.

Margaret sat very still, staring ahead. How could you break a habit of twenty years? A dozen times, when she had first been married, when silly quarrels and differences had blown up, she'd tried to tell them, tried to ask advice, but some ice-cold reserve had held her back. She hadn't known the reason. She knew now. It wasn't possible to tell the truth. In marriage, you could tell what had gone wrong. How tell the other side—what had gone right? To tell the truth about Alex would have meant to tell a thousand things too intimate for words. Kindness, and passion, years of friendship and love. Remembering these, they suddenly came alive as, for a long time now, they had not been.

HIS CASTLE

Some men have a den in their home, while others just growl all over the house.

—ANON.

He who has a thousand rooms sleeps in but one bed.

—ORIENTAL PROVERB.

"I've—Susan, I've come about Chris."

A pause. "About Chris, dear?"

"Yes. About his half term. The two of us always go beyond Frinton's lock to swim and picnic all day."

"Always?"

"Well"—Margaret laughed—"it's 'always' to Chris. We did last year, and I had promised him this. If I'm not back—I probably shall be, of course—I wondered if you'd fix something, with your brats."

"Of course I could. Allan and Mary would just love to go. Chris can go too. We'll send them off alone. Allan *adores* Chris!" This was Susan's way of saying that Chris adored an older Allan. "They'll love the idea. Don't worry about that."

"I won't." Margaret stood up.

"Oh, can't you stay? Just for a moment, while I make some tea?"

"I've got so much to do."

Susan stood, too, and saw her to the door, talking and talking, always rambling on. *It is as if,* Margaret thought, *somewhere deep down Susan has something—something she wants to say.*

"Good-by, my dear. Take care of yourself," Susan said.

"Thank you, Susan. I will."

Now she felt lighter—lighter, easier. As if she moved toward some prearranged plan; as if she'd know, and soon now, what to do. The children were settled. So perhaps Alex too—some plan would work itself out.

The bus that rattled her toward Alex's works was hot and crowded, smelling of petrol and paint.

When had it started—when? she asked herself. *How long has this been going on?* she thought—the dreary phrase, the thousand-times-used phrase made hateful by its constant, snickering use. Looking back, she sought in vain for the first definite clue.

When Anna had brought that message from the lab—and sat so quietly and so serene, sipping her coffee, while the evening light kindled her smooth, shut face and her fair hair? . . . *That night there was the concert in town—the Brahms—and I asked Alex to take me? When Anna had banked on meeting him alone—"by chance," of course, but I was not deceived. They handled it so well their nice surprise, but I was never fooled—how could I be? Their lifted profiles, dreamy and relaxed—Anna's beyond Alex's, who was sitting beside me, told me a thousand times of the quick flow of joy in beauty shared. I knew that night. But was it the first time?*

The bus stopped sharply, emptied, left her there. Workers converged into the factory grounds. *They're coming for the afternoon shift,* Margaret thought, getting up quickly, slowly following them.

The boss, the secretary. *Oh, how tired* *am,* she thought, *of the same pattern, over and over again; for other women once, and now fo me.* The beautiful friendship. *Oh, how tired I am! I could stand anything, I think, bu that—play-acted innocence, all put on for me*

The factory buildings lay ∟ beyond ∟ their camouflaged roofs green, brown, snaked chrome. Except the one they'd caught in the May raid. Margaret stood stiff and stil and saw the shed—a half sliced off sharply as if with a knife, a mass of mangled stee intestines inside.

That's when I knew beyond doubt. Th night they raided us—the night the raid le us alone and battered Alex's works.

Margaret remembered how the sirens blew, how Meg came rushing madl down the stairs, seizin her tin hat, thankful to b out. Chris stayed asleep They started to dro flares—she saw them lik some monstrous fallin flowers—and Alex was out Alex was at the works.

Remembered fear wa an impersonal thing. Margaret could call back every instant's time the twenty minutes while they bombed th works, of the long hours before Alex go home. Margaret waited, terrified, alone.

Alex was offhand. "Oh, they got us—ye But nobody was hurt. At least—not killed. Dawn had been coming up, another fi flushing the windows of the drawing room Alex sat still against the high-backed chai his face under its pall of dust was thin wit fatigue, but as he spoke it lightened suddenly. "Anna did wonders. Anna's—quite girl." He sat there smiling.

Margaret looked down now at her flowere skirt. Its blues intensified, and mixed, an merged. She saw herself standing that morning in her own room, holding the coffeepo unable to move, while jealousy had seep into her, eating up fear, making her hate an loathe the fear she'd felt. She'd said no sensical things: Why didn't he phon Why didn't he care about her? And the "I'm sorry, Alex. It's—I'm just—I' just ——"

"Upset. Of course. I understand."

She started to walk again toward the lab trembling in that remembered jealousy along a hot and sticky asphalt path. T lab boy met her.

"No, don't bother, please. I'm in hurry. I can find my way."

There was a silence inside, remote a cool. She stood there quietly. Through t partitioning glass, at the last bench, sto Alex, working alone. As always, she w amazed to see how swiftly his brain and bo worked, when other speech, reaction, laug ter were slow. Alex's concentration shut h away as tangibly as this actual wall of gla

He had not seen her, and she did not mov Through the swing doors another figure ca to stand beside Alex. It was Anna Bre

(Continued on Page 126)

MOR
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THE MEAT FOR EVERY OCCASION
WILSON & CO.
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MOR
CORNED BEEF HASH
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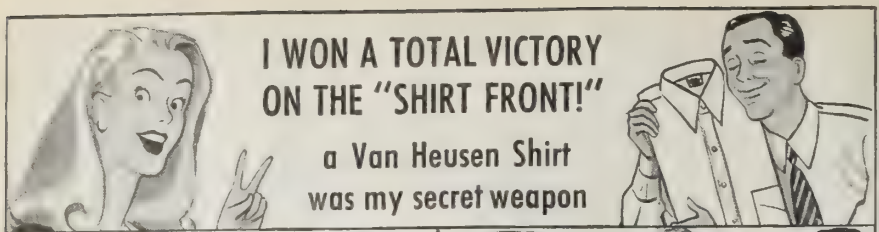

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a Van Heusen Shirt was my secret weapon

I looked daggers when Dick showed up at the boss's dinner party in a shirt collar like wilted lettuce. "How can you embarrass me so!" I hissed. "Would you rather I choked?" he wailed unhappily.

I tried strategy. I asked the Boss the name of his shirtmaker. "Shirtmaker, nothing!" he boomed. "I wear Van Heusen Shirts! Doesn't your husband...uh-h, no, I guess not!" "He will," I said grimly.

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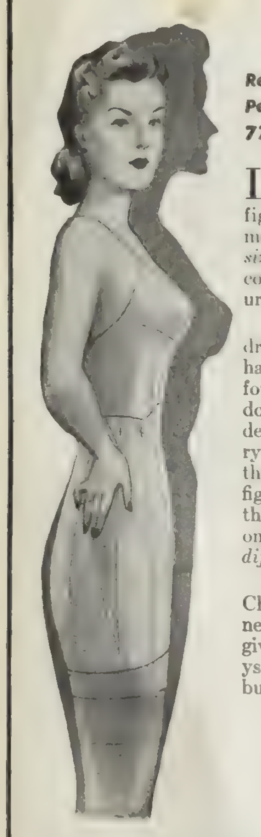
ARE YOU WEARING YOUR ***NEIGHBOR'S CORSET?***



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(Continued from Page 124)

She could not hear their voices; only see Anna's lips move, Alex's head jerk up. Anna was smiling, calm and serene—the quietness that Margaret had thought a pose, "play-acted innocence," was no pose now. It went down deep into the springs of self, made up of body, heart, spirit and mind, of work, talk, interest, effort shared.

They stood apart. They talked. No look or touch that could, in any sense, have been called love took place between them, or had taken place. And this, with blinding clarity, Margaret knew because long years ago something like this had happened to herself. Alex and she had had this prelude to love, sweet, easy, sane, a rock to build love on.

Margaret stood a long time very still, emptied of anger, filled with memory. The swing doors moved again. Anna was gone. Margaret thought without anger and without stress, *These are two decent people. There will be no affair. But if I die—Alex will marry her.*

She walked toward Alex now. "Alex," she said, "I thought perhaps you might break off, for tea."

He looked up absently. "Tea? Is it—of course it's time. Why, yes. Let's go and have some in the canteen. This is nice, Margaret. Why ——"

"I felt I'd like to. I was out this way."

He didn't wonder whether it made sense. "You're looking better. Are you?" he asked now, the tea between them and the canteen noise shutting them into some queer privacy.

"Yes, I'm—it's good to get things settled. It's waiting that gets you down. A month from now this will be over and done."

"Yes, I suppose ——" He went on stirring his tea.

Her gloves lay limp and empty by her bag. She looked at them. She looked at Alex's face in tenderness that must not be shown or shared.

It will be good, if I should die, she thought, *for Chris—for Meg too—if Alex marries again. Thank God I wasn't trapped into a scene! What I must say to Alex, somehow, now is: "Alex, we've been so happy all these years. I've been so happy that I want—I want—I want all that we've had to—to go on. If you should marry again, don't think of me as if—as if it were somehow disloyal. I want ——"* She broke her thoughts off, staring at her gloves. *"I want you to have Anna as my gift, so that you have her only remembering me."*

"More tea, Alex?" She refilled his half-full cup. Her hands were trembling, and her eyes felt tired. No scene. No words. Nothing. Only an end—if that was what came out—that was an end.

"I COULD be with you. I could change my shift," Alex had said. . . . Susan phoned: "But, my dear, I'd *like* to. Truly!" . . . Meg had said, "I want to—only if you want me, ma."

She'd told them all, "I'd like to be alone." For that was what it came to in the end.

Now she lay quietly on the trolley bed, the hospital gown tied three times at the back, the prick of the hypodermic in her thigh, the hospital sounds—cups clacking, and hurried footsteps—sounding far away.

"Well, Mrs. Mayer?" Above a white coat, Doctor Rossitor's face. "Good morning. Feel drowsy?"

"Not particularly. What did they give me?"

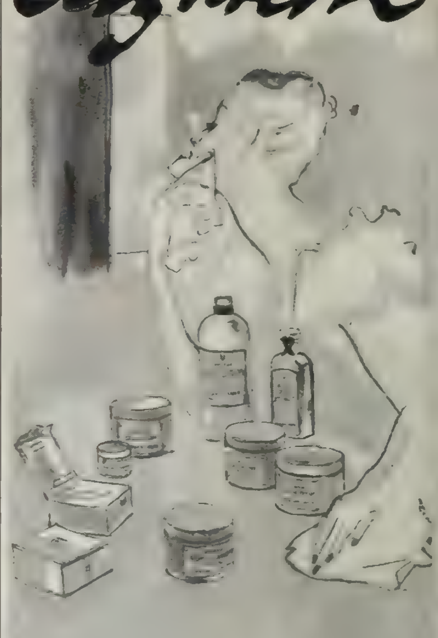
"Oh—scopolamine. That was to put you in a pleasant daze so that the rest will simply be child's play." He walked across to somewhere she could not see. "There's a poem," he said. "D'you know it? Chap named Hassall. It starts *A bill from the anesthetist—five guineas.* Though that is pretty tall. I shall charge three!

"A bill from the anesthetist—five guineas,
Because last Saturday he sold my wife
One of his sample holidays from life ——"

The door had opened. Nurse and orderly came. She lay there smiling. "Holiday?" she said.

Now they were moving her. Now under her the wheels rolled like a train moving

Elizabeth



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Arden

ıy. She lay there quietly; and she ched herself lying there quietly, with her it free, ranging, intact. She was herself— self. The theater walls were green. Or e they green? Outside the window the n trees were gray. Somebody held her er arm and wrist.

Holiday?" she said quickly, looking up. id he say, "Pleasant journey, Mrs. yer?" She never knew. The train had d away.

SAT and swung a foot from her high Her chair was drawn up to the window re a breeze blew in with the last evening She felt the warmth, the wind stirring hair.

It isn't that I'm ill. Just that I'm tired." *ow many times*, she thought, *have I said* To Alex, Meg and Chris. To Susan. now, again, to Doctor Rossitor; for per- the twentieth time. She felt his eyes ing across her face.

(ou'll have to make an effort."

know. But not yet. Perhaps next week." stood up quickly. *Now*, she thought, *o. He'll leave me. I'll be quiet—just once* . But now he started to walk, to pace om between door and window. *Oh*, she ht, *sit down!*

x had come in late at night with flow- "Don't hurry; take your time," he'd say.

g brought her books. "You get a good est." Meg's face was eager, loving, but bsorbed; her papers would be coming lay now.

ris said, "You ill, mum?"

o. I'll soon be home."

omorrow?"

don't know."

r the next day?"

m not sure, Chris."

n Saturday," he said, "we're going to n's lock, Allan and me. And Mary. rselves. I've got a rucksack. Meg let ve hers. We'll have egg sandwiches. Susan said—mother, d'you know a ass tells the way, like a clock tells the Allan's got one."

as he?"

n't tire your mother!" said the nurse. v Doctor Rossitor was pacing the room. 'll have to make an effort," he said. "The trouble is, we want this bed." felt her hands suddenly sticky and hot. ourse. I understand. Perhaps next

stopped his pacing. "No," he said . "Now."

started to tremble. Forehead and lip were suddenly damp, both hot and cold with sweat. She tried to speak and couldn't. Now she knew; saw what she wouldn't let herself see before: why she'd been tired, why she had not got well, why all she wanted was to be left alone—alone, at peace, here in her hospital bed. After the holiday was the going home. Where to? What place was hers? What place was left?

"I couldn't ——"

"I could run you home tonight. I have the car. I think that might be best."

"Doctor, I couldn't."

"Oh, I think you could." He said it now as he had said it before; but she was breathing deep to get her breath.

"I couldn't pack. I haven't got my things."

"That doesn't matter. You'll do as you are." He said it without hurry or emphasis. "Just take a toothbrush, and send for the rest. Now's a good time, I think. Have you a hat? And take a coat. . . . That's right!" he said. His hand was through her arm. He piloted her out into the car. They started off.

"I can't!" she suddenly said. "There's Mrs. Milson. She'll be there to sleep. I had her in at nights because of Chris."

"Well, have her in tonight because of you!" The car drew up. "Here you are, Mrs. Mayer. You're home." He switched the engine off. His bony hands lay for an instant languid and relaxed, one on the hand brake, one still on the wheel.

"Won't you—come in?"

"I'm short of time. Good-by. Just take things easy. I'll be in tomorrow. You'll find ——"

But Margaret did not wait to hear. The gate swung open. The first thing she saw was the white roses that, blossoming like snow, weighed down the garden wall. And then she saw some of them yellowed, shriveling—none of those cut. The path was weedy, the door brasses dull.

"Why, madam! What, you're home? I didn't know ——"

"No, Mrs. Milson—neither did I."

"What, are you well, then?"

"Yes. The doctor says ——" But in this house she wanted to be alone. "You go off for the evening, if you like. The doctor says I shall be quite all right."

Old Mrs. Milson showed an eager face. "There is a picture that I'd like to see. The master's not home yet. Miss Meg? She did come in, but she went out. Master Chris is asleep."

The house was empty, silent, echoing. She put her hat and gloves on the hall chest. Holding the rail, she climbed the stairs.

Chris was asleep. Laid out beside his bed, his bathing costume, towel, haversack, knife were ready set. "*On Saturday we're going to Frinton's lock.*" She walked toward him. Chris stirred in his sleep. She stopped. He woke. He sat bolt upright in bed.

"It's mother, Chris."

"But, mum—you're ill."

"I'm better now."

"But, mum, I thought ——"

"I know."

"Mother," said Chris, "tomorrow—it's my half term. I'm going off to swim." Still half asleep, the words came tumbling out. "Aunt Susan promised me. And so did you." Now Chris' face, his childish, secret face, was left unshuttered, vulnerable, bare, his eyes wide open, and his childish heart. "*But I was going alone, mum, and now you* ——" That flashed across his face, as clear and swift as the next thought, of childish shame and love. "Will you come too?"

She took him in her arms. "No, I won't come. I'll be too busy, Chris."

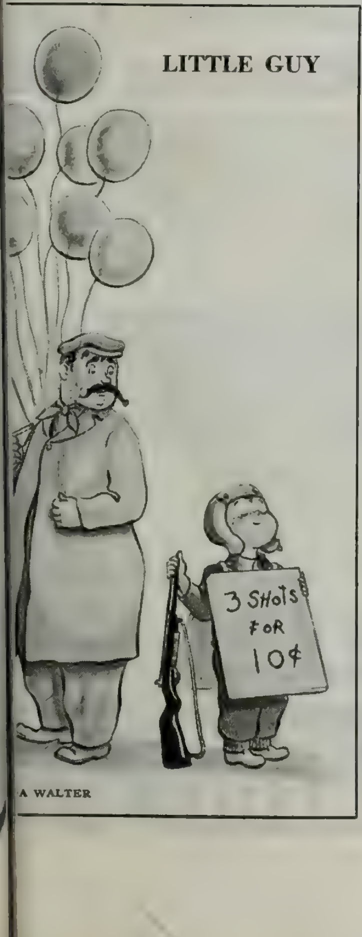
He sighed. "But, mum, I ——"

"Never mind."

"Good night, then, mum."

"Good night." She felt the lining of her face tightening like an iron cage.

Meg's room was empty. Down beside the bed Meg's suitcase stood, already packed and strapped. Margaret looked round. The whole room had the desolate, empty feel of somebody already gone away; yet there was something else, easy and sweet, a sane, good feel, as if—as if the grief packed in this


LITTLE GUY

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room over this year were drifting out on the evening air.

She put the china animals in place. She picked a book up absently from the floor and thought, *I mustn't stoop. At least, not yet.* She thought, *But I planned this. I must be glad.*

The telephone bell rang sharply.

"Margaret? It's Susan. Darling, are you all right? . . . No, I met Doctor Rossitor—just now. He said —— Darling, I could come over right away. At once. Shall I? You shouldn't be alone."

"I'm not alone. Chris is asleep upstairs."

"It's not a bother. Truly, dear ——"

"Well—not tonight, thanks, Susan. Sometime soon."

"Oh, well—you've had a lovely holiday!"

"A lovely —— Yes! Yes. Thank you, Susan. Good night." She thought, *It's strange. There's nothing she can do. Nobody can. Except what Susan does—be kind, be ready, just be waiting there. Perhaps,* she thought absently, *that's all friendship is.*

She went mechanically now from room to room, changing an ash tray, rose bowl, photograph frame from Mrs. Milson's military precision. She was not tired now—just empty and light. Her terror had died down. All that remained was the queer feel of learning this place again. She sat a long time in the gathering dusk, the French doors open on to the velvety lawn, watching the roses stir and breathe out light.

The front door opened. The familiar sounds of Alex taking his key out, shutting the door, slinging his hat on the hall-stand hook came to her, clear but distant, through the shut door.

Silence. Then Alex said quickly, "Margaret?"

She sat stock still.

"Margaret—is that you?" Then the door opened.

"DON'T put on the light!" She said this hurriedly. "Alex—how did you know? Did Doctor Rossitor phone?"

"No, I ——" He kissed the top of her head. "Are you all right?"

"Well, Doctor Rossitor said ——"

"Why wasn't I told?"

"I don't know, dear. Perhaps he thought it best. Have you had supper, Alex? You sound so tired."

She heard him lower himself into his chair, sighing and stretching. "I've fed. But yes, I'm tired. Very tired."

"How's work? How's—how is Anna?" Now it was said.

"Not very well. That's why I've been so rushed. She wants a transfer. She'll be moving south."

"Soon?"

"Yes. Next week."

"But—you'll get someone else?"

"Of course. But it won't be someone as good."

She could tell nothing—nothing from his voice. This he said easily, with the right regret, with nothing more. She had asked for the dark. *But,* she thought quickly, *if it were only light, if I could see him, then—then I should know. I mustn't see him. Mustn't, mustn't ask.* She felt her lips tremble, her nostrils prick. *If I had died —— But I—I didn't die. Is Anna ill, then? Is that an excuse? Did they plan this? Did she? Or did it—happen? I've got to know.*

"Margaret ——" said Alex.

"Alex, my dear?" Now she was ready.

He put out his hand. He reached for hers and held it, warm and light. "Do you realize I came in this house tonight and—called for you? Not knowing you were here?"

She tried to answer calmly. "Yes, Alex. Yes?"

"How can I tell you?" Alex said. "What are the words? You know, it's funny, but when you're away, this house is different. Sort of empty. A shell. It sounds absurd, but, Margaret, when you're home, I have the feel of—everything in place. All that I do is just—open a door. And then I'm home. Really home. And I know."

"Alex. My darling."

"Well! That's how it is."

She mustn't ever ask. This was enough.

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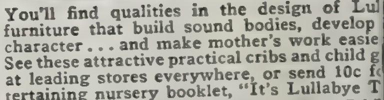
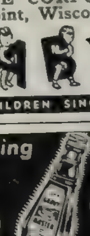


FINE FURNITURE FOR CHILDREN SINCE 18

A Sign of Good Cooking
GRAVY MASTER



MAK GRAV MEN L
15

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THEY'RE ONLY YOUNG ONCE

(Continued from Page 18)

You ought to be ashamed of yourself—I'm going to take you in hand." And she kissed her again affectionately.

Somehow everybody lingered over the good nights. They had known one another a long time. Before the war, they had taken the good nights for granted. Now they lingered over them because each time might be the last that everything was as it had been. The pace of life had quickened. They had liked things the way they were.

Cora Gordon said, "I saw you downtown yesterday with Bitsy, Charlotte. You two look more like sisters every day!"

"Her favorite compliment," John said.

Charlotte said, "Most mothers look like their daughters' sisters—nobody gets old any more."

"Charlotte," Cora Gordon said, and drew her aside a little. She was a tall woman with a hard, handsome face under hair which she had allowed to go gray since it became fashionable. "Charlotte, what about this girl Annabee? Natalie's over there all the time, it seems to me. Doesn't her mother work at a war plant or something?"

"I think it's wonderful of her," Charlotte said. "Bitsy says she doesn't have to, actually, but she thinks it's her duty. She's a forewoman or something. Annabee's cute. And I mean in wartime you have to be democratic. It's not like it used to be. I've been meaning to go see Annabee's mother, but I'm so busy. . . . Oh, look at John—the poor darling—he's *dead*. I've got to take him home this minute."

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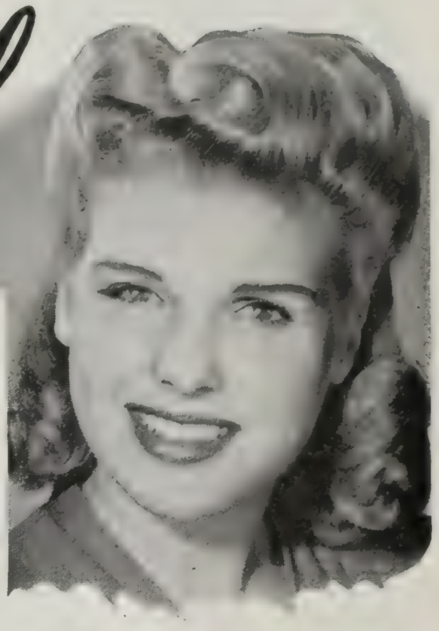
In the doorway she stopped and lifted her hand in a little gesture. And suddenly, Mimi Cutting had a strange sense that it wasn't Charlotte Wilson who stood there, it was a woman she had seen often and everywhere; her name was legion, she was familiar to everybody in America. She was one of the millions of women who were as old as they looked, who had gained the reputation for being the best-dressed and the smartest and the most attractive in the modern world.

But I have been seeing Charlotte Wilsons everywhere, Mimi Cutting thought. *Driving smart little cars, visiting luxurious beauty parlors, dropping into cocktail lounges for a Martini, dancing at night clubs, attending lectures, playing bridge, buying nylon stockings, afraid only of growing old. It is impossible to tell whether her husband makes five or fifteen or fifty thousand dollars a year. She is the product of the First World War, of postwar freedom, the emancipation of women, prohibition, the downfall of conventions, easy credit, the speak-easy and the wisecrack and time on her hands, of the highest standard of living the world has ever known. I have known Charlotte Wilson all my life,* Mimi Cutting thought, *and I don't know anything about her at all. I am not sure of anything about her. I wonder if she knows herself. She has been lucky, she has been spoiled; her roots were strong, but trees die at the top. What will she do now that we are at war again, how will she cope with the realities sweeping us like tidal waves?*

Breeze through your next menstrual period with . . . .

Midol



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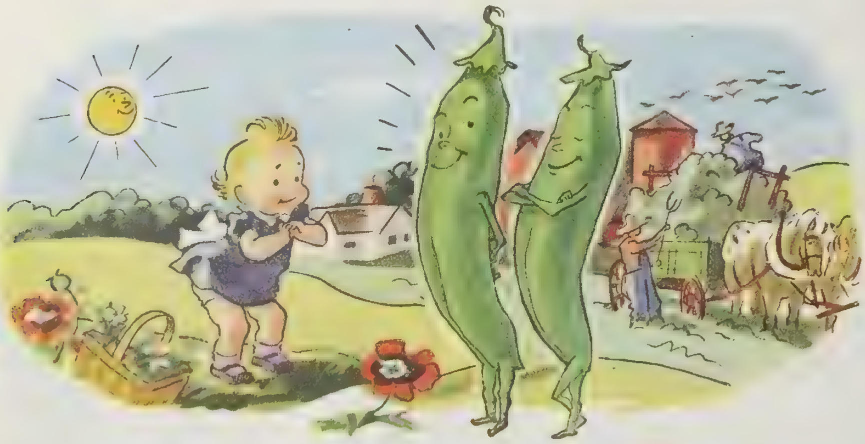
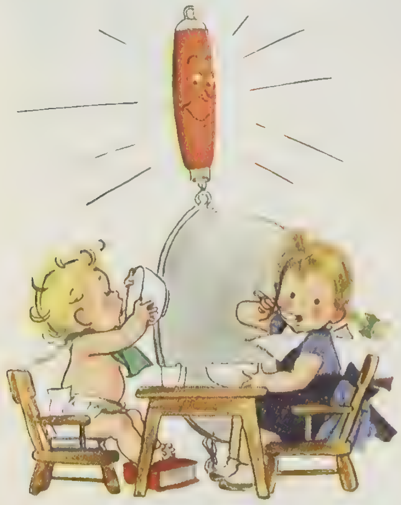
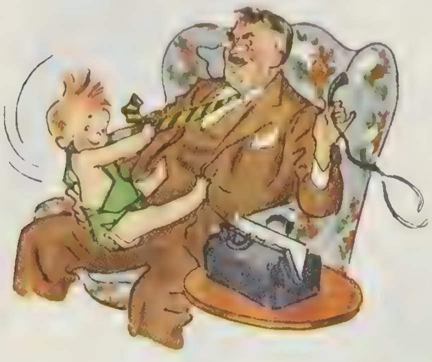
WHO SAID SO?



1. Who said "so green"?
The Baby said it, when she saw such green and tender peas get picked for Clapp's Baby Foods. (Clapp's knows that only the *best* peas are good enough for your baby.)



2. Who said "so fine"?
The strainer said it, 'cause Clapp's *strained* foods must be just so fine, and not any finer—exactly right for little babies' tongues. (Clapp's *junior* foods are just-so coarse, for older babies to start chewing on.)



3. Who said "so nourishing"?
The doctor said it, when he saw that Clapp's Vegetable Soup gives babies four of the 7 Basic Foods they need every day—all in a single dish!

4. Who said "so big"?
The Mother said it—when she saw how all the vitamins and minerals in Clapp's Baby Foods were helping her baby grow big and strong and healthy.

5. Who said "so precious"?
Uncle Sam said it, to tell you that our nation's food supply must not be wasted. Produce and conserve! Share and play square! Food fights for freedom!

6. Who said "so many"?
Clapp's says it—with 18 kinds of Clapp's *strained* foods, 15 kinds of Clapp's *junior* foods, and 2 kinds of pre-cooked baby cereals (not rationed!)—Clapp's Instant Cereal, and Clapp's Instant Oatmeal.

Then Charlotte was gone and her laughter floated back through the closed door.

There was a little silence, the way there always was at a party when people like the Wilsons went home. Somebody said, "I hear he's doing a great job, but he looks all in."

"Who doesn't?" said Bert Cutting. "I don't know how the British and the Russians do it, myself."

"They've been bombed," Sim Gordon said. He wasn't noisy any more. The crest of the wave had run out flat. "Their own country has been bombed. It must give them something extra."

"Mimi," Cora Gordon said, low, "have you heard anything about Clare Wilson?"

"Clare?" Mimi said sharply. "No. Why?"

"Oh, nothing," Cora Gordon said. "I guess Charlotte knows what she's doing. She seems to understand her girls a lot better than I do mine. Sometimes I think it's easier to have boys, in this day and age."

"Not in wartime," Mimi Cutting said.

Outside, the night was cool and from a moonless sky the stars looked down with faint surprise, not quite piercing the darkness. The wide, well-cared-for street had a deserted look, its friendly windows shrouded, its lights hooded. Even the murmur of the stately trees, which lined each side with richness, seemed muffled.

Charlotte said, "I suppose this isn't much of a dim-out, really, is it? I suppose people in England would think it was the great white way. Only I always used to like to peek in other people's windows."

John Wilson said nothing. He liked to hear her talk, liked the sound of her voice, but sometimes he didn't listen to what she said. He was thinking about this street that held his home, of how no matter where he was he was tied to it by every instinct within him. Charlotte's hand slipped into his and he turned swiftly in the dim street and took her in his arms, lifting her up against his breast, so that he could feel her close against his heart.

"You're so sweet," he said hoarsely, "so sweet. Nothing must ever happen to us. All these years and you've never let me down. I'm a very lucky fellow."

TALK ABOUT LIFE

Be your character what it will, it will be known, and nobody will take it on your word. —CHESTERFIELD.

The man who never entertains poor thoughts is a rich man. —THEODORE DREISER.

Fortify yourself with contentment, for this is an impregnable fortress. —EPICTETUS.

I asked John D. Rockefeller to what he most attributed his success. He replied, "To others." Ponder that. It contains deep philosophy for you. —B. C. FORBES.

If we all said to people's faces what we say behind each other's backs, society would be impossible. —BALZAC.

He had paid a price for her, for the swift and irresistible glory in which his love for her had been born.

He had just gotten out of his none-too-well-fitting uniform, after the last war, when he saw her for the first time. He had planned to go back to the university, finish his course and go on to law school. Being a reserved, controlled young man, he had told no one that his inner ambition was politics. While he was in the Army, his inarticulate feeling about his country had changed into a sort of objective love. The disappointment of not getting over, the knowledge that he had missed the high adventure, never quite left him. But somehow he got out of it all a conviction that his Government ought to be served by men better trained, better equipped, more unselfish—by statesmen, not politicians. Since his thoughts were pure young idealism, he kept them to himself, afraid of being laughed at, afraid of being misunderstood.

There would have to be two more years of college, three of law school, a couple getting started—and he had visualized nights when he would sit late studying the real history of his country, reading the unread speeches of Jefferson and the great Webster, tracing democracy to its source until it became clear and plain to him, not just an act of faith.

One thing he had proved in the Army. Men liked him, trusted him, turned to him. That was why he got his third stripe and stayed there, training them. Six years, seven years—well, he was young, he had them—and then one day he saw little Charlotte Halloran.

The fashion nowadays might be for tall, skinny girls like his daughter Clare, with her long lines and sleek, clipped head. Just the same, John Wilson felt sorry for young men who had never known what it was to love a girl with flowing, golden curls, a soft, round little thing half imp and half saint, half hoyden and half the dear, impossible dream of youth.

There were few enough things that Grandma Halloran approved of. Fortunately, one of them was young marriages. "The younger the better," Grandma Halloran said. "As soon as she's old enough at all, girls and boys being what they are by nature." So John Wilson flung his dreams and his plans out the window and looked for a job, any kind of job that would bring him in a living. The first one hadn't amounted to much and he had changed a good many times as the years went by. The men over him and under him both liked and trusted him, and he had a vein of shrewd common sense and a sort of wry humor that served him well. Often the work had been without spark or interest and he remembered in bitter flashes all that he had meant to do and be. But he had seen sooner than most the commercial future of aviation and moved his executive talent from the traffic department of a railroad to airplane manufacture, so that when the war brought its fantastic increase in production the company he worked for was already one of the big ones, with branches that made propellers and engines and bodies for aircraft.

The years had been kind enough, only for a long time it had seemed to John Wilson unjust that a man had so little time to enjoy the fruits of his labor. A man had to scramble to see that his pretty wife had pretty clothes, that there was enough to eat and a maid to cook it, a car to drive and a radio to play, and all the other things that proved success.

Sometimes it hit John Wilson in the pit of the stomach on a Saturday afternoon, when a man would like to take his son to the ball game or up in the hills where he could teach him to fish or use a gun, the way his dad had taught him. A Saturday afternoon when John Wilson had to stay in his office and catch up all the tag ends and routine details and extras that a man never got a clean shot at during the busy week.

But a man had to think about his children's future, about their economic security; he could leave bringing them up to their mother. That was a mother's business, that was the foundation of the American matriarchy. If John Wilson had put together all the time he had spent with his three children since they were born he wouldn't have believed it could be so little.

Even if the Army would have had him, he couldn't have afforded to get back into uniform. How could he? There was, as there had always been, the mortgage—and that wasn't such a joke, either. There were the car payments and the life-insurance premiums and all sorts of other things. Plenty of men his age were in that spot, and you couldn't just walk out on it. But he was serving: he acted as liaison man for his company with WPB; he checked up on management there and handled labor disputes here; he tried to speed up the new schedules everywhere. He was one of the nation's trouble shooters while the nation did a production job that

(*Continued on Page 132*)

Here's where baby put his foot down!

MAYBE he seems a little young to take a stand on things, but he does. If he's hungry, he lets you know. If he's sleepy, he *eps.* And just try to maneuver him into fancy white baby dress when he's not in e mood! His one word platform, stoutly efended, is "Comfort."

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(Continued from Page 130)

he thought would sometime be recognized as the greatest ever done in the world's history, and if now he didn't see his children at all he hoped the Recording Angel would understand. And anyhow, Charlotte was there and the kids were nuts about her. Charlotte had a sort of gift of being pals with the kids.

When he got home, like tonight, his head was either still bursting with the demands of his job or it was gray and empty with creeping fatigue. So that he just wanted to lay it on Charlotte's breast and rest—rest to make up for the days of driving himself ahead of swift-moving events and keying himself to be all things to all men.

The softness of her hair under his cheek now, in the darkness under the murmuring trees, made him want to cry. Worth it—of course it had been worth it. There was faith now enriching his love. She was so little, and merry as a cricket, yet he had faith in her as though she'd been as big as a cathedral.

Down this street where they had walked so many times together his home waited for him. He saw it there through a haze of yearning, he saw his wife whom he loved and accepted and his children whom he loved and knew nothing about as without fault; if anything had warned him of a flaw or sounded an alarm of danger he would have had to close his eyes and ears against it—he simply could not take on any more.

In his heart was still a great tenderness for his wife's simplicity, her innocence of real evil, her gay acceptance of the pleasant things of life. He wanted her that way. All would be well with Charlotte and her children; into her hands he could entrust everything he treasured, she'd hold the fort while he was gone. And he was too busy making airplanes for the Navy to ask himself whether she was equipped to hold it through the wild melodrama of war.

"You're the best wife a man ever had," he said, and stammered over it like a boy saying "I love you" the first time.

"I'm glad you think so," Charlotte said, and lifted herself on tiptoe to kiss him.

A kiss is an act of faith, too, John Wilson thought.

He loves me more than he did the first time he kissed me, Charlotte thought, and marveled at it. *We haven't grown stupid and take-it-for-granted. I never thought I could hold him all these years—husbands are very hard to hold—but I have and I always will. I'll never be careless and I'll always stay young and lovely.*

HER desire for him was mature and sure now, and it seemed to her that tonight she was more a woman than she had ever been before. These were still her best years, her rich, ripe years, that belonged to her. In the beginning she had been so shy and young, so unprepared. Now the fullness of passion was hers, like a harvest of their years together. That, too, would hold him now.

"Come along home, darling," she said. "We'll get arrested necking under a tree on a public sidewalk. Nobody will ever believe it's your own wife."

"I never saw anybody's wife I liked better," John said.

She put her arm through his, trying to match her steps to his. She was so little that she wore the highest heels she could buy, and yet when she walked she put them down solidly, so that he felt her trudging along beside him.

"It's so wonderful to have you home," she said softly.

Furlough's End

By Dorothy Pruitt

The night is touched with rain and
the wind's broken cry,
Yet the stars sit brightly mocking
in the sky;
Your foot is light by mine upon
the grass,
Yet the brown leaves scatter in flight
with a frightened gasp.
We have had this day, my love, and
shall have this night,
Yet the lean days sharpen in my
throat and draw it tight,
Your fingers speak on my wrist—it
will be but a year—
Yet the night shudders on through
my heart in a private fear.

"Do you miss me?" John said. "Som
times when I'm away—do you rememb
how jealous I used to be?"

"That was when I was young and pretty
Charlotte said.

"You're fishing," he told her.

"I LOVE you very much, John Wilson," s
said. "We're lucky. We're lucky in our chi
dren too. Not that it's been altogether luc
either. We haven't made the mistakes wi
them that Grandma Halloran made with m
It's a wonder I didn't go to the bad, the wa
she tried to keep me under lock and key, a
ways suspecting the worst of everybod
I've never done that to our children. I'
just been friends with them, advised the
when they asked for it and let them wo
things out for themselves. And just look
them! Clare's *so* smart and Bitsy's such
darling, and Junior's so exactly like yo
John."

"Bitsy makes me think of you when y
first disrupted my existence," John sai
"only she's not as pretty."

"Grandma Halloran used to say whe
they're little they break your back, and
you spare the rod, when they're big the
break your heart," Charlotte said. "She w
so old-fashioned. She took herself too se
ously. Do you know, John, I never in m
life had a real good talk with her; I nev
told her anything, I never confided in her t
way the girls do
me. That was why
was such an—an i
noramus when we g
married."

Inside the ne
flower beds, the lo
flowing lines of t
white clapboa
house were visib
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darkness. Joh
looked at it with
fection, with prid
Charlotte had be
wild for it, and he h
wanted Charlotte
have it. It had c
$18,000 and the
was still an $80
mortgage against
which wasn't as go
business as peo
liked to pretend, b
it had been worth

Standing the
neither of them s
the woman until
almost bumped i
them, a big wom
moving like a m
of-war in a fog. When she spoke her vo
was warm and mellow and pleasant.

"Hello there," she said. "I didn't mea
run you down, but—you're Bitsy's mot
aren't you? I'm Annabee's mother."
laughed. "That's the way we get identi
now, isn't it? I wondered if Annabee wa
your house. I'm just starting to work a
can't find my key, so I thought I'd tell he
put hers under the geranium pot on
front porch. I'm on the graveyard shift.

She'd make three of Charlotte, John Wi
thought. *I bet she makes things easy for
self at the plant, that one; she sounds lik
friend-making kind.* But he was ann
somehow. He wanted to go to bed; he di
want to talk to a strange woman dri
around in the dark like a barge.

He said, "The garage door's open—
take a look," and eased away.

"Do come on in," Charlotte said.
ashamed I haven't—I've been so busy
course I don't work like you do, but the
Cross, and I'm an air-raid warden and —

"My hours are cockeyed for soci
Annabee's mother said. "I'm obliged to
for being so kind to Annabee. My na
Baker. I got married a couple of times
her father died, but it never took."

They went up the neat brick walk bet
the rows of privet hedge, rather like a s
dog and a Pekingese; neither noticed
big, low-slung gray roadster parked a c
of houses down under the trees, waiti

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by Ann Bucilla

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"You've got a pretty house," Mrs. Baker said, without envy. "It just suits you too." She seemed to fill the small hallway, gazing through the archway into the long living room with its warm ivory walls and its dignified Adam fireplace.

"I designed that room for my husband."

Mrs. Baker looked at the windows hung with glazed chintz, at the magazine racks and ash trays, the deep comfortable chairs and the big radio phonograph, and nodded. "Shows a woman's hand, though," she said. "Annabee's got a regular crush on you. She's always saying you're as pretty as a movie actress, and that's about as far as her vocabulary goes. She's always wanting to copy your clothes."

"That's very sweet of her," Charlotte said gaily. "I—I always feel flattered when the girls like my things. It's not easy to—to win their approval, is it? I think Annabee has lovely clothes, I do really."

"She does now," Mrs. Baker said, with great good nature. "That's one reason I went to work. Not but what I like it better than washing dishes. We got a good colored girl now to do that."

"Annabee's very proud of her home," Charlotte said. She was trying to be cordial, but she wished the woman would go. She wondered where John had got to; this was their one night together, after all. Still, you had to be nice to the mothers of the girls' friends. "She always likes to have the girls over there. I suppose it's partly because they can be free to play the phonograph and make all the noise they want to with you away at work."

Mrs. Baker turned and looked at her for a moment and Charlotte thought she was going to speak, but she didn't. Somehow for the first time Charlotte was a little embarrassed, and she called:

"Bitsy—Bitsy darling—is Annabee up there with you?"

The girl who came to the head of the stairs made an exquisite picture. She was wearing a simple summer evening dress and the thin blue stuff clung to her delicate shoulders and her budlike young breasts, and fitted tightly about her small and flexible waist. Her hair was gloriously, startlingly golden; it tumbled to her shoulders in a long bob and sprayed out into little curls and feathery ends and there were tiny curls around her ears and her forehead.

At sight of her, Charlotte's heart twisted with a pang of adoration. *I know it's not the fashion to be just pretty any more,* she thought. *Clare is more the fashion, she is more modern. But Bitsy's so pretty just all by herself, she's like a clove pink or a Cecile Brunner rose. I like that kind of pretty girl. I think the others just try to make the other fashionable because they can't all be as pretty as Bitsy. She's the way she was when I used to wheel her up and down in her baby carriage and everybody stopped and just gasped. I wish she wouldn't use so much lipstick, but she doesn't realize; she used to sit in front of the mirror when she was only three and try to use mine—she was always feminine like that.*

Bitsy said, "Hi, Charlie," and ran down lightly to kiss her mother. "Let me see you—oh, you do look elegant. I like that dress, it's got something—oh, hello, Mrs. Baker, I didn't see you."

"That takes a lot of doing," Mrs. Baker said. "I just wanted to tell Annabee to leave the key. I'm always losing mine, it's too little for me."

"I'll tell her, Mrs. Baker," Bitsy said and whirled toward the door.

"But, Bitsy, baby," Charlotte said, "I thought you'd just come *in*—you aren't going *out* now—why, it's eleven o'clock ——"

"The shank of a Saturday evening, honey child," Bitsy said.

"But—but where are you going, darling, at this hour?" Charlotte said.

"I bet you wish you could come, too," Bitsy said. "They're running *three* old horror pictures at a midnight showing—three of 'em. Imagine."

"But—but who's going, baby?"

"Oh, all the other girls and the gang and a couple of kids home on leave," Bitsy said.

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"But if you mind of course I won't go. I mean if you'd worry or anything."

She had turned, and as she stood there her face had a curious look of elation, of joy, of expectancy. The hallway was filled with the youth and abundant health of her; she was like a flower reaching for the sun and the rain, blindly, without knowledge or sense, but only with a great thirst and hunger. All the radiance of her was as frank as that of a child in front of a toy window, a candy shop.

"Well ——" Charlotte said, and felt the sweet warm lips and the fragrant young arms for a second, and then Bitsy was gone and, "You're a pal, Charlie—I'll tell Annabee—I'll be home early," came back over her shoulder.

"Midnight show indeed," Charlotte said, and began to laugh helplessly. "My Grandma Halloran will turn in her grave."

"Things are different now," Mrs. Baker said. "I always say they're only young once, bless 'em. I don't hold with putting ideas into their innocent heads myself. It's evil-minded people get up all this stuff about juvenile delinquency half the time, I say. I'll be going along and I hope I'll see you again sometime and I'm real glad Annabee and Bitsy are such friends."

In her adored and expensively equipped kitchen, with its huge white icebox, its freezer and electric stove with the time clocks, the patent orange squeezer and cake mixer, its gleaming tile and polished linoleum and shining chromium plumbing, and the orange-and-green breakfast nook she had copied from an ad in a magazine, Charlotte wondered if John would want a bite to eat. Sometimes he did. Lots of times in their other kitchens—so cheap and shabby compared with this—they'd sat across the kitchen table having egg sandwiches and deciding important things about themselves and the family. There was something friendly, homey, about a kitchen. Minnie didn't like them to come into her kitchen in the daytime—except Junior, her favorite—but at night it became Charlotte's again.

MANPOWER

A thin man resented the lateral pressure of a fat man on the same seat with him in a streetcar.

He said, "They ought to charge by weight in these cars."

"If they did, sonny," said the fat man, "you'd have to walk. They couldn't afford to stop for you." —L. & F. COPELAND: 10,000 Jokes. (Halcyon House.)

It was in the kitchen at the old house that she told John she was going to have Junior—for sure. He'd wanted a boy, and at first she'd felt bad about two girls, but now with the war she was glad the boy had come last. Not but what she would have given him willingly to his country, but as long as he was only thirteen she didn't have to, and if he'd come first he'd be seventeen and begging to join the Navy. Even at thirteen he was training and studying so he could get in.

THE slam of the back door broke her reverie and John tramped in, fuming. "Where is the car?" he said.

"Clare took it, darling," Charlotte said, opening the icebox door. "You want a sandwich or anything? Clare had a date."

"What time is she supposed to get in, anyway?" John said. "What time does she have dates? What about gasoline and tires, and why doesn't the guy use his own car if he wants to take her places?"

"But, darling, it's the shank of a Saturday evening," Charlotte said. "Look, there's some of that new Roquefort—made in Wisconsin or something, it's just as good. You know Clare is a marvelous driver. Her new beau works at the plant—Clare says he's got a big job, superintendent or supervisor or whatever they call it—he's on the shift that doesn't get off until midnight—the ——"

"The swing shift," John said impatiently. "Well, it seems funny to me just the same."

"Everything does, doesn't it?" said Charlotte, with a tiny chuckle. "I have a time keeping up with Clare, I tell you. Anyhow, that's why she has to go meet him. . . . Do you want this bread toasted or not? . . . It seems to me it'd be a miracle if Clare got a young man that can understand what she's talking about, which I can't half the time."

"Have you met him?" John said.

"Not yet," Charlotte said. "How can I with his hours? But Bitsy's met him and she says he's attractive. And Clare always knows what she's doing."

The telephone rang. John went to answer it. A moment later something clothed in violent purple and red stripes came through the door with a lope that was half bear and half kangaroo.

"Junior!" Charlotte said, with a little shriek. "Oh, those pajamas—really ——"

"I LIKE 'em," Junior said. "Charlie, can I go down to the harbor in the morning? They got a Jap sub down there and ——" He stopped and stood staring at his father in open-eyed, open-mouthed amazement. Probably not even an admiral could swear better than that. It was a shame to waste it here in this one kitchen on just him and Charlie, who wouldn't appreciate it anyhow, when it ought to come crackling off the bridge under fire. And dad hadn't been in the Navy in the last war, he'd only been in the Tank Corps.

Sure enough, there was Charlie coming up with "John! But I never heard you—what's the matter?"

"I," said John Wilson through clenched teeth, "am going to Hartford, Connecticut. I am going to catch the eleven-fifty-five plane."

"Tonight?" Charlotte said. "Oh, Johnny, no, not tonight—you can't."

"Can't I indeed?" said John Wilson. "Get the bag packed, will you, Lotte, while I call the airport. They'll be pleased with an A-1 priority this late in the day."

Charlotte began to pack the familiar, well-worn bag. She had grown suddenly tense and serious, her face was hard with rebellion. In a whisper she said, "I don't want him to go, it's not fair, I need him tonight, I want him so. What difference would just one day make?" Her voice was angry, but it was the anger of fear. She had counted so upon having those hours with John. Life was moving too fast for her.

When his bellow came roaring up to her, she jumped. "How am I going to get to the airport?" he shouted. "Tell me that, will you? I've got no car. It'll take two days to get a taxi."

The next minutes were hectic. There was no taxi.

"Don't you know where she is?" John said coldly. "Isn't there any way you can get hold of her?"

"Of course there isn't," Charlotte said. "Don't be so ridiculous."

"You don't know where she is or who she's with at this time of night," John said, "and I'm left flat without any way to get anywhere."

Charlotte said hotly, "Of course I know who she's with and where she is, but I can't get her in five seconds. You said you were going to be home over Sunday, didn't you? Is the child supposed to be a mind reader? What have we got a car for if it isn't for the children? I'll get you to the airport."

She ran. In a few minutes she was back with a car, honking in front of the house.

"It's Bert's," she said breathlessly as John came out with his bag. "Do get in. . . . Junior, what in the world are you doing in that getup? Go back to bed."

"You can't drive back from the airport alone this time of night," Junior said placidly. "You're an awful driver anyway. Imagine—they give her a driver's license and won't give me one, dad."

"We can argue about that on the road," John Wilson said. "You're too young to have a driver's license. You haven't any experience in emergencies, you haven't either judgment or poise yet. Just take it easy."

(Continued on Page 136)

A WAR MEAT-MEAL

FEATURING

Breast of Veal
La Louisiane

By Charles "Anatole" Pivert,
Chef de Cuisine Extraordinaire,
Restaurant de La Louisiane,
New Orleans

Founded in 1881, famed La Louisiane Restaurant is one of the outstanding reasons why the New Orleans French quarter, the Vieux Carré, has been a gourmet's paradise.

Presiding genius of La Louisiane is M. Charles "Anatole" Pivert, better known as Chef Anatole, who has brought to its distinguished cuisine not only the finest dishes of his native France, but equally famous French dishes of his own creation. "One of my favorite dishes for these days when points must be watched so carefully," says Chef Anatole, "is Breast of Veal La Louisiane. The same recipe can be used for beef or lamb, which makes it quite adaptable. I think you will find that the special way of seasoning which I suggest gives this dish a distinguished flavor in addition to being so point-thrifty.

"Cut 3 lbs. of breast of veal into cubes of about 1½ inches. Cook without browning in cooking oil and butter. Add 2 onions and 2 or 3 green sweet peppers, diced, and cook with the meat. Add 1 tbsp. of flour to make a roux in the same saucepan.

"Add 4 cups water and a No. 2 can of tomatoes (or 4 or 5 peeled fresh tomatoes, cut up). Cut into pieces 2 or 3 carrots, dice 2 stalks of celery, chop 2 or 3 pieces of garlic fine (if you like) and add, together with a *bouquet garni* (parsley, 2 bay leaves, a pinch of dried thyme, 2 cloves—all tied together in a bag). Season with 1½ teaspoons salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper, simmer for one hour. Thicken with ¼ cup flour mixed with ¼ cup water. Serve with fluffy rice. Serves 8."

Entrance Hall—La Louisiane

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(Continued from Page 134)

From the back seat, Junior said, "But I've got reflexes and they work. I may not have any poise, whatever that is, but I can hear; and this town is full of old buzzards that may have judgment, but what good is it when they can't see what's coming at 'em to have judgment about is what I want to know. It's all right if they won't give me one because I'm under fifteen, but they ought to lay off giving them to people over ninety."

"I am not over ninety," Charlotte said, with something between a gasp and a giggle.

"You ought to write a letter to the Times," John Wilson said. "It seems to me, though, I remember once they refused to give the president of Harvard a license because he was too old."

"I'm glad to hear that," Junior said. "It shows sense. . . . Dad, did they have as good watches in the battle of Jutland as we've got now? I mean, if Beatty started it eleven minutes late, maybe he didn't have the kind of watches they have now. . . . What is there to laugh at about that, Charlie? . . . What I mean, maybe Jellico's watch and Beatty's—oh, well, all right, if you think it's so funny."

"I wasn't laughing at you," Charlotte said, and laughed harder.

They began to laugh with her. "When she laughs like that you always have to laugh with her, if it's funny or not," Junior said to his father.

Suddenly Charlotte sat up. "Look, John! There's the old flat. Remember? Remember how we had to put Clare's crib in the closet because there wasn't anyplace else?" She laughed. "It's hard to imagine, isn't it? Clare, the way she is now, sleeping in a closet, on the wrong side of town, at that!"

John's grimness relaxed; he glanced sidewise at Charlotte and thought she didn't look very different from that adoring and terrified young mother who had hovered over the crib in the closet. "You ought to bring her over sometime, and show it to her," he said. "Do her good."

"Clare?" said Charlotte. "I wouldn't dare. Only of course she might think it was funny. That's one thing about Clare—she thinks lots of things are funny."

"I'd show her," Junior said loudly. "If she was *my* daughter I'd tell her all right. I'd tell her plenty too. Those books she reads. You ought to take a look at 'em sometime." He thought a moment, then admitted magnanimously, "She laughs, though. She gives me the pip, but she laughs at the right things sometimes."

"That's very important," John Wilson said.

Junior sat back, wishing dad wasn't going away again. Bitsy was fun when she wasn't boy crazy, and Clare was a help on navigation, but he got sick of nothing but women around. If it came to that, he had wished dad was home more ever since he could remember; it would be swell if he knew dad better, because everything he knew about him was O.K. Everything he had ever told Junior had turned out right, even about the Navy.

When they got to the airport he walked along behind carrying dad's bag, and he could hear his mother's voice and it sounded as though she was going to cry, but probably she wouldn't. Of course she was a softy about some things, but she wouldn't cry when dad was going away to what was practically the war.

Charlotte had forgotten Junior. "They might have waited one day," she said, and tried to keep her voice light and steady.

"They can't," John Wilson said. "You have to have props to fly planes, and even a day makes a difference."

"This war," Charlotte said. "I wish it was over."

"Yes," John said. "Well, don't worry."

As they went through the airport depot he put his hand on Junior's shoulder. The air around them was throbbing with engines and they seemed to mingle with the hearts throbbing with farewell, so that everything was vibrant and tense, the way it was in stations and airports everywhere now.

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(Continued from Page 137)

something from another planet; there an aura of blue-green phosphorescent around it. The swing shift was coming after eight long hours, into a world of t and darkness. Already the highway jammed with busses, with cars of every crowded to the running boards.

narlotte tightened her grip on the wheel sat up very straight. She hated to ad- it, but this kind of driving worried her. d forgotten they would hit the factory ic going home. A big, low-slung gray ster swung out into her lane, trying to a bus, hung there a moment and as it to dart back caught the edge of Char- 's fender. The horns went mad and le yelled like Indians and in the snarl rlotte's car jerked and quivered as the at the roadster's wheel tried to back .

narlotte put her head out the window. nat's the matter with you? Don't you know to drive a car?" she called.

ne boy driving the roadster started to get but a girl's hand dragged him back; a le of men gave the car a shove and they free.

've got your number," Charlotte said. ds like you driving cars and ——"

nior said, "Don't any attention to droop. Get go- why don't you?"

You see what pens with crazy driving around," rlotte said. "I'd to put him across knee ——"

Look who's talk- " Junior said. u never put any- y across your e. Not even y—and if she was daughter, I bet ut *her* across my ."

I never put a l on one of my lren in my life," rlotte said. "My ndma Halloran to spank me, I don't believe ."

She did a pretty l job on you," or said, "only be that's what es you such a y about Bitsy."

I am not soft," rlotte said. "And know there never was a sweeter, kinder in this world than your sister Bitsy."

Bitsy's a good kid," Junior said, "only naking eyes at every uniform that comes g. 'Ooh, look at me, ain't I the cutest lit- weetie pie you ever saw? Wouldn't you to have me for your girl friend when you way to the war to be a great big hero and g me back a medal'—I'd sweetie pie "

narlotte laughed. "I don't imagine Bitsy o bother making eyes at the boys. From can see, they follow her around in—in oons."

What d' you think that Annabee's always ing around for if it isn't for that?" or said.

of the past, across the years, Char- Wilson had a memory that she could that she could hear. "O-o-oh, Mimi, ve got to come along, I've got a beau for too, Mimi." Charlotte and Mimi, who best friends, slid into the present and me Bitsy and Annabee, and the woman had been Charlotte Halloran felt sorry Annabee. As she used to feel sorry for i, although Mimi never, never knew.

Of course girls feel like that about the who are going away," Charlotte said. natural—and right. You mustn't get ough, Junior. You don't know so very either. Just wait until you get big enough to be interested in girls—you just wait."

"I'll be in the Navy by then," Junior said.

"And I don't suppose sailors ever look at girls—oh, no," Charlotte said. "Look, dear, don't you worry about Bitsy. You wouldn't want her to be a—a *prune,* would you? I had plenty of beaus myself when I was a girl, though I never had much fun because grandma wouldn't let me."

JUNIOR didn't say anything. Maybe that hadn't been Bitsy in the roadster. Maybe it was just somebody that looked like Bitsy. Deep in his heart, without words, he knew that he loved Bitsy better than anybody. You could hardly help it. Bitsy would give you anything she had, stand up for you, do anything for you. When they were little, she used to take the blame for everything, because Charlie never was as tough on Bitsy as she was on him or Clare. Not that she was ever tough, but Bitsy could always do anything she liked. Besides, even if it had been Bitsy in that car, he couldn't snitch on her. Bitsy never snitched on him, sometimes she lied for him. Thing to do, if she'd been out with that drip, was to bawl her out himself.

When he began to listen to his mother again she was saying, "And the way Clare always helps you with your algebra ——"

"She likes it," Junior said. "She likes showing how much smarter she is than anybody else. I'd hate to be that guy Clare's stuck on."

"I should think you'd be very glad to be," Charlotte said. "He's got a wonderful job—I only hope you have one as good when you're his age—he graduated from M. I. T. and Clare says he has revolutionary ideas about mechanics—or whatever it is."

"I'm going to Cal Tech myself," Junior said. "That's where they send the Navy. If this guy's such a champ, why doesn't she bring him around to the house sometimes?"

It was just then that he saw the car, standing in front of a little roadside café, and he turned his eyes quickly to the front, but his mother had seen it too.

"Why, there's our car," she said. "Junior, I just remembered this is Bert Cutting's—I hope it didn't hurt his fender. He's such an old woman about his car."

"Let's go in and get something to eat," Junior said. "I'm hungry. Then we could get a look at this Superman of the twenty-fifth century."

Charlotte thought a moment. "I—I don't think we'd better," she said. "I mean, it wouldn't be quite fair to Clare to barge in on her that way. I'll fix you something to eat when we get home."

She was pleased with herself for not letting her curiosity get the better of her. After all, poor darlings, they were only young once. They had a right to their good times, to a little privacy.

The Pepper Tree Inn was a higher class than most of the places to eat along the road home from the plant. Inside, it was bright and clean, with crisp red-and-white curtains and tablecloths, there were ferns and cactus growing in the window boxes, and the food and drinks were good though they were expensive.

Clare Wilson sat in a little booth of bright white paint, that made a perfect background for the smartly cut immaculate red linen suit and the sleek black head, and she was

Prayer for Easter

By Elizabeth Coatsworth

We live by life that is reborn,
The springing wheat, the rising
corn;
We live by life which from the dark
Comes forth to meet the sun's
bright spark.
The animals, like hidden earth,
In their time bring new life to birth,
And our best thoughts sink and
return
As fires die down, then once more
burn.

O God, how beautiful that Your
Son
With all we love best, is made one,
That He knew darkness, but to show
The mightier life, the stronger flow.
We thank You that our fields are dim
And lovely parables of Him.

Though Bunny artists may be quaint,
They're never temperamental:
The way that they brush on the paint
Is just about as gentle...
as soft, safe

NORTHERN
TISSUE

Copr. 1944, Northern Paper Mills, Green Bay, Wis.

"I couldn't see Mom for the camouflage!"

"*I breeze in* from a 2-year stretch on one of those there 'island paradises' and hop the first train home.

"Mom doesn't know I'm coming . . . and not a sign of life can I see through the curtains. Boy am I sunk. Just then Mom opens up! *I hadn't seen her for the camouflage.* She never liked neighbors looking in on her—any more than we did.

"'Course, the 'curtains' we had out there were different—but the same idea. I tell her, and doggone—she says it was in the papers how *our* camouflage nets came from the very same looms that made her Scranton Craftspun* Curtains."

• • •

It is now possible to buy a limited number of new Craftspun Curtains, but most of Scranton's great looms are too busy turning out camouflage to make many curtains for civilian use.

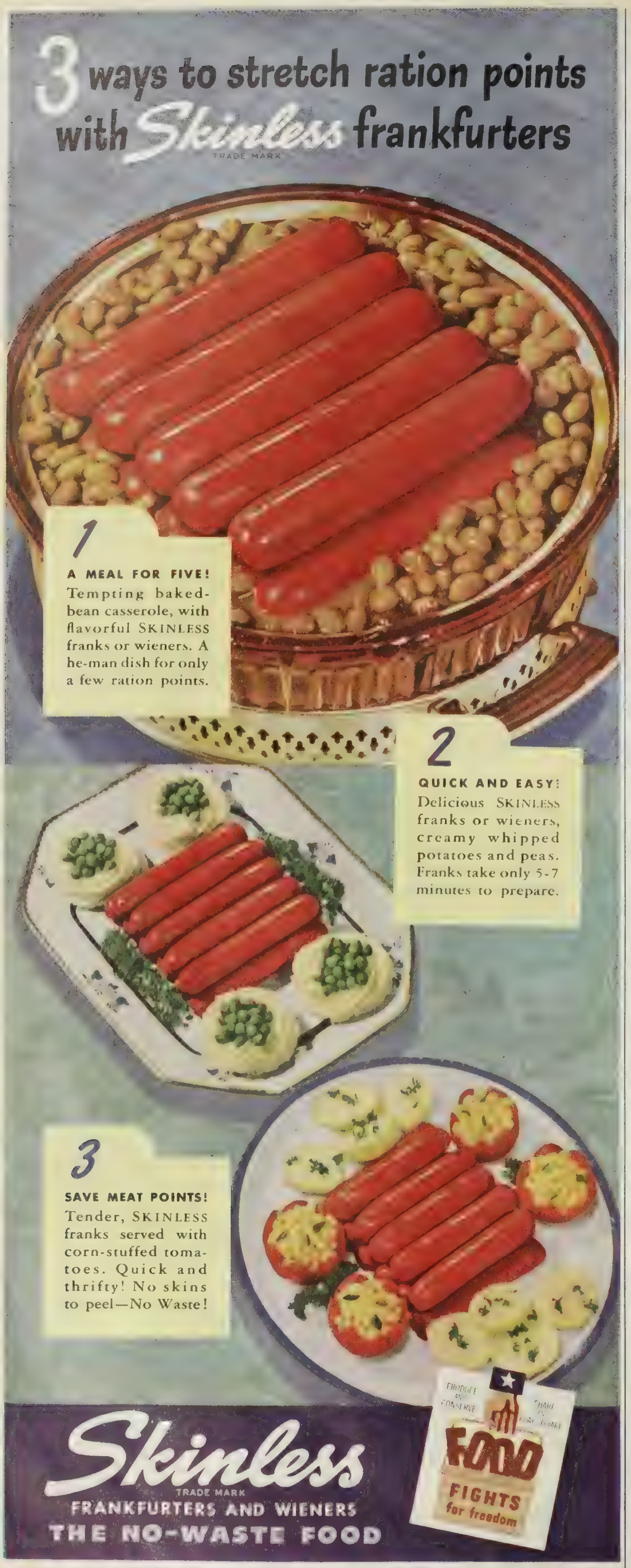
Fortunately, your Scranton Craftspuns were built to last. With their strong, tied-in-place weave they always launder beautifully. And since they lead in style, they're still smart as ever.

However, if you simply *must* have new ones, you'll find a few in your favorite store. *But why not hang up War Bonds, instead, until Victory comes.*

Scranton

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

CRAFTSPUN CURTAINS
"THE NET OF THEM ALL"



3 ways to stretch ration points with Skinless frankfurters
TRADE MARK
1
A MEAL FOR FIVE! Tempting baked-bean casserole, with flavorful SKINLESS franks or wieners. A he-man dish for only a few ration points.
2
QUICK AND EASY! Delicious SKINLESS franks or wieners, creamy whipped potatoes and peas. Franks take only 5-7 minutes to prepare.
3
SAVE MEAT POINTS! Tender, SKINLESS franks served with corn-stuffed tomatoes. Quick and thrifty! No skins to peel—No Waste!
PRODUCE CONSERVE SHARE PLAY SQUARE
FOOD FIGHTS for freedom
Skinless
TRADE MARK
FRANKFURTERS AND WIENERS
THE NO-WASTE FOOD

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"VISKING" is the registered trademark of The Visking Corporation
★ BUY U.S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS • KEEP THE BOMBERS FLYING ★

quite aware of the picture she made, of its effect upon the young man opposite her.

The thing hadn't been easy for her, the way it was for Bitsy. But she had done a job with what material had been given her. Tall, too thin, a little sallow, she might so easily have been colorless and rawboned and plain. It had amused her a good deal to produce this stunning, *soignée*, glittering effect that did just as well—in her own opinion, better than all the beauty with which Bitsy had been born.

She wore her smooth, shining black hair in a knot at the back of her head to make her look older. And because her skin had those elusive green tints that only painters recognize and her eyes had some green lights amid the grayness that was like her father's, she used the faintest film of green eye shadow. One true beauty she had—an exquisite long throat. It might have hinted at willfulness, at an unconquerable pride, but she always dressed to it and she knew how to carry her head. Her looks were the personification of youth, yet there was nothing girlish about her; the uncertainties and gaucheries of girlhood did not belong with her type, and she had chiseled them down with a steady hand. Her manner had an utter self-possession that was shocking and yet somehow pathetic.

John Wilson had been proud of that self-possession, and sometimes, dimly, a little frightened by it, a little afraid of the coming day when life would accept that proud, contemptuous challenge of proud youth. But John Wilson had never guessed the degree of cool ruthlessness with which his daughter was offering the challenge.

She had a quick and clever mind, forced to precocity by the war, by radio and newsreel and headline smashing daily, hourly into her awakening sensitivities the knowledge that boys only a few months older than she were already being killed and killing, that boys still younger were being schooled, cold-bloodedly, scientifically, to deal with the naked, violent realities of life and death.

And, in the midst of that unnatural maturity of mind and emotion, John Wilson's daughter had fallen in love, fallen in love with the child's honesty and faith that her precocity had not yet destroyed, and with, too, the half-awakened passions and wisdoms of a womanhood forced prematurely upon her. She had given her love as a child gives it, without reserves, without doubts, to a boy only a little older than herself, deceptively touched with heroic glamour by his uniform, by his nearness to high, perilous adventure, assuming in him the constancy that she knew was in herself.

FROM AN ORIENTAL SCREEN

Man dreads fame as a pig dreads fat.

Even the best needles are not sharp at both ends.

The best cure for drunkenness is to look at a drunken man.

Better do a kindness near home than go far to burn incense.

Afterward, when the shame and pain of the disillusion were bearable, that love had helped her build about herself the armor that was to be her defense against both love and the possibility of its betrayal. An armor of wariness, of detachment, of contempt for the world and the people whose muddled thinking and weakling softness had made it into hell. Against the older generation whose weakness, whose self-indulgence, frivolity and sentimentality had created this insane, hideous mess, whose hypocrisy was trying to cover it with worn-out catchwords. With empty talk about ideals that they had never tried to live up to. Democracy. The Four Freedoms.

Even her father and mother had a share in Clare's savage contempt for those greedy, sentimental, stupid elders. They had failed the world, and they had failed her, failed her when her need of them had been desperate.

Looking at the man across the table, Clare thought of her mother. Looking so wise and kind and saying things as cruel as they were stupid:

"But, darling, you're only a baby! In a little while you'll look back at this and wonder how you could ever have been young
enough to take it seriously. You'll find ou
what love really is, and laugh at yourself fo
having imagined that this was it."

Well, Clare thought, part of it was tru
She had already learned to laugh at hersel
For having let her emotions rule her reaso
For having been blind enough to think onl
of giving, and not of getting. For having le
a man hurt her as Paul Harrington had hu
her. For having believed, hoped that h
mother would understand, comfort, hel
For having lived for almost sixteen yea
without having learned that there is no hel
anywhere, except for those who help them
selves.

None of the things within her were so cle
as this, nor could she have stated them
words. But she had begun, consciously,
wrap herself in coldness, to discipline hers
to the selfishness that had become her cre
and code.

The man opposite her said, "Have a litt
drink, honey?"

He was a big man, powerfully built, wi
a round head covered with vigorous, clos
cropped curly hair that showed bronze ligh
and a warm, alive skin. He had an air
command and distinction that accounted f
his control over the thousands of workers u
der him, and his manner had the stro
charm of his own enthusiasm and love of li
ing. In spite of his size, he was quick-movin
graceful, as excitable as Clare was cool a
controlled. His mouth was red, sensual;
belied the searching intelligence of his ey
it announced him a man who could
swamped by his senses, who could be ma
nificently bamboozled by his vanity. Eve
ounce of his enormous virility was hooked
to his ambition, which fl
its flag for anybody
see.

Tonight he had that
cited yet haggard lo
which men who carry t
responsibility and drive
the swing shift alwa
have just after midnig
He made no attempt
hide his passion for t
tall, cool girl who was
like any of the many ot
girls he had met, who
ways seemed to be lau
ing at him, always seem
to be withdrawing fr
him, though her gr
green eyes held the admiration he lov
He said again, "How about a little dri
honey?" Clare shook her head and he
dered one for himself without taking his e
from her. "Never take a little drink?"
said teasingly.

"Oh, I had one once. It made me kin
fuzzy," Clare said, laughing. "I loathe be
fuzzy. People are fuzzy enough without g
ing themselves any the worst of it, if
ask me. Girls get so silly when they drin

"You said something," Joe McCarey s
"Do you mind if I have a couple?"

Clare said, "It's none of my business.

"Could be," Joe McCarey said,
reached to cover her hand with his.

"If it was," Clare said simply, "I'd w
to see if it got in your way, if it kept us fr
going where we wanted to go. I woul
want it if it changed you. I like you the
you are."

Sometimes, she thought, drinking e
changed her father; it made him moody
dissatisfied, it made him talk about w
he'd meant to be and do and even, onc
twice, about the fact that he'd never go
France. The Gordons sometimes got n
and belligerent—especially Mrs. Gordon,
got insulting—and once when he'd had
much to drink Bert Cutting had tried to
her behind a door. Charlie, thank good
only got funny. But it didn't do any of t
any good, that was a cinch. If the fig
she'd heard a lecturer give once on drin
in the United States during prohibition
right, that hadn't done the whole Un
States any good, if you came down to it.

Joe's fingers had tightened on her h
His hands were beautiful, magnifice

(Continued on Page 142)

YOU CAN LOOK LADY... IT'S NO MILITARY SECRET!

NO OTHER CONTAINER PROTECTS LIKE THE CAN

T'S NO MILITARY SECRET that America's ghting forces are the best fed in the world. nd it couldn't happen without cans!

Figure the length of our supply lines. igure the millions of tons of food that must o and the manner of their going—over ormy seas, shell-torn roads, steaming jungle aths . . . dropped by parachute . . . floated om barges . . . jolted from jeeps. Then ask ourself what other container but the can ould withstand such conditions and get its ontents through *safely!*

Only cans have ALL these advantages

ur familiar "tin can" (really more than 98% *eel*, less than 2% tin) is a hero today. The aracteristics which make it valuable for ome use make it *essential* for war needs.

For cans don't break, they're non-inflamable, they're moisture-proof. They can be aled absolutely air-and-light-tight—lockg *in* color, flavor, vitamin values; locking *t* dirt, germs, gases. They're light-weight d tamper-proof, and by all odds the easst, most *convenient* containers to handle, rry, store, open and to dispose of. Foods in ns are inexpensive because the can itself costs little to make, label, ship, and handle.

Naturally, our fighting forces have first call today on the cans that are made—not only for food, but for countless other kinds of vital equipment. To ease the strain of this huge demand, some civilian supplies we like in cans have been transferred temporarily to substitute containers. We sacrifice them cheerfully because we know they'll all be back. And we'll use wisely the products that still come in cans . . . avoid waste . . . *and turn in our empty cans for salvage.*

CAN MANUFACTURERS' INSTITUTE, INC., NEW YORK

MANY PRODUCTS HAVE BEEN TAKEN OUT OF CANS. THE CANS YOU STILL SEE IN STORES ARE THERE FOR YOU WITH UNCLE SAM'S BLESSING

TRUE or FALSE?

	T	F
1. Conscientious meal planners use canned foods freely.	☐	☐
2. Liquid should be drained from canned foods and thrown away.	☐	☐
3. It is unsafe to leave food in the open can.	☐	☐
4. Beverages in cans are easier to chill.	☐	☐
5. Canned foods retain valuable vitamins and minerals.	☐	☐

ANSWERS

1. TRUE. Cans bring you a variety of foods, inexpensively, the year around . . . help you plan meals by the rules for good nutrition. And food in cans is good food. Vegetables and fruits are often grown especially from pedigreed seed . . . harvested and canned at the peak of their flavor and food value.

2. FALSE. The liquid is wholesome and contains valuable food elements which are wasted if you throw it away. Either serve the liquid with the food, or save it to use in soups, sauces, or beverages.

3. FALSE. Probably the *safest* place there is to leave unused portion of the can's contents *is the can*, since can and food are *sterilized* in the canning process. Cover the opened can and keep in your refrigerator like other left-over cooked food.

4. TRUE. Fruit juices placed in the refrigerator in the can chill faster than in any other container. Try it.

5. TRUE. Thanks to modern canning methods, canned foods retain *more* minerals—more *vitamins*—than many home-cooked "fresh" foods.

NO OTHER CONTAINER PROTECTS LIKE THE CAN

A new experience will be yours

WALKING WITH HIM — a new, pleasant experience in comfortable Krippendorf Foot Rest Shoes. Your shoe dealer, because of conditions, may not have every size and style now. But keep trying — for some day a new experience will be yours.

Priced From $6.95 TO $7.95 (Slightly higher west of Denver)

Krippendorf FOOT REST SHOES VERIFLEXIBLE

THE KRIPPENDORF-DITTMANN CO., Cincinnati

Rayons that fit are the fashion this Easter

Now that you can choose stockings of different leg sizes in the same foot size of famed Holeproof quality!

Join the Easter parade knowing that your stockings are not only accurate in footsize, but actually knitted to fit your leg sleekly, glamorously. The diagram shows how and why proportioned hosiery as distinguished by Holeproof beautifully slenderizes the leg instead of merely clothing it. In most of the finer stores you will find an interesting array of Holeproof hosiery.

Each Leg Size Differently Proportioned At Points Marked

HOLEPROOF
HOSIERY CO.,
MILWAUKEE 1, WIS.
(Canada, London, Ontario)

HOLEPROOF Fine Stockings

HOLEPROOF ALSO MAKES LUXITE UNDERWEAR AND MEN'S SOCKS

© H. H. Co.

(Continued from Page 140)

shaped and terribly alive. The feel of them pleased her and that was strange, because as a rule she didn't like to be touched. Perhaps it was because she did not know how to accept it or how to respond to it. When she was little, her mother used to take her in her arms, but she was always all knees and elbows and angles. "You're not a bit cuddly," Charlie used to say ruefully. But now she liked the strong, firm feel of Joe's hand on hers.

Her eyes opened for a moment on a shaft of limpid awareness, then narrowed. Sex was a matter she took into consideration, and she believed she understood it completely. As yet her knowledge was academic, but she had found it sufficient. She conceded the vast power of sex upon human affairs, just as she recognized the force of hunger. She had never been hungry for five minutes in all her life, but if anybody had called that to her attention she would have said coolly that intelligence and directed imagination were quite equivalent to experience. Sex was a lure she knew now she possessed; she intended to use it, as other women had throughout history, to achieve her own desire for success and power, but she intended to control it.

Looking at Joe McCarey, she was like a child playing with matches in front of an ammunition dump. Her eyes dropped to their locked hands, lifted and met his. There was a moment of breathless silence and just for a moment she looked pitifully young; the bones in her cheeks stood out and the childish set of her lips showed through the lipstick.

The waiter came with their order and Clare dropped her head back a little with the well-known gesture she had copied from a Powers model, withdrew her hand without haste and said, "Tell me what you did tonight, tell me all about it. Did it work? What did Hartley say about it?"

When he talked on his own subject, Joe McCarey had the fascination some men can put into shop talk. His terms were picturesque and he used his hands in authoritative gestures. With a pencil he made little sketches on the tablecloth to illustrate what he was saying. Joe knew his stuff, he gave it everything he had; he was never satisfied with anything the way it was—he was always thinking restlessly of a way to better it. He was talking in futures, and it was into the future that Clare Wilson's dreams always ran to escape from the present. She followed him closely, absorbed, and her questions were stimulating; she was interested not only in the man but in his work—that much was true.

Once she looked away from him and caught their reflection in a wall mirror and sat studying it intently, weighing him, estimating herself.

I'll be marrying the future, she thought. *He has everything I want and can build with in the future. He can do anything with men. He's right when he says they made a big mistake with labor; they shouldn't have grabbed all the brains onto the other side and left labor without leaders. Labor will have to develop leaders of its own, leaders with integrity and brains. Joe could be one of them. He says that. I want to be in on that. I'm going to be.*

People had drifted in now; most of them stopped to say hello to Joe McCarey. They showed plainly that he was a favorite. "Come on over and have a drink with us," they said. The eyes upon Clare Wilson, so smart and cool and brilliant in her red linen, were curious.

"Maybe later," Joe said. "I'm busy." He grinned amiably when he said it.

A little fat guy stopped, but he didn't go away. He had a pink face like one of the three little pigs. When he just kept standing there, not saying anything, Joe looked up and said, "All right, Manny, what's on your mind? Let's have it."

The little man looked at Clare and shook his head; he gave Joe the office.

But Joe McCarey said impatiently, "For the love of Mike, what's eating you? Get it out, will you?"

Your Birthstone* tells the Month

*APRIL DIAMOND

Don't let your Hands tell Your Years

April—the month of gay, Spring finery—when hands should be their loveliest to complete your well-groomed look. Use Sofskin to keep your hands softer, smoother, whiter than you ever dreamed. Takes only a moment to apply. Convince yourself by asking for the Sofskin courtesy application at your beauty salon or cosmetic counter.

SOFSKIN for lovely hands and skin

in the Black and Gold Jars
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SOFSKIN COMPANY, FINDLAY, OHIO

Safety IN ANY WEATHER!

CAT'S PAW

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RUBBER HEELS & SOLES

Stop Slipping

WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE FOR A CUP OF HER Coffee

"Boy, what she can do to coffee in her VACULATOR! The tastingest, flavorest, most dee-licious drink you ever set parched lips to! Mama—just keep that VACULATOR brewing 'til I'm home again.

P.S.: You'll find VACULATOR at better stores everywhere.

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FROM $2.95

"VACULATOR" GLASS COFFEE MAKER made with PYREX brand GLASS

The Quick-Easy Way to Squeeze Juice

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HOME JUICE EXTRACTOR

ver 1,000,000 housewives know the con-enience of a JUICE KING home juice ex-actor — know the time and effort it saves preparing fresh nutritious fruit juices. ust slight pressure to the handle and the ch pulp free juice flows into the glass.

hen we whip the Axis, Juice ing will again be available your dealers. Remember e name JUICE KING — the finest in home juice extractors.

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Gentlemen Prefer

5-DAY UNDERARM PADS

for controlling perspiration

This modern way to dispose of the nuisance of underarm perspiration and odor appeals to a man's mechanical sense. A pad saturated with an extremely effective anti-perspirant-deodorant lotion. Simply whisk the pad under both arms and the job is done. Perspiration is checked before it starts and the effect lasts for 1 to 5 days, depending upon you. With 5-DAY UNDERARM PADS you lessen the risk of ugly shirt stains and perspiration odor in your suits and coats. 55¢ a jar at drug and department stores.

Associated Distributors, Distributors, Chicago 10

ZUD

Removes RUST and STAINS from BATHTUBS and SINKS

SOLD AT 10¢ STORES, HARDWARE and DEPT. STORES

HAVE YOU A YELLOW STREAK?

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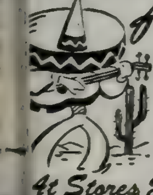
PRODUCTS, Inc. N.Y.



from Old Mexico

comes a Zinnia with flowers that remind one of little French Marigolds. It is known as *Zinnigold* . . . and its coloring rivals the splendor of the Aztecs! A *must* for your garden.

At Stores Everywhere

ANDEVILLE

TRIPLE-TESTED FLOWER SEEDS

ANDEVILLE & KING COMPANY
Rochester, New York
lower Seed Specialists for 68 Years.

Manny said, "Your wife was waiting for you over at the west gate with the car. I don't know did she go home or not."

There was a brief silence.

Manny said, "She said something about maybe she would sort of look around and see could she find you and did I know where you ate at now because you never come home any more for supper."

Joe's nerves betrayed him; he started to speak, but Clare put her hand on his arm and after a moment he said, "Okay, Manny, thanks. Go have a drink on me, will you?"

Manny went and Joe looked at Clare. His eyes were very angry; he hated being interfered with, he hated being in the wrong. But he was embarrassed too.

"I didn't mean to let you in for anything," he said, holding his voice low.

Clare's eyebrows, which were thin and black and shining, went up. "But you're not letting me in for anything," she said, with faint surprise. "Does your wife object to you having a bite of supper with a friend? Really, Joe, that's out of the dark ages. And don't worry about me. Everybody has to look out for themselves in this world, I've found that out. I'll look out for me."

He said, "You're hard as steel, aren't you, baby? How old are you, anyhow? Sometimes I swear you don't look sixteen and then you're as old as—as Eve."

"What's that got to do with it?" Clare said coldly. "I'm old enough to know what I'm doing. I'm old enough to know what I want, and that's more than some people ever find out."

FAST MANNERS

A few nights ago a man was hurrying along a street when another man rushed out of an alley and the two collided. One of them raised his hat and said, "My dear sir, I don't know which of us is to blame for this violent encounter, and I am in too great a hurry to investigate. If I ran into you, I beg your pardon; if you ran into me, don't mention it," and he tore away at redoubled speed.

— REV. E. J. HARDY:
How to be Happy Though Civil.
(Charles Scribner's Sons.)

The door opened and a woman came through it. She had a pretty face, what most people mean when they say a sweet face. Her eyes were deep brown and they were beautifully set, so that they gave her brow serenity. It was unfortunate that a frizzy permanent had ruined the soft frame of her brown hair. Her clothes were not cheap, but they were without taste—too frilly for her figure, which was inclined to matronly plumpness. For all the natural sweetness of her round face, she had a stubborn mouth.

Joe McCarey got up as she came toward the booth, his eyes wary, balanced on his toes like a fighter ready for trouble. Without moving her body, Clare turned her head, tilting her chin and opening her eyes wide. Her smile was impersonal, not quite indifferent, not quite friendly. When neither Joe nor the young woman spoke, Clare said in her clear young voice:

"Hello; you must be Elsie. I'm Clare Wilson. It's so nice you've come—I was just going to have to leave Joe to eat alone. My mother's a scary little thing and I never like to leave her too late at night."

Joe had recovered himself by then. He said, "Sit down, Elsie—I'll put Clare in her car."

A good many heads had turned expectantly. Most of them had known Joe and Elsie McCarey for a long time. Elsie stood without moving as Clare slid out of the booth. Side by side, the contrast was devastating for Elsie. Clare had that arrogant bearing, that way of wearing her clothes, that polished grooming that made another woman feel moth-eaten at best. The eyes of a man who hoped to go far, very far, could hardly fail to note that contrast.

Then, from somewhere, Elsie managed a smile as brave as a child's in the dark.

It could be You!

FRANCES DENNEY, noted authority on Beauty says, "Your beauty can be UNFORGETTABLE . . . compelling, if you choose the right shade of lipstick."

MISS DENNEY'S superb Lipstick adds an arresting dash of color that glorifies your make-up. Its smooth, creamy texture makes your lips luscious, inviting.

Distinguished women, everywhere, use colorful FRANCES DENNEY Lipstick for correct make-up. There is a selection of twelve glorious shades . . . available at better stores.

FRANCES DENNEY
OF PHILADELPHIA

$1.00

$1.50

Prices plus tax

No finer fit at any price

Bestform Brassieres
79¢

Bestform Foundations
$2.50 to $6.50

BESTFORM
means "best form"

Look better dressed.. be a
CLOTHES WARDEN!

Dressing smartly in wartime is something of a feat, but you can do it—and help the conservation program, too—by being a Clothes Warden.

Here's How

1. Buy wisely . . . Only the clothes you really need, and none that can't be drycleaned or laundered.

2. Treat kindly . . . When you slip your dress off, put it on a hanger, brush lightly, and let it air in the room overnight.

3. Drycleaning . . . Remember: your best buy in drycleaning is the best drycleaning you can buy. Our unique Sanitone methods revive weary colors, perk up textures and boost your clothes-mileage . . . because they are extra thorough, extra gentle.

Please send a hanger with each garment.

The Sanitone Drycleaners

LICENSED SANITONE CLEANERS

★ LOOK US UP IN YOUR CLASSIFIED PHONE BOOK ★

This advertisement sponsored by Emery Industries, Inc., originators of Sanitone.

"You—you'll be right back, won't you, Joey?" she said softly.

"Sure," Joe McCarey said. "Take it easy."

Clare's nerves tuned in on that one, bristled against it. Sometimes a man instinctively started to root for a badly outclassed fighter. Clare knew that. American girls always know things like that. A man might see something to pity in that brave smile of an Elsie. There could never be anything for a young man to pity in the terrible, touching hardness of a Clare. You couldn't win an objective without hurting somebody; everybody knew that by now. In the dark, you used a piano wire around a sentry's neck, timed to the split second. War was a ruthless business and Clare was at war with life.

As they stood in the dark under the trees beside her car, she put up her face and Joe kissed her, lightly at first, the gay, tantalizing kiss that Clare had permitted him, designed to haunt a man in odd moments. But now Clare's hands went up to his shoulders and her lips were not withdrawn; he felt the quick breath she drew. He took her in his arms and there was a brief, instinctive resistance, and then she yielded and that unexpected yielding was like the yielding of steel when it grows hot and malleable for man's use.

"I'm sleepy," Charlotte said aloud, "and I ought to stay awake until the girls are in and I ought to finish my face."

BEHIND her, reflected in the triple mirrors of the wide dressing table with its organdy flounces and rows of gold-topped bottles and jars, lay the lovely bedroom she had conceived and executed. All rose and ivory it was, and the chaise longue with its heaps of little pillows had been designed as a setting for pretty Charlotte Wilson, and the spinet desk at which she sat to do her accounts was as suited to her as the rosy chiffon nightgown she wore. So much, for a woman, depended upon the right background, especially as she grew a little older. Tonight the room, which she loved as some women love jewels, seemed empty and cold; there was no satisfaction in it.

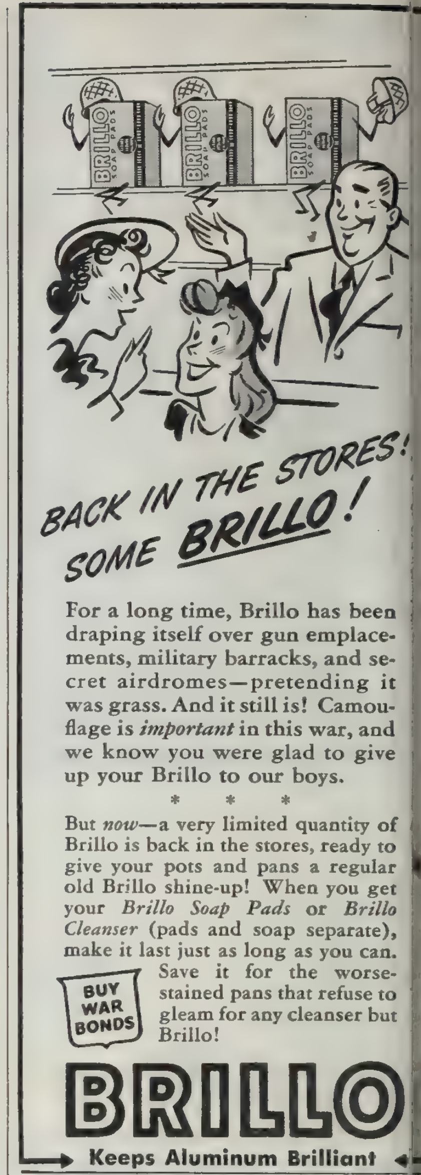
"Me here and John hundreds of miles away up in the air," she said aloud, "flying away from me. I expect he's asleep by now. A man can always sleep."

Even as she said it, she knew it wasn't true. There was some connection between them; she knew John was still awake, restless, unsatisfied, wanting her as she wanted him.

She got up and went to look at herself in the full-length mirror on the bathroom door. She ran her hands down over her hips and thighs, up over her breasts and shoulders. There were no bulges, no middle-aged spreads; she had fought them off successfully, with hours of boring exercise and massage, because she was inclined to a sort of sturdy heaviness, as all the Halloran women were. Anyway, she thought with a little twist of her lips, the result was what was keeping John awake in that airplane. Not that she exactly wanted him to stay awake, poor darling.

But somehow tonight, from somewhere, from nowhere, had come that ridiculous thought of losing him. Of disappointing him, failing him. A vague and nameless fear, it annoyed her by its very vagueness. Probably it was the frustration of his sudden departure. Possibly it was seeing Mimi Cutting and Cora Gordon and realizing that none of them was getting any younger. Even Charlotte Wilson, with all her care, all the physical gifts she'd been given, couldn't stay young forever. "Youth had been a habit of hers so long that she could not part with it." Where in the world had she read that, how had she happened to remember it so that it popped up now, of all times?

It came to her suddenly that this was the time of her life that was most important to herself. Times overlapped desperately. Soon she would be too old for love, too old for romance and vanities and excitements and


BACK IN THE STORES! SOME BRILLO!

For a long time, Brillo has been draping itself over gun emplacements, military barracks, and secret airdromes—pretending it was grass. And it still is! Camouflage is *important* in this war, and we know you were glad to give up your Brillo to our boys.

* * *

But *now*—a very limited quantity of Brillo is back in the stores, ready to give your pots and pans a regular old Brillo shine-up! When you get your *Brillo Soap Pads* or *Brillo Cleanser* (pads and soap separate), make it last just as long as you can. Save it for the worse-stained pans that refuse to gleam for any cleanser but Brillo!

BUY WAR BONDS

BRILLO
Keeps Aluminum Brilliant

FOR HER BIRTHDAY
Give a Canary
"The Singing Pet"

● So perky, lively and cheerful, a canary will find a warm place in the heart of any boy or girl. These little songsters are perfect gifts . . . living gifts that keep on giving joy and companionship to brighten the home. So for her birthday, present her with a canary, "The Only Pet That Sings!"

LARGEST SELLING BIRD SEED IN U. S.

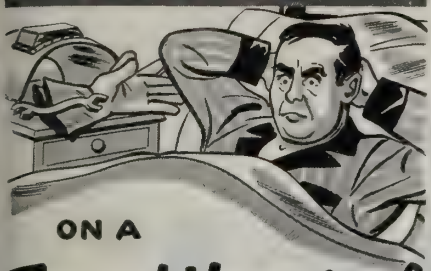
HERE'S A Gift Set THAT YOU WANT FO YOURSELF

$1.00 (Slightly Hig West of Mississ

Twin dripless servers—48-oz. and 11-oz. sizes—in mat design, packed in attractive gift box. Have new T plastic tops and slides in red, green, yellow, blue; ri clear-glass containers. They're irresistible! Get several now! (Mfd. by FEDERAL TOOL CORP., Chicago 12,

AT DEPARTMENT, HARDWARE, 5c to $1.00 STOR

YOUR MAN



ON A

Forced Vacation?

Staying home with a Spring CHEST COLD is no holiday! Get right after hubby's miserable cold symptoms with ANTIPHLOGISTINE. Apply it comfortably hot—as directed.

ANTIPHLOGISTINE gets "Moist Heat" right to the affected area for many hours. This ready-to-use medicated poultice brings three-way relief:

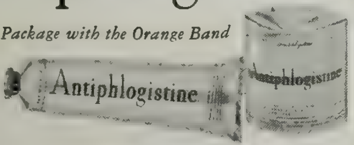
1. Eases that cough
2. Relieves tightness of the chest
3. Soothes sore, aching muscles

My—but that prolonged "Moist Heat" feels good! Does good, too!

Apply ANTIPHLOGISTINE early for best results!

Antiphlogistine

The White Package with the Orange Band



SAY GOODBYE TO THAT

CORN!

How to get instant relief from painful pressure and remove corn

• Home-paring corns gets only the *top*, usually leaves the core behind. Instead, get Blue-Jay! It works 2 ways: 1, the soft pad gives instant relief from pressure pain; then the medication loosens the corn, so it can be removed—*with the hard core*. Get Blue-Jay at any drug or toilet goods counter today!

BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BAUER & BLACK • *Division of The Kendall Company*

JUST IRON AND IT'S MENDED!

IRONTEX*

The Miracle Fabric Mending Tape

IRONTEX Mending Tape mends, renews, reinforces worn, torn clothes, household linens, etc. Works like magic as you press with a hot iron! Quick, easy, practical; strong, economical. Can be laundered. White, colors, 1½" wide. **10c** pckg., 30"—**25c** pckg., 90". At Notion Counters. **TRY IT!** Get Trial **IRONTEX** package—send 10c in coin to Dept. LHJ-2.

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

DRITZ-TRAUM CO., INC.
15 E. 26th St. • New York 10, N.Y.

all the mad and wonderful and unimportant things. Now—*now*—she was at the peak of her power of passion, for it was strong and adult in her body and vivid in the appreciation of her mind and understanding.

The ivory radio beside the bed melted into the hot sweetness of a song called All or Nothing at All and Charlotte hummed it without knowing that she was humming it and said sharply, "I can't stop being a woman because I am a mother. Women pretend they do, but they don't. I am as much interested in me as I am in my children. They have all of youth before them and I have only a little left."

Yet when she thought of her children she knew that she loved them as much as any mother could love them, she knew that she would die for them.

I am all mixed up, Charlotte thought, *nothing is clear and simple. I can't say I am this or that or the other kind of woman. Some of me is good and some is bad, I'm not consistent; I don't know myself at all.*

A news broadcast crashed in upon her consciousness. There had been another battle in those far, unknown seas of the South Pacific, the Navy had lost ships, the casualties had been light.

This terrible, terrible war. I would do anything to end it, I do everything I know how, I do, honestly. I've been to the blood bank and I work at the Red Cross and I send books and buy Bonds, but I hate it—I hate it most because it interferes with me, and with my lovely life. I won't think about it. What's the use? How does it help those boys out there if I make myself miserable trying to imagine what they are doing right now, maybe in the cold or the wet or hungry or wounded?

But she found herself, willy-nilly, running into Junior's room, dragged and driven. In the dim light from the hall, the room was a chaos of ship models, of workbench and tools, the walls plastered with pictures of ships and Navy battles and insignia. Charlotte stood looking down at him and her breath came fast. *He'll be old enough. He'll be big enough soon. I don't know how mothers stand it. I couldn't, I can't.*

Junior squirmed and grunted and said, "'S'matter, Charlie?" and was asleep again before she bent to kiss him on the tousled hair, to tuck him in as she had done so many times ever since he was a baby. John used to come in with her, and they'd stand there just the way she stood now, only then his arm would slip around her and he'd kiss the top of her head and say, "You're such a silly little thing to be the mother of three kids."

When she went back to her own room she meant to change the radio and find some music, but she forgot and some late commentator with a rich, sonorous voice went babbling on while she finished creaming her

(Continued on Page 147)

"I suppose you're going to be a real engineer if you grow up?"

BOTANY
REG.

Certified FABRICS

BOTANY CERTIFIED FABRIC • READY FOR SEWING • FEEL THE DIFFERENCE • FULLY SPONGED AND SHRUNK
BOTANY WORSTED MILLS • PASSAIC, N.J.
B W M P

for Home Sewing....

You're buying War Bonds, doing war work. But you can make a further contribution to victory by making your own clothes and conserving needed manpower. Botany Certified Fabrics — pure wool, fully sponged, pre-shrunk and ready for your shears, drape with the easy grace that makes sewing fun. Wear with remarkable stamina. Look for the Botany tag on the bolt, the name on the selvage.

BOTANY CERTIFIED FABRIC

Ask your salesgirl for a Botany label to sew in your Botany garment.

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BOTANY WORSTED MILLS, PASSAIC, N. J.
Men's and Women's Wear Fabrics • Ties • No-Dye-Lot Yarns
Robes • Sportswear • Certified Fabrics • Lanolin Cosmetics

"The bigger the wash— the bigger the welcome for Super Suds' EXTRA SUDS!"

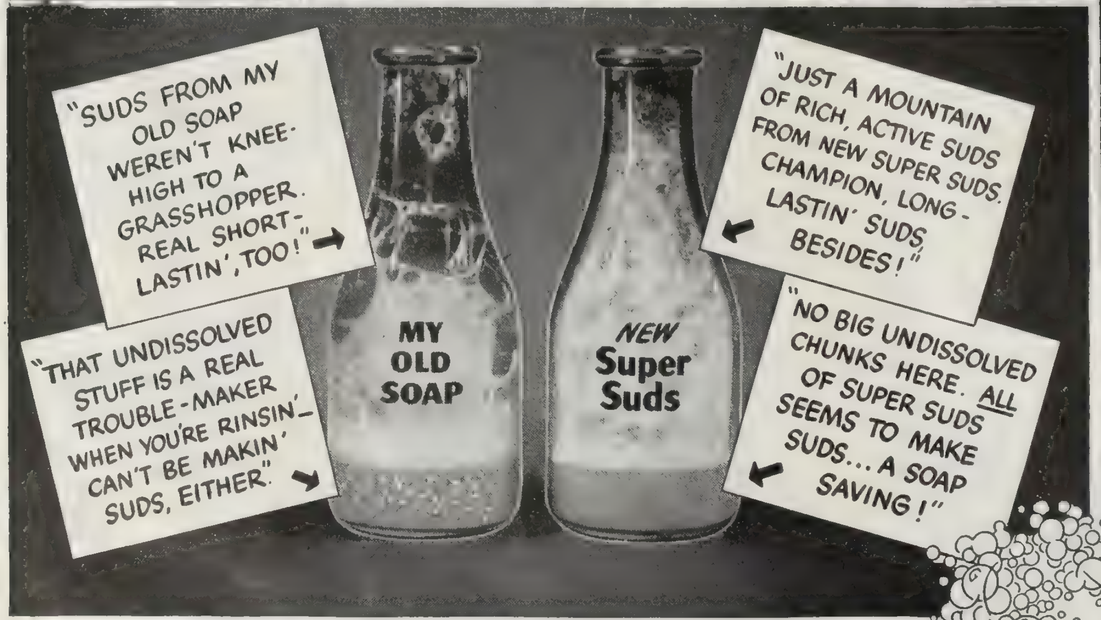
"MORE SUDS, LONGER-LASTIN' SUDS, make a heavy wash seem loads lighter," says Mrs. Isabelle Evans

"WILLIAM *(on the left)* is my oldest boy. Back of him is Jean. Elizabeth is in my lap—then comes Ann and Robert. With five like these, time is about the most precious thing I have.

"When I saw how much MORE SUDS and LONGER-LASTIN' SUDS Super Suds gave, I said: 'That's goin' to save washin' time.' I was right, too. ALL THOSE EXTRA SUDS get dirt out fast and easy . . . save time, and also my strength. I wouldn't be without new, sudsier-than-ever Super Suds."

"Don't look like 'working hands,' do they?"

"I love Super Suds because of my hands, too. THOSE EXTRA SUDS are so mild, yet get dishes and pans clean without anything strong added. I'm real vain about my smooth hands."


"SUDS FROM MY OLD SOAP WEREN'T KNEE-HIGH TO A GRASSHOPPER. REAL SHORT-LASTIN', TOO!"
"THAT UNDISSOLVED STUFF IS A REAL TROUBLE-MAKER WHEN YOU'RE RINSIN'— CAN'T BE MAKIN' SUDS, EITHER."
MY OLD SOAP
NEW Super Suds
"JUST A MOUNTAIN OF RICH, ACTIVE SUDS FROM NEW SUPER SUDS. CHAMPION, LONG-LASTIN' SUDS BESIDES!"
"NO BIG UNDISSOLVED CHUNKS HERE. ALL OF SUPER SUDS SEEMS TO MAKE SUDS... A SOAP SAVING!"

Make the easy "milk-bottle suds test"

Shake up two teaspoons of your old wash-day soap and a glass of water in a milk-bottle. Do the same with Super Suds in another milk-bottle. Even cool or hard water will do. See if you don't get MORE SUDS, LONGER-LASTING SUDS, from Super Suds.

Super Suds
FLOODS O' SUDS FOR DISHES AND DUDS

DON'T WASTE SOAP! ★ Vital materials needed to win the war are used in making soap

(Continued from Page 145)

ace, trying to wipe out the lines that had ome, John said, from smiling too much. 'he words didn't reach her consciousness. uvenile delinquency—peak ever known in he United States—FBI notes startling fact hat in this war the juvenile delinquents are nuch younger, thirteen to sixteen—bishops f the Protestant churches in solemn conlave—breakdown of the American home—ıoral collapse and lack of discipline ——

Frowning, Charlotte Wilson turned the adio off. Absently, she thought that it was oo bad about juvenile delinquents. Not nat it could ever have anything to do with er or people like her. Dead-end kids, tough ids from tenements who stole automobiles nd robbed drugstores, bad little girls who ecame gang molls—though of course she ad heard that even in some of the better gh schools—the whole thing was terrible, was because mothers weren't close to their nildren, weren't pals with them. When she nished all this long business with her pretty ce, she'd go and see if the girls were in ed yet.

We're so lucky, she thought. *Make me ateful enough. It's so safe and peaceful here d no bombs or anything. I wish I could do ore. Maybe the girls—but Clare works hard that scientific school, whatever it is, and itsy—it's her vacation—they're only young ce, I always say. Poor darlings.*

A sound made her turn and Clare stood the doorway. "Talking to yourself again," e said.

"And who would I want better?" Charte said, laughing.

"Where's dad?"

"The poor man, with no car to go to the port in and him paying all the bills."

Clare laughed. "Did you square it for e?" she said. "I'm sorry—I didn't know had to go anywhere."

"We saw the car out in front of that fé," Charlotte said. "Is he nice, Clare? you like him?"

Clare stretched her slim young body, arms ng aloft. "He's grand," she said.

"I'd like to meet him sometime," Charte said.

"And so you shall, my pet, so you shall," are said, "only you must promise not to ike eyes at him. You do, you know. Charsomeday he's going to be a very big man. u'll like him, wait and see."

Charlotte watched her go, wishing she had d more, asked more. *He may work late l all*, she thought, *but here I am still up. body knows any more whether it's night or —midnight shows and boy friends that ask out when they get through work at twelve ock—keeping up with the times ——*

In her heart, she knew that she was a little afraid of Clare. Of her quick mind, her hard young superiority, her dry humor that was like her father's. Clare could make her feel middle-aged and stupid and behind the times—not that the child ever tried, it was just her way.

On the table beside her bed was a collection of things that always made John laugh. A silver tray, a well-worn Bible that had been Grandma Halloran's, the latest novel from the lending library, a twenty-five-cent mystery with a hand clutching a dripping dagger on its cover, and a little white book marked "Thoughts for the Day." Charlotte picked up the little white book, peered at a page, held it at arm's length and with a wry face reached under her pillow for her glasses.

The Thought for the Day was: "If you plant thorns do not expect to gather roses."

But Charlotte fell asleep in the middle of it.

"But I always kiss her good night," Bitsy said. She peeked in the door and said, "Annabee, come look. Isn't she cute? She goes to sleep like that half the time, with her glasses on her nose and the light on and the book on her chest." She went in and took the glasses, tenderly, and turned off the light.

From the darkness, Charlotte said, "Is that you, baby? Are you all right? Did you have a good time?"

"We sure did," said Bitsy. "Tell you about it in the morning. You get your beauty sleep."

When she and Annabee were side by side in the pretty white twin beds, Bitsy said, "We got to get the record of that song, Annabee." She sang dreamily, in her light little voice, "*Come the dawn—I'll be gone—I want a little honey holding me tight.* Um-mm—how does it—oh, yes: *You can have your knitting and your purlin' but if I got to go to Berlin, I want a girl in my arms—tonight.*"* Annabee giggled and Bitsy said: "I guess there's more truth than poetry in that."

The house lay very quiet at last. Only Clare was still awake, smiling in the darkness. Joe McCarey must be remembering that kiss.

Sooner or late she might have to tell Charlie about Joe's wife and kids. Not that Charlie would mind a frivolous little thing like a divorce. Plenty of her friends were divorced. Anyway, it might all go off so quietly Charlie wouldn't ever hear about it. No use bringing it up until everything was settled. In the meantime, what Charlie didn't know wouldn't hurt her.

(To be Continued)

**From the Frank Loesser song, In My Arms. Copyrighted Saunders Publications.*

OUR READERS WRITE US

(Continued from Page 12)

Journal Means Democracy

Chattanooga, Tennessee.

Dear Sirs: I am so frequently impressed with the fact that the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL stands for whatever is forward-looking and democratic, that I cannot resist the temptation of writing and telling you how I admire your courage and your good sense. The issue with the articles on the Chinese, German and Polish families, Dorothy Thompson's feature article, the excellent short stories and gay departments on household subjects was especially fine. I remember, too, your efforts to make for tolerance for the American Negro.

To give a subscription to the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL is to give an introduction to democracy.

CHRISTINE NOBLE GOVAN.

And I *love* your Fifty Years Ago column!

Clear the Track, Mamma's Going Places

Pullman, Washington.

Dear Editors: Insomnia will claim me for her own if I don't answer Helene Adamson. She wanted current topics omitted, as the JOURNAL is a woman's magazine. You know, Helene, there are women, whose number is legion, who want to think right as well as be fashionable and well-fed, and relax with good fiction.

Give me the new women, women who like the editorials of Dorothy Thompson—or question them. The girls who tuck their homemade pin curls under their work caps and join the swing shift; the middle-aged housewives who check instrument panels, weld, rivet; the stenographers and bookkeepers who train for the greatest degree of accuracy; the ladies who have charge of work in our huge air depots; the nurses and helpers; the women who can't work but whose hearts and minds are strong. And above all, the girls in service with that wonderful shine in their eyes, whose shine puts a mistiness in others. The women who realize that Government and security cannot be shaky if we are to survive, who think justly and are, in their small ways, master builders. For a magazine that helps us to do the things that make good American women, I thank you.

Just pardon me while I wipe the suds from my hands and turn on the radio. It's news time.

Sincerely,
JANET ENGMAN.

THEY FELL IN LOVE AT NOON!

. . . because that's when they met. And his heart turned cartwheels when he looked at her. For even in bright sunlight, her complexion had an exquisite, fresh radiance. When you start the day with Tussy Make-Up, you start the day *right*. And end it still looking beautiful!

Buy War Bonds and Stamps Now!

Tussy
SAFARI POWDER BASE CREAM

Creamy-moist. Helps hide tiny blemishes. Rouge blends more evenly . . . powder clings longer. Your face takes on a transparent bloom! *Fair, Medium, Sungold.* $1.*

Tussy
LIPSTICK

Smooth-textured! Softening! Indelible as you could wish. Flattering colors, including: rosy *Jeep Red*, brave *Fighting Red*, clear, rich *Safari*. Each $1. Matching *Cream Rouge*, $1; *Compact Rouge, 55¢.**

Tussy
—for that young, young look

TUSSY COSMETIQUES
683 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

Copyright, 1943, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp., Bloomfield, N.J.

*All prices, tax additional

It's thanks a Million—

WHEN THEY GET CHESTERFIELDS

On fighting fronts the world around and from smokers all over America you hear ... *Chesterfields are Milder, they sure Taste Better.* Yes, join the big swing to Chesterfield and make the most of your Smoking Pleasure.

It's Chesterfield's Right Combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos that makes the difference.

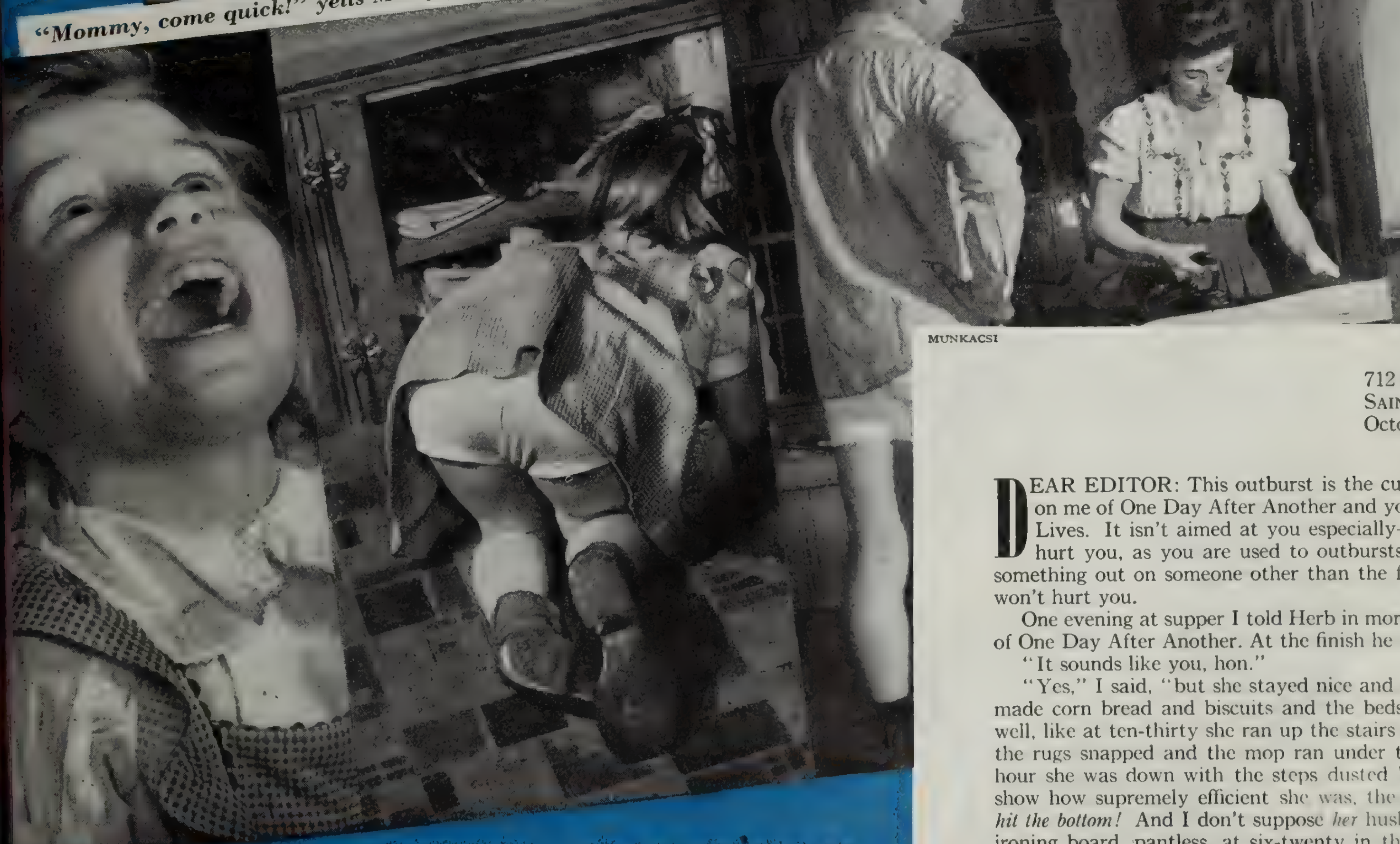
They Satisfy **NOT A SLOGAN —BUT A FACT**

CHESTERFIELD

Copyright 1944, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co

FRANTIC HOUSEWIFE

"Mommy, come quick!" yells Marty. Merry can't find her doll. Denny (above) is sick, and husband Herb, pantless.



MUNKACSI

MEET THE HAHNS

of Saint Charles, Illinois

712 South Third Street,
Saint Charles, Illinois.
October 14, 1943.

DEAR EDITOR: This outburst is the culmination of the effects on me of One Day After Another and your series, How America Lives. It isn't aimed at you especially—and anyway, it won't hurt you, as you are used to outbursts—but it is time I take something out on someone other than the family. And as I say, it won't hurt you.

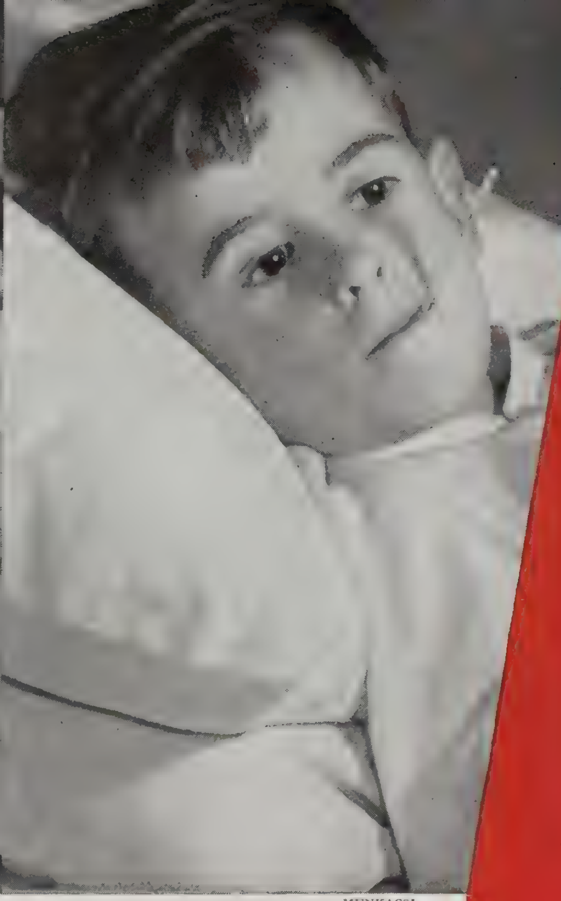
One evening at supper I told Herb in more or less detail the story of One Day After Another. At the finish he said:

"It sounds like you, hon."

"Yes," I said, "but she stayed nice and sweet all day long. She made corn bread and biscuits and the beds and was so efficient—well, like at ten-thirty she ran up the stairs and the sheets flew and the rugs snapped and the mop ran under the beds and in half an hour she was down with the steps dusted behind her, and just to show how supremely efficient she was, the phone rang *just as she hit the bottom!* And I don't suppose *her* husband ever stood by the ironing board, pantless, at six-twenty in the morning with a horn honking outside and waited while she ironed them. Oh, no, she would have done them the night before, along with the twenty-two shirts. She wouldn't scream upstairs or downstairs at the kids, and maybe she'd even let them turn off the news and play records if they had that fleeting desire."

74.4% of American families have incomes below $3000 a year.

Up at 6 A.M., this 95-pound housewife puts in a whirlwind 17-hour day. Here she stops her harried routine long enough to first-aid Marty's knee. Merry (6) holds the adhesive. "Denim slacks aren't my idea of what the snappy housewife should wear," says expert dressmaker Esther, "but good for running both a houseful of kids and a gas station."



MUNKACSI

"In my mouf," instructs Denny (4) in bed with cold. Local M.D. likes her to keep kids in bed three days after temperature is normal. "If I did, they'd never spend a day on their feet," comments mother, who keeps going on coffee and vitamin pills. Evenings Herb works in the gas station; like Esther, relaxes only two hours, from 9 P.M. to 11.

"Mornings are b[illegible]." The pool car honks outside, Denny tries to eat dad's lunch, [illegible] phone rings, and Marty and Merry scramble for school. "Tea[illegible] never like this," swears Mrs. H., who taught high-school music, Latin, French and English. Soft-spoken Herb nicely balances her mercurial nerves.

Well, as you—who are probably one or have one—must know, husbands can stand just so much ranting, so here's where the dear editor comes in.

Today, I will admit, did get off to a bad start. Herb usually rides to the plant with a man who has to eat downtown, and rather than drive his own car to work he eats downtown too. Which means that I have to have his lunch ready earlier. Well, today the man didn't come, and after waiting a while because we didn't know the man wasn't going to come, we had to get some breakfast. So I didn't get the lunch finished and I would have to drive him to work and then drive back again later with the lunch. . . . I'm back from the first trip by seven and the kids are already coming to. Marty, almost eight, cried in the night with earache; she had been in bed with a cold for a couple of days and she would spend another day in bed. Merry, five and a half, had gone to bed feverish, her cold just starting, and *she* would spend the day in bed. (The doctor always says, "Keep 'em in bed three days after the temperature is normal." I am firmly convinced that if this rule were strictly observed kids would never spend a day anywhere but in bed.) About Denny, just past four, I didn't know yet.

Upstairs, I popped the thermometer in Merry's mouth and combed my hair while she sucked on it. I cold-creamed my face while Marty had it. Both were normal, so I suppose I shouldn't worry. I saw an expectant look in Denny's brown eyes. "In my mouf," he said and turned over hard on his back to protect himself from any other approach. He was all right and I meant him to get up, but when he saw the girls being fixed for a cozy day in bed he wanted some pillows too. While they ate their oatmeal and toast I pulled a seemingly endless amount of laundry from the hamper. I would simply have to wash, as Herb was on his last pants. I dragged it—the laundry—down the steps and heard Marty call:

"When you come back bring my arithmetic book and a pencil and a tablet and my baby doll. Do you want your baby doll, Merry?"

Back up there, I had to help Denny finish up the oatmeal, as he was having a hard time trying to lean back on the pillows in a sick manner and eat his breakfast at the same time. As I took the dishes down I was asked to bring some activities magazines, some carbon paper and some scissors.

I had in the meantime fixed my face and completed adjustments on my hair and was dressed for the day in blue denim shirt and pants. This isn't my idea of what a snappy little housekeeper should wear, but it does seem to be the best for running both a house and a gas station. For I must run next door now and get my station open to what public it still has.

I turned on the pumps, read the meters and checked the cash register. I stepped on the signal to be sure it sounded and went back home to deliver the scissors, et cetera. From now on until five-thirty, whenever a bell rings in the basement I must dash out and attend to the station. Bear in mind that a bicycle needing air and a child needing pop can make the bell ring as well as if not better than a guy wanting two gallons of gasoline.

Upstairs everyone was busy, so I went to the kitchen to make fresh coffee for Herb's lunch. I remembered that he said someone had hidden his lunch box the day before and I would have to look up another vacuum bottle. I went to get the cream from the refrigerator and remembered that the cupboard was bare of it. Well, there's a little store across the corner for just such inefficient women as I, so with a "Be back in a minute" screamed up the stairs I dashed over for some cream and some soap flakes and some potato chips while I was at it. This should take just a minute, but it doesn't. It's already after nine and I want to be at the factory by nine-twenty. Herb has a recess time then and I could tell him to be sure to take the cork from the other vacuum bottle—if found—and put it into this one since this one's too little, and does he have the tire gauge in his pocket?

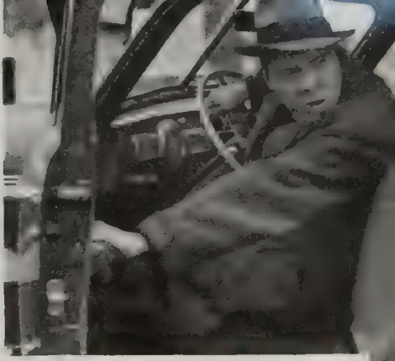
A trip like this just means shutting the station door until I'm back. But anyway, I stop at the dime store as I come back and get some suckers and some new paper dolls and some sailor boys to punch out. Back home I unlock the station and take the things to the kids, who will now be happy for hours. Oh, optimistic mother! They have their books, color, scissors, paste and paper dolls, so I trip to the basement. And I had put a radio on one bed. Of course, as you have already guessed, as soon as the washing is grinding noisily away there is a call from above. Now they have been told time and *again* not to call to me when I am far away, because I can't hear anyway. But still Marty seems, from what I can hear, to want to know how to spell something. Now have you ever stood two floors below and known that a radio is going above and tried to spell one letter at a time *H-a-l-l-o-w-e-e-n?* Yes, it is just as easy to go up and be calm and sweet about it and be tickled to death that your child is seeking some knowledge, but gee *whiz!*

Going to the basement to wash is also one good way to get gas business, rationing or not. Today a bath towel made three attempts to get through the wringer before it finally succeeded. Thank goodness, it wasn't the day for a gas delivery, with all that coupon checking and adding up. And forms to fill out and what not. What with no basement door, every trip out is a climb. Just to get the wash done takes enough trips. I might say here I'm five feet by ninety-five pounds with a back none too good, and what carrying wet wash up the stairs doesn't do to me just isn't worth doing.

And each time I emerge into the kitchen there's something wanted upstairs: "Come and see this pretty pink dwess," from Merry, who likes pretty pink dresses but who always looks like a gypsy. . . . "I want some bread and butter, mommy," from Denny, who is tired of punching sailors, and "Mommy, will you play the Jabberwocky

"By the children's bath time I'm dead," confesses five-foot Esther. "The kids would be swell if I didn't get so tired. When I holler, they rebel." She was a minister's daughter, met Herb when he was an athletic coach. They bought present house, "a tall, ugly, skinny thing," because of gas station in front. Gas rationing forced Herb to look for a war job. Failing to find any attendant to take over, Esther volunteered to run the station daytimes.

> *Like 95 per cent of American housewives, Esther Hahn has no maid. She does all her own cooking, cleaning, laundry, looks after three babies, a husband on the swing shift—and, on the side, runs a gas station.*



Honking wildly, a customer pulls up to Hahn's gas station. Herb works 55 hours weekly in factory, repairs cars at night.

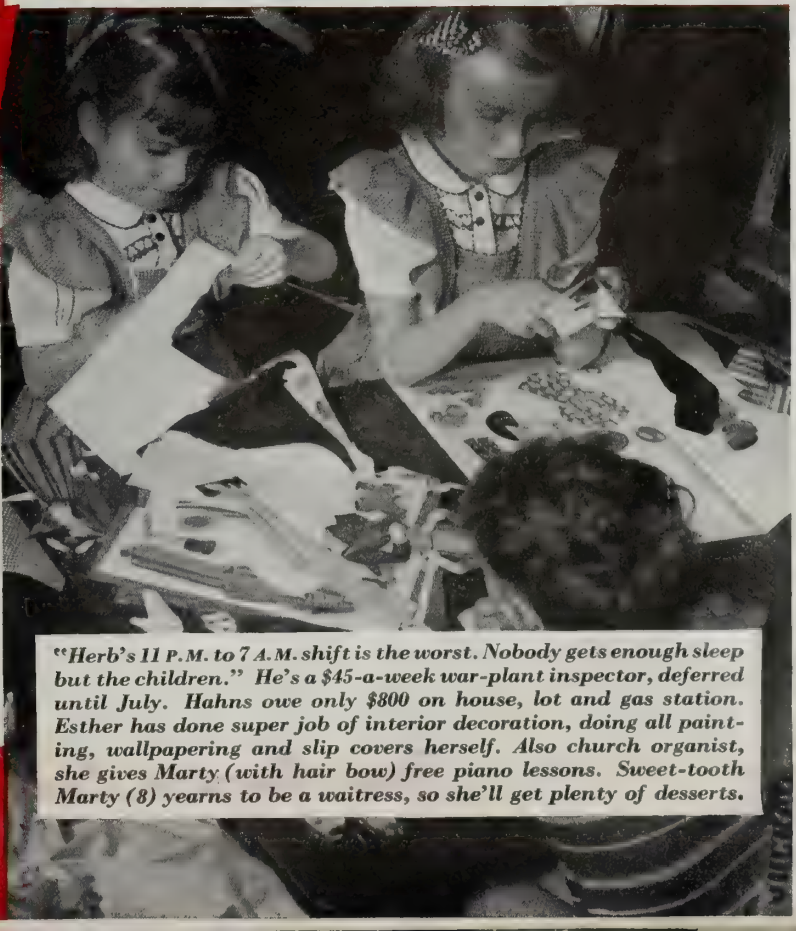
Fire-alarm bell clangs inside, catching Esther (as usual) with both arms full. "Mostly it's some kid wanting soda pop."

A dozen times a day she drops everything, sprints outside. She can check tires, pump gas, but Herb won't let her do heavy jobs.

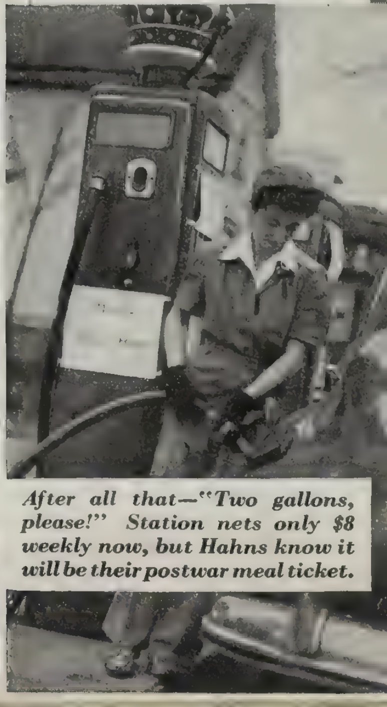
cord?" And later some tomato soup for their lunch. nd at last the final groan of the wringer and a feeble agger at sweeping up and I get up to the kitchen for the st time at one-twenty. Upstairs again, I spread out the ds so Denny can have his nap. Marty goes to my bed nd I put Merry downstairs on a couch in the playroom. *he'll suck her thumb,* I thought, but was utterly unable cope with that now. If she didn't she'd want to do is and that and it would be a lot more toting of stuff ound.

There's the last of the clothes to hang. At least this onderful October weather is co-operative, and they'll y just like summer.

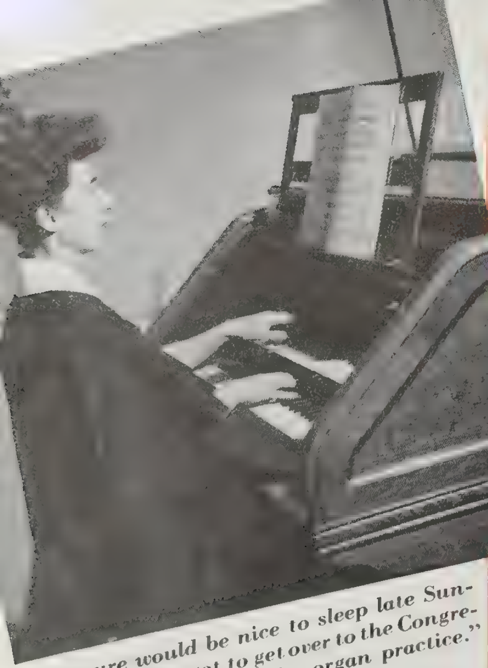
Now what? I'm dead. But I suppose here's where ladge would take down the first ones and maybe even art to iron. But she didn't have a bell that would ring e minute she plugged in the iron. Well, then, she'd ean up the kitchen. She'd never let those oatmeal dishes d stuff sit there this long and she'd wipe up the floor. nd start the evening meal. That reminded me—you e these were thoughts going round and round—I hadn't ten since the leftover muffin and coffee and vitamin pill



"Herb's 11 P.M. to 7 A.M. shift is the worst. Nobody gets enough sleep but the children." He's a $45-a-week war-plant inspector, deferred until July. Hahns owe only $800 on house, lot and gas station. Esther has done super job of interior decoration, doing all painting, wallpapering and slip covers herself. Also church organist, she gives Marty (with hair bow) free piano lessons. Sweet-tooth Marty (8) yearns to be a waitress, so she'll get plenty of desserts.



After all that—"Two gallons, please!" Station nets only $8 weekly now, but Hahns know it will be their postwar meal ticket.



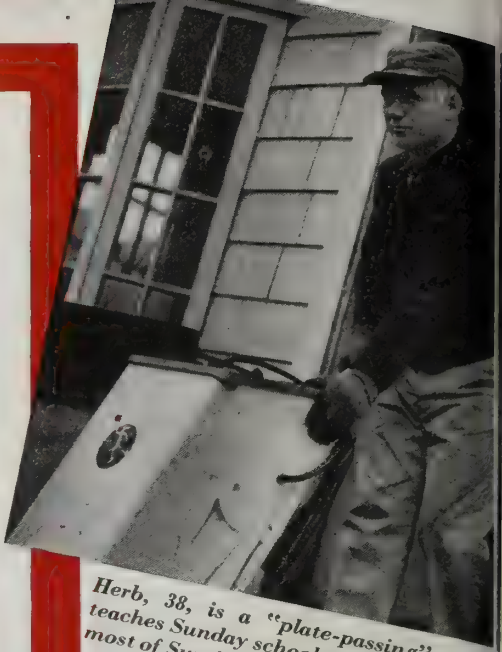
"It sure would be nice to sleep late Sundays, but I've got to get over to the Congregational church by 7 for organ practice."

HOW THE HAHNS SPEND THEIR MONEY

Mr. Hahn's gross pay ($45.37 a week)	$2359.24
Mrs. Hahn's organ fees ($3 a week)	156.00
Drawn from gas station ($8.10 a week)	421.20
	$2936.44

Food (including milk at $13 monthly)	$850.00	War Bonds (pay-roll deduction 10%)		$235.92
Clothing	250.00	Doctors and dentists		75.00
Payments on house	260.00	Contributions		90.00
House upkeep	200.00	Recreation		50.00
Fuel	80.00	Books, papers, magazines		55.00
Electricity	50.00	Taxes		
Gas (cooking and hot-water heating)	50.00	Social Security	23.59	
Telephone	30.00	Withholding	51.48	
Car upkeep (2500 miles yearly)	125.00	Misc.	40.00	
Life insurance	350.00			115.07
		Miscellaneous		70.45
				$2936.44

The Hahns spend over a third *of available cash in anti-inflationary ways, such as paying for* house, *life insurance, War Bonds, taxes.*



Herb, 38, is a "plate-passing" deac teaches Sunday school to boot, but spen most of Sunday working at his gas statio

at six-thirty. I got something together on a plate—I wouldn't tell even an editor what it was—and went to sit at the dining table in the bay window of the living room. And sit a-mulling. (I don't recommend it as a mealtime diversion.)

"What's the matter here anyway?" says I to me. "What if it is two-thirty?"

Yes, but there are so many other things. Last week's ironing isn't done yet because of the pears and pickles. The kids' warm clothes aren't out yet, and the hems fixed, and the windows washed on the outside. It will certainly be cold overnight any time. Just like last year, when it turned zero the very day we had saved to wash the windows and put up the storm windows. I've got to get a hat somewhere sometime. I can't go to church again without one. (Should I say I'm church organist and wear a robe and dash in and out so fast no one knows whether I have a hat or not?) The floor needs waxing again. The sun shining in the front window brought this to mind. I want so desperately to be upstairs painting the woodwork in my bedroom. It's been a month since I painted the ceiling. At this rate I won't get it papered by Christmas.

Right here is where I decided to do nothing this afternoon and take it out on somebody and maybe get myself straightened out. So—heavens, editor, are you still there? Am I the only mommy who isn't like Madge?

After supper it's bad. Usually supper is bad too. Herb is so busy after he does get to the station that there's a lot of running in and out during the meal. It isn't quite time to get the kids to bed, and if I hurry I can get the dishes out and washed—even the breakfast and lunch things, too, if I hurry a lot. But when will I read to the kids or sing to them or listen to records with them? I usually do the last, then soon find it's getting late and try to hurry everything along and everyone gets louder and louder. It's worse on choir-rehearsal night, when I must be at the church at eight, even though I often have to sit and wait while they get ready to sing. So on that night I try to dress myself—I haven't had a minute to change before, not even to eat supper—and get all three washed and into pajamas. I think to myself, *Wash one, set aside to dry and the next will be ready for washing. Wash No. 2, set aside to dry and No. 3 will be right there waiting his turn, and by then No. 1 will be back for teeth brushing.* Certainly it doesn't work, but I never fail to lose my temper when it doesn't and then start telling them all how slow they are and for goodness' sake to hurry up: It's time for me to go. And on and on until Denny comes and pats me on the back and gives me a big squeeze and says, "My nice, good Mommy Hahn." So you swear you'll never let yourself get so tired again. But even if she were tired, Madge wouldn't rail at her kids. Do any more in America live the way we do?

Another thing about H. A. L.: I've always liked it and sort of wished more folks were more like us. None of the women have been without looks to start with and they've had a little more size. So that doesn't help me much.

Only one of the gals lately didn't seem to be sure of how the day's work might get done, and that was the one on the ranch. I certainly knew what she meant by never doing what she meant to be doing. About this housekeeping anyway: Should I by all means see to it that my evening dishes were out of the living room at once? And have all the beds made before going to church?

Would you be interested in my Sunday morning? Usually I do my practicing about seven in the morning, especially if my regular practicing time has gone to rehearsal with the soloist. When I get back about eight everyone is in one stage or another of getting up and we have breakfast. Then I'm lucky if everyone has all the clothes ready he needs for church and maybe I don't have to iron something while Herb washes the dishes. We used always to eat out on Sunday, but lately I've tried to have dinner at home, which needs just a little start. Then it's at least nine, and with four of them to get to Sunday school by nine-forty-five it means taking someone up to the bathroom at once. And with luck they're out of the door with five minutes to go. I like to start dressing by ten, which gives me half an hour to get there and into my robe and ready for the ten-minute prelude our minister likes. And after the final anthem I finally fall off the organ bench to rest—and I mean *rest*—through the sermon. Maybe you didn't know any of America lived like that!

If I did my housekeeping first and then found time for the rest, when would I make my slip covers? You can't keep house with a davenport cover being made. If my sewing machine gets shut up in the middle of a job it may not get open again for weeks. When would I do my Interior Decorating—with the capital letters? I hand-painted my kitchen, and I remember so well the Sunday afternoon when an aunt who had never been in this house before stopped to see us. She is nothing if not a housekeeper. I was in the kitchen on my stomach painting rows of paper dolls on a low section of wall and the rest of the place was a *mess.* But I got the painting done.

And this goes for lots of things: taking pictures of the kids; helping them at the piano every day; hooking all the stair pads; decorating the upstairs, of which I have done one of the three rooms I meant to have done for the summer.

This brings up the bathroom. You never seem to have had a problem child there. Ours is of the bathtub-with-feet vintage and I'd like to go all out and make it good and Victorian, but tremble at the thoughts of the labor. It's a large room with one sloping wall and I want to paper it but would the paper stick, taking it for granted that I ever get it on in the first place?

What about fixing up houses now? You haven't said much about it recently. Ours is an ugly, awkward, tall, skinny thing with nothing in its favor except that it's ours mainly because it's next to the station, also ours. That was a convenience when Herb was there in the daytime. And it's the only way I can help to keep the business alive. But the said house needs a roof and a paint job. But we want to put new asbestos siding on it—the paint job is such a poor one to start with. But should we spend the money now? We've done pretty well by the inside though. Anyway, we like it, with its blue and deep red living room to match both me and my brown-eyed son and the others—they being after the Danish color scheme. I looked for weeks before I found something red for ruffles around the windows and on the blue davenport. It ended up as sailcloth, which was terrible to ruffle but turned out to be just the thing. And with its knotty-pine playroom, where we do everything but eat. We built that about three years ago, and since we dropped the level by two steps, at least part of the homely old house can smell the ground.

Well, stop by and see us on your next trip through town. I'll no doubt come to the door with my cap on and up to my ears in something or other, and the davenport cushions probably won't be company side up, but we like company. Only please not next week. I'm going to paper my bedroom, I don't care what. Maybe! It's going to have red roses and emerald chintz—and don't tell Herb, but I'm going to saw off the foot of his bed and paint the wrong side of the rug with something festive!

Thanks for listening. I'm much better already. But I should have been mending all this time.

Yours very sincerely,
Esther H. Hahn.
(Mrs. Herbert G. Hahn.)

P.S.: This isn't for Our Readers Write Us. People around here think I'm the kind for which everything is so easy to do—from getting supper for the choir to putting on programs for the woman's club.

Florida Crackerjacks

Mrs. Faulds, plump and energetic mother of six, was washing dishes when the telegram came: "Regret to inform you . . . your son . . . missing in action." Later, much later, they learned he was a German prisoner of war.

Fat letters from home assure Vincent cheerily that all is well, never mentioning how mother's health nearly broke after that telegram came. For now she's back on the carrousel again—a full-time teacher, homemaker, mother. Mr. Faulds—"Prof" to everyone—is an inventor, high-school principal, grass-roots philosopher and citrus grower to boot. You'll take a new lease on life when you meet this ingenious and warmly courageous family. Next in our How America Lives series. In the

MAY JOURNAL

"If I had invented a cleanser... *I'd have made it just like this!*"

Copr. 1944. The Bon Ami Co.

"Frankly, I don't know the first thing about making a cleanser. But if I did—I'd want it to clean just the way Bon Ami does. Quick and easy—and without a scratch.

"For—today of all days—I want a cleanser that will help me *protect* my things."

Yes, when you're judging a cleanser you must look at results—*after years of using.* And that's where Bon Ami shines. For—unlike harsh, gritty cleansers—it doesn't scar or mar or dull porcelain . . . doesn't make those tiny scratches that catch and hold dirt.

Instead—Bon Ami leaves a lovely high lustre . . . a smooth polished look! Why don't you start—right now—to make Bon Ami your one and only cleanser? It will keep your things always looking their bright and shining best!

PUT "SPARKLE" IN YOUR WINDOWS! Use thrifty Bon Ami Cake to clean all your windows and mirrors. It leaves no dust-catching film behind . . . gives every pane of glass a brilliant, crystal-clear polish!

Bon Ami

"hasn't scratched yet!"

Peppiest girl in the block gets her IRON every day
IRON: relative available amounts in
Spinach
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MM-M MILK SURE TASTES GOOD WITH CHOCOLATE FLAVORED BOSCO!
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BOSCO is iron-rich . . . makes milk a delicious treat!

Children, grown-ups love milk when nourishing, wonderful tasting, chocolate flavored Bosco is added. If, due to war conditions, your grocer cannot give you all the Bosco you want, please stretch your supply as far as possible.

MOTHERS With "Jumpy" Nerves

BY LT. COMDR. LESLIE B. HOHMAN, M. C., U. S. N. R.

Associate in Psychiatry, Johns Hopkins University

WITH a half-amused and half-sardonic smile, Esther Hahn, of Saint Charles, Illinois, gives articulate expression to the problems of all mothers of nervous temperament facing the unending, daily tasks of homemaking and child rearing. She told me she was as jumpy as a cat in a kennel, that she couldn't find time to do half of what she wanted to do, and that sometimes she got so nervous she caught herself yelling and nagging at her children. Her statement that her former schoolteaching job was easy by comparison with her present one at home was backed by convincing evidence.

"Will you, who wrote one of these child-training books, kindly tell me," she demanded good-humoredly, "how any mother who is as high-strung as I am and has as much work to do can possibly follow the precepts?"

The pleasant joke on one of us—on which one I am not sure—is that Esther actually is following nearly all the precepts I consider most important. In her own witty account of her shortcomings I was impressed immediately by the consistency in her nervous inconsistency. A pattern always can be discerned in her apparently scattered exertions, and the pattern fits her breathlessly dynamic energy. It is obvious that she is not organized psychologically in any methodical, formalized way. Yet she finishes what she undertakes, and she demands genuine accomplishment from the children. Those two traits are so rarely associated with nervousness—either of the excitably vacillating or of the depressive type—that their cultivation may well be set down as Rule 1 and Rule 2 for all high-strung mothers and fathers.

As a result of her own driving enthusiasm, Esther applies automatically and naturally a third rule which parents whose nervousness takes the tired, discouraged turn can put into effect only by deliberate, hard effort. She recognizes intuitively that the inherent ability to acquire skills in work and play starts to develop very early. Just as soon as her children begin to reach the capacity for any special activity, they are encouraged to exercise it.

LIKE all healthy young children who are given half a chance, the Hahn children delight in doing what their parents do. When Esther sews, they sew. Herbert Hahn loves to read to them. Following father's example, eight-year-old Martha Glenn loves to read to six-year-old sister Merrill Ann and little brother Herbert Dennis. In such a stimulating environment, is it surprising that the little brother—nicknamed Denny—is learning to read at four? Meeting a family with so much wholesome activity going on constantly was worth a week-end leave in airplane travel from duty in the Naval Hospital in Portsmouth, Virginia, to Saint Charles and back.

Perhaps Esther, who successfully carries a staggering load of work, is influenced primarily by her own high standards of accomplishment in insisting that when Martha and Merrill attempt dishwashing, ironing or anything else they must do a good job. But whether she realizes it or not, she is in line with the sound child-training doctrine that the pride and satisfaction of authentic achievement add to the fun children have, while providing early training in a whole range of habits which will later increase their chances for adult happiness. "Marty and Merry think dishwashing and ironing are so much fun that they beg for the privilege," Esther told me, amusingly pretending amazement, but quite apparently as pleased as any sensible mother would have been.

Parental example, insistence upon passable performance by children in every undertaking easily within their capabilities, and an early start in training, the first three rules exemplified in the Hahn household, are inseparably connected with a fourth and all-important rule. This rule is that in every possible way children should be given a standard of discipline upon which they can rely confidently. They will become jumpy, depressed, impractically overassertive in the struggle for their rights, or will be intimidated into loss of initiative, if the rules change from hour to hour and they never know the score. From long experience in private practice with children in emotional difficulties, I can assure mothers that whimsical changing of the rules and juggling of the score are faults almost invariably found in nervous parents.

ONE father who comes to my mind at once, among many similar examples I could cite, is irascibly severe with his four children most of the time, but on occasions when his own fidgetiness shifts into exuberance there is virtually no limit to his indulgence. When his thirteen-year-old daughter, eager for the forbidden adventure of driving the family car alone, sneaked her younger sisters and brother out for a tour of a speedy near-by boulevard, the father could not keep his face straight during the mild scolding he administered. He happened to be in a gay and venturesome mood himself that day, and rather admired his daughter's daring. At another time I heard him tell his children dourly that they could not leave the house for a month, except to go to school, because they slipped into the front yard to build a snow fort after he had told them they couldn't. That is as if an umpire were to say, "Three strikes: home run," in one inning and "One strike: you're out," in the next. No wonder this father's children are baffled by him, the oldest daughter and five-year-old son reacting into brash sauciness and the two other girls into personally detrimental shyness.

Augmenting all the rules previously mentioned is a fifth rule, as basic as dependable discipline—in fact, the very foundation of any discipline that is to be gently and effectively administered. The rule is that children should sense a guaranty of an inexhaustible flow of parental affection. Marty, Merry and Denny know they can depend upon that. It is demonstrated to them by almost every act and attitude of their parents. The children of most mothers or fathers who describe themselves as "nervous," and use that as an excuse for complete unpredictability, can never be certain whether their parents are really fond of them or not. Vacillation between seeming warmth and seeming coldness or bad temper is beyond a young child's comprehension.

Having outlined five fundamental rules, let's have a roll call of the most prevalent types of nervous parents, in addition to the alternately harsh and indulgent ones already pointed out, whose behavior may inflict permanent harm upon their sons and daughters.

A. The introspective, self-pitying parents who exact mousy conduct or goose-step discipline because they feel that their "nerves are on edge" and that they simply can't stand the disturbance which a child's healthy exuberance often causes.

B. The overemotional ones who half believe that their children were born only to make life happier for them. Mothers and fathers of this type are inclined to regard any failure by a child to live up to their ideals as a personal slight and a deliberate flouting of filial duty to annoy them. Swayed by their emotional temperament, they are especially open to the general temptation of all parents to inflict unjustly severe penalties or give excessive rewards in accordance with whether the child's behavior is displeasing or pleasing at that moment to them, personally.

C. Those who are unduly concerned about health and unduly fearful of illness, and who consequently encourage the child, unwittingly, to acquire the same apprehensively unhealthy outlook. Many grown persons carry through life a dread of illness and an inability to endure the slightest malady with normal resignation, all because of habits unintentionally trained into them by a nervously anxious mother or father.

D. Those who believe that nervousness "runs in the family," and that there is nothing they can do to correct it. "I can understand why he is so easily upset," they will say within earshot of a child who probably is just plain spoiled. "Everyone in our family is sensitive." To the listening child, sensitiveness will seem to be not only a quality to which he is doomed by inheritance, but also one which is a distinction. Instead of being trained out of his personally harmful trait, he is granted the secondary rewards of condolence and a sort of praise.

E. In sharp contrast to parents who dramatize their real or supposed nervousness in their own thoughts and actions are those who are moody, unpredictable and irritable without being conscious of the fact. Until they arrive at some understanding of their own emotional pattern, they cannot see the various ways in which their example and their methods can create personality handicaps in their children.

Mothers and fathers of nervous temperament should check themselves against that recall, and those who do not consider themselves at all nervous might well ponder listing E. If you find after a rigid self-appraisal that you fit into one or more of the categories, the first move toward correction should be to resolve to pull yourself out of it.

The resolution will not always be easy to keep. A useful test of how well you are keeping it is to force yourself to decide honestly, in connection with every major issue which arises in child training, whether you are meeting this particular issue in a manner which is best for your child or whether you merely are reacting to your own jumpiness, tiredness, impatience or exasperation.

The master key to Esther Hahn's success with Marty, Merry and Denny is that the training she uses is directed continuously toward their full self-realization, not toward making life simpler for her. She allows them a good deal of leeway in her desire to promote spontaneity and she encourages them to play by themselves to develop initiative. In discipline she observes the spirit rather than the letter. When she varies the rules it is not because of whim or eagerness to avoid the bother of the children, but because she is thinking of their good. As one instance, all three of them were permitted to stay up far beyond their bedtime to ride to the airfield with their parents the night I arrived. Esther and Herb knew that seeing the field and the planes would be a stimulating, instructive experience.

A SIGNIFICANT point is that Esther did not regret her bargain and display the crossness of the typical nervous parent when the children became sleepy and fidgety. She told them quietly to go to sleep in the car; and they did. At other moments during my visit it seemed to me that Esther talked a little too much to the children on minor points of behavior without seeing that her suggestions were obeyed. This was one of the few characteristic faults of jumpy mothers which I detected in her, one against which all nervous parents must maintain a constant guard. But when Esther finally turned firm on any question, she was calmly and kindly firm. She does not go through the usual nervous-parent routine of a long series of petulant, undecisive "don'ts" which give a child no helpful guidance, ending in a sudden temper outburst that shakes his feeling of security in his parent's affection.

If Esther ever "catches herself yelling and nagging," as she says she does, the occasions are indeed rare, and what she calls "yelling and nagging" are extremely mild. No child could have the serenely confident affection for an ill-tempered parent that all Esther's children clearly have for her, as well as for Herb. The fondness is so strong that when the children don't behave as they should, Esther can bring them back into line by saying, "It must be my fault, because if I had trained you right, you could do better." The children are so eager not to have their mother take the blame that they immediately begin to show her just how well they can do.

The humorously critical scrutiny which Esther turns upon herself—in addition to others—saves her from the ultimate pitfall of nervous parents, the failure to recognize their own psychological pattern. The unfailing fairness and understanding of Herb is a great aid to her in keeping her self-accusations in perspective. When she assured me that she was not a good cook, Herb said with a smile, "That's true; cooking is not her strong point." When she vowed she was inefficient in every way, Herb shook his head in good-natured mockery, thinking, no doubt, of the tremendous amount of work she accomplished daily. With Herb as a corrective for her underestimates, Esther knows fairly accurately what her shortcomings are. She will not pass them on to her children by unrecognized bad example in her own behavior.

Your child is sure to be your living image in many respects. The conduct you hold up for imitation is nearly always a more potent influence than inheritance. If your child is nervous, excitable, too fresh, disinterested or too easily tired, review the number of times you are exhibiting those qualities. If he complains constantly and makes a great fuss over minor illness, count the complaints you make in a day and notice how seriously you regard every little malady. If you cannot keep from dramatizing nervousness in yourself, you can at least keep from dramatizing it in your child.

SHORT SERMON

➧ When you rise in the morning, form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow creature. It is easily done: a left-off garment to the man who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving; trifles in themselves light as air will do it, at least for the twenty-four hours; and, if you are young, depend upon it, it will tell when you are old; and, if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of human time to eternity. By the most simple arithmetical sum, look at the result: you send one person, only one, happily through the day; that is three hundred and sixty-five in the course of the year; and supposing you live forty years only after you commence that course of medicine, you have made 14,600 human beings happy, at all events for a time. Now, worthy reader, is this not simple? It is too short for a sermon, too homely for ethics, and too easily accomplished for you to say, "I would if I could."

—THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH.

Is there a Doctor in the House?

Dear Reader, don't be alarmed. It's not that serious. The young man with the pained expression is just our Permanent Pin-Up Boy . . . for the present emergency.

We keep his picture as a constant reminder that millions of mothers and housekeepers are getting along on limited supplies of Fels-Naptha Soap. Sometimes even doing without. And being pretty patient about it.

You have our assurance that we are making as much of this famous soap as we can. That we're making it as fast as we can. That we're trying to give every grocer his fair share.

If you use Fels-Naptha Soap carefully—and shop persistently—we believe you'll get *your* share, too.

"I'm tired of being wonderful... I need help!"

this busy young mother told her Singer Sewing Center

"I'm always hearing nice things about how I take care of our house *and* the new baby, all by myself. Compliments are nice —but what I need is *clothes*. Can't you suggest some sewing short cuts?" . . . "Certainly," we said, and told her about our sewing lessons* and services.

"Our notions counter saves shopping time, for one thing. Every sewing supply you need is here in one spot—shields, shoulder pads, threads, buttons, bindings. We have unusual trimmings too—rick-rack braid, rufflings, peasant embroidery. Not to mention our famous collection of Singer sewing boxes—all sizes, prices, styles."

"What good looking collar-and-cuff sets!" she exclaimed. "Now *there's* a quick way to make one dress seem like three. I must have one of those. And perhaps one of those pretty, *pretty* jabots. And a dickie! I had no idea Singer carried such an assortment." (Scarfs, button bows, dress-and-hair ornaments are only a few of the many "pretty-ups" we offer!)

"Remember—you can save hours by using Singer's Fashion Services," we went on. "Let us make your buttonholes for example. We cover buttons and buckles, too. We'll make your belts from your own material. And we do hemstitching, picoting, monogramming, seam-pinking—as well as lots of other finish-up services. Quickly—and at low cost."

"But our Singer Form is the prize time-saver. It not only saves you try-ons, but you are sure of always getting a *perfect* fit." "That's what *I* need," she exclaimed. So next day a Singer expert molded a Singer Form to her figure, in just 30 comfortable minutes! (Singer Forms available in U.S. only—ask for details at your Singer Sewing Center.)

"Any chance to get a Sewing Machine?"

Yes. Although Singer is making war supplies, we still have a limited stock of—

NEW MACHINES in just a few styles (You may have to wait your turn!)

RECONDITIONED MACHINES in good running order.

MACHINES FOR RENT; by the hour at your Singer Sewing Center or by the month at home.

HAVE YOU AN IDLE SINGER? WE'LL BUY IT FOR CASH and make it available for someone who needs it!

SINGER

SEWING CENTERS EVERYWHERE

Singer Sewing Machine Company

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ALL SINGER FACTORIES ARE ENGAGED IN VITAL WAR WORK

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*Singer offers lessons in home dressmaking, home decoration, make-over and alterations, cutting and fitting. $1.50 per two-hour lesson, $10 for complete 8-lesson course.

"I Get So Tired..."

BY LOUISE PAINE BENJAMIN

Beauty Editor of the Journal

ACCORDING to present-day scientific findings, the dismal state of being "just too tired" can't often be blamed on work. We can worry our bodies to death, or starve them, or even bore them into a state of premature old age and decay, but good honest work is their favorite occupation; so if you find yourself feeling tired too much of the time, don't blame your job. Unless, of course, you hate it! In which case, your great feeling of weariness may be simply a canny work dodge, thought up by your buck-passing mind, so that you can get out of a tedious routine.

The kind of fatigue we are talking about is that mean feeling of simply not being able to generate enough energy for necessary tasks, of feeling "heavy" instead of smoothly co-ordinated, of being aware of various little nagging aches.

Because the final effect is physical discomfort, it is a good idea to look first of all for physical causes. Presuming your body is fundamentally sound, there are still at least two possible sources of fatigue that ought to be checked: your digestive tract and your blood. If your alimentary canal isn't taking proper care of your food—and isn't getting the right kind of food to work on—you are going to have the same trouble any machine does when its engine is inadequately fueled. If you have "thin blood"—meaning a tendency to anemia—you are also in need of better stoking for your feeble fires.

Often these conditions are entirely your own fault and due to careless eating habits. It is surprising how many housewives, including those with well-rounded figures, are "everlastingly tired" because they do not eat intelligently. Being *fat* and being *fit* have never been synonymous, and snacks of leftover dessert and frequent primings of coffee do not build energy.

Every woman who does her own housework is a combination of household athlete and day laborer, and it is as important for her to eat three regular meals a day as for anyone else engaged in active service. She would be horrified if our young men in training were sent out to drill with only a cup of black coffee under their belts, yet she herself is quite likely to undertake a morning of washing or housecleaning with no better preparation. She ought to make a point of eating eggs or cereal for breakfast, and of *sitting down* while she does it. A good start for the day is half the battle. If one meal must be sketchy, let it be luncheon; "sketchy," but not silly. Milk, soup and salad are all energy builders, and a good cup of tea coupled with a fifteen-minute rest period, with feet up off the floor, is a proven restorative.

Other common-sense antifatigue measures are daily quotas of fresh air and rest. Driving the children to school, or going to market, in a closed car isn't really enough of an airing. Lungs ought to have a generous half hour's worth of fine fresh oxygen every day. That's what burns up fatigue poisons. If you have to sweep or shovel walks and porches, you are lucky. That's a real rejuvenation treatment. Clients in beauty salons pay five dollars an hour to be put through similar paces and probably don't have as good air to breathe as you do in your own front yard!

You know that you ought to rest at least eight hours out of the twenty-four, but do you make yourself do it? This rest doesn't have to be all in one piece; in fact, it often works out better if you can take an hour of it sometime during the day. Get really comfortable, loosen your clothes and lie down. If you can prop your feet up higher than your head, you will find it wonderfully relaxing. If you are one of those fidgety, wound-up women who can't bear to lie down during the day, turn your rest period into a bath hour. Take a thorough, unhurried bath in warm, sudsy and fragrant water. That will help to draw the blood away from your overactive mind, will relax your tense muscles and will keep you temporarily off your feet. A hot drink afterward will further the good work; and if you sit down with a pleasant story while you are sipping, you will be receiving an emotional as well as a physical tonic.

As to the emotions, *there*, of course, lies the real seat of most excessive fatigue. People who are observing all the laws of health and who are still too tired all the time usually need some emotional reconditioning.

(Continued on Page 182)

Mrs. Hahn, with three lively children and a house to run, gets so busy she forgets to eat, then wonders why she is "all in."

MUNKACSI

ASK YOURSELF THIS QUESTION

If you "feel tired all the time," are you sure you are below par physically, or, just possibly, is the real cause *laziness—or cowardice?*

The following health rules will brace you physically; but give especial thought to No. 10, which may be the root of the whole trouble!

1. Start the day with a good breakfast.
2. Get eight hours' regular rest, of which at least half an hour should be during the day.
3. Have a cup of hot tea, or other reviving snack, in the afternoon.
4. Practice good posture habits so that your body is not subjected to unnecessary strain.
5. Wear sensible shoes for housew medium or low heels and plenty support for the arches.
6. Feed yourself as intelligently as yo do your children, and make sure o extra protection by supplementin your diet with vitamins if your doc tor approves.
7. Make your daily bath a relaxation treatment, not just a scrub.
8. Spend at least half an hour daily in the fresh air.
9. Sing (or whistle!) to the radio while you work.
10. Face your problems honestly, and don't keep adding to your burden of fatigue by putting off unpleasant tasks!

★ *How America Lives*

The day is long The job is tough

To you women who are on your feet more and more, Selby ARCH PRESERVER Shoes offer exclusive, built-in features to relieve *foot fatigue.*

Feel how firmly your arch is supported by the cleverly concealed steel bridge . . . *delight* in the soothing comfort of the skillfully placed metatarsal pad and perfectly flat innersole.

Make your next pair of shoes Selby ARCH PRESERVERS. You'll treasure the smooth look and performance of these shoes.

$8.95 TO $12.95

Slightly Higher in Western States and Canada

★ BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★

Selby ARCH PRESERVER *Shoes*

Selby Shoes the World Over . . . . . Established 1880
Created for Peacetime Comfort . . . Priceless in Wartime

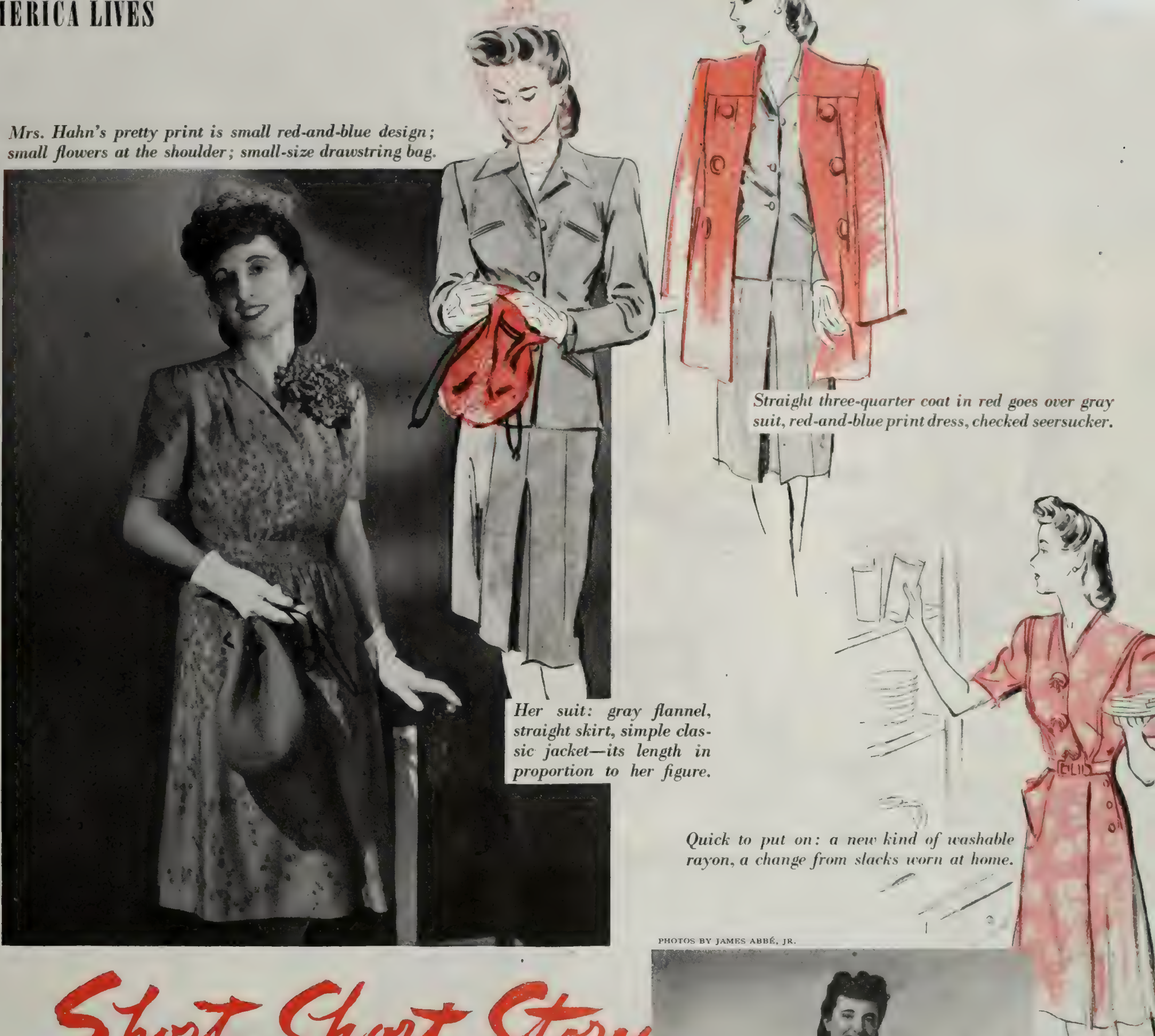
Copr. 1944, The Selby Shoe Co.

Selby Shoes, Fifth Ave. and 38th St., New York City, and Your Leading Shoe and Department Store

Manufactured for women by THE SELBY SHOE COMPANY, Portsmouth, Ohio . . . *for men,* E. T. WRIGHT & CO., Rockland, Mass. *for children,* GREEN SHOE MFG. CO., Boston, Mass.

IN CANADA, MURRAY-SELBY, LTD., LONDON, ONT. • IN ENGLAND, SELBY SHOES, LTD., LONDON • IN AUSTRALIA, SELBY SHOES (AUST.) LTD., SYDNEY • IN NEW ZEALAND, SWINTON & OATES, LTD., AUCKLAND • IN ARGENTINA, ALBERTO GRIMOLDI, BUENOS AIRES

"THEY'RE SO EASY TO WEAR"



Mrs. Hahn's pretty print is small red-and-blue design; small flowers at the shoulder; small-size drawstring bag.

Straight three-quarter coat in red goes over gray suit, red-and-blue print dress, checked seersucker.

Her suit: gray flannel, straight skirt, simple classic jacket—its length in proportion to her figure.

Quick to put on: a new kind of washable rayon, a change from slacks worn at home.

PHOTOS BY JAMES ABBÉ, JR.

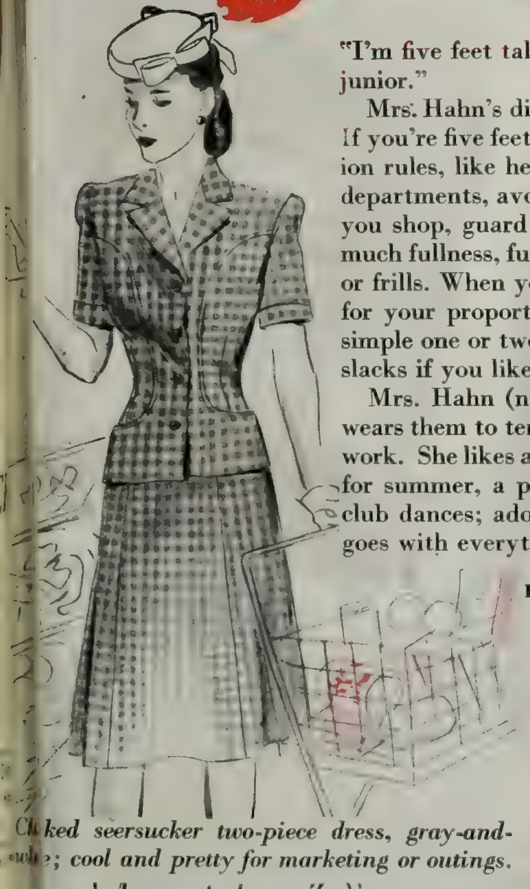
Short, Short Story

"I'm five feet tall, wear size 9—but I don't want to dress like a junior."

Mrs. Hahn's dilemma will sound familiar to many little women. If you're five feet two or less, and well past your teens, your fashion rules, like hers, are short and simple: If you shop in junior departments, avoid the tricky styles and flared skirts. Wherever you shop, guard against exaggerated shoulders, big prints, too much fullness, fussy details like fancy pockets, too many buttons or frills. When you buy a suit, see that the jacket isn't too long for your proportions, that the skirt is straight and slim; wear simple one or two piece dresses, straight or princess-line coats—slacks if you like them, and if you're slim.

Mrs. Hahn (ninety-five pounds) practically lives in slacks—wears them to tend her husband's gas station and to do her housework. She likes a gray flannel suit for spring and fall, a seersucker for summer, a pretty print for Sunday-night supper and local club dances; adores a red coat because it's bright and gay and goes with everything.

BY RUTH MARY PACKARD



Ch ked seersucker two-piece dress, gray-and-wh ; cool and pretty for marketing or outings.

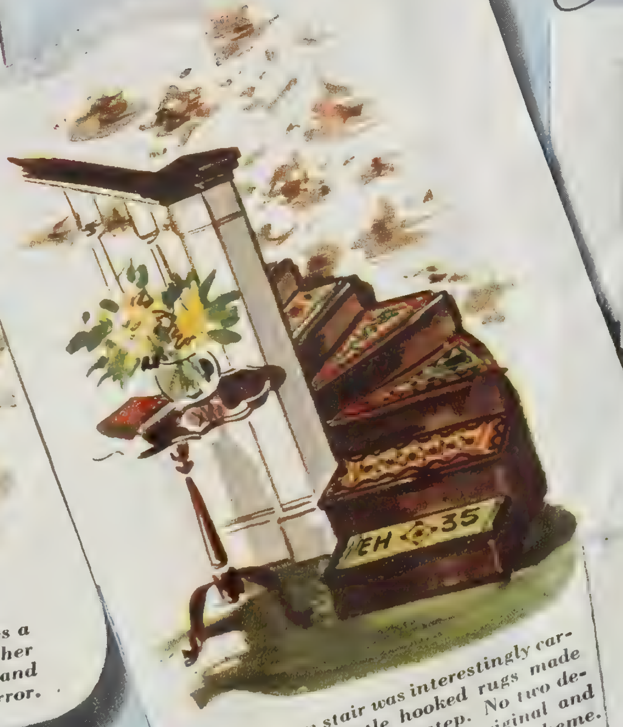
Wedge-soled leather shoes go with her slacks, cotton dresses; or flannel suit for sports wear.

Slacks—necessary as ration tickets at a gas station. Mrs. Hahn likes blue denims, cotton shirt.

Striped seersucker slacks and shirt, perfect for summer indoors or out; need no ironing.

Big Ideas.

An odd walnut cupboard door makes a clever drop shelf for a tiny hall. Esther Hahn found this one in the woodshed and hung it beneath a rummage-sale mirror.

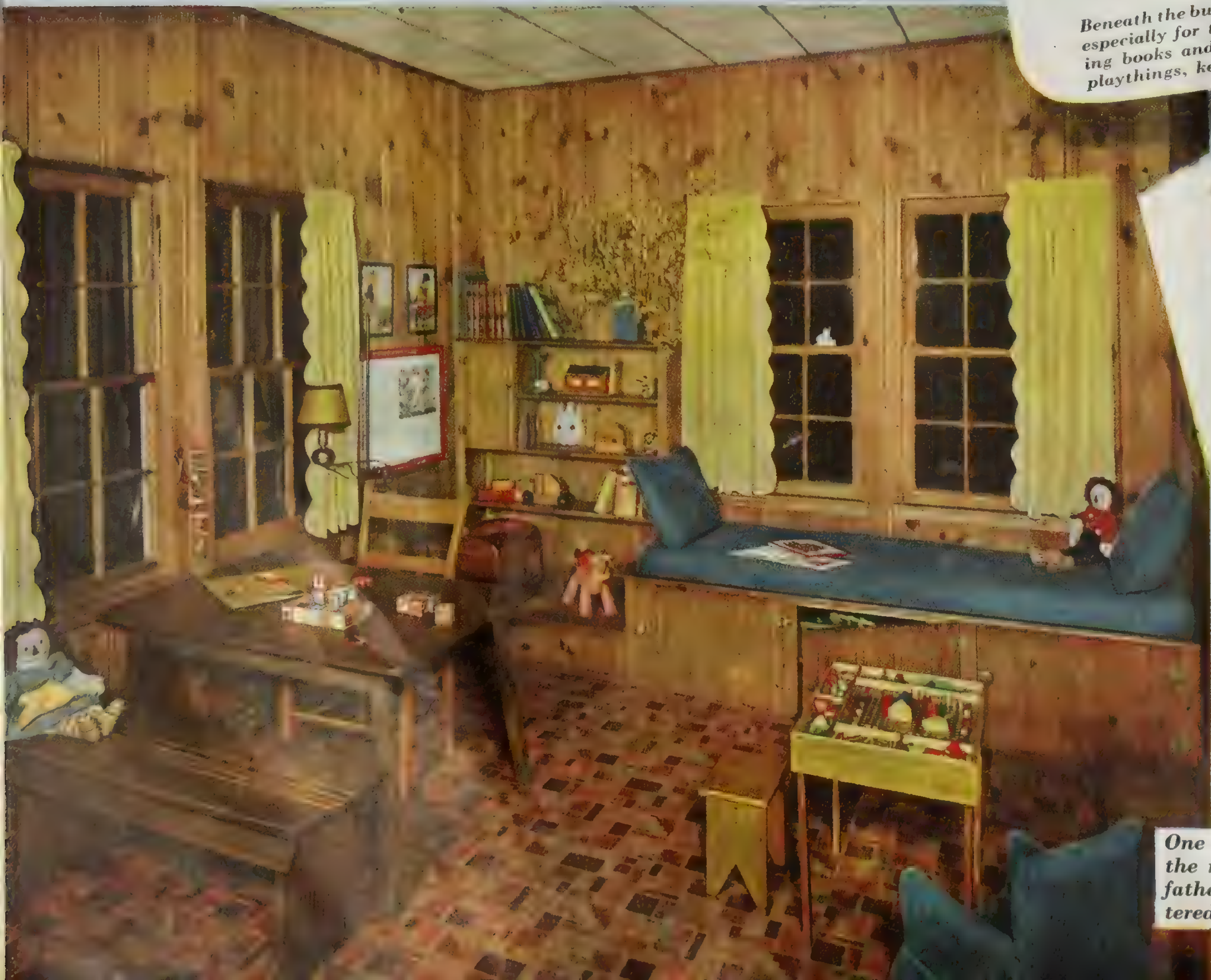


A problem stair was interestingly carpeted with little hooked rugs made specially to fit each step. No two designs are alike, all are original and each repeats the full color scheme.

Marty and Merry spend contented hours around the play table.

Beneath the built-in window seat—which was designed especially for the children—are deep shelves for storing books and toys. Each child puts away her own playthings, keeps shelves, boxes and closets in order.

PHOTO BY HAROLD FOWLER



One end of a pine room built clear across the rear of the house by Esther Hahn's father. The children's interests are centered in this end of the big sunny room.

An old cupboard picked up at a count is just right for a dolls' house. On the shelf are the dolls themselves; belo rooms completely furnished in exac

.THAT COST LITTLE

BY HENRIETTA MURDOCK
Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal

ESTHER HAHN has original ideas for doing unique things with everyday materials, and achieves smartness and good taste at practically no expense.

"I'm not talented," she insists, "and I have no art training. But by getting someone to do a little sawing and nailing occasionally, I can work out all my own decoration problems."

The truth is that ideas—good ones—sprout up all over the Hahn house. "Buying new furnishings is out of the question," she explains, "so I rely on originality to make old things look different. An ancient cupboard door, for instance, makes an attractive hanging shelf if you can think of a clever way to attach it to the wall. The flower holder you admired was the base of an old oil lamp, while the coffee table resulted from nailing a beautiful old piano board onto the discarded base of a secondhand chest."

Here are photographs and sketches of actual ideas which Esther Hahn worked out in her own home. They are so uniformly good that I thought you might like to try some of them for yourself.

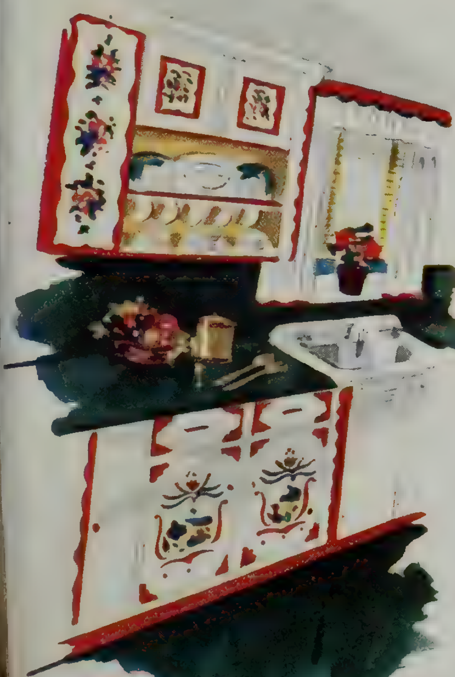
The delightful pine room shown in the color photographs below was a persistent dream which materialized under the skillful hands of Mrs. Hahn's father. To build it, they knocked out the entire end of the narrow living room and dropped down two steps to keep close to the ground. Sun pours in through the big windows all day, so that outdoors and indoors mingle in a delightful sort of way. The whole family worked together on the interior finishing.

(Continued on Page 169

Crisp frills turned inward are a new and an exciting drapery touch. Made seven inches deep and luxuriously full, the ruffles lend distinction to otherwise ordinary windows.

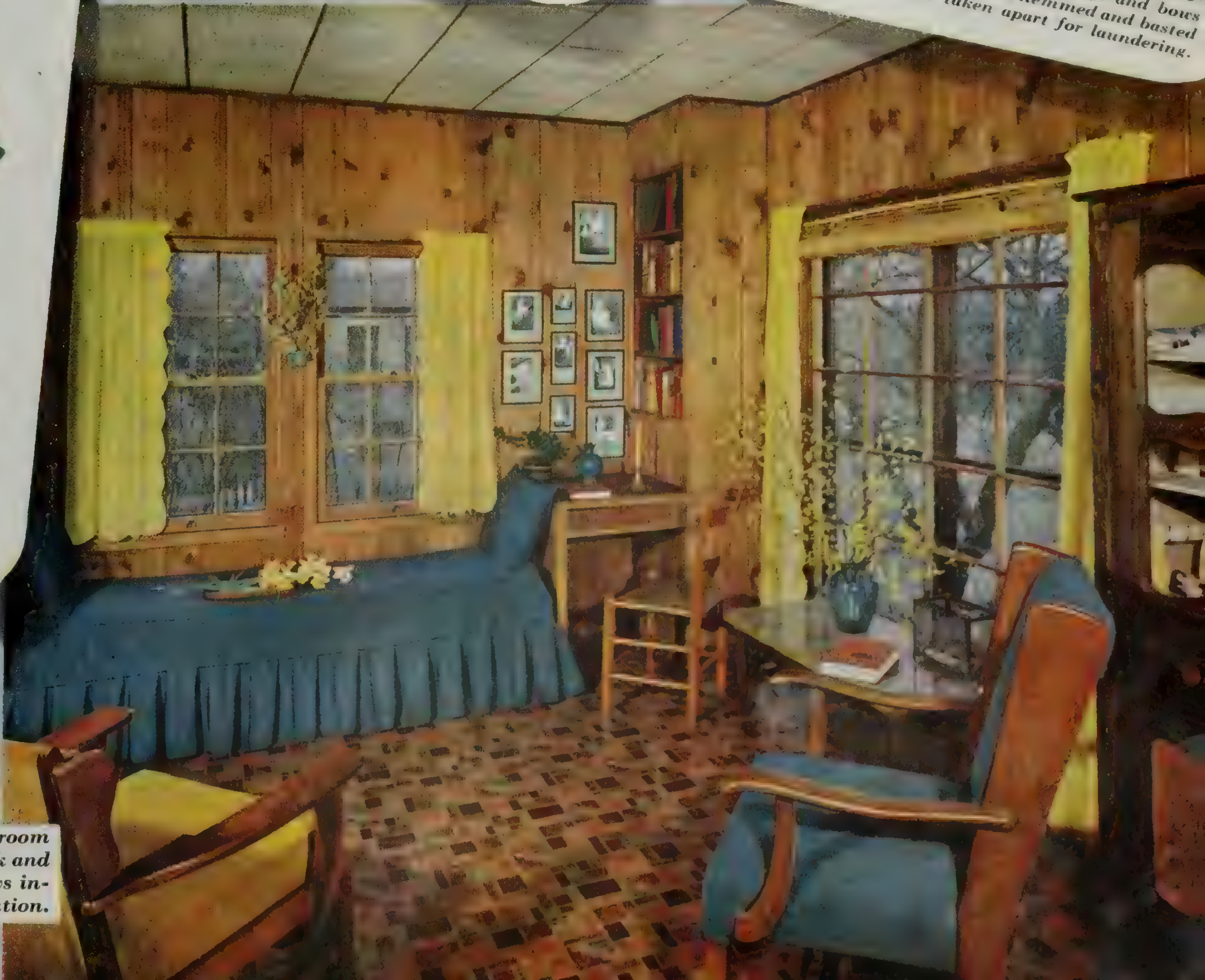
This attractive screen is made of wallboard panels framed with molding and painted all over. The decorations are gay and enchanting jackets from the children's storybooks.

The Hahn daughters share this charming room decorated with blue-and-white dimity. Swags and bows are straight pieces in half widths, hemmed and basted together so they can be taken apart for laundering.



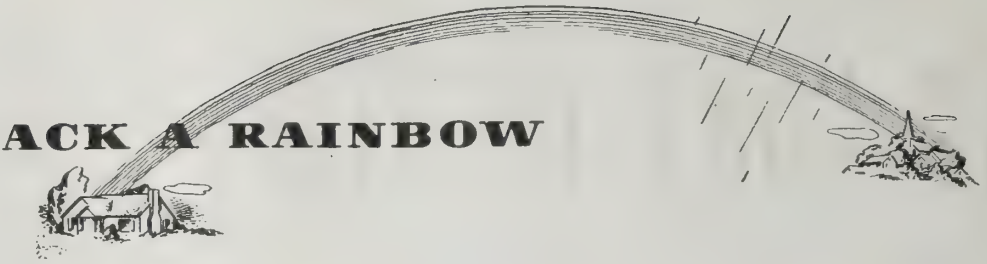
was an ordinary kitchen in a dated house Esther Hahn painted it snow-white and ed her original Swedish-style decorations. ainting is freehand in gay provincial style. o the borders first, then the design spots.

PHOTO BY HAROLD FOWLER



This is the library end of the pine room where Mr. and Mrs. Hahn read, work and entertain their friends. Big windows include outdoors as part of the decoration.

YOU CAN'T PACK A RAINBOW



The ivory figurines, yes . . . that big crystal ashtray, yes . . . the Feine landscape over the fireplace, well yes — with care. Take them along when a distant Army post or defense job beckons: these things mean home.

You can't pack the rainbow the sprinkler makes when sun slants across the garden . . . nor the coffee fragrance of the steamy-windowed kitchen on a winter morning . . . not even that graceful but wobbly little chair that heavy-set callers always head for.

That's why the things you CAN *take are important: the pictures, the beloved knickknacks, your handsome Towle Sterling. Surely this above all, in its changeless beauty — this means home.*

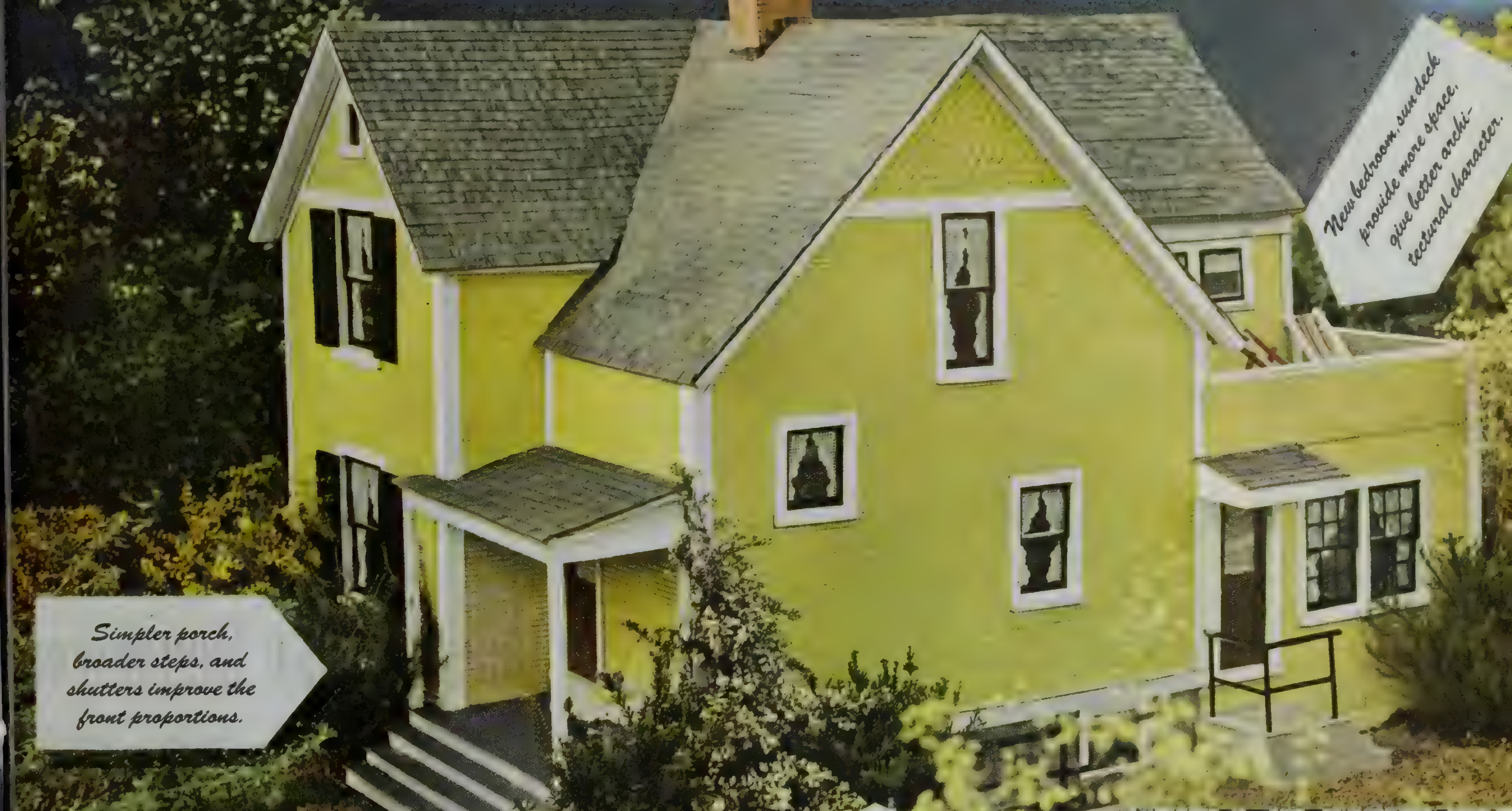
WHEN Peace comes, there will be once more plenty of the Towle Sterling in all the pieces treasured by brides through the years. Even now you can get the basic pieces, and a generous share of the exquisite Towle patterns — patterns that survive styling whims because their heritage of master craftsmanship spans all the years since 1690. In spite of the fundamental grace and artistry of Towle Sterling, a place setting costs so little.

Remember, Towle Sterling is *solid* silver — which means its beauty will endure through many lifetimes. Choose your Towle pattern now. Buy essential pieces. And let your War Bonds buy the rest, when Peace comes.

Write for a free copy of "The Bride in Wartime — and her Towle Sterling" . . . a new booklet written to help you select your pattern and care for your Sterling. Just address: THE TOWLE SILVERSMITHS, Dept. J-4, Newburyport, Massachusetts.

TOWLE

STERLING



New bedroom, sun deck provide more space, give better architectural character.

Simpler porch, broader steps, and shutters improve the front proportions.

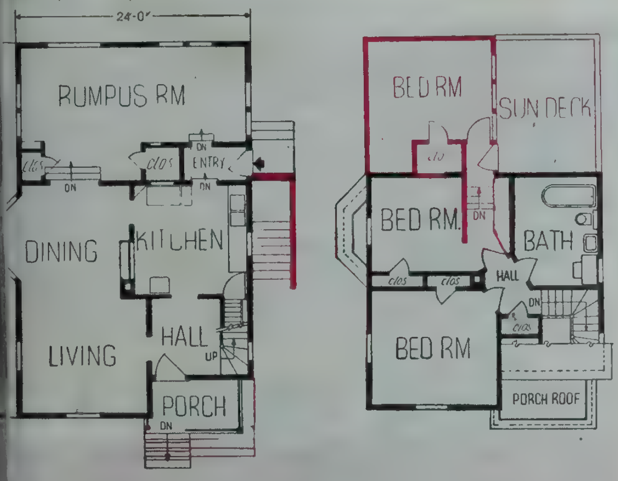
Cellar entrance, side-doorhood, planting add livability and attractiveness.

DEL BY LLEWELLYN PRICE

PROBLEM HOUSE

By Richard Pratt

The red lines indicate how the proposed improvements will help the livability of the house.



THERE are roughly a million houses like this in America. Not all their occupants would agree, perhaps, with Mrs. Hahn that their own similar dwellings were "ugly, awkward, tall and skinny," though they might settle for some of those descriptions. Nevertheless, like her, they may wonder what to do and how far to go with improvements.

Right now, as of this wartime moment, you may do nothing in the way of extensive repairs and improvements which will require any real amount of war-critical materials, unless the need involves your safety or your health or is an emergency measure for building preservation. However, as with the Hahns, you can plan for future improvements, and prepare for them with the purchase of War Bonds.

In the meanwhile, any reliable real-estate man who knows neighborhood values will tell you how much your house is worth and how much more it will be worth with certain improvements. A contractor, if he has time, can furnish approximate costs. And your banker or building and loan can figure out what the financing would be under Title 1 of FHA.

Taking the Hahn house as a typical example, it represents an investment of about $5000. Even if the Hahns were to lay out from $500 to $1500 for repairs and alterations, it would still be a good investment in relation to neighborhood values, and to what the Hahns could purchase elsewhere.

It needs a good paint job, both for the sake of its appearance and keeping the physical structure in good condition. The front porch is in poor shape, likewise unbecoming; and a simple, inexpensive alteration here would certainly be a worth-while improvement, in appearance and in practicality too. The house also needs an outside basement entrance. Total cost, $500.

What will have to wait is the building on of an additional bedroom, to make a place for the young son who now sleeps in the same room with his two small sisters. In this and in most cases, the solution is a lengthening of the second floor over a portion of the usual first-floor rear extension. The longer roofline will also help enormously with the house appearance. The cost, which here includes an open deck or sleeping porch, would be, at present prices, about $800. These improvements, along with incidentals like shutters in front and a side-door hood, are on the Hahn postwar agenda.

Other houses like this, in other localities, might be worth greater or even less expenditure. But the best advice for all is to give very careful consideration to eventual values.

Of all the simple expedients, painting does most to brighten, preserve and pull together, as here with a cheerful, warm all-over tone, white trim and black shutters and sashwork. Structurally and aesthetically, the new porch gives better style and proportion, as does the new bedroom at the back, which also provides much-needed space for growing-up Hahns.

"Put me down for a post-war Premier!"

You're probably one of the three or four millions who want to buy a new vacuum cleaner. You can't get a Premier today, of course—but today's the day to start doing something about it.

Here's the practical thing to do—stop in at your electrical dealer's and say, "Put me down for a post-war Premier!" Such foresight will pay you well—for there just aren't going to be enough new Premier cleaners *right at the start* to go around.

One thing is sure, however—they'll be worth waiting for! Future Premier Vacuum Cleaners, like those in the past, will maintain a single standard of performance—the highest. Because of Premier's plans for post-war distribution, these cleaners will eventually be available at the best dealers' in more communities than ever before. And you, in turn, will get the benefit from lower distribution costs.

Until the Armed Forces no longer require Premier's full production facilities, keep your present vacuum cleaner fit for active duty. Your electrical dealer is ready to help you. The Service he's selling today is top-grade like the cleaners he'll be selling tomorrow—and he'll appreciate your patronage both then and now.

ARMY E NAVY

Buy another War Bond today!

PREMIER
DIVISION
ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER CO., INC • CLEVELAND 10, OHIO

"The children are more important than doing dinner dishes," says Mr Hahn. But every woman knows how it feels to tackle them next mornin

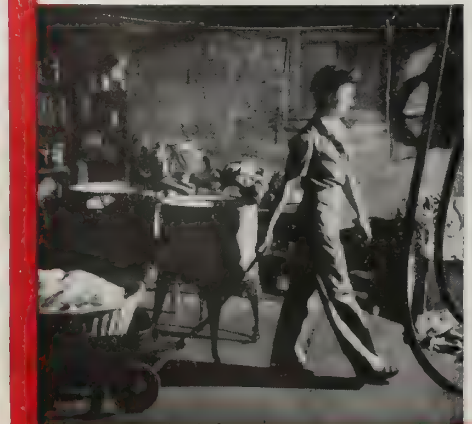
She Doesn't Like Housewor

Letter to Esther Hahn from Marcelene Cox

DEAR ESTHER: Housewives are all sisters, you know, with more or less the same problems; when your husband is standing pantless in the morning because you haven't done the ironing, mine may be standing sockless because I haven't done the mending—and, dare I say such a thing, the editor may even be standing both sockless and pantless. But how do we know it unless an occasional brave soul, like yourself, comes out and admits a few facts? That's why it is fun for women to get together sometimes and talk things over, the way we did that evening in Saint Charles.

We women are all so much alike, and yet so different. One of us goes all out for decorating, another cooking, another cleaning, or maybe it's washing.

Mother happily and cleverly creates with a needle. "But I hate cooking!"



Haven't you known women who always washing! It's only when we to do all phases of housekeeping raising children with perfection that begin to get into trouble. So beca I'm inclined to go strong on the c dren and food angle, there are a things I would like to say to you. maybe someday you can help me w my interior decorations. That's way women should do, don't you thin sort of help each other.

THAT SINKFUL OF DISHE

That matter of the oatmeal dis for example. Was there ever a wo who didn't go through that leaving- dishes stage? But after she's whis the dishes to the sink quickly hurried them through the suds aft few meals, she's apt to discover i twice easier to wash oatmeal dishe the morning and iron a husband's p later on than the other way arou You say yourself it's awfully nice get up in the morning and *find dishes done*. To me, a day which be with a sinkful of dirty dishes ha really begun; it is a late train burdened with yesterday's passen and doomed to continue off schedul

THE HECK WITH HOUSEWORK

Some women might not agree your Declaration of Independence garding housework: "There isn't n in a house that has to be done reg less." You mean, of course, that were a nice day and a walk seemed r important for the children than ha the living-room rug swept, no ma how dirty it might be, you'd choose walk. And you would probably be r But don't you think there are s things that need to be disciplined time? After all, it is foolish to ig completely that six o'clock will b hungry children, hungry husband end-of-day fatigue. Perhaps the ha medium is a cross-fertilization of mon sense with the hands of the c

Most housewives in these day efficient electrical cleaning device in accord with your philosophy

"I've no time for a nap," says Mrs victim of that 3-o'clock "dead" fee

housecleaning, Esther. You think it's silly to have mattresses, curtains and drapes outside on the line so often. It really is a rare woman, any more, who takes everything in the house and sets it outside, spring and fall. That kind of housecleaning might be called display advertising.

THERE'S ALWAYS TOMORROW

Many women work harder mentally anticipating and dreading a job than they do physically once the job is actually begun. It is a mistake to worry about one piece of work while working on another. Confine Tuesday's work to Tuesday, April's to April, and remember if you can that for tomorrow's job there will always be tomorrow.

The problem of the gasoline station is one I can't help you solve, never having owned a gas station. I know you wouldn't part with yours for anything; and as I think about you now, the station seems a part of your family. But it is an extremely temperamental part. It is the child who always requires special attention at table or a peevish great-uncle who keeps you on your toes lest someday he'll disinherit you.

Knowing how the average meal is conducted with mother jumping up and down several times, I shudder to consider what it would be like with father doing the same thing. I fear I should feel compelled to choke the bell occasionally or hire Johnny-up-the-street for an hour a day.

AVOIDING THAT FINAL STRAW

You think that feeling good has a lot to do with getting things done. How true! It was the last straw, remember, not the whole load, that broke the camel's back, and there's only one thing that will keep a mother from feeling the weight of the last straw: a few moments' rest in midafternoon.

But the average woman will not *maneuver* to achieve her afternoon nap. For women—you, myself, all of us—are mysterious and illogical creatures: we declare we can't find a moment in a day to rest, yet waste half an hour in a telephone conversation.

We should learn to choose between what is necessary and what is not. Needless motions, liftings, frettings increase the total of the day's fatigue until finally a very small and precious occurrence, like brown-eyed Denny's not staying put when "set aside to dry," becomes that sad last straw.

One important way to conserve strength is with the voice. Children really listen better to a soft voice. Besides, if we begin to speak loudly in the morning we lose the power for emphasis by the end of the day. It's like a singer starting out double forte, or a newspaper that always screams in headlines.

IF YOU'RE TIRED OF COOKING

You say you don't have the creative satisfaction from cooking that you do from sewing. But you know there's a by-product of good cooking and well-planned meals that is the loveliest beauty in the world. Have you ever looked at it from this angle, Esther? It's the by-product that shows up later in the pink complexions of children. When you get this viewpoint, *cooking* never becomes monotonous.

"Oops! That bell!" Fretting over interruptions rubs the strongest nerves raw.

"Women work too hard cleaning." Mrs. H. makes gadgets do the stretching.

Your way of ending the children's day is one to be copied, not changed, for the last thought we leave with a child determines somewhat whether or not his dreams shall be happy ones, also the kind of waking-up moments he will have. You bend over each small head, individually, to ask, "What is the nicest thing that happened to you today?" And their answers, such as, "The cookies you baked," or "Your song, Mommy Hahn," reveal more than anything else the apple-blossom simplicity of a child's heart. And when the order is reversed and they make a hurried confession of what *they* think is the naughtiest thing they did, you realize it wasn't so naughty, after all, and you wonder *why* you noticed it. That's the reason shortcomings should be brushed aside hastily, not ever to be nourished or strengthened.

I think I'll have to inaugurate the "nicest thing that happened today" in our family too.

HOW DO YOU DO IT?

I'm still remembering how you looked that evening in your trim black suit accented with the bright quilted purse and hat, your own handiwork. I envy you your sewing accomplishments, but it wouldn't do for me to learn how, as I'd never stop until there was a ruffle on the chimney.

Come and "do" a room for me sometime.

M. C.

"If it's me or the house that's ready for company, it won't be the house!"

IT'S *EASY* TO KEEP YOUR ALUMINUM CLEAN AND BRIGHT with Wear-Ever Aluminum Cleanser

WEAR-EVER TAC ALUMINUM UCO TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Contains a BUILT-IN WATER SOFTENER *to speed cleaning action*

TRY IT! 2 big boxes for 29¢

BUY more WAR BONDS

POLISHES AS IT CLEANS

Conserves precious aluminum

Just sprinkle it on and rub with a wet cloth

Cleans sinks, tubs, woodwork, too

On sale at Department, Hardware and Housefurnishing Stores

"Wear-Ever"
ALUMINUM CLEANSER
A POWDER
KEEPS POTS AND PANS BRIGHT AND CLEAN
EASY TO USE
A PRODUCT OF THE MAKERS OF "Wear-Ever" ALUMINUM
THE ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSIL CO.

Luncheon Magic — Southern Style!

SPAM 'N' CORN BREAD

SPAM 'N' CORN BREAD
For luncheon with a real "Southern accent," broil thick slices of Spam, serve sizzling with crusty, fresh-baked corn bread and old-fashioned apple sauce. Spam is pure pork – rich in B₁ and B₂.

SPAM BARBECUE
Brown whole Spam in hot oven, slice and flood with hot spicy barbecue sauce. Serve with whole boiled onions and carrot chunks, stuffed baked potato.

COLD OR HOT... SPAM HITS THE SPOT!

HORMEL GOOD FOODS

Packed only in 12-ounce tins. "Spam" is a registered trademark. Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.

FACT — There's not as much food as everybody wants. What we have must be shared, through rationing. When you buy food without stamps, you take someone else's share. CONSERVE, SHARE AND PLAY SQUARE!

IF YOU

"I don't get the feeling of creative satisfaction from cooking that I do from painting or sewing."

By Louella G. Shouer

BEAUTY is where you see it. Some of you could rhapsodize at will on the pleasures of the table. But to Esther Hahn and many other busy mothers, cooking is a monotonous bore, nagging them three times a day. Esther says cooking takes too much time from the things she really enjoys doing—singing with the children, making slip covers, arranging flowers.

Simmering down to a human fact, we like to do the things we know how to do best. I've never made a slip cover, but when and if I turn out one that is good-looking and not just something to hide in the attic, I'll probably want to slip-cover everything in sight. Cooking is like that. If you give it your heart and mind it can be as soul-satisfying as painting pictures on the cupboard doors—and I mean it!

QUICK LUNCHEONS

No one has time for elaborate meals these days, but any meal should be worthy of the time you do give it. Sketchy unplanned meals are neither fun to prepare nor to eat. These light meals planned for busy days will, I hope, inspire you to get more fun out of your job.

"THE TULIPS ARE OUT!"
Chicken Soup With Rice
Creamed Eggs With Asparagus
Toasted Rolls — Radishes
Sliced Oranges—Strawberries
Tea

Serve the soup in your gayest bowls. . . . The main course is no trick and one of spring's treats—children like it too. . . . Oranges are easier to slice than to section. Buying the first box of strawberries will do as much for morale as a new hat.

TRAY MEAL, TODAY
Hot Tomato Juice
Garden Sandwiches
Cold Custards, Jam Sauce
Milk

Try tomato juice *hot* for a pickup. . . . *For the spread:* Chop together ½ peeled cucumber—I'd remove the seeds; 6–8 radishes; a scallion or two; a handful of water cress or lettuce; and 4 hard-cooked eggs. Season with salt and pepper and bind together with mayonnaise. . . . Turn the custards out of their molds and slip-cover with a sauce made by thinning a favorite jam with fruit juice.

APRIL SHOWERS AND SPRING FLOWERS
Asparagus Soup
Stuffed-Egg Salad on Water Cress
Whole Tomatoes
Bread-and-Butter Sandwiches
Pink Rhubarb Sauce
Iced Tea or Milk

If it's a rainy day and you've chosen to devote it to making a skirt for the dressing table or refreshing the children's clothes, make your meal as sunny and gay as a forsythia branch. The eggs can be cooked at breakfast time, and the rhubarb sauce, too—both put to chill. When you lay aside your scissors, there is really little left to do. Make your salad a picture. . . . The icy-cold tomatoes are good eaten out of hand with just salt—like a picnic on a summer day. It's a satisfying lunch and you'll go back to your work with renewed enthusiasm.

BUSY TODAY—JUST A SNACK
Pineapple-Cheese Sandwich
Crisp Bacon — Lettuce
Ginger-Ale-and-Grapefruit Cooler
Brownies

An easy broiled sandwich, and one you'll repeat as often as you have a can of pineapple. Toast the bread, put drained pineapple slice on top, lay a slice of cheese over that. Under the broiler it goes until cheese melts. Crisp bacon can go underneath the pineapple if you think best. . . . Grapefruit juice and ginger ale with ice cubes to clink against the glass "cools you down." . . . Don't forget to make brownies once in a while. Children love them and they are easy to make.

TODAY YOU PAMPER YOUR OWN TASTES
Cream of Tomato Soup
Fresh Fruit-Salad Plate
Fingers of Peanut Bread
Iced Chocolate

You can't go wrong on making a fruit salad beautiful. Crisp and cold, there's nothing better to look at or to eat. Create your own picture plates from fruits at hand. . . . The peanut-butter-bread recipe is in your WINS manual.

DON'T LIKE TO COOK

"I like to choose flowers that go with the color of my tablecloths."

Tablecloth Tableaux

Colorful china, linen and the flowers from our garden are your "props." With hem you can create a stage setting that nakes even the simplest meal more glamrous. Foods in themselves have their wn natural beauty. It's mixing them p—the reds, greens, yellows and whites—hat gives your meals the most appetizng effect. Though you may feel that the "look" of a meal is only momentary—like landscape just before the sun goes down—our real pleasure is in creating it, and that vill last until you produce another.

FOR A YELLOW CLOTH AND VIOLETS

Yellow is spring's own choice for tablecloths. A low bowl of violets and hepaticas would be enchanting with a yellow cloth.

Cold Veal Loaf
Creamed New Potatoes and Peas
Scallions Refrigerator Rolls
Tomato, Olive, Aspic Salad
Meringued Peaches—Custard Sauce
Coffee or Milk

ynopsis: Meat loaf needn't always be ot. You can make it ahead, as you can he salad, rolls and dessert. This meal is good choice when company comes. Let he children shell the peas.

FOR A GREEN CLOTH AND WHITE LILACS

For a green cloth, your best white china and white lilacs or yellow daffodils! Your table will look as crisp as a white starched pinafore and as fresh as the countryside after a warm spring rain.

Iced Raw-Vegetable Bouquet
Baked Chicken Pie—Biscuit Crust
Fresh Asparagus Rolls
Vanilla Ice Cream—Hot Cherry Sauce
Refrigerator Cookies Coffee or Milk

ynopsis: In the next column is the ecipe for the refrigerator cookies—the est of its kind, we think. Slice them off vhenever your supply is low.

FOR A BLUE CLOTH AND APPLE BLOSSOMS

Broiled Lamb Chops and Tomato Halves
Tiny New Potatoes Rolled in Parsley
Green Salad
Rolls
Frozen Strawberries With Mint
Coffee or Milk

Synopsis: Tuck sprays of cress around the tomatoes and chops. It's no extra work and you'll carry the platter more proudly. . . . Crush, sweeten and add chopped mint to berries. Put in freezing tray about three quarters of an hour before dinner. It shouldn't be solid.

Refrigerator Cookies

Cream 1 cup shortening with 2 cups light brown sugar until light and fluffy. Add 2 well-beaten eggs. Beat mixture up light again. Sift 3 cups flour with 3½ teaspoons baking powder and ½ teaspoon salt. Work thoroughly into creamed mixture; ½ to 1 cup finely chopped nuts may be added, if desired. Shape into long rolls. Wrap in waxed paper. Chill in refrigerator at least overnight. Slice dough off as thin as you can. Bake on greased cooky sheets in moderately hot oven, 375° F., about eight minutes or until done.

Eating's a Family Affair

Market *with* the children now and then. Let them cut out the cookies—wash the vegetables. Their fun is your gain. Make your meals a shared pleasure instead of a one-woman chore. Win your audience—the compliments will come before the finale.

● ***Start a suggestion box.*** Everybody from dad down to the youngest puts in bids for favorite dishes. It gives them a feeling of having a part in what's going on. Suggestions may turn up for foods you've long forgotten. No better way, either, to jounce dad out of being noncommittal. Just watch him on dad's night!

● ***All children like to cut out.*** Let them start a scrapbook for you. Their selection of pictures of food may give you ideas, even though they might not be what you'd select yourself.

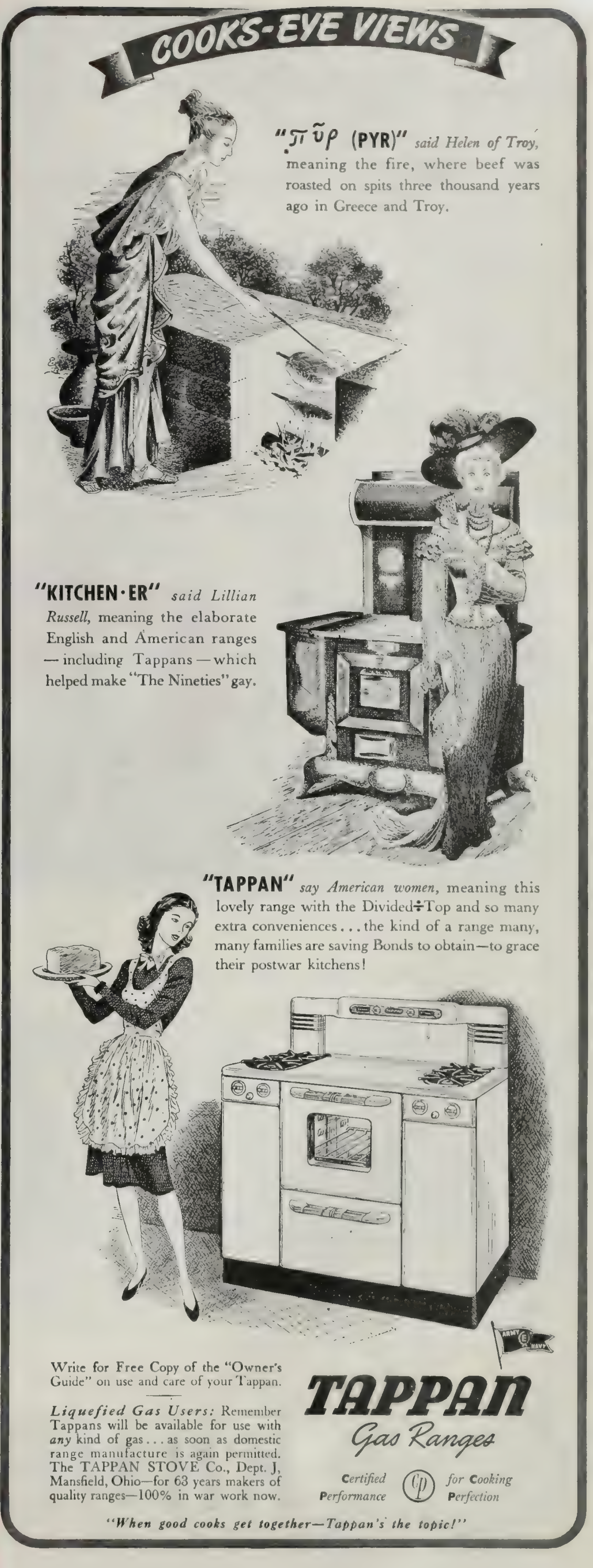
● ***If you are tired and the children fretty,*** call them into the kitchen while you prepare dinner. Sing the songs you all love. When dad comes home, everyone will be in a jolly mood.

● ***When you invent a new dish,*** don't keep it a secret, but let the family name it. Be proud of your "chef d'oeuvres!"

● ***Build up a reputation*** for your cooking—not only with company but with your own family. Their pride is your reward.

When the children say at bedtime that the "nicest thing for today" was the cookies, the "pretty" salad or the flower by their plate, you realize that you hold your family in the hollow of your spoon.

"Mother, today the cookies were the best!"



COOK'S-EYE VIEWS

"πῦρ (PYR)" *said Helen of Troy,* meaning the fire, where beef was roasted on spits three thousand years ago in Greece and Troy.

"KITCHEN·ER" *said Lillian Russell,* meaning the elaborate English and American ranges — including Tappans — which helped make "The Nineties" gay.

"TAPPAN" *say American women,* meaning this lovely range with the Divided÷Top and so many extra conveniences . . . the kind of a range many, many families are saving Bonds to obtain—to grace their postwar kitchens!

Write for Free Copy of the "Owner's Guide" on use and care of your Tappan.

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Who Have Yet to Furnish Their Homes

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A large portion of the facilities of the 10 great Kroehler factories is now devoted to the production of war matériel.

KROEHLER *Furniture*

BIG IDEAS THAT COST LITTLE

(Continued from Page 161)

Analyzing Esther's successful technique, ertain principles are apparent which it vould be well to keep in mind when planing decoration features of your own.

Every adaptation of old objects to new ses answers a sincere need. There is no obvius attempt to be clever or sophisticated. sther believes in quick action before an lea gets stale. Pressure work, if necessary, hile the enthusiasm is high—if you delay, ou may not act.

Strict adherence to an established color heme. This throws the emphasis on color nd doesn't spot the style of individual items. also presents a whole room picture with harm the dominant theme.

Throughout her home, Mrs. Hahn has sed simple cottons that can be laundered equently and has avoided imitation eleance.

No window treatment is old-style or impy—all are fashion-wise. Ruffles are ide, draping full, materials well chosen. here are no ready-made slipcovers or curins; everything is home-sewed.

Articles such as tables and benches are reinted frequently, kept spruce with skilllly blended paint colors.

Faults in architecture become distinctive atures under the Hahn touch. A chimney g provides a niche for bookshelves, a blind ndow makes a recessed cabinet.

Everything is crisply fresh, laundered, essed, gleaming with the kind of grooming at is in itself embellishment. "A little at a ne does it," Esther explains.

- Whimsical, dramatic ideas are confined mostly to upstairs rooms. They have the charm of fleeting moods, are gay, do not look too permanent, suggest the refreshment of frequent change.

Mrs. Hahn's own analysis of her technique is simple. Here is the formula:

- Everything you now have and actually need can be made presentable, even attractive. Don't wait to see if you can buy something new next year; fix up what you already have as soon as you get an idea.
- Mediocrity most often is in the proportions of things, so change the old proportions. For instance, put voluminous curtains on skimpy-size windows; take an inch off the legs of old seating pieces before you cover them; make thin chair backs thick with padding and extend them with crisp frills.
- In backgrounds, get emphasis by doing the unusual. If your wall is uneven, don't use apologetic ivory, but cover it instead with something beautiful like azure-blue paper sprinkled with flowers—which she actually did:
- Make places to store all cluttery material, for good housekeeping is part of decoration. Children's toys, games and books should be out of sight when not in use. The base of an old bureau, a chiffonier, china closet or buffet will do. Even a good packing box paints up or covers over attractively.

"Most women with budget difficulties can't splurge on decorations," Esther Hahn says, "so face your problem and act—don't wait for an inheritance."

KISS THE GIRLS GOOD-BY

(Continued from Page 41)

Bret turned politely. "Are you in show siness, too, Mr. Whitman?"

"No," Henry said. "I work in a factory."

"He has a very important job," Judy exained. "He designs guns on planes."

"That's the stuff," Bret said cordially. eep 'em flying."

"He tried to get in the Air Forces. And the my. And everything. But they wouldn't e him." Judy was helpful.

h, fine, Henry thought. *Poor old Whitn, the decrepit wreck. Nobody wants him.* gave the major a long, cold stare.

'Look," said Judy hastily, "I've got to on over to the canteen. Are you taking , Henry?"

'Sure."

'Can't go in, though, can you, old boy? civilians allowed. I'll take up the escort vice where you leave off." Bret was obusly pleased with himself. A uniform was reat thing.

'You can't go in either," Judy pointed . "Enlisted men only." She smiled at nry. Judy was a wonderful girl.

hey walked out into the murky grayness Manhattan in the rain. The doorman istled vainly at taxis which sped by. nry signaled just as vainly.

'Let me," Bret said. He stepped out into street and headlights flickered on his -leaved shoulders.

taxi slithered to a stop. "Okay, major," driver said.

udy scurried into the cab.

I'll walk on home," Henry said. "The or will take care of you. Good night, h of you."

udy's head popped out of the cab and she ked as if she were going to protest. But didn't. She said, "Good night, Henry."

enry walked home through quiet side ets, and the rain dripped down his collar. was wet and unhappy and nothing made sense. Uniforms—they were what Judy d. Maybe she loved him and maybe she 't, but there was a war on, and Judy only human.

e unlocked the door of the Whitman wnstone he'd lived in all his life. A dim t burned in the hall. It shone on the dark d of Annette, his kid sister. She was kissing a young man. The young man wore navy blue and an ensign's gold stripe on his sleeve. Henry banged the door with unnecessary violence and the ensign jumped.

"Really, Henry," said Annette with complete calm, "must you bang things?"

The ensign had turned scarlet. He was very young—maybe twenty—and the look on Henry's face quite evidently appalled him. "So long, Annette," he said hastily. "See you sometime." He went out, closing the door carefully behind him. Annette's eyes followed him, and her expression annoyed Henry.

"At sixteen," he said, "you aren't supposed to be kissing every Tom, Dick and Harry that shows up in a uniform."

Annette looked at him absently. "His name's Pete," she said.

"I don't care what his name is. Don't let me see him around here again."

"You probably won't." To his horror, her eyes filled suddenly with tears. "Pete has his sailing orders—I could tell by the way he acted. He may never come back—that's why I let him kiss me."

She walked up the stairs with a curious dignity, leaving Henry staring unhappily after her. He wished he'd kept quiet. He wished he'd never come home. He wished he was an ensign, with his sailing orders. But he was a factory worker, due on the job at eight A.M., and he'd better get some sleep. He went upstairs slowly, feeling very old and completely out of everything.

The next day Henry was called to Mr. Leathers' office. Mr. Leathers was the production manager, and he wanted to see Henry about a "bug" which had developed in the inertia mount.

"What's the matter with you?" he demanded in the middle of their conversation. Henry was staring absently at a blueprint.

"Nothing's the matter," Henry said.

"Probably a girl," diagnosed Mr. Leathers, who was cynical about women. He was a tired man, with a sardonic expression and ulcers of the stomach. "Don't let a girl interfere with business. You're doing an important job, Henry. Not all the heroes get Purple Hearts, you know."

First aid for drowsy rooms

Want to make mealtimes cheerful? Give your buffet this beauty treatment. A circular mirror of Plate Glass on the wall, and a mirrored buffet top to catch every reflection and gleam of light. They'll make your dining room seem larger as well as brighter. And win "Oh's" of admiration from everyone who sees them.

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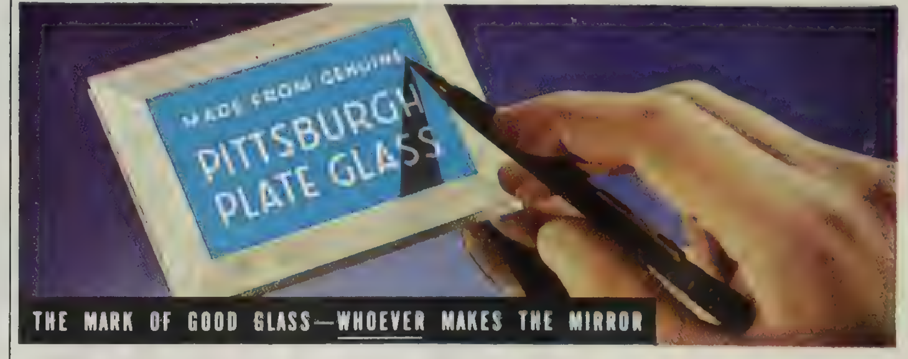

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"No, sir," said Henry politely, and went on making careful corrections on the blueprint. What Mr. Leathers said was true, but he didn't know about Judy. Judy would probably go all out for a Purple Heart.

Henry had a date with her for that night. Maybe they could talk things over and get back on the old solid basis. He hurried home from work at five o'clock, took a shower and shaved. The phone rang while he was shaving, and he answered, and it was Judy.

"Merry Christmas," she said. She always said that.

He wondered if she was going to break their date, and the thought seemed to catch in his throat so he couldn't speak properly.

Judy's voice was warm and gay. "Look, you don't mind if Bret comes along with us tonight, do you? After all, he wants to see the town and he hasn't a thing to do."

"That's all right; glad to have him," Henry said, and hung up.

Hadn't a thing to do, eh? What about the USO and the Officers' Club and all the other places that were knocking themselves out to entertain guys like Hart? Why did he have to muscle in on Henry's date? But apparently Judy was glad to have him. Apparently Judy wanted at least one man in uniform along.

He forgot about all that, though, when he saw her waiting in the lobby of her apartment house. What was there about her that made his head swim and his heart bounce around in his chest? She was just another girl with tawny hair and big dark eyes and a smile that—well, probably it was the smile that did it. It wrapped itself around you and made you glad you'd come.

Henry kissed her cheek lightly. "You look nice, Judy."

She did too. A green velvet suit with a blouse that tied in a big bow against her throat. And a hat that was mostly veil, with a dash of green velvet. Henry liked veils.

There was a cold draft on his back as the door swung open behind him.

"Hope I'm not late," said Major Hart breezily. "I got tied up in knots over at the USO offices. Judy, you look like spring in the jungle—beautiful but dangerous."

Oh, fine, Henry thought. *I tell her she looks nice, and listen to the fancy line this lad hands out. Well, some people can make with the words and some can't. No use worrying over a little thing like that.*

"WHERE are we going to dinner?" Judy asked, looking at Henry.

"I thought maybe the Yale Club," Henry told her.

"Look," said Bret, with a quick, apologetic smile, "I've got a nerve, but I have such a short time here in New York. I wonder if we could go to that new club, where they have the super-de-luxe floor show with all the bee-yutiful babes."

"You mean the Sequin Club!" Judy exclaimed. "Of course. I think it would be fun, don't you, Henry?"

"Sure," Henry said. His blue eyes gazed off into space. He was getting an idea. "Excuse me, and I'll go phone for a reservation."

By What Subtle Means?

By Hazel M. Kerr

As tall and as handsome as a young Greek god,
He stands at the mirror adjusting his tie;
He brushes his hair for the second time!
I watch him, amazed, from the tail of my eye.
He is wearing his sport coat instead of a sweater,
He has put on his slacks instead of his jeans—
A model of how today's youth should be dressed!
A triumph! Achieved by what subtle means?
Not by persuasion and not by command,
But by some little maiden—I wonder just who.
For some little girl has unconsciously done
What his mother's been trying his lifetime to do!
My thoughts are a mixture of pride and of pain,
Yet so it has been since the world began.
A mother can model her daughter alone,
But *two* women are needed to fashion a man.

He went into the little booth by the doo and telephoned the Sequin Club. He aske to speak to Miss Kay Sutton.

Miss Sutton's voice was high and very very animated. "Hello-o-o," she said.

"Hello, Kay."

"Da-a-rling," said Miss Sutton. "It Henry, isn't it? I must see you—it's bee ages!"

"Well, look, I wondered—we're comin over. Judy and I and a major. Will you b nice to the major so I can talk to Judy?"

"Da-a-rling, I'll be sweet to the majo I'll get him to tell me about his medals."

THEY had plenty of time for dinner befor the floor show went on. Henry didn't tal much, but then he never did. Finally th lights lowered and the green-and-silver roo took on an exotic look. The orchestra bega to play something with an odd South Se rhythm, and the girls came out. They wer beauties, and they could dance.

"This," Bret announced, "is definitel plus. Look at the fancy way that blonde o the end is put together!" He grinne happily, and so di Henry. The blond on the end was Kay She gave them a ultrabewitchin smile.

"Would you like t meet her?" Henry inquired craftily. Hop rose in his heart lik a kite catching th breeze.

"No, thanks," sai Bret. "Those babe are to look at, not t talk to. I'm ver happy just as I am. He patted Judy' shoulder, and Henr eyed him with utte hatred.

Of course Ka came over after he number and sat dow with them. "Oh-h, she said, touching th oak leaves on Bret' shoulder. "A real liv major. I think I' adopt him."

"That'll be fine, Bret assured her, bu he turned right bac to Judy.

Kay looked surprised. She move over toward Henry "I must be slipping, she said.

"Try again, Henry commande firmly.

Kay tried again She tried severa times, but she didn' get anywhere. She was not a girl to wast her sweetness on the desert air. and eventually she turned hopefully to Henry.

"Da-a-rling," she said. "Must you alway be with Judy? Don't you ever have tim for me?"

A week ago Henry would have grinned an said, "You know how it is with Judy an me, Kay." But now even he didn't know how it was with them. Judy sat listening t Bret tell about being shot down over th Channel, and her eyes were wide and intent Henry's heart felt like an old croquet ball "Let's dance," he said to Kay.

So they danced and he held her close an put his cheek on her blond hair, whic smelled of a perfume he didn't like at all He looked at Judy out of the corner of hi eye to see if she was watching. She smiled a him sweetly, encouragingly. Henry swor under his breath.

"What did you say, da-a-rling?" Ka inquired.

"I said I was a workingman. I have to g home."

(Continued on Page 172)

"THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS" BEHOLD ROSE POINT, BEAUTIFUL FROM EVERY ANGLE

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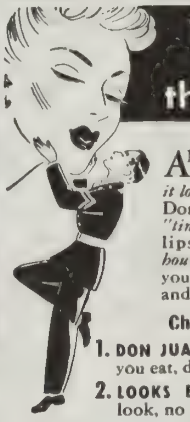

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(Continued from Page 170)

"How quaint," said Kay, and floated off to join some people who never went home.

Bret was still talking and Judy was still listening when Henry came back to the table.

"Sorry to break up the party," he said, "but I have to get up early."

Bret eyed him consideringly. "Look here, old boy, would you mind very much if Judy and I went on to a couple more spots? I'd like to really see the town—haven't much time, you know."

There it was again—that eternal reminder.

"Would you mind, Henry?" Judy asked. Her gaze was honest, inquiring.

"Not at all," Henry said, and paid the check. "Have fun." *Eat, drink and be merry,* he thought, *for tomorrow you may be off to the wars. But me—I'll be right here in New York, tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow. So I might as well go home and get my sleep.*

As a matter of fact, Henry was wrong about that tomorrow business. Because the next day he was in Vermont.

Mr. Leathers sent for him first thing in the morning and regarded him gloomily. "You've got to go see the old man," he said.

Henry looked startled. "Old Asher? Up in Vermont?" Asher was the original designer of their gun mount. He was a mechanical genius. But he was eighty-two years old and he wouldn't leave Vermont for anybody.

"I called him up," Leathers said. "He thinks he knows what's wrong with the new models. Somebody's got to go up, and it might as well be you. It'll have to be," he added glumly. "You're the only one he likes."

Henry was in one of the company's planes in half an hour. He didn't have time even to phone Judy. Not, he thought bitterly, that it would matter much. Judy would be busy showing Bret the town.

HE WATCHED the pilot of his plane, thinking about Bret. The pilot was a small man—jockey size, really, but with the casual air of assurance all fliers have.

"Do you like being a pilot?" Henry inquired. It was an inane question and he wished immediately that he hadn't asked it.

"Yeah," said the pilot, "I like it fine. Only I'd rather be flying a B-17. They keep me monkeying around with this stuff when I could just as well be in there fighting."

Henry felt a sudden bond of sympathy between them. By the time they got to Fairhaven they were friends.

He found old Asher in his little workshop back of his house.

"'Mornin'," Asher said. "Know what's the trouble with those gun mounts?"

"No," said Henry.

"Want I should show you now, or wait till after dinner?"

"Now," Henry said.

Asher grinned, his weathered cheeks sucking in. "You coulda been a Vermonter," he said. "Know enough not to talk. Here—look at this."

It took two hours for Henry to learn enough. Then he ate ham and eggs, hot biscuits with peach jam, and coffee. He walked from the Asher home to the Fairhaven airport, because there weren't any taxis. The pilot was waiting and they took off.

They were almost back to New York when it happened. Henry had been trying to think about the gun mount, and pictures of Judy kept creeping in. He was thinking about that last inquiring look she had given him last night, when all of a sudden the plane gave an odd sort of quiver. It reminded Henry of a dog shaking itself in front of the fire.

The pilot peered out over the side. He gave a whistle. Then he looked at Henry. "Your parachute on O.K.?" he inquired. He might have been asking if Henry had read any good books lately.

"Yes," Henry said.

"Better bail out now," the pilot told him. "We're going to lose a wing."

The plane shuddered again, violently, and Henry looked out. He could see the long ugly crack where the wing joined the fuselage. He felt cold all over. He was scared to death.

He looked at the pilot. "Where's your parachute?" he demanded.

The pilot looked annoyed. "I'm a fool," he said. "I left it in Fairhaven. Took it out of the plane when I was cleaning the cockpit, and forgot it. I'll get down O.K. Go on now—bail out."

THERE was a crack as loud as thunder and the plane twisted and dived crazily.

"Come on," Henry said. He grabbed the pilot with one arm and forced open the door with the other. The pilot swore, but Henry wouldn't let go. Then they were in space, clinging together, with the air rushing past clean and cold.

Henry counted to ten before he pulled the rip cord. The shock when the parachute opened was terrific. They were falling far too fast, Henry realized. A parachute like that wasn't meant to hold two men. But the pilot was so small, and Henry had lost a lot o weight, worrying about the gun mount and Judy. Maybe it would be all right. He said a prayer.

It was all right. They landed, miraculously in a feathery clump of young evergreens, i Connecticut. The pilot had a broken leg Henry had a sprained wrist. But they w alive.

Henry got home about seven o'clock. H took a shower. He'd never been so tired i all his life. When he came downstairs, his ki sister was waiting. She knew all about it—it had come on the radio news. She sat there hero-worshiping, and it made Henry nervous

"I've got to call Judy," he said.

Annette suddenly went white as paper. " forgot," she gasped. "Henry, they left thi morning. She tried to call you here and a the factory, but you'd gone to Vermont. Sh said to tell you good-by."

Henry felt the way he had before he pulle the rip cord on the parachute. He kept hi voice steady. "Okay," he said. "I'll call th apartment house and get her forwarding address. I'll send her a cable."

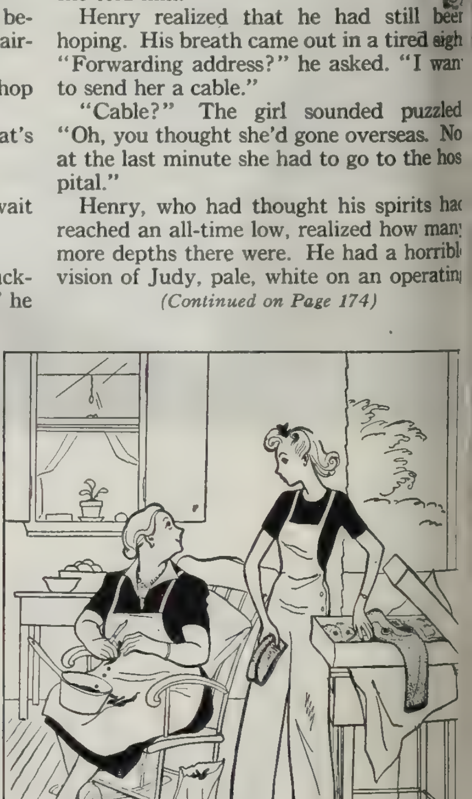
The switchboard girl at the apartmen house was affable, as usual. "Yes, Mr. Whitman, Miss Blair checked out this morning," she told him.

Henry realized that he had still been hoping. His breath came out in a tired sigh "Forwarding address?" he asked. "I wan to send her a cable."

"Cable?" The girl sounded puzzled "Oh, you thought she'd gone overseas. No at the last minute she had to go to the hospital."

Henry, who had thought his spirits ha reached an all-time low, realized how man more depths there were. He had a horribl vision of Judy, pale, white on an operatin

(Continued on Page 174)



"Now that your uniform has come, dear, do you think I could ask you to wash the car?"

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To assure full potency, "VITAMINS Plus" comes in 2 tiny capsules instead of less costly tablets or a single capsule. Thus the water-soluble vitamins and iron are separated from the oil-soluble vitamins. This means less chance of chemical reactions which destroy strength. The capsules also prevent destructive air from reaching the vitamins.

Be sure you get the *right* vitamins and iron, and be sure you get them in the *right* form—the "VITAMINS Plus" two-capsule form.

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First in its field, "VITAMINS Plus" is compounded to the most modern formula. As new advances are made in the science of vitamins, its master formula is improved and amplified—so that you can *always* depend on the balanced potency of "VITAMINS Plus."

Remember—you cannot feel or look your best when you lack the indispensable vitamins and iron which you can get so easily in "VITAMINS Plus." Get the best—get "VITAMINS Plus." Let it help *you* feel and look *your* best!

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HERE'S HOW I SAVE PRECIOUS FOOD WITH PYREX WARE

DUMPLINGS OVER YOUR VICTORY GARDEN

CASSEROLE MIXTURE: ½ lb. cubed lamb; ¼ cup onion, diced; ¼ cup white turnip, diced; ½ cup celery, diced; 1 cup peas, drained; 1 cup tomatoes, drained; 1 cup liquid from vegetables; 1½ teaspoons salt; 1 tablespoon flour.

DUMPLING MIXTURE: 1½ cups flour; 1 teaspoon salt; 1 tablespoon baking powder; 2 tablespoons fat; ¾ cup milk. Sift dry ingredients, cut in fat and add milk until mixture sticks together.

(1) Brown meat, onion, turnip and celery in slightly greased skillet. (2) Add peas, tomatoes, liquid and salt. Heat until the mixture begins to bubble. (3) Pour into a 2-quart Pyrex Double Duty Casserole. (4) Sprinkle 1 tablespoon flour over the top. Drop dumplings by tablespoonfuls over the top. Cover and bake in a 400° oven for 25 minutes.

TO MAKE THE MOST of the grand things out of your Victory garden, use this Pyrex Double Duty Casserole! Saves time and fuel by cooking 1/3 faster. Clear glass lets you see exactly when food is done. Wonderful too for scalloped dishes or small roasts. Cover keeps food hot on the table and doubles as a pie plate. 3 sizes. Family (2-quart) size . . . . only 75¢

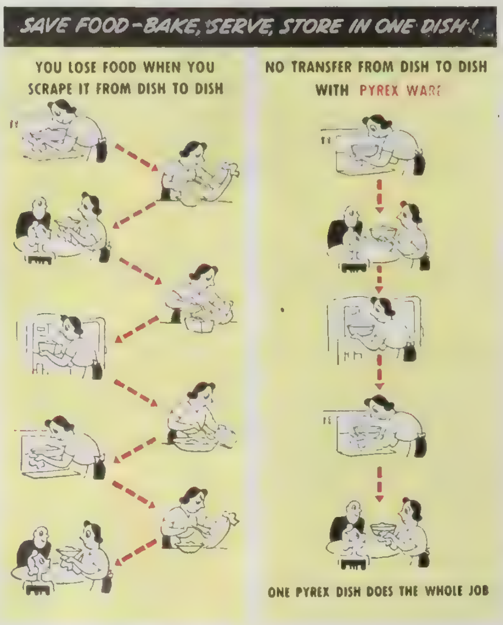
Uncle Sam wants stronger nephews and nieces and leaner garbage cans. Here's how you can help! Ever notice how much food gets wasted when you cook in an ordinary baking dish? Look at the chart below. You lose food when you transfer it from dish to dish.

You probably lose at least a full helping. Now see how you save with Pyrex Ware. You bake, serve and store in the same crystal-clear dish. You even reheat leftovers in it and use it again for serving. You haven't made a single dish-to-dish transfer.

You've saved precious food. And you've saved time, dishwashing, soap and hot water besides!

THIS PYREX MATCHED BOWL SET is designed for baking, serving, storing and mixing. Clever new rim makes pouring easy. Perfect for serving salads, cakes, custards, puddings or fruits! All 3 bowls—2½, 1½, and 1 qt. nested to save space . . . only 95¢

THIS PYREX FLAVOR-SAVER is the first Pyrex Pie Plate with glass handles. Special fluted edge and extra depth keep flavor and juices in the pie—*not* in the oven. As lovely a dish as you'd want to set on your table. Full 10-inch size costs . . . . only 45¢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BRAND
OVEN WARE
for better and faster baking
CORNING GLASS WORKS
Corning, N.Y., U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 172)

table, while he flew giddily about the state of Vermont.

"What ——" His voice wouldn't work.

"Don't get excited," said the operator hastily. "It's mumps."

"Mumps!" Henry's voice functioned again. He began to laugh, as relief flowed through him like a blood transfusion. Annette was staring at him in alarm.

"It's nothing to laugh at, Mr. Whitman," the operator said reprovingly. "Poor Miss Blair—all packed to go overseas, and ——"

"What hospital?" shouted Henry.

"The Hudson."

Henry was out the door. Henry was running down the street. He ducked into a subway and his heart pounded above the roar of the train. Judy hadn't gone. Judy was all right—except for the mumps. Judy ——

They let him see her, because he'd had the mumps. There she was, propped up on three pillows, with her hair falling in her eyes, and one side of her face swelled like a barrage balloon.

"Henry!" she cried, and there was something in her voice that made his throat ache. She had wanted to see him. She was lonely and scared and she'd wanted him.

"I came as soon as I could," he said, and touched her hair gently.

Judy's eyes were wide and dark, and tears lurked in them.

"Mumps are nothing to be afraid of," said Henry soothingly.

"Oh, mumps!" said Judy. "I don't care about the mumps, or even about not going with the unit. It was you. I heard the radio. Henry, are you all right?"

"Sure," Henry said. "I'm fine."

"Darling, I was so scared. You're a hero, but it scared me to death. I love you so!"

"You what?" asked Henry, staring at her.

"You knew that," Judy said impatiently. "You've always known it. And you loved me, only you wouldn't tell me about it, or anything, so I tried to make you jealous."

"That reminds me," said Henry, recovering a little. "Where's the major?"

Judy's face crinkled into a wide grin, but it hurt her and she straightened it out hastily.

"He's in the Army hospital on Staten Island," she said, and there was laughter in her voice. "For observation. He's never had the mumps, and he never wants to see me again as long as he lives."

"He won't," Henry said. "If he comes around I'll punch him in the nose. Judy, darling, I'm not good with words, but I do love you terribly."

"Oh, words!" said Judy. "Who cares about words! What I like is action!"

She got it.

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THE Government has asked us to request your support in the present paper conservation and salvage campaign. Paper is needed in ever-increasing quantities by our armed forces. The paper you save goes to them. Here's how you save it:

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2. You help your local stores save paper by discouraging double and extra wrapping of your purchases, and you carry your own market basket or bag to save paper bags;
3. You cheerfully accept the manufacturer's war packaging, as he simplifies boxes, cartons to save paper;
4. You pass this copy of the JOURNAL along, make it do extra work;
5. You save every bit of used paper for your local salvage drive.

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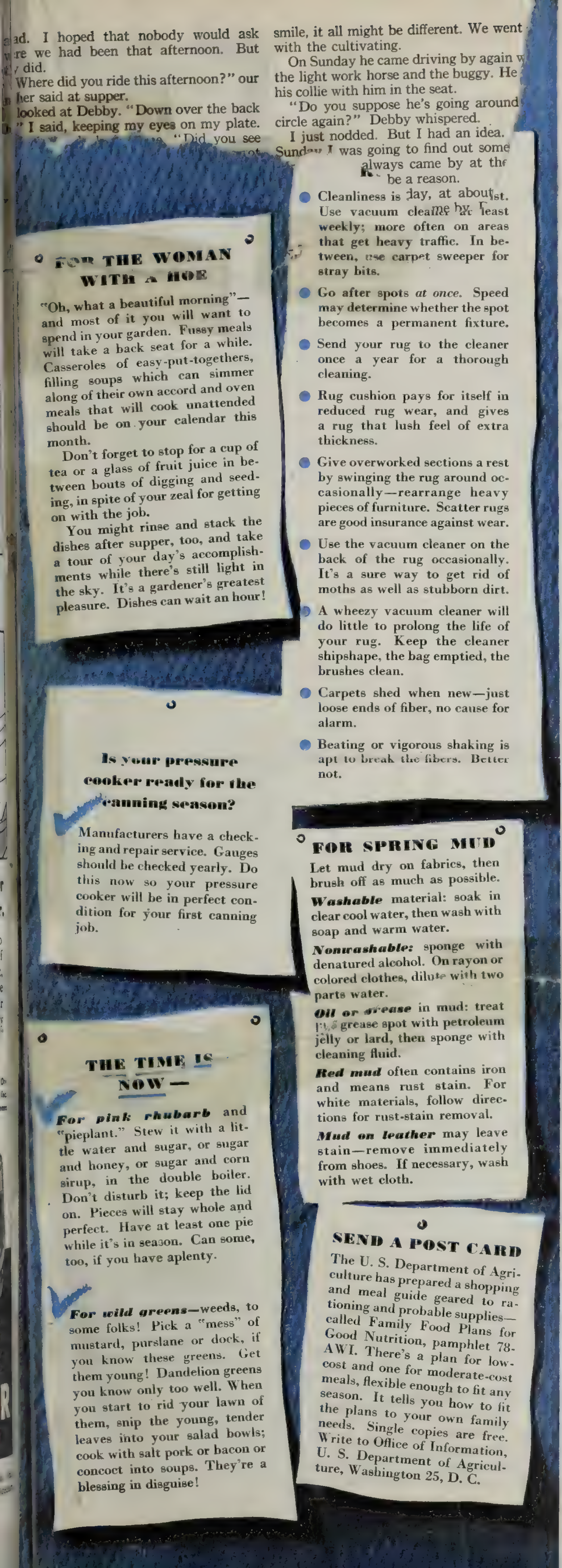


…ad. I hoped that nobody would ask …re we had been that afternoon. But … did.

Where did you ride this afternoon?" our …her said at supper.

…looked at Debby. "Down over the back …" I said, keeping my eyes on my plate. … "Did you see

smile, it all might be different. We went with the cultivating.

On Sunday he came driving by again w… the light work horse and the buggy. He … his collie with him in the seat.

"Do you suppose he's going around … circle again?" Debby whispered.

I just nodded. But I had an idea. Sunday I was going to find out some… always came by at the … be a reason.

FOR THE WOMAN WITH A HOE

"Oh, what a beautiful morning"—and most of it you will want to spend in your garden. Fussy meals will take a back seat for a while. Casseroles of easy-put-togethers, filling soups which can simmer along of their own accord and oven meals that will cook unattended should be on your calendar this month.

Don't forget to stop for a cup of tea or a glass of fruit juice in between bouts of digging and seeding, in spite of your zeal for getting on with the job.

You might rinse and stack the dishes after supper, too, and take a tour of your day's accomplishments while there's still light in the sky. It's a gardener's greatest pleasure. Dishes can wait an hour!

Is your pressure cooker ready for the canning season?

Manufacturers have a checking and repair service. Gauges should be checked yearly. Do this now so your pressure cooker will be in perfect condition for your first canning job.

THE TIME IS NOW—

For pink rhubarb and "pieplant." Stew it with a little water and sugar, or sugar and honey, or sugar and corn sirup, in the double boiler. Don't disturb it; keep the lid on. Pieces will stay whole and perfect. Have at least one pie while it's in season. Can some, too, if you have aplenty.

For wild greens—weeds, to some folks! Pick a "mess" of mustard, purslane or dock, if you know these greens. Get them young! Dandelion greens you know only too well. When you start to rid your lawn of them, snip the young, tender leaves into your salad bowls; cook with salt pork or bacon or concoct into soups. They're a blessing in disguise!

- Cleanliness is [illegible]st. Use vacuum clea[illegible] at least weekly; more often on areas that get heavy traffic. In between, use carpet sweeper for stray bits.
- Go after spots *at once.* Speed may determine whether the spot becomes a permanent fixture.
- Send your rug to the cleaner once a year for a thorough cleaning.
- Rug cushion pays for itself in reduced rug wear, and gives a rug that lush feel of extra thickness.
- Give overworked sections a rest by swinging the rug around occasionally—rearrange heavy pieces of furniture. Scatter rugs are good insurance against wear.
- Use the vacuum cleaner on the back of the rug occasionally. It's a sure way to get rid of moths as well as stubborn dirt.
- A wheezy vacuum cleaner will do little to prolong the life of your rug. Keep the cleaner shipshape, the bag emptied, the brushes clean.
- Carpets shed when new—just loose ends of fiber, no cause for alarm.
- Beating or vigorous shaking is apt to break the fibers. Better not.

FOR SPRING MUD

Let mud dry on fabrics, then brush off as much as possible.

Washable material: soak in clear cool water, then wash with soap and warm water.

Nonwashable: sponge with denatured alcohol. On rayon or colored clothes, dilute with two parts water.

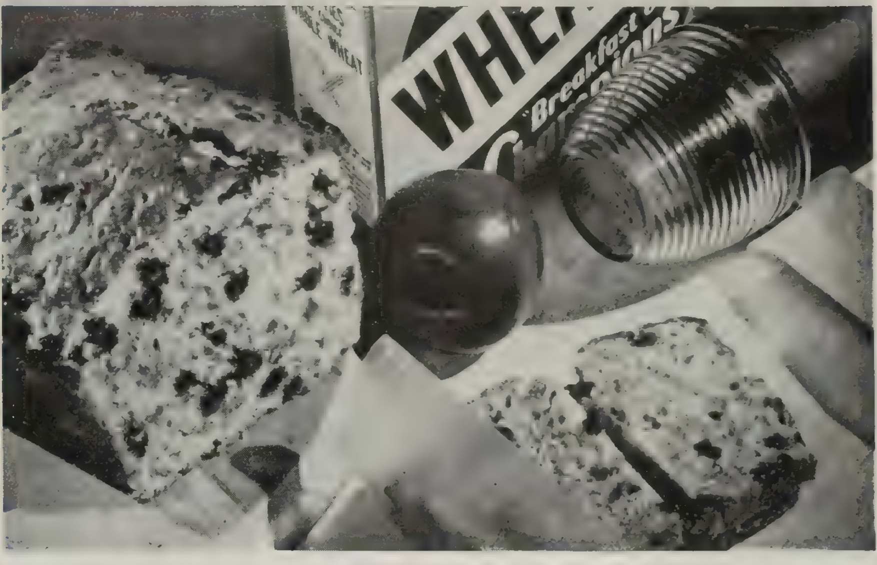
Oil or grease in mud: treat the grease spot with petroleum jelly or lard, then sponge with cleaning fluid.

Red mud often contains iron and means rust stain. For white materials, follow directions for rust-stain removal.

Mud on leather may leave stain—remove immediately from shoes. If necessary, wash with wet cloth.

SEND A POST CARD

The U. S. Department of Agriculture has prepared a shopping and meal guide geared to rationing and probable supplies—called Family Food Plans for Good Nutrition, pamphlet 78-AWI. There's a plan for low-cost and one for moderate-cost meals, flexible enough to fit any season. It tells you how to fit the plans to your own family needs. Single copies are free. Write to Office of Information, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington 25, D. C.



SANDWICHERY!

by Betty Crocker

● **WHEATIES SANDWICH LOAF:** delicious sandwich bread. Slices thin. Extra flavor, and whole wheat nourishment, from the Wheaties flakes all through! Good just with butter or margarine. Or creamed cheese, or jam. Easy to make, say my staff. Sift together

2 cups *sifted* Gold Medal Flour
1¾ tsp. Salt
4 tsp. Baking Powder
6 tbsp. Sugar

Combine

1 Egg, well beaten

with

1¼ cups Milk

Stir into flour mixture. Blend in

3 tbsp. Shortening, melted

Gently fold in

½ cup Seedless Raisins
1¼ cups Wheaties

Pour into well greased 4″x8″ loaf pan (3″ deep). Let stand 20 min. at room temperature. Bake 1 hour in mod. oven (350°).

• • •

"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS!" We all need to be champions, these days, don't we? I hope you serve really nourishing breakfasts. At least this much: a whole grain cereal such as our Wheaties, milk, and fruit. Generous servings.

• • •

WHOLE GRAIN: Wheaties are a type of cereal listed in the Government's "Basic 7 Food Rules". Wheaties provide all of whole wheat's widely known essential food values. Two B vitamins, iron, abundant food energy—in Wheaties.

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AMERICA'S FAVORITE whole wheat flakes! That tells you Wheaties surely taste good. How's this for breakfast?

Pink Rhubarb Sauce
Wheaties with Top Milk
Poached Egg on Toast
Coffee *Milk or Cocoa*

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Free! New "Menu and Shopping Guide" for point rationing. Handy reference list of rationed foods with space for point values. Space for menus. Grocery check lists. To get your pad, mail postcard today to General Mills, Inc., Dept. 641, Minneapolis 15, Minnesota.

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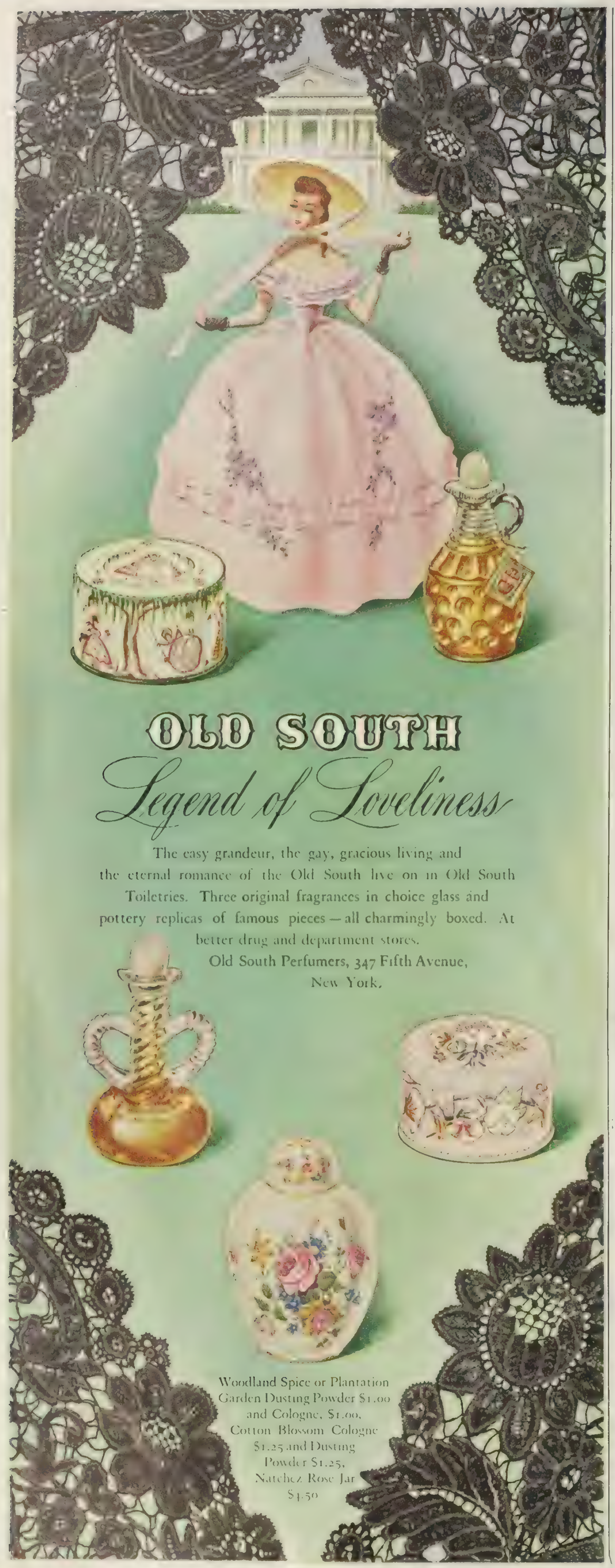

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Woodland Spice or Plantation Garden Dusting Powder $1.00 and Cologne, $1.00, Cotton Blossom Cologne $1.25 and Dusting Powder $1.25, Natchez Rose Jar $4.50

ontinued from Page 172)

he flew giddily about the state

—" His voice wouldn't work.

"Y..et excited," said the operator in the..s mumps."

We j" Henry's voice functioned We cou..gan to laugh, as relief flowed as fire ar..like a blood transfusion. An.. could do..ng at him in alarm. He came up in long sw.. to laugh at, Mr...y fast.

"You ge..d reprovingly he said, "and keep out of here. ... those useless plaything ponies of yours. Ruinin' a man's cattle so they won't milk, and roarin' round the country like it was a picnic. Go on. Get on back where you belong an' stay there, playin' at your farmin'. Go on, now, an' don't come back."

We managed to move. Even the ponies arched around him to keep away, and we went on down the lane and out to the main road again, and we were shaking.

"Whew!" Debby said, trying a grin. "Was he mad!"

"I'll say," I said.

"I was scared," Debby said. I did not admit anything. We cantered around a bend.

"Of course," I said finally, "he was probably right. We *did* scare his cows."

Debby nodded. After a while she said, "We wouldn't want anybody scaring our cows. Not at milking time. Would we?"

"No," I said.

When we had gone a quarter of a mile Debby grinned. "Gee, he is handsome," she said, "even when he's mad."

I had been thinking that too. And his place was nice. There was a little flower garden around the front of the cottage, and everything was picked up and neat and there was a big chair under a huge maple on the lawn. Maybe he sat there and read sometimes. I wondered who lived there with him. I would have to find out. And about why he drove up and around and over the hill and didn't really go anywhere. And why Laura did not like him and blushed. For some reason I thought that he was unhappy. And I still liked the look of him.

WE WERE helping with the chores that evening. We have a lot of work to do on the farm. It is fun, usually, and necessary now that there is the war. We have to produce, our father says. He still keeps his job in the city, but he comes up week ends and works hard and is learning.

I finished with the chickens and then I said to Marvin, "Marvin," I said, "Mr. Clayson must have a lot of help on his farm. It is a big one."

Marvin kept milking Blackie. "Used to," he said.

I waited a minute, but Marvin did not go on. "Why doesn't he now?" I asked.

Marvin poured the milk into the big can. "They quit on him," he said. "Some to work in factories, but most because he's a hard man to work for."

"Why is he a hard man?" I kept on.

Marvin started another cow. "Drives a man all the time," he said. "Always in a hurry to get things done and get to some other piece o' work. Always wantin' to get ahead. Don't give a body a chance to rest." Marvin likes to rest quite a lot.

"So he hasn't anybody now?"

"Nope," Marvin said, "not a soul."

"No one to cook for him even?" I said.

Marvin grinned. "Nope," he said. He hunched on the stool. "Guess he got some ideas on that, but 'twon't do him no good, likely."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

Marvin just grinned. He has a very annoying grin, like an empty pail. "Well," he said, "you could ask up the hill about that. You could ask Laura Alden." He grinned some more.

There was not any use asking him about things. He does not talk to us as if we were grown up. I would find out for myself. I walked away.

Suddenly I felt very sorry for Mr. Clayson. I did not blame him at all for being cross with us. Living all alone and doing all that work himself. And trying to get

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Craddock-Terry Shoe Corporation

Lynchburg, Virginia

The More Women at War—The Sooner We'll Win

ad. I hoped that nobody would ask re we had been that afternoon. But did.

Where did you ride this afternoon?" our her said at supper.

looked at Debby. "Down over the back " I said, keeping my eyes on my plate.

y father looked at me. "Did you see Clayson?" he asked. Debby's eyes got

Yep," I said.

Was he pleasant?" my father went on.

He was all right," I said.

y father took some more waffle. I was d he would ask more questions. "Well," said—he likes waffles—"you'd better off his land. He doesn't care for city teurs."

Why not?" I asked. It was important.

He doesn't think we belong up here," father said, "he doesn't think we get gs done right."

thought for a quarter of a waffle. aybe you'd feel that way if somebody e into where you'd d all your life."

Well"—my father up—"I wouldn't so grouchy about

decided not to anything more. I wanted to do ething about Mr. yson. I liked him. d there was some- the matter be- en him and Laura. liked him better, in the days that owed. Even if I n't get near to him. en we went down road we watched haying. He was alone. Except for big collie dog. The followed right be- him in the fields. hayed with a big m. When he was ding he would just ak to the team d they would move the next haycock. ey stopped and rted just with his ce. They were big sleek and willing, d he was very quiet h them. He never led at them. It st have been hard him, loading and loading all by him- f. I wanted to offer help rake or some- ng, but I did not re. Neither did bby. Sometimes, r summer at night could see him from our hill, working away he dusk, and the lights going in his barn n we went to bed.

THE next Saturday he came up by our e with his team. We were running the ivator through our potatoes, Debby and Somehow I was glad he saw us doing it. had taught Misty to drive, and Debby ld ride her through the rows and I would r the cultivator. It was very hot and ty and we were resting at the end of a by the road when he came by. He was ing up there on the big wagon, and he ked over at us, and he took in the cultiva- and the pony and everything, but all he was just nod his head a very little. He not smile at all. Then he went on up the l, and something came to my mind.

You know, Debby," I said, "he never smile, does he?"

Debby wiped the sweat off her face with hand. The dust made it all streaked. ope," she said. "I haven't ever seen him. uess he doesn't think we are much good."

t was funny, his never smiling. Some- y, I thought, if you could once get him to smile, it all might be different. We went on with the cultivating.

On Sunday he came driving by again with the light work horse and the buggy. He had his collie with him in the seat.

"Do you suppose he's going around the circle again?" Debby whispered.

I just nodded. But I had an idea. Next Sunday I was going to find out something. Mr. Clayson always came by at the same time. There must be a reason.

On that next Sunday, at about half an hour before he usually came by, Debby and I got out the ponies.

"What are we going to do?" Debby wanted to know.

"Never mind," I said, "you'll see."

We went up the road. Laura Alden was in her kitchen garden again. She looked up quickly, as if she had been expecting someone, and when she saw who it was she waved. But we did not stop. We went on to the top of the hill, and then, where the little lane swung around, we went in through the trees so that we could look down on the road and the Aldens' garden. We could see Laura working there. Sometimes she would straighten up and look back down the road.

"Keep quiet," I said to Debby.

Suddenly the ponies pricked their ears. Mr. Clayson was coming up the hill again in his buggy. He had his collie with him on the front seat. We watched. When he came to the Aldens' yard, he looked over at Laura. I knew that she had seen him coming. But she did not turn around. She just kept on weeding. She had on a light blue dress and it was very pretty and gay in the sunlight. Mr. Clayson went on up the hill. I watched him all the way and he just sat there, straight and stern and not smiling at all. But he did reach over and put his arm around his big collie, and his hand patted it. The collie looked up and wagged its tail and licked at Mr. Clayson's face. Somehow it made a lump come in my throat. Mr. Clayson was alone and he was lonely. The buggy disappeared through the trees.

I looked down at Laura Alden. She had turned and was watching up where the buggy had gone. Finally she went on into the house, walking very slowly.

"What did you hide in there for?" Debby said.

"I wanted to see why Mr. Clayson drives up here every Sunday," I told her.

"And did you find out?" Debby asked.

"I think so," I said.

Suddenly we saw Angus, Laura's brother, coming along the road. Angus is eight years old. He fishes all the time in the brooks and carries frogs and things in his pockets. He goes barefoot, mostly, and has a very deep voice and can milk. We like Angus, although he is pretty young. He had two trout on a stick and he had been eating chocolate.

"Hullo," he said, sounding like an old man. We said hello. "Where you goin'?" Angus said.

"Nowhere," I said. I looked at him. Maybe he could tell me some things I wanted to know. "Mr. Clayson just went by in his

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Return at Teatime

By Ruth-Ellen Storey

If you should come when spring has spread
Her lacy cloth of green across the scene,
I shall prepare thin slices of my own baked bread,
With crisp, fresh water cress pressed in between.

Or should it be when summer's blazing prints unfold,
I shall drop ice, like laughter, temptingly into our tea.
Or if brave autumn flaunts her doilies, red and gold,
There will be doughnuts and mulled cider from my apple tree.

And should you come when winter's fingers weave
A frost of damask, white and startling bright,
Before a fire of high-heaped logs, you will receive
Hot ginger cake with snow-whipped cream by candlelight.

And if my well-laid plan should run amuck—
Dear love, I'll open up a can, and you will take potluck.

Spring Style Show

BROUGHT TO *your* HOME

Relax in comfort while your Fashion Frocks representative brings you an important style show, featuring last-minute spring and summer fashions. Make your selections at leisure, with the Fashion Frocks stylist giving her full attention to you alone. That's the modern way—the Fashion Frocks way—to shop. Illustrated here are just two of the 130 stunning styles featured in the Fashion Frocks spring and summer assortment.

SHOP FOR THESE FROCKS IN YOUR OWN HOME
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STYLE 746 Flattering is the pretty print coat-style dress with its new oval ruffled neckline and sleeves! Its slim line is complemented by gathers in front above and below the belt. In blue also pink. Sizes 10 to 20. 6.98

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The DASH that makes the DISH

buggy," I said. I waited. Angus likes to talk.

"Sure," he said, "he goes by most every Sunday. Goes by to see Laura." Angus grinned. His front teeth are out. "He's sweet on her," he said. "It makes her mad when I tease her."

"Why doesn't she like him?" I asked.

Angus wagged his head. "Dunno," he said. "She used to. Used to let him come an' see her all the time. Then they had a fight. Last fall it was. Boy, did she tell him a thing or two! I heard 'em." Angus waggled his head again.

"What was the fight about?" I asked.

Angus looked cautious. "Well, I dunno," he said, "but it was about the fair. Laura, she wanted he should take her to the fair. An' he said he couldn't. Said he didn't have the time. So"—Angus giggled—"so she told him off all right. She said he was a old sour puss, and never did have any fun or laugh or anything. And she wasn't going to spend her time around him. Then he went home. I was in the hall. Laura cried. She cried a lot for a while." Angus held his stick up. "I got me two nice trouts," he said. They were very nice trout.

We went on down the road. "That's too bad," Debby said, "about their fighting." I just nodded. I wished that Mr. Clayson liked us and we could talk to him. About Laura. And her crying. But he didn't think we amounted to anything. He thought we were just city farmers and didn't work. I wished there was something we could do about it. I liked the way Mr. Clayson had looked when he had passed Laura and the way the collie had licked his face. But I couldn't think of a thing to do. And then I didn't have to. It came to us.

IT CAME to us on Friday. We were working in the field, raking scatterings for Marvin with the bull rake. It was almost noon and very hot. All at once we saw Mr. Clayson walking down the hill with his dog. He looked worried. When he saw us he hesitated and then came over. He did not say hello or anything. He just gave that quick little bob of his head, and he did not smile.

"You see one of my cows?" he asked Marvin.

Marvin said no, he hadn't. "You lost one?"

Mr. Clayson nodded quickly. "She didn't come in last night. I've been out after her, but I can't find her." He looked very tired. He started to turn away.

"Likely she'll turn up," Marvin said.

Mr. Clayson shook his head. "I can't keep looking for her all day," he said. "I've got to go to town for grain. I'm clean out." He stood there a minute. Then, "Let me know if you hear of her," he said.

Marvin said he would. Mr. Clayson went on down the hill.

Debby's eyes went big. "Is it a good cow?"

Marvin filled his pipe. "All his cows is good," he admitted. "Got the best herd of Jerseys anyplace around."

I looked at Debby. She looked at me. This was our chance.

We hurried through lunch and kept away from Marvin so that we would not have to rake. This was important. It was very important.

"Better take the rope," I told Debby. We have a forty-foot coil of real hair rope, a lariat. We saved up and got it from the mail-order place. "And put on your Western saddle," I said. I was excited. So was Debby.

All our lives we have wanted to go out West and punch steers and work on a ranch. We know how they do things there. We have read about it and seen the movies and we have practiced with the ponies. And now we had a chance to make it do something. For Mr. Clayson. We went up on the hill.

"Where will we look first?" Debby wanted to know.

"Well," I said, "the cow was in the pasture, and if it had gotten out down near the barns it would have gone home. So it must have gotten out up here at the far end."

We went along the wood path where Mr. Clayson drove. When we came to the barway into his pasture, we stopped.

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hould go in here again?" Debby said.
Ve have," I said.
e went o the barway and walked the
s along t wire fence that edged close
st the swp. We kept looking for a
that th ow might have broken
ugh—a tre own, or a weak strand of
But there sn't a thing.
But th ould have found that,
ves, between was right. We
age, when work is not bottom line,
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ially if th just the ri e the
strand is low," I said. "We ought to
cow hair on the bottom strand."
looked. Then we found it. Back in
of the pasture, deep in the woods
along the edge of the swamp.
must be it," I said.
how can we get through the fence?"
wanted to know.
ght for a while. Then I remembered
y jumped wire in places where they
"We'll hang our shirts over the top
I said, "then maybe the ponies will
So we tried that. But they wouldn't
Maybe they knew we were scared.
't work," I said. We sat there, very
was dead still. Maybe we would
en up. I don't know.
we heard the noise. It came from
rough the trees and sounded as if it
in the swamp. It was the long and
sort of frantic mooing of a cow. As
ere scared. Or in trouble. I looked
y and her eyes were enormous.
in there," Debby said, "in the
" Debby was scared. So was I.
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nder why Mr. Clayson didn't hear
ebby said.
ably because she wasn't mooing
robably she just started."

y we had the wire well covered with
"I'll go first," I said. I set Springy
out twenty feet and gave her the
she went at it. She hesitated just a
and then—over she went. I was on
side. Misty took it the first try. She
wants to be with Springy. We sat
second, getting our breath. The cow
again.
pe she's not very far into the swamp,"

alked the ponies along the edge of
, listening and looking. Then we saw
e was about twenty feet into the
where it was thick reed grass and all
mmocks. And she was in deep. When
d to move we could see that she was
her belly. Her eyes were big and
d frightened. She mooed again.
at are we going to do?" Debby said.
ught a minute. We could go back for
course. That was probably the best
But I didn't want to. I wanted to
r. Clayson that we were some good.
d to get the cow out myself, with
and bring it down to him.
tie the rope around me and try to
there on the hummocks," I said,
I get stuck you can pull me out."
y looked scared to death. And my
was all flutters. But I tied the
round my waist and started on in,
from hummock to hummock. They
ppery soft and sank under me a little
t I got to the cow. Her belly was resting on the black muck. While I stood there she thrashed around and sank even deeper. I knew what we would have to do. I got back out to dry land.

"We will have to get brush and pile it on both sides of her, so we can work," I said, shaking, I was so excited, "and then try to get the lariat around her, behind her front legs. If we can do that, maybe Misty can pull enough to help her get out."

"How will we get the rope around her?"

"I don't know, but we will try."

We got the brush, old fir boughs left from lumbering. I was glad the cow had to stand still. She had horns. Then I got on the far side and Debby tried to pass the rope under the cow through the mud. It wouldn't go. We tried and tried. The ponies stood tethered to a tree and watched us. The sun was dipping behind the hills.

"It won't go," Debby said, almost crying. The cow mooed again.

"We will have to thread it through," I said, "like a needle." I got a straight strong branch and tied the rope against a knob at one end. "Now I'll poke it through to you, Debby," I said.

I POKED it through the mud. It went slowly. You had to work it. Finally, "I've got it," Debby said. I went around and we both pulled. The rope came through on the end of the branch. It was under the cow now. We were half done. The easy half.

"We'll have to put some brush around the rope where it comes under her legs," I said, "so it won't cut her."

We fixed that. We made a good square knot in close at her shoulder.

"Now," I said, "we'll have to put brush for her to walk on if we can get her going."

FOR GOSSIPS

One wise mother tells her children to divide all people into two classes—friends and strangers. Friends we love too well to gossip about; strangers we know too little.

Quoted in Seeing Things at Night,
by Heywood Broun.
(Harcourt, Brace & Co., Inc.)

We were tired, very tired, but we got more brush. Then I put the rope around the horn on Misty's Western saddle. Debby tightened the girths.

"Don't let her jerk," I said. "Make her pull slow."

Debby got on. Maybe Misty had done this before. I don't know. She had been a cow pony. The cow gave a long and frightened moo and then Misty pulled. She got down low and pulled and the rope sang, almost, and I was afraid the horn would break. I kept watching the cow and Misty, too, and all at once I could see the cow begin to move up from the muck, struggling, and she kept struggling and Misty kept pulling, and then the cow was up. She was on the brush that we had piled for her, and out she came, thrashing and floundering, but coming. She was on dry land. I cheered. I yelled. Debby yelled.

"Tie the rope to a tree," I said, "so she can't run away."

I guess she didn't want to run away. I guess she was too tired. So were we. We were all in. We just sat there. Then we saw Mr. Clayson coming over the fence.

He came up to us and he said, "What are you doing in here?" He said that before he saw. He looked at the cow and us and the rope and the brush and the swamp for a minute almost. "Did you kids get her out of that bog?" he said finally, as if he could not believe it. "By yourselves?" He had his hands on his hips, staring at us.

We just nodded. We were too tired to be afraid of him any more. Too tired and muddy. Mr. Clayson looked at us some more and then he said something we are not supposed to say. He said he would be damned. Debby grinned at him, kind of feebly.

All at once Mr. Clayson did something he had never done before. He smiled. He actually smiled. It made him look all different. It made him very, very handsome and with nice crinkles around his eyes, and he was almost somebody we had never seen before.

"Come on," he said, "come on down to my place and get cleaned up and have a glass of milk." He led the cow. We were tired,

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ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER

I met someone recently who was surprised to find that I was a real person! She had thought that I was a "trade character" such as we see on packages. As the mother of five healthy children I assured her I had a very real existence indeed!

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but not too tired to go to Mr. Clayson's. I had my idea, too, the rest of it.

Mr. Clayson had pliers and he cut the fence, and we walked the ponies down beside him. We got talking to him, and telling him how we had trained Springy and Misty and how we rode in hunts at home with our father sometimes and how we liked the country and all. And he listened to us and asked questions and he kept smiling. That was the best part, his smile.

We had milk in his house, that was all scrubbed floors and neat and smelled good and of apples. Then we had to go home.

Mr. Clayson went out to the ponies with us. "You kids come any time," he said. "Come a lot. You're O.K."

Then I had to ask him. I had been trying to get up courage, because it was so important. Mr. Clayson liked us now, but that was only half of it. I stammered a little, but I got it out. He looked at me.

"Tomorrow?" he said. "Gee, I've got ——"

"But you ought to have *some* fun," I said. "You really ought to."

He looked at me very sharp, and, for a minute, I thought he was going to be sour again. Then the smile came back. "Guess maybe you're right," he said, "guess maybe you are. Reckon I have been taking it all too hard. Besides"—and his grin was nice and wide—"besides, I owe it to you two." And we went on home.

"Don't say anything about it," I told Debby, "not till tomorrow. He might not come."

Debby promised. "But, boy, oh, boy," she said, "I hope he does. It would fix everything."

We didn't sleep much that night. We were too excited. Finally it was noon the next day. We had an early lunch and then, at one o'clock, he came.

HE CAME up the hill in his buggy, only he had two light horses on it this time, and he had on a white shirt and tie and he looked wonderful. Simply wonderful. Our father was out on the lawn with us. At first our father was not very cordial. Then Mr. Clayson went over and they talked quite a while. We were impatient. We had our plan. Then they were both grinning, our father and Mr. Clayson, and they shook hands and came over to us.

"So you're going to the carnival," my father said, "you three. On a workday. I'm amazed." Only he was pleased, really. He patted us on the shoulder, quick, the way he does that makes you feel good and his pal.

We got in the buggy and went on up the hill. Then the best part of it all happened. The thing that we had been planning on.

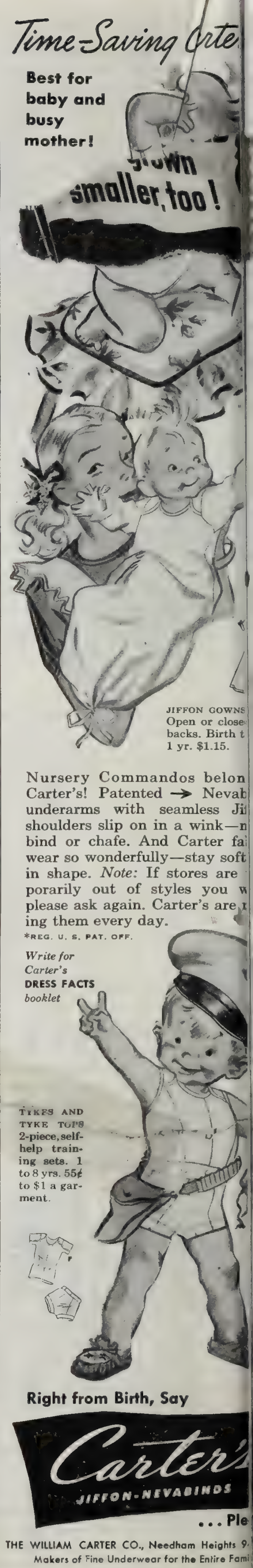
Because Laura was in her garden, Laura Alden, just the way we had asked her to be that morning. Although of course we had not said anything about Mr. Clayson. She had on a yellow dress that helped the sunlight gleam in her dark hair. When she saw us, all three of us, in the buggy, she just stood there as if she could not believe it. Couldn't believe it at all. And her face got very red and she was very, very pretty.

Mr. Clayson's face was red, too, a nice red, and he was smiling. He was grinning. With a sort of funny twist, as if he hoped everything was all right.

"Come on," I called, "come on, Laura. We're going to the carnival. We're going to have fun. Mr. Clayson's taking us." And for a minute I didn't know whether she would or not. I thought maybe she might just go on in the house again.

But then she didn't. I guess it was because she was looking at Mr. Clayson's smile. It was a marvelous smile. And she said, "Wait till I get my hat," and she just flew into the house. Then she came out with a straw hat that had daisies on it, and she got into the buggy with us. It was crowded, but we did not care.

We had a wonderful time at the carnival. We had a wonderful time even if Mr. Clayson and Laura did sometimes sort of get looking at each other and not hearing what we were saying to them or what we wanted to do.



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Diet and Tooth Decay

BY DR. HERMAN N. BUNDESEN

President, Chicago Board of Health

[illegible]SIDERED as a whole, the most prev[illegible] American disease—and [illegible] one—is tooth decay, [illegible] teeth are free [illegible] can mothers [illegible] not get direct [illegible] does my child have tooth decay?" And they are right when they say, "There is something wrong somewhere; it cannot all be inheritance. My child has been getting all the vitamins and correct foods, as far as I know. Yes, and he has cleaned his teeth ever since he was able to climb on a chair to reach the washbowl. Playing 'clean your teeth' was one of his earliest games."

It seems that scientists may soon have the answer; or to put it better, several groups of scientists already have suggested answers. Whether they will find a common platform upon which they can all meet cannot be predicted as yet.

Perhaps I can help mother get a peek at the solution of this problem of tooth decay by bringing the facts up to date: 1. Cleaning teeth is a wise, hygienic habit. 2. All indications point to food as one of the primary causes of tooth decay: not necessarily lack of the right kind of food; perhaps too much of the wrong kind of food.

Now we enter the battleground of the experts. For some years, two groups of scientists have had the same answer to the question, "What is it about our food that causes tooth decay?" The only difference between them is the way it works. Mother is interested, of course, in the way it works, but she is more essentially interested in the prevention of tooth decay. So let us have the answer of the scientists:

First, reduce the amount of sugar and starch in the child's diet to the necessary minimum; and second, provide a complete and adequate diet from natural sources as far as possible.

One group of scientists is sure that the first point, having the child eat less sugar and starches, will control and prevent tooth decay. The other group is just as sure that having the child get enough vitamins A, C and D, the B vitamins and lime and phosphorus will do the same. Both groups of experts agree that the mother who follows both rules with her child can, in most instances, control and prevent caries.

LET us examine the evidence briefly. From the University of Iowa we have some ten years of proof that diabetic children who have a diet rich in vitamins A, C and D, lime and phosphorus in a properly balanced diet had far less tooth decay than the average child. The experts at the University of Michigan say the very illness of these children forced a reduction of sugar and starchy foods to about one third to one fifth of the amount of these substances consumed by the average child. Furthermore, they claim a very much reduced tooth decay among children who had low sugar diets, but who did not have enough of the vitamins A, C and D and lime and phosphorus.

These experts claim that even if you give children all the essential vitamins and

GRATEFUL young mothers from Maine to California tell us that Doctor Bundesen's baby booklets have been of the greatest help to them in caring for their own babies. The first eight booklets cover your baby's first eight months. They sell for 50 cents. The second series of booklets covers the baby's health from nine months to two years—seven booklets for 50 cents. The booklets will be sent monthly; be sure to tell us when you want the first booklet. A complete book on the care of the baby, ***a necessary supplement*** to the monthly booklets, OUR BABIES, No. 1345, is 25 cents. A booklet on breast feeding, A DOCTOR'S FIRST DUTY TO THE MOTHER, No. 1346, sells for 6 cents. Address all requests to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

B. [illegible] TRONG OBERTS

Less sugar and more natural foods will help protect children against tooth decay.

But [illegible]
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ge, when work is not only
en, if they are to be independ
rden on their parents, but is usefu
ion for all the rest of life—and
adens opportunities for marriage. I
ny girls have met just the right man

"Put yourself in my booties, mother!"

BABY: See what I'm getting at, Mom?

MOM: *No, I don't . . .*

BABY: Well, it's this way. Plenty of things bother my skin. Even my softest woolies do, sometimes. Just pretend you're me, and you'll find out . . .

MOM: *Goodness! Is that what's been making you yowl! I'd decided you had Uncle Elmer's temper . . .*

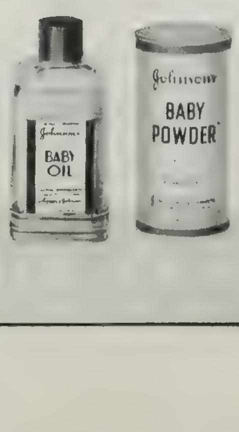
BABY: I was merely trying to attract your attention. Gosh, mother, I'm the only baby on the block who doesn't get Johnson's Baby Oil and Johnson's Baby Powder. My skin feels like a porcupine's!

MOM: *Not to mention your disposition . . .*

BABY: Get busy with the Johnson's, and I'll be a little lamb with pink ribbons! Sometimes, you can rub me with ni-ice, soo-oothing Johnson's Oil. And other times, just chase those chafes and prickles with Johnson's cool, silky Baby Powder!

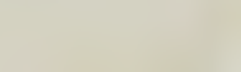
MOM: *If I get you some, will you stop those midnight serenades? And take your nap like an angel child? And smile at nice ladies who pat your head?*

BABY: Well, Mom—with my skin feeling all soft and smooth and comfortable—what do *you* think?



Johnson's Baby Oil
Johnson's Baby Powder

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK N. J. CHICAGO ILL



Note to a new mother

Is your baby building

- a well-shaped head
- sound, even teeth
- straight legs
- a strong back
- a fine, full chest

Here's what to do year 'round

Regularly, every day, give your baby the extra Vitamin D he needs to help him build sound teeth and a strong, sturdy framework. Thousands of mothers depend on *Squibb Cod Liver Oil!* Start your baby on Squibb's now, and keep it up even when summer comes. Every day in the year he needs this special help to develop a fine set of teeth and strong, sturdy bones. Today, get Squibb's for *your* baby.

IMPORTANT, MOTHERS! You're not giving your baby full Vitamin D benefits with every spoonful when you buy a cod liver oil which supplies only the required minimum of 85 Vitamin D units per gram. With *Squibb Cod Liver Oil* (containing 180 Vitamin D units in every gram) one teaspoonful daily has the same Vitamin D effect as two spoonfuls of these other oils. Isn't this extra value a sensible reason for always buying Squibb's?

SQUIBB COD LIVER OIL

minerals, in abundance, you cannot control tooth decay if children eat too much sugar and starch. They base their claims on a simple test: the number of germs of a certain kind that are found on the teeth of persons who are high sugar and starch eaters. The germ, *Lactobacillus acidophilus*, in sufficient numbers, is a sure sign, say the Michigan experts, that the person is susceptible to tooth decay.

At the University of California, two years ago, a very interesting experiment was carried out with students to test the accuracy of this theory. The investigators chose 336 students in three groups of 112 each. The first group was picked on the basis of no tooth decay and teeth in perfect condition; the second group showed nicks or defects in the enamel, but yet no tooth decay; and the third group had active tooth decay, with five or more open cavities.

The investigators then made examinations for the germ *Lactobacillus acidophilus* in the way that had been established by the Michigan experts. Only one out of five of the first group showed any of these telltale germs. Four out of ten of the second group revealed germs, and seven out of eight of the third group had these germs in the mouth.

Now the questions were, did the food of these groups differ in vitamins or in essential minerals? How about the sugar intake of these students? A study of the diets of all three groups showed very little difference in vitamin and mineral values. However, there was a real difference in the amount of sugar these groups consumed. The group free of tooth decay consumed about ten and a half teaspoons of sugar and concentrated sweets per day, compared with eighteen teaspoons that were consumed by the third group with rampant tooth decay.

The exceptions in each group puzzle the scientists. They are not quite ready to say the case is proved. But to the mother who wants help in preventing tooth decay in her child, the experts would agree that training the child to eat less sweets, and planning the early diets to accustom the child to less sugar and more of the balanced natural foods, are wise procedures.

Studies now in progress may show that the kind of food we eat has much to do with protecting the teeth against decay. Refined foods may have lost the protective values found in natural foods. That is something for the future to reveal. But mother cannot be wrong, and she is likely to be right, if she reduces sweets to the necessary minimum and provides the "protective" foods, [illegible] natural form, to a maximum [illegible]

"I GET [illegible]

" [illegible]

There are, unfortunately, no simple rules for this. But certainly the first step is honest self-examination. Is there something in your life that you dislike very much? Do your daily tasks seem incredibly dull? Have you, possibly, a sense of guilt about something you know you ought to be doing differently? Are you stalling on some important action that you know ought to be taken?

Any of these situations can bring about a sense of weariness as a kind of "cover up" for the real trouble. The remedy obviously lies in facing the basic problem, and doing something about it. This is more often possible than our lazy instincts like to admit. It is easier to be sorry for oneself than to take action. Even to ourselves we make the excuse, "I'm just too tired to do anything about that now." Rousing ourselves and doing something would more than likely banish the tiredness.

If, having faced the problem, your honest decision is that nothing can be done about it for the moment, then try to put it out of your mind. Turn on the radio, sing with it as you work. Get some spirited music. Rhythm is a great antidote to weariness. So are singing lines of poetry, and if you have a taste in that direction you can keep an open book handy and memorize lovely lilting verses as you go along.

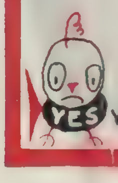
Tiredness can get to be a habit. Before that negative pattern gets set in your mind, make a new pattern to combat it.

THIS IS A DOOR-SWOOSHER

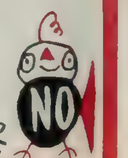
THIS IS A WATCHBIRD WATCHING YOU
THIS IS A WATCHBIRD WATCHING A DOOR-SWOOSHER

By Munro Leaf

Door-swooshers just swoosh into houses, push the doors open and never think of shutting them. Everybody hates a Door-Swoosher because half the year they let in bugs and flies and the other half they let in cold air and freeze everybody.



WERE YOU A DOOR-SWOOSHER THIS MONTH?



THE STAKE OF WOMEN IN FULL POSTWAR EMPLOYMENT

(Continued from Page 6)

em, a cozy, gay, happy home. That there always exceptions that prove the rule es not challenge the rule.

But there are periods in most women's es, between tne end of school and mar-ge, when work is not only necessary for em, if they are to be independent and no rden on their parents, but is useful prepa-ion for all the rest of life—and even badens opportunities for marriage. How ny girls have met just the right man in office, or factory, or school, or other titution where they have been employed? leed, in our great cities especially, the ters of work are social institutions, too, ere friendships are made and love affairs relop. One has only to think of the nurses o have married doctors, the stenographers o have married executives and account-s, the librarians who have married other arians—ad infinitum.

o have learned a skill, whether it be ing, nursing, bookkeeping, schoolteach- or any of the factory work requiring ning, is also to have a measure of security all eventualities. For catastrophes can pen in the best regulated families; and I e observed that women who have worked often the best housekeepers, for they e been trained in efficiency, in working n organized fashion.

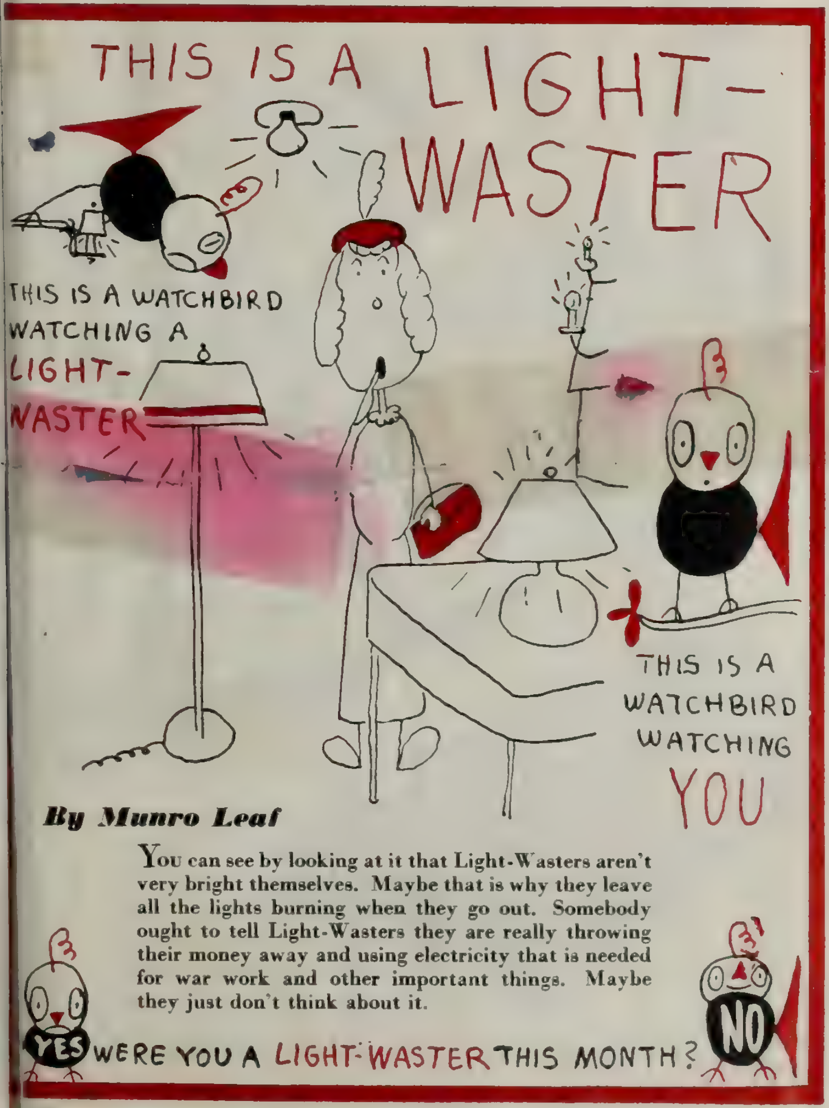
he stake of women, therefore, in full ployment is second to that of no class or up of Americans.

ut continued full employment means we must expand our thinking and not trust to luck and laissez faire. It means search for new markets abroad, and that ns the training of modern merchants in habits, languages and tastes of other les. A country that does not have plenty nart young people who can speak fluent nish and Portuguese, and have a pioneer-interest in what sort of suspenders and aware Latin Americans like, will not make great headway in finding new markets in Latin America. And the same holds true for all the rest of the world. The war itself has done more to encourage the learning of foreign languages—and has taught them to more young people—than all the high schools put together, for decades past. I constantly run into lads who are learning Chinese, French, Russian, and what not, at the cost of the United States Government. I hope they appreciate what an asset they have for foreign trade when peace comes.

But our biggest market will always be at home. And here we must be clear in our minds that the worker who produces the goods is the very same customer to whom they must be sold. Every unemployed person is a lost market; every poor person is a wretched customer. The prosperity of our whole system depends, therefore, on the prosperity of all the American workers of hand and brain. It's a good thing to sell American wares to South America, or to China, and to help those countries to lift their standards of living, but there is just as good a potential market in American slums, among Georgia and Alabama "crackers," as there is in China, if we will expand opportunities for efficient productive work at good wages.

The practical common sense of women must explore many ancient economic theories, advanced as though they were laws of nature, to see whether they really are, or whether they are merely accumulations of lazy prejudices. The productive capacity of America in this war has exploded practically all the predictions of the economists.

When it is over, we must bear in mind the simplest axiom of economics: that wealth is entirely the creation of labor, materials and savings. America has all of them. If we fail to use them it will not be because of any laws of economics, but because of a lack of will and vision, and interference of vested interests misinterpreting their own welfare.


THIS IS A LIGHT-WASTER
THIS IS A WATCHBIRD WATCHING A LIGHT-WASTER
THIS IS A WATCHBIRD WATCHING YOU
YES
NO
WERE YOU A LIGHT-WASTER THIS MONTH?

By Munro Leaf

You can see by looking at it that Light-Wasters aren't very bright themselves. Maybe that is why they leave all the lights burning when they go out. Somebody ought to tell Light-Wasters they are really throwing their money away and using electricity that is needed for war work and other important things. Maybe they just don't think about it.

"My free-action SPENCER support is a 'life-saver,'"

—wrote an active nurse

"I've worn a Spencer Support ever since a serious operation four years ago. It allows me to do the very hardest work, which I couldn't possibly do without it. Nursing requires a lot of lifting and in many cases I've worn my Spencer night and day. I'll praise it for the rest of my days," she added.

(From case history in our files.)

Doctors often specify SPENCER SUPPORTS after operations

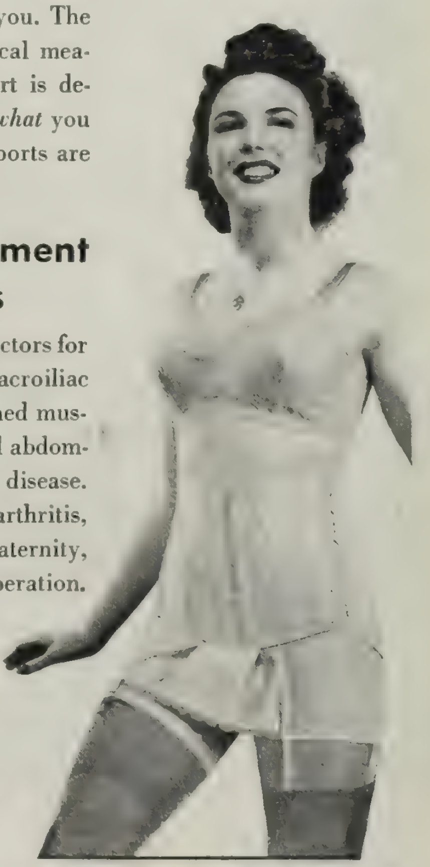
Spencer Supports are so much more effective because each Spencer Support is *individually designed* to meet the exact physical need of the patient. As no two human bodies are alike, the only way to get correct design, accurate fit and comfort in a support is to have it designed especially for you. The ordinary support is made to theoretical measurements, whereas a Spencer Support is designed especially for you to give you *what* you need, *where* you need it. Spencer Supports are *guaranteed* never to lose their shape.

They help doctors' treatment of many conditions

Spencer Supports are prescribed by doctors for conditions such as inoperable hernia, sacroiliac sprain and other back injuries, weakened muscles, spinal curvatures, Ptosis (dropped abdominal organs), and some forms of heart disease. Also prescribed for sciatica, spinal arthritis, movable kidney, breast problems, maternity, and for wear after childbirth or an operation. Spencer corsetieres neither diagnose nor prescribe. If you have troublesome symptoms, see your doctor.

Send Coupon for Free Information!

Spencer Supports are never sold in stores. When convenient to you, a *registered*, specially trained Spencer Corsetiere will call at your home. No obligation. Send coupon below or telephone nearest "Spencer Corsetiere."



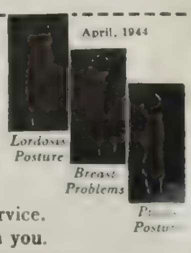
Free-action Spencer Support individually designed for this woman and giving healthful support to back and abdomen.

Would You Like to Help Other Women?

War conditions have increased the number of women who need Spencer Supports if they are to remain active. Openings in every state for intelligent women to render this important service.

☐ Check here for details. We train you.

Also made in Canada at Rock Island, Quebec.



Write to Anne Spencer today!

Spencer Inc., 141 Derby Ave., New Haven 7, Conn.

Please send your free booklet. I have marked my posture problem at left.

Name ______ (Please print)

Address ______

SPENCER *INDIVIDUALLY DESIGNED* SUPPORTS

BUY U.S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS !

At Last! Wallpaper You Put Up Yourself... Easily, Quickly!

AMAZING TRIMZ
TRADE MARK
READY-PASTED WALLPAPER

NO PASTE! NO TOOLS! NO MUSS!

Q.—*"I've had no experience. Could I do it?"*

A.—Thousands of women are proving that *anyone* can hang it! Goes up like a postage stamp. Just wet it in tub or sink—and put it on the wall. Dries in 20 minutes. And it's guaranteed to stick—or your money back! Comes precision-trimmed for perfect matching.

Q.—"But isn't preparing the surface quite a job?"

A.—It's no job at all! TRIMZ Ready-Pasted Wallpaper goes on right over old wallpaper or any painted wall. Do one room this marvelously easy way—and you'll want to do over the whole house!

Q.—"Sounds wonderful... but isn't it expensive?"

A.—No! Costs as little as $1.98 a box, and three boxes paper an average room! Comes complete with matching border, nothing else to buy. And the cost of the paper is the *only* cost.

Q.—"Will I like the patterns?"

A.—You'll love 'em! There are loads of gay, colorful patterns—a wide variety to choose from. And at the store you'll see a guide chart which enables you to select just the *right* designs for *your* rooms. Chart also tells just how much you need.

Q.—"Is TRIMZ Ready-Pasted Wallpaper washable?"

A.—Yes! Yes! And fadeproof, too. And style-tested, so you're sure it will look right on your walls. It's a product of the world's foremost wallpaper manufacturer.

AS LOW AS
$1.98 PER BOX

On Sale at Chain,
Department,
Hardware and
Wallpaper Stores.

THE ONLY READY-PASTED
WALLPAPER IN THE WORLD
is Distributed by
TRIMZ COMPANY, INC.
1012 S. Spaulding Ave., Chicago 24, Ill.

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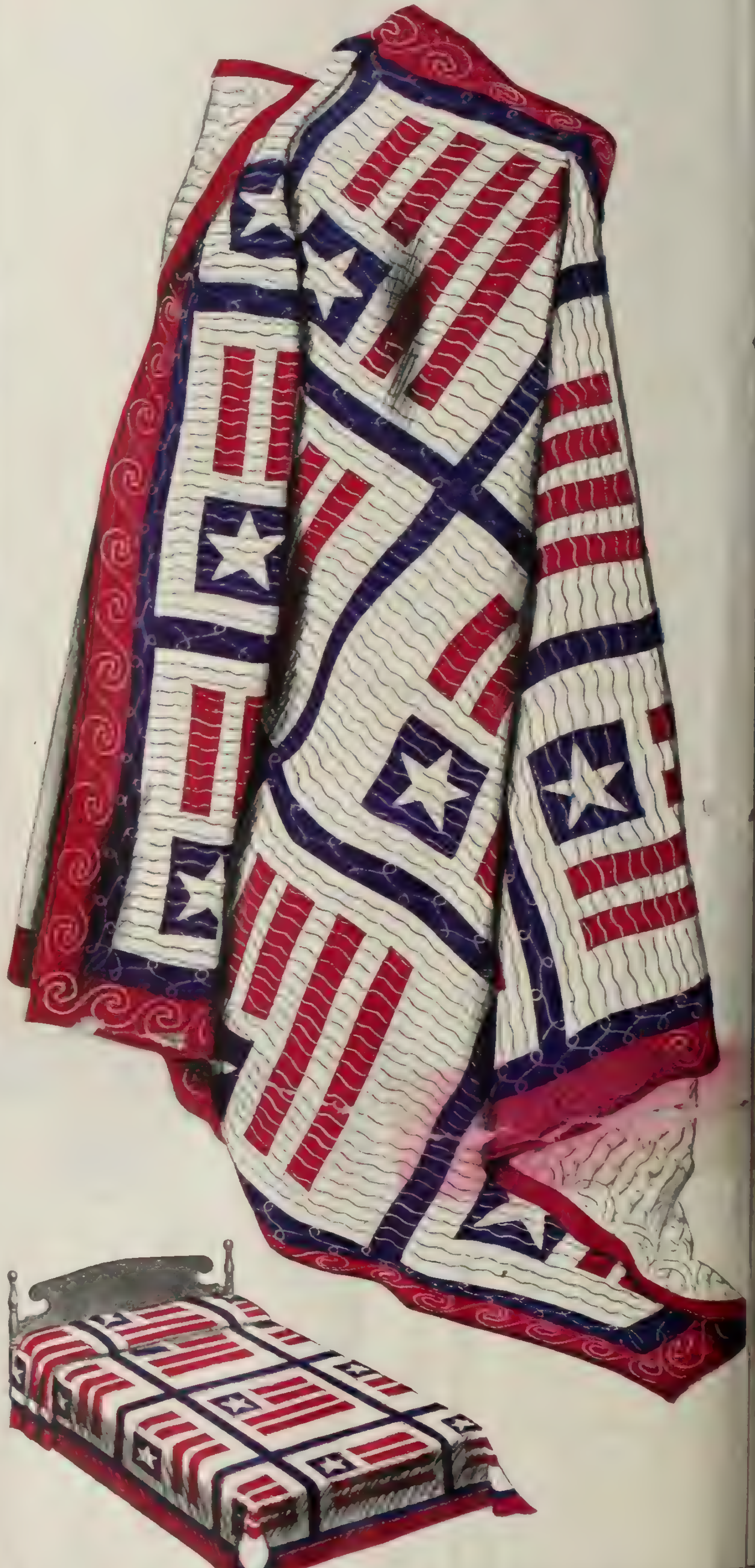
Victory Quilt

To Virginia T. Osborne goes credit for the Victory Quilt, a patriotic addition to your bedroom. She completed her quilt in only two months; you may be able to beat that record.

This is the way the quilt is made: Twelve white blocks, fourteen inches square, with blue fields appliquéd on, white stars on the blue, and appliquéd red stripes—all combining patriotically to say it with the music—God Bless America—to your linen closet!



For the pattern, send 10 cents in stamps the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JO NAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, P and ask for No. 1917, Victory Quilt Patte

APR 8

TODAY—RAINBOW OF RAYON "SHOWERS"

To glamorize your bath today, Textron offers you evening dress quality Rayon Taffeta "Showers" and matching window curtains! In a rainbow-range of 12 heavenly colors! . . .

They're mildew-resistant; tailored with parachute-precision. That center seam is practically invisible; that reverse hem lets water cascade off; those embroidered eyelets are rustless. And they wash and iron like a slip! Bright forecasts of the beautiful Textron creations of Tomorrow! "Showers" or Window Curtains—$5.00 each. Also 9' x 6' "Showers" at $7.50 and stall size, $5. Slightly higher on the West Coast and in Canada. Available at leading stores throughout the country.

TEXTRON, INC., Empire State Building, Fifth Avenue, New York.

TEXTRON *Showers*

BUY A BOND AT YOUR FAVORITE STORE AND AUTOGRAPH A TEXTRON BOMB LABEL HEADED FOR HITLER OR HIROHITO

Why do the bunks on our submarines have springs of STEEL?

The softest thing you can sleep on is STEEL

Hard-working sub crews must have real relaxation and comfort when they rest. That's why their bunks are built with resilient, sleep-inducing steel springs. Just like their beds at home. Of course, *you* may not be able to buy bedsprings, mattresses or upholstered furniture today built with famous Premier Spring Wire. The machinery that once made this spring wire is needed for war materials. But when peace comes, U·S·S Premier Spring Wire will be back. Better than ever. Then you'll again see the Premier Tag on furniture and sleep equipment. Your guide to "hidden values."

AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE COMPANY

Cleveland, Chicago and New York
Columbia Steel Co., San Francisco, Pacific Coast Distributors
United States Steel Export Co., New York

UNITED STATES STEEL

THAT RED CROSS DAME OVERSEAS

(Continued from Page 25)

The most popular snake story centers around a new species discovered by the Yanks—the gin snake. This snake was captured in a gin bottle. He swam around and around, thinking about a way to get out. While he meditated he drank the gin, then swallowed the bottle so he was outside it and then he turned himself inside out and strolled away—the gin inside, the bottle out.

Then there are the two snakes that faced each other in battle, and swallowed each other slowly until finally there was nothing left.

To escape the boredom of the long tropic hours after the day's work is done, men get busy with pocket knives, files, hammers, abrasive paper and cloth.

Our bluff sentimental soldiers never give more thought to the people at home than when they're making something. Many of them forget to write, but these same fellows spend weeks working on carefully carved brooches, belt buckles and rings. The red and green stones in them, I discovered, are the plastic handles of discarded toothbrushes.

Sergeant Warren Eliason, of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, fashioned a handsome cross of buffalo horn that has been polished so it gleams like fine black ivory. Others have taken pieces of the plastic windshield from a downed Zero and heated them, then impressed the regiment's insigne on them, and sent these home to be worn about the necks of the girls they left behind. Some have made modernistic watch straps from the metal off a Zero fuselage. I hope the people at home appreciate the hours of patient work and thought and love that go into every handmade item.

And there are many who have no gift for carving. Some of these got together and formed an orchestra. Their music floats across this barren country with an almost eerie unearthly tone. And it may surprise you to learn, as it did me, that our men want to hear the scores of operettas and symphonies rather than the hot boogie-woogie which goes fine at a dance but not so well far from home.

THERE are at least three ways to tell a newly arrived American in Australia. He's the fellow who holds out a handful of money and lets the cashier take the correct amount; he's the fellow who walks up the street against the crowd, because he's accustomed to walking on the right; and he's the fellow who looks to the left first as he steps off the curb. In either case his life's not worth a tuppence, because in this country you walk on the left and automobiles bear down on the right.

While, basically, Australians and Americans are similar, we differ greatly in many respects. Odd spellings turn up here and there—tyre, gaol, colour, cheque and harbour are some. Pronunciation is very much different. It's ki-mo'no to us, but kim'in-o to the Australians. It's rev'eil-le to us—whether our men like it or not—but it's re-vel'lee to them. It's "period" to us, but "full stop" to Australian secretaries.

I've discovered that all the world eats in precisely the same manner, except our country. Set a plate of meat, tomatoes and potatoes before any other person and he invariably turns the fork tines down and, using the knife as a pusher, takes a bit of each item and builds it atop his fork like a piece of architecture. The potatoes act as the cementing agent.

A few days after I arrived, I ordered a soft-boiled egg. I waited for an eggcup . . . and waited and waited. That was—and will continue to be—my last boiled egg in Australia, because I *cannot* learn to slice the head of an egg off with my knife and eat from the shell without spilling the yolk all over the cloth.

Desserts—called "sweets" here—are served with a large spoon and fork, and both

Make every rug say WELCOME when he comes hom

All you need is to lay your rugs over Circle Tread Ozite Cushions for a grand, rich feeling of softness.

Home is what he's dreamed of—the softness, the comfort, the welcome of HOME.

One simple, inexpensive, [illegible] saving thing to do is to lay those old rugs of yours over Circle Tread Ozite. The difference is amazing—making your whole house richer, more restful, more inviting—adding extra years of wear to your rugs!

Send for FREE Booklet on "Care of Rugs". Ask for Booklet 424, Clinton Carpe Company, Merchandise Mart, Chicago 54.

CIRCLE TREAD Ozite RUG CUSHION

And OZITE recommends . . .

from Attic to Basement you'll find 1000 uses for

KLENS

SOAPLESS CLEANER

Washes painted walls so they look like a new paint job! For floors—linoleum, tile or wood—cleans so much better with so much less work. Makes glassware and porcelain glisten. It's a triumphant discovery!

CONCENTRATED. A few tablespoons of KLENS in water make a whole gallon of cleaner. Strength may be varied to suit the job.

are used simultaneously. Tables are set with a host of silver absolutely unknown to me, and for a long time I sat waiting for the people about me to reach for the correct utensil before I dove in. Being a citizen of a rebel country is a pleasant sensation, but it certainly has its embarrassing and painful moments away from home.

Anyhow, the kinks are out of me now and I have begun to enjoy the advantages of the country. Their bathtubs are the kind I dreamed about at home—great big deep tubs almost large enough to swim in. And the beaches are superb. There's very little time for swimming, but every snatched moment is pure delight—long stretches of white sand, wonderfully clean water, and a people who can be truly hospitable. Australia is definitely a place to come back and see when this is over.

If your idea of an Army chaplain is a man who walks around with a pious look in his eye, then dump it into the nearest ash can. Chaplains in this man's Army are the soldiers' best friends; they're good eggs; in fact, they're very, very human, and the only way you can distinguish them from other officers is by the cross or the star of David they wear on their left lapels.

Chaplain Henry Praed was with the National Guard and landed overseas on December 22, 1941. Before joining the Army he had been a rector in Pierre, South Dakota. Long before he thought of the church he was a newspaperman and city editor.

Chaplain Praed was with the troops in Darwin for eight months. Like the other men, he stripped to the waist and found shorts, shoes and a watch dress enough. When, for two months, his men were unable to get messages home to their families, Chaplain Praed started across 200 miles of bush and swamp in a jeep. He carried $5000 in cash and 887 cables to be filed. It took him four days to cover the distance, and a great part of that time was spent in cutting roads through the bush. He didn't sit in the back seat looking on with piety beaming from his eyes. He got out and helped ax a trail. He put his shoulder to the wheel and helped dig the jeep [illegible] of a swamp.

He and his men lived in surroundings devoid of comforts. The chaplain set up an informal "meetin' place" in his tent which the men affectionately called The Slop Shop. Here they gathered around the primus stove on long and lonely evenings with good talk and hot coffee. Usually, services were held in front of a fifteen-foot anthill. His pulpit was a tree trunk and his roof was the sky.

Chaplain Praed's work still goes on. He's a man with the men, and his blue eyes twinkle when a soldier lets slip a questionable exclamation. He doesn't launch a sermon. Religion in war goes deeper than casual swear words.

Then there's Chaplain Franklin Wales, who hails from Chicago. His job was to co-ordinate all chaplains' activities over a thousand-mile area. If night found him near a camp, he bunked in a tent. If there was no camp, he used his bedding roll and slept in the bush.

He organized two teams of soldiers and taught them how to use movie projectors. Each team started at an opposite end of the thousand-mile area, and between them managed to show every group of soldiers motion pictures twice a week. He even managed to find his way to small isolated groups clustered around gun pits and ack-ack machines and brought them movies, comfort articles and magazines supplied by the Red Cross. He set up libraries, trained choirs and traveled always with a portable organ. On Christmas Eve he organized carolers to bring Christmas cheer to men far from home—many separated from their families for the first time in their lives.

Neither Chaplain Praed nor Chaplain Wales is unique in the work he does. They are both typical of chaplains here, and probably of chaplains all over the world where we have American troops in active combat or sitting by and waiting for the big push.

Ever since the day I arrived overseas, I've been receiving mail from friends and family telling me what a brave girl I am to have left the comforts and comparative security of home to face the dangers and discomforts of war. Oh, yeah?

It's true a tablecloth is a treat, and I don't know how long it's been since I've seen a napkin. After a time you get accustomed to Army tan sheets, and tin cans at the bottom of each bed leg to keep ants from crawling in with you. Hot baths are luxuries you dream of until given a furlough that will take you into a city large enough to have them. You learn to fix roaches of all sizes with a jaundiced and disinterested eye. You become philosophical about your very precious silk hose and underclothing rotting because of dampness. You throw them away and go out and buy regular G.I. cotton shorts. But these, after all, are small things.

There's plenty of food, and if the variety is not great the quality is good. I never thought I'd get my fill of steak, but here it is as commonplace as a ham sandwich at home. Fresh eggs come and go, but always come soon again, and mounds of creamy butter to spread to your heart's delight are there for you. The variety of fruit is not too great—nor, in this instance, the quality, but it's fruit.

Soldiers are permitted a carton of cigarettes every ten days at the phenomenal cost of four cents a pack, except in combat areas, where they're distributed free. If you're a cigar smoker or prefer to pull on a pipe, cigars and tobacco are yours.

At home I remember the armed forces were admitted to theaters at reduced cost. The same hospitality is extended to us here. In addition, most hospitals and camps not in lines of combat have movies of their own every other night. I got a terrific bang out of reading that Air Force was being shown at a New York theater for ninety-nine cents and up. I had seen it the night before free and had, besides, the stars and open air and a full bright moon.

There are always hosts of dances and parties to attend, and Army orchestras are really tops—some of them the equal of any professional band at home. There's something especially exciting about an Army dance. Brass shines and uniforms abound. An occasional town girl is invited by an officer, and her evening gown helps to break the monotony of our strictly tailored uniforms—or, as one wonderful soldier put it, made the girls in uniform even more attractive.

The camaraderie and picturesqueness and quiet excitement that pervade a military dance I've found in no other. Do you think that's hard to take?

The compensations in this work lie not so much in the number of cases you can pull out of a filing cabinet, nor in quoting the number of recreation rooms that you've equipped, but rather in the vase (tin can) of flowers the men gathered because you're coming to dinner, and in a soldier grasping your hand and saying, "Thanks. I'll never forget."

These men don't ask for much. Some games, some books, a radio, a phonograph, razors, toothbrushes, combs and soap. They've a purposeful swing to their stride over here, and a straight back and a confident grin and a flair for the niceties that have completely captivated the hearts of the Australian girls. They're gentlemen and they're fighters, and anything that allows me to make their life easier is the job for me—and I've got it!

EXPECTATIONS

It really is asking too much of a woman to expect her to bring up a husband and her children too. —LILIAN BELL.

Women like to be understood, even when they try not to be understood. — WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

Sure, you can get
SOME S.O.S

Naturally, the supply of S.O.S. magic scouring pads is still limited. But we're sure you'll agree they're worth looking for—worth asking for! So then, use your share carefully to make each pad last you longer—to protect your precious aluminum, now while you can't replace it!

and it's the
SAME S.O.S

You don't get a wartime substitute when you get S.O.S. It's still the same sturdy pad — still easy to use, with the soap in every pad.

S.O.S. still cleans, scours, polishes, all in one simple operation. Saves you messy work at the kitchen sink—saves time when time is scarce.

Let S.O.S. get after all your dingy aluminum *today,* and *keep* it shiny, in spite of extra wartime wear!

The S. O. S. Company, Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.
S. O. S. Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Supply still limited—use it carefully!

"I'VE GOT A LOT ON MY MIND!"

Gosh . . . so have I! There's heavy traffic on Long Distance circuits these days

Well, say! . . . let me play traffic policeman!

That would be wonderful, Jimmy. You know, if everybody will be his own policeman and obey the signal to "stop" when the operator asks him to limit a Long Distance call to five minutes, we can put a lot more calls through.

Hmmm . . . I hadn't thought of that.

Yes, that helps to speed service. And in these times speeding telephone service is mighty important.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

CAN ADULTS THINK?

(Continued from Page 24)

in any of our minds. Hence we must take a different tack.

HOW MUCH HAVE YOU GROWN MENTALLY?

The standard I propose for measuring the quality of mental change is simply this: *new ideas.* The answers we give to fundamental questions can be better or worse in two ways. They are better if they are truer; but they are also better if we understand more deeply whatever answer we give, if we see around its corners, if it is not a flat affirmation or negation, but a complicated system of perspectives through which we see the many related aspects of the matter before us.

Now since we cannot make truth the criterion of mental improvement in a *self-administered* test of this sort, let us use this other standard. This is in a sense the minimum standard I mentioned before—our answers need not be different, but they should be differently understood. Mere difference in the answers indicates mere change, but a difference in the way we understand any answer we give—whether it be the same or different—is a sign of improvement. And though we cannot employ the other criterion, we should never forget that the ultimate standard of improvement is getting nearer to the truth.

Look over the list of questions again, and take stock of the ideas you employ now in answering them. If the ideas you summon up now are the same old ideas you had in college, the signs certainly don't point to much mental activity in the intervening years. In mental, as in military, affairs, you cannot get very far by standing pat. The mind which has slept for years behind the same set of ideas will find itself, like the French behind the Maginot Line, outflanked.

In any group of people you can always spot the man who has been actively thinking about the subject under discussion. He dances all around the others. He has a dozen ideas to their one, and their one isn't very good because it is probably the same old idea, lame and halt from years of disuse.

A mind cannot be improved except by its own activity, and mental activity not only produces new ideas but keeps the old ones alive and vigorous by putting them to use. Taking count of your new ideas should, therefore, serve to measure the amount of mental activity which is basic to an adult's Improvement Quotient.

Let me be sure you understand what I mean by a "new idea." If you understand what I mean you will never be in doubt as to whether you have had one recently. A new idea is like a new pair of glasses which completely transforms the whole scene. The things you squinted at before now suddenly become clearer in outline. Take, for example, the idea of monotheism or the idea of evolution, the idea of democracy or the idea of communism. These are ideas which transformed the world and everything in it for those whose minds they changed. When minds are changed by such ideas, they experience growth of the most fundamental sort. Horizons are enlarged, perspectives altered, and almost every fundamental question is seen in a new light. If you have achieved a new idea of this sort, you will not be answering the ten questions I listed in the same way you did before.

There are, of course, people who have long harbored such basic ideas in a dead way. They, too, would have their minds changed radically—and for the better—if these ideas were brought to life, activated by an effort really to understand what they mean; vitalized, in short, by the activity of a mind using them, not simply a tongue playing with the words which express them.

HOW NEW ARE YOUR IDEAS?

To separate the two parts of this test of adult mental improvement, it might be well to consider another set of questions. The first set of questions is useful for discovering whether you have changed your mind at all with the years. But if, now, we take s questions on which it is highly probable th you have not changed your answer since were in school, you will be able to give ex sive attention to the other factor in me change: the deeper understanding of same answer, achieved by the use of n ideas resulting from mature mental activi about the matter.

1. Are the sexes equal in their powers reasoning and judgment? In abstra thought and practical deliberation?
2. Is it better to have loved and lost th never to have loved at all?
3. Should parents sacrifice themselves the well-being of their children? With what limits?
4. Is there real progress in human affair In everything, or only in some thing If in some, which?
5. Are instinct and emotion better guid for conduct than reason and knowledg

It is not unlikely, I say, that a man w hold the same views about these matt which he defended many years ago in a b session or on a college debating team. E all the experience that comes with the yea the seriousness and responsibility of mi which are born of suffering life's ordeals, to mention the reading and talking which adult has had the opportunity to these things should make a difference in th quality of our answer. If we do not have altered vision of the truth, once vaguely a prehended, now clearly focused, what ha we done with our time? What use have put our experience to, what advantage ha we drawn from our suffering, what kind books have we read and how have we re them, if the orbit of our thinking today limited by the same small circle of ideas had in school?

Anyone who does not like either set questions I have proposed, for the purpo of measuring mental improvement in adults can easily make up other questions to sui himself. It makes no difference whether h picks questions to which he gives a differen answer now, or the same answer as before for the thing he should be trying to find ou is *how* his mind has changed with respect t relevant ideas. If the light which ideas ca throw upon the matters being considere is no greater today than once it was, h should be prepared to admit, to himself if t no one else, that he has grown older in years only.

On the arch of the assembly hall in th New York public school I attended, this maxim was engraved: "We grow in deeds not years." That is only a half truth, and the more important half is that we grow in thoughts, for without new ideas there is no growth in the human spirit, either in deeds or in years. And just as the growth of the body requires food but cannot actually be accomplished without the exercise of our organs, so feeding a mind experience and books avails nothing without the assimilative work of mental activity. The digestive juices of the mind are the ideas it is able to secrete.

So long as a man lives, and his body is in normal health, he can change his mind. For the very essence of life in its normal functioning is the capacity for change. In answer to those who delude themselves with the myth that adults cannot learn, I insist that all of us can change our minds, and for the better, so long as we have the power to think. I go even further, for I believe that an adult who *uses* his power to think can change his mind much more fundamentally than a schoolboy, precisely because he is a man and not a child—mature through experience, enriched through suffering, stable in character, serious in purpose. In the normal span of a healthy life, we do not lose the mental power we were born with, nor does it diminish. But those of us who suppose that learning and growth are the privileges of the immature forfeit the power they have by failing to use it.

LADIES' HOME
THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN ★ MAY, 1944 ★ FIFTEEN CENTS

JOURNAL

Tomorrow is Forever

A COMPLETE NOVEL

By Gwen Bristow

✓ I OWE MY CAREER TO LOSING A LEG ★ BY MAJOR ALEXANDER P. DE SEVERSKY

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.

Journal CONTENTS

GWEN BRISTOW, author of *Tomorrow is Forever*—the best seller condensed in this issue—writes, "I'm a South Carolinian by birth, but since 1934 California has been our home and we now live on a ranch in the San Fernando Valley and grow walnuts for the market and vegetables for ourselves. Have two cows, Josephine and Jezebel, and churning butter is one of my hobbies. The other is collecting American magazines from Colonial days to 1830. I have several hundred of them. My husband, Bruce Manning, is in the motion-picture business—as writer and producer at Universal Studios."

MAJOR MUNRO LEAF, A.U.S., creator of the Watchbirds, is Director of the Technical Information Branch for the Surgeon General of the United States Army. His latest (noncivilian) work is a field manual for soldiers called This is Ann. He says, "'Ann' is short for anopheles—the female mosquito whose bite gives you malaria. Working on the subject, I took all the $2 words and broke them down to five-cent size, so that every G. I. would know what to do about 'Ann' and how to keep her in her place." The Army has ordered over a million and a half copies for servicemen.

DOROTHY ALDIS says, "I come of a Chicago newspaper family and Chicago is our home. I married in 1922 and in four years had four children (the last are twins, which is considered cheating in maternal circles). Began writing soon after my marriage and so far have had fifteen books published, including five novels and several volumes of children's verse (some the JOURNAL printed). Since my husband came back from overseas we've been living in Alexandria, Va., n an old house with an Indian-princess ghost. She plays marbles. And I work as a Nurses' Aide in the Alexandria hospital."

MAY, 1944
Vol. LXI, No. 5

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METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
the LION'S ROAR
Published in this space every month
The greatest star of the screen!

No more stirring tribute to the dauntless British spirit has been written than the vivid lines of Alice Duer Miller's "The White Cliffs".

★ ★ ★ ★

In filming this living symbol of British heart and heroism, the Studio which produced the great "Mrs. Miniver" continues a tradition—making of "The White Cliffs of Dover" another great and important picture.

★ ★ ★ ★

This is magnificent MGM entertainment—but it is also a contribution to the hope of the future in the partnership of nations, especially those which share a common language.

★ ★ ★ ★

For it is a story of a way of life and shows how that way of life dovetails with the American Way.

★ ★ ★ ★

While the canvas is large, the story is simple and personal. Centering around a typical American girl—played by the ever-attractive Irene Dunne—and the love she finds among the stately homes of Britain, in the person of Alan Marshal.

★ ★ ★ ★

Adventure, excitement, bravery, action and infinite tenderness are all woven into "The White Cliffs of Dover" . . . in a screen play by Claudine West, Jan Lustig and George Froeschel.

It will play in every first-class theatre in the land. It will also play a large part in conversation for time to come. The theme—and the telling—are that important.

★ ★ ★ ★

The cast of supporting players contains names that in themselves deserve supporting casts.

★ ★ ★ ★

Among them are . . . Roddy McDowall, Frank Morgan, Van Johnson, C. Aubrey Smith, Dame May Whitty and Gladys Cooper.

★ ★ ★ ★

Primary credit should go to Clarence Brown who gratified a strong ambition in planning and directing this production. He was admirably spurred on by the able cooperation of a man who has emerged as the screen's greatest producer, Sidney Franklin.

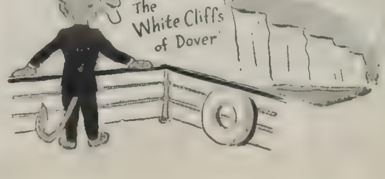
★ ★ ★ ★

Together, they have showered loving care on this new, momentous MGM enterprise.

★ ★ ★ ★

Just as "Mrs. Miniver" moved us, so will "The White Cliffs of Dover". A heart-warming reception is its sincere due.

—*Leo*


The White Cliffs of Dover

High Hat for HAMBURGER!

Made with CRISCO, these Hearty Main Dishes are as EASY on DIGESTIONS as on RATION POINTS!

Trust Crisco to turn humble hamburger into digestible main dishes *fit for a king!*

Take that Beef and Bologna Roll! The easy-digesting Crisco pie crust fairly melts in your mouth. And those Double-Deckers will be double-delicious—*digestible* even for children—when you fry the slim patties in Crisco!

Pure, *all-vegetable* Crisco does more for your cooking than any other shortening. Use it for baking, frying—to make *all* your cooking better-tasting—*digestible!*

SWEDISH MEAT RING—Serves 4-6

1 lb. hamburger
2 tbsps. chopped onion
1 cup grated raw carrots
2 tbsps. Crisco 1 beaten egg
½ tsp. mace (optional)
1 tsp. salt ¼ tsp. pepper
1 recipe biscuit dough

Brown hamburger, onions and carrots in 2 tsps. hot digestible Crisco; add beaten egg, mace, salt and pepper. Cool. Make biscuit dough. (Use Crisco and your biscuit will be light and flaky—easy to digest!) Roll out ¼ inch thick. Spread with meat. Roll up like a jelly roll. Bring both ends together and transfer ring to baking sheet. With scissors, cut half way through ring at intervals of an inch. Brush with milk. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 30 min. Fill center with green peas and serve with *Crisco Bouillon Gravy:* Melt 3 tbsps. Crisco; blend in 3 tbsps. flour. Add 1½ cups bouillon (dissolve 2 cubes in water). Cook till thickened. All Measurements Level.

DOUBLE-DECKER DANDIES

Pat seasoned hamburger into thin patties. Allow two for each serving. Fry quickly in skillet containing enough hot Crisco to cover bottom. (Digestible Crisco is different from ordinary frying fats. There's no heavy smoke or smell—no off-taste to the food. You can strain and re-use the same Crisco over and over.) To serve, put patties together with *creamed carrots and peas.* To make cream sauce, blend 2 tbsps. flour into 2 tbsps. melted Crisco. Stir in 1 cup milk. Cook till thickened. Season to taste. Serve Double-Decker Dandies on platter with golden-brown *pan-fried raw potatoes:* Cut potatoes in strips as for French-fries. Fry in 3 to 4 tbsps. hot Crisco. Foods fried crisp in Crisco are so digestible even children may eat 'em! All Measurements Level.

BEEF AND BOLOGNA LOAF IN PASTRY
Serves 6-8

1 lb. hamburger
½ lb. spicy bologna, ground
1 cup soft bread crumbs
1 egg 1 cup milk
1 tsp. salt ¼ tsp. pepper
1 tbsp. prepared mustard
¼ cup minced onion
Crisco Pastry (single crust)

Combine all ingredients. Make Crisco pastry. (Follow the new, easy Pastry Method printed right on the Crisco label. No more guesswork! You'll be sure of flaky, tender pie crust every time. You'll know your crust is digestible!) Line small meat loaf pan with pastry. Fill with meat mixture. Cover with pastry top. Fasten edges. Bake in 400° F. oven 60-70 min. Slice and serve hot or cold. All Measurements Level.

Crisco

9 OUT OF 10 DOCTORS SAY: "It's Digestible!"

Women have brains and use them: they do it eve

WOMEN CAN OU

"GOSH, Marjorie, I don't see how you can be so stupid!" Fred was a young, loving and usually considerate husband; but when he found that his wife had written a check for a dress, overdrawing their joint bank account, his exasperation boiled over. "If you didn't know our balance you should have called the bank. Or you might have paid a small deposit and had them hold the dress. Women are born dumb—why Nature made females so brainless, I cannot imagine!"

"I'm not brainless!" Marjorie burst into tears. "I just didn't think ——"

And Marjorie was right. She has brains, but she sometimes neglects to use them.

Incidents of this sort give rise to the current masculine notion that women's minds are inferior. It is an idea which I have always tried to combat. The average husband entertains strange notions about masculine superiority, anyway; and if you let him get away with the delusion that his wife is practically a moron, he becomes completely unmanageable. There are, in fact, several sound reasons why this popularly accepted theory that men are more intelligent than women should be denied. The first one is that the theory isn't true—and the other reasons aren't important.

Questionnaire surveys which I have conducted to determine men's and women's opinions of the opposite sex show that a high percentage of the men questioned think women are hopelessly illogical and have little real intellectual capacity. Oddly enough, a majority of women, when you dig down to their secret conclusions, agree with men's low estimate of their mentality.

I made an experimental study of men versus women judges and jurors in Washington, D. C. I planned a crime and had it perpetrated before a group of graduate students in my Legal Psychology class. Then I assembled juries of opposite sexes and tried the case before them separately. All juries made detailed findings of fact, trying to reconstruct what actually occurred. I checked the jury findings and rated them for accuracy and completeness. The women's juries won by a comfortable margin. They were more careful, more conscientious and gave much more impartial consideration to all the testimony than did the male juries. Then I tried judges of different sexes, among them the man who is reputedly the greatest living American authority on the law of evidence, and a young girl who is a science-news reporter. The girl won the contest. Her findings were more complete and more accurate than those submitted by any male judge.

IF YOU still think women are lacking in native intellectual capacity, there is further evidence to consider. Psychological studies made at Johns Hopkins proved that women can do more mental work in a given time than men, and do it more accurately. Similar tests made on school children showed a definite superiority of girls over boys. Business-personnel surveys and confidential reports, comparing male and female clerks and workers who perform similar work in large corporation offices and factories, indicate that women brainworkers attain a seven-to-six superiority over men. There's no doubt about it—the female mind is equal and very possibly superior to the male when inducements for performing mental work are equally effective.

What, then, are we to conclude about Marjorie, the wife who overdrew the family's bank account without bothering to determine the amount on deposit? Or Ethel S., who tried to commit suicide because she believed that a perfectly irrelevant remark of her fiancé's meant he didn't love her any more? In my files are scores of cases of women who rushed to defeat and tears rather than spend two minutes thinking the situation out and solving it mentally. If women possess perfectly good brains, why do they so often fail to use them as men
The answer seems to be that women have
extra share of emotion which clogs th
mental machinery and throws monk
wrenches into the intellectual works.

Women are nearly twice as emotional
men, according to my laboratory te
These findings are verified by the discov
that women's brains are better develop
than men's in the areas which generate em-
tion. Clinical results, analyses of wome
case histories, women's private thoughts a
reactions as confessed to the consulting p
chologist, all lead to the same conclusi
Women experience far more emotion th
men and it interferes with their thinking

NEVERTHELESS, in my experience, if a wom
in distress can be shown that thinking, a
thinking alone, will accomplish her em-
tional purpose, she will think. That is wha
find so unspoiled and charming about t
feminine mind. Women, when convinced
a fault, will acknowledge their error l
children and decide to improve. Emoti
befogged girls, once they perceive the resu

that other girls who think clearly are g
ting, will put emotion aside by a truly her
act of will and strive to concentrate upon
problem which confronts them. Let
make it plain that I do not refer here to
grief caused by war. The dignity of t
emotion is unquestioned, and we all kn
that many women have tears to shed
year, and tears are a relief. But one does
pull oneself together and go on with
simply with emotion, but with thought.

The other day a girl of twenty-two ca
to consult me. Her younger sister—p
clever, sixteen-year-old Brenda—had st
her young man, Martha said. Martha
genuinely in love with Henry; she had b
waiting two years for him to prop
Brenda had inveigled Henry into t ng
to a school dance. Other dances ad
lowed. Martha, overwhelmed by hurt f
ings, had given no thought to recaptur
her lover. She was resigned now to Hen
marrying Brenda, she said, and dissol
into quiet, heart-rending tears.

I should have wept, too, perhaps. B
being a man, I merely felt irritated. "
Pete's sake!" I exclaimed. "Do you mea
say you are letting that little brat Bre
outthink you in this matter where your
happiness is at stake? Stop crying and

except when they give way to emotion.

BY WILLIAM MOULTON MARSTON

your brains to work. I won't let you out of this room until you have written on this pad five ways in which you outshine Brenda, and five corresponding methods by which you can win Henry back."

This is Martha's list:

I am prettier than Brenda in a bathing suit. I might get Henry to swim with me.

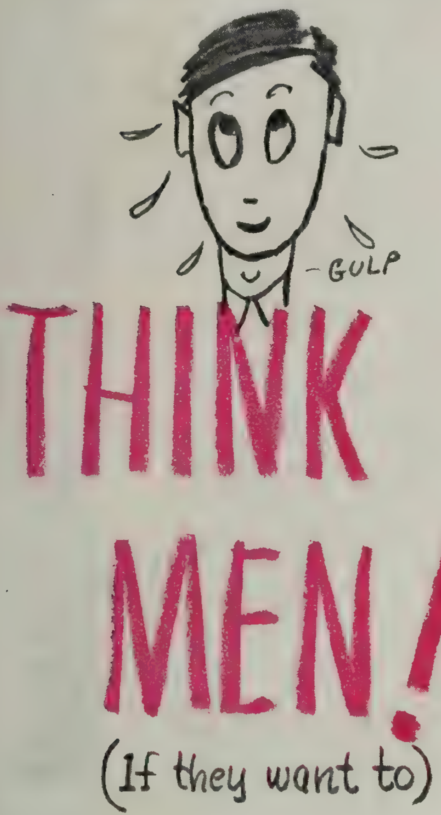
I can draw caricatures and Henry is an artist. I could show him my sketchbook which he has never seen.

Henry is sentimental. I might talk about the things we have done together before he enlisted.

I like music and so does Henry. We might go to some concerts or maybe an opera; or anyway, we could listen to symphonies together on the radio.

I just thought that Henry likes tennis. I used to be girls' champion at our beach club and I could practice up and ask Henry to be my partner in mixed doubles.

Just imagine an intelligent girl possessing all those feminine attraction assets and never thinking about using them! Naturally, when she did think, she solved her problem. I am advising Martha, now that she is happily married, to keep her brains limbered up for the next emergency.



THINK MEN! (If they want to)

WOMEN who have not yet discovered the fun of thinking protest its expected boredom. Barbara M., the twenty-year-old daughter of cultured parents, declined to think. She was hopelessly, fatuously in love with a very fine young private. But Carl, her ardently intended husband, had not proposed to her.

"You tell me to think about Carl," she said to me. "You ask me to analyze his personality. But I don't want to. No girl wants to think about a subject she is vitally interested in, least of all a man!"

"But you enjoy thinking about clothes," I said. "You spend, as a matter of fact, hours and days and even weeks planning a costume, trying on garments, analyzing their style effects. You'll admit it wouldn't be one tenth as amusing to sit with an idle mind and just emote about fashions. Now apply the same thought to love that you apply to clothes, and you not only will solve your problems but have a grand time doing it."

"I see what you mean," admitted Barbara. "It's lots of fun planning a costume. You claim that planning a husband would be fun also, in the same way? I can try it."

She did try, and after much mental groping and earnest application to her subject, she evolved some very good ideas. Carl, she decided, was shy—his aloof manner hid an inferiority complex. Though he appeared indifferent to Barbara's going out with other men, he was really afraid to compete with them, the girl reasoned. Working on this theory, which she evolved by herself, Barbara discouraged other boys and made Carl quite obviously her favorite. And sure enough, Carl soon worked up his courage to the proposal point.

A GREAT majority of feminine problems are like Barbara's in one important respect: no one but the woman herself is in possession of sufficiently intimate information about the personalities concerned to think out the right answer. If a woman refuses to think, nobody else can do it for her, because only she has all the necessary mental materials. But if a woman does concentrate mentally, she is almost certain, for the same reason, to solve her problem.

Women who like to think about any sort of feminine problem objectively can learn quite easily to enjoy the solving of other problems. Mrs. Roberts sought my help in curing the faults of her small daughter, Betsy Jane. But the principal trouble with Betsy was her mother. Mrs. Roberts is an extremely emotional woman, and instead of taking the child's small troubles calmly, she indulged in bursts of emotion which reacted disastrously on the youngster.

I persuaded Mrs. Roberts to take the same attitude toward Betsy Jane's behavior that she took toward marketing—objective, analytical. She tried it and has learned the intellectual approach to her child's problems—which in itself is half their solution.

Different appetizers are required to rouse the taste for thought under different conditions of mental malnutrition. Mrs. Flora T. had always hated arithmetic, she couldn't keep her checkbook straight. After marriage she had a large house to manage. Her husband expected her to make up the family budget, buy economically and keep careful accounts. Mrs. T. tried for two years to interest herself in this necessary work. She read textbooks and even took a course in household economics. But it was no use; she simply could not force herself to think about problems which bored her so. I advised her to buy a few shares of a very speculative stock. It went up and Mrs. T. began to follow market quotations. If the stock had gone down it would have had the same effect. The situation of being a security owner forced Mrs. T. to take that practical interest in business which she had hitherto lacked. She sees new meaning now in money matters, and is doing some real thinking about her house-management problems.

Developing your own thinking power is like discovering an oil well in your back yard. Once you have drilled down to the right level, riches beyond your rosiest dreams flow into your possession without further effort. The initial drilling isn't difficult. The mental surface soil which a woman has to penetrate to tap her underlying reservoir of real thoughts is very soft and yielding. It is only a mass of vague, mixed-up feelings about this and that. The drill she has to use to penetrate this superficial mind layer is a purpose, keen, sharp, definite. She has to desire some result, some urgent, specific satisfaction. After that it becomes only a matter of using the hidden wealth she has found to procure what she needs.

If you want love, if you want success, if you want an inner source of superiority and power which nobody can deprive you of—try thinking. Once you have learned to think you will never miss an opportunity, because you'll enjoy both the process and the results.

You're lovelier... your

Skin's Softer, Smoother

with just One Cake of Camay!

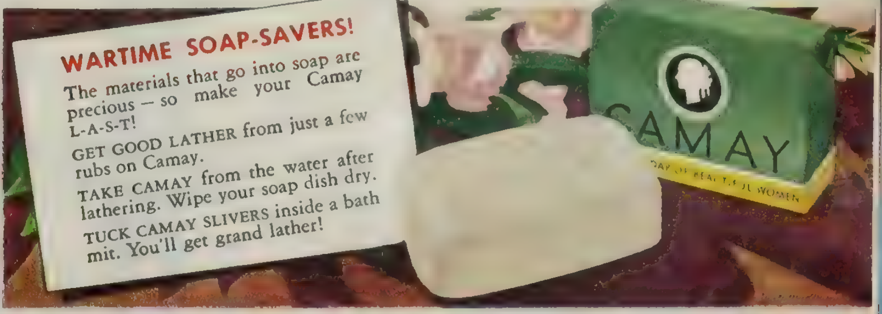
Mrs. Frederick C. Wieting
NEW YORK CITY
Lovely Camay bride! Take her tip on complexion care . . . "My skin simply sparkled—fresher, more satin smooth—with my first cake of Camay!"

Yes! Exciting tests prove Mild Camay cleanses without irritation!

Oh, you'll be happy . . . to see the fresher, softer look that comes to your skin with just *one cake* of Camay . . . when you change from improper care to regular mild cleansing . . . when you go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Skin specialists tested this care on over 100 complexions. And the very *first* cake of Camay made most complexions simply bloom! Made them softer!—more velvety! *"Camay is really mild,"* said specialists, *"it cleansed without irritation."*

Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet

Take only a minute—night and morning. Cream Camay's mild lather over your face—nose, chin. Rinse warm. If your skin is oily, add a cold splash. Simple, isn't it? So get mild Camay—one cake can bring your skin a radiant new sparkle!



WARTIME SOAP-SAVERS!
The materials that go into soap are precious — so make your Camay L-A-S-T!
GET GOOD LATHER from just a few rubs on Camay.
TAKE CAMAY from the water after lathering. Wipe your soap dish dry.
TUCK CAMAY SLIVERS inside a bath mit. You'll get grand lather!

Ladies' Home JOURNAL May, 1944

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Food Rationing After the War

IN GREECE today there are no meats, fats, vegetables—in fact, almost no solid food except bread. Often this is made of hydrolyzed straw. They still drink coffee in France, if you can call it that—an unpalatable brew of acorns, tomato seeds, apple pips and cattle-cabbage roots. In the Netherlands, people are eating their cats and dogs.

These are the underground reports which have come to the International Labor Office, a world-wide organization for social justice financed by many governments. These reports are fragmentary, and by now far outstripped by the facts, but they are as reliable as it is possible to obtain.

German biologists have said that a diet of 1600 calories a day will maintain life just above the famine level. Nazis allow the Poles about 500 to 700 a day. Belgians get less than 886 calories daily, or one half the "famine" quota.

Because of this ruthless starvation of the rest of Europe, the Germans still eat heartily, even in the occupied countries where they have fled to escape Allied bombings. For wherever they go, they get first priority on food. Moreover, they are entitled to from 2250 to 4650 calories a day, which is what Germans get in their Fatherland.

There are probably no Jews left alive in Warsaw. The last reports received in May, 1941, show that the Germans allowed each Jew about two thirds of a pound of vegetables a month. This would amount to a handful of peas, or about three small potatoes.

These vegetables from occupied territory are usually rotten or dried out, and almost completely lacking in vitamins. Since Europe's livestock is also starving, meat rations—when available—are largely sinew and bone. Thus, while German children get extra large rations and enough milk to make up these deficiencies, skin tests in Paris revealed nearly every child had tuberculosis. In fact, children may no longer attend school in France without a doctor's certificate stating they are not suffering from open TB.

In Norway, civilians were told to collect certain vitamin-rich berries and leaves, but they were too weak to make the effort. Life itself has become such a struggle—the exhausting hours spent in food queues, in plodding miles because there is no public transportation, in searching hopelessly for fuel. In Poland there are no shoes, shirts or suits—the Germans took them all.

One cannot even keep clean. Throughout conquered Europe, a dearth of soap has caused frightful epidemics of skin diseases. Typhus, diphtheria and influenza spread viciously where families are forced to huddle together in unwashed, semiheated quarters to keep warm. In Norway alone, meningitis has increased 1900 per cent since the war.

Tragically enough, the worst sufferers of this war are the most guiltless—the young boys and girls. We cannot dare guess at the results of their wholesale starvation. We do know that in the Netherlands, children between five and twenty-four years of age are dying at a rate two and three times higher than the rest of the population.

Those children who survive the inroads of disease and malnutrition are often thrown into jail to exert political pressure on their parents, or *(Continued on Page 173)*

For the American Home

By Dorothy Thompson

WE SHALL soon be approaching the end of the first generation in which women have had full political equality with men in America. Have women, on balance, used their political power adequately? Have they, as women, accomplished any considerable portion of what the early feminists hoped the vote would enable them to do? Has their political power notably influenced the American scene at all?

With the qualifying adjective "notably," I fear the answer must be negative. Political equality has perhaps assisted women workers to obtain better working conditions, though it is more likely that improvements have come about through the greater strength and influence of organized labor as a whole. The opening of opportunities for women in the more respected and remunerative professions has accompanied general acceptance of equality of status, and has given a relatively small number of women positions of influence and authority.

But our society as a whole displays some of its greatest weaknesses in those realms where women ought to have most to say. It is actually in those realms that we are socially backward as compared with other countries. For the natural realm of women is the home, yet the American home and family are lacking in the security offered by many other countries before the war.

We have, for instance, mothers' pensions, by which widowed mothers are supposed to be able to hold their young children about them without a husband's and father's support. But in no state are they adequate to this purpose, and they are circumscribed by qualifications that partially defeat their purpose. No mother can support herself and her children on them. She is compelled to supplement them by outside work. Yet in New York State, at least, if she does even part-time work outside her home for her own support, she must deduct her earnings from the pension, regardless of whether the home income is thereby adequate. The pension neither enables her to be exclusively a homekeeping mother nor offers her substantial aid in readjusting her widowed life.

In fact, the problem of the working mother has not been faced humanly or intelligently at all. There are innumerable institutions for orphans. But if the parent of a young child is compelled to work and cannot earn sufficient to pay for competent private care for the child, or if she becomes ill and must be hospitalized, there is practically nowhere for her to place her child for full time.

ALTHOUGH the birth rate always jumps upward in wartime and ours is no exception, the trend over the past years is downward, a fact which has been historically demonstrated as a certain sign of national retrogression. Particularly in the middle classes, who always are the most stabilizing force of the nation, the large family is becoming the exception. Yet little attention is being given by organized women to finding an answer to this problem, though many answers suggest themselves.

The Federal income tax grants ridiculously small exemptions for children—not nearly enough to feed, clothe or educate a child—and makes no exemptions for their higher education, beyond a certain age.

The home owner is not protected against eviction and forced sale, even when circumstances, such as mass unemployment, make it impossible for the head of the family to meet his interest and mortgage payments. In all depressions families become homeless and equities representing years of saving are lost. Yet there are many countries and even seven American states where homes may not be seized for debt.

In some cities the standard rent contracts for dwellings impose preposterous risks upon the family. The protection of the property and the income from it is the exclusive consideration. No human causes, such as enforced decline of income, or unemployment, can justify the breaking of a lease; some contracts even permit the owners to demand six months' rent in advance if the owners have reason to fear the tenant's ability to pay.

In most farming communities tenants do not enjoy anything like the protection afforded them in many European countries. Improvements on property by the tenant revert to the owner. There are no provisions for reduction of rental for improvements, nor is there adequate protection against eviction.

Families desperately needing credit to tide them over emergencies pay usurious interest. Buyers of articles on installment contracts are not protected in their equities. *(Continued on Page 139)*

★ ★ ★ **BUY MORE WAR BONDS** ★ ★ ★

"Man, that's *fine* tobacco"

...that's **LUCKY STRIKE** tobacco!

yes, LUCKY STRIKE means fine tobacco

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You're a Circus

THE SUB-DEB

By Elizabeth Woodward

PIPE the calliope! Lookee the horses, 'n' elephants with purple pants! Here comes the circus with three rings in its nose. Clowns and midgets and ladies with strong front teeth. Grab some peanuts. Hold your hat. Perch on your chair. Wow, what a show! What a laugh! What a thrill! This circus might be you!

A BAREBACK RIDER

Irene Intrepid—that's you. Breezing along gaily on your high horse. Why should you stick around for class-play rehearsal when you have only one line to say? The coach can say it for you until the big night when you'll blow on-stage and say it your own way. Why should you get overheated taking a turn at shooting fouls? You're the team's star guard—and who ever heard of a guard needing basket practice? Why bother reading that whole long novel for a book report, when there's a digest of it in your favorite magazine? You'll just gobble that much of it down in one evening, and take a chance the parts left out will not be teacher's favorites. Why not tell that strange sailor you're writing to that you're twenty instead of fifteen? He'll never find out, until he happens to be in your town and looks you up—and down.

There you go on tippy-toe, kicking your heels—riding around and around without the safety of stirrups and saddle. Doing tricks on your high horse. But be sure, when you and your steed come a cropper, you don't get a horse laugh!

A HIGH FLIER

Up, up, up you go. High in air. Over the heads of the other girls and boys in your gang. The air they breathe down there is too stodgy. You'll take a flier with these men in uniform that crowd your streets. That speak to all girls under ninety. That ask you to go places and do things. You always were the first to try something new—the one who dared to venture. So why not whisk off on an adventure, thinks you? You've read a book or two. You've heard tales. But the local boys are so dull—and so few. You crave excitement—and here it is offered often. Why not take a chance?

So off you go to places you've heard about but never seen. You have to do some tall pretending to be as know-it as that older crowd. You taste things they put in front of you. Gee, this is fast and exciting and heady. You think you understand what they're talking about—you're not too sure. Your ears are buzzing from the altitude and the speed. Perhaps you'll get down to earth safely. And perhaps you'll be left hanging there by your teeth. Perhaps you'll talk about your adventure afterward. And maybe you'll just mumble as you toss restlessly in your sleep.

Circus high fliers know where they're going, what they're going to do after they get there, and how they're going to get down. They've had plenty of practice. They don't just leap off into space. Before you try high flying yourself, be sure there's a foolproof net to catch you if you fall.

A TRAINED SEAL

The perfect date—that's you. No friction. Everything smooth and easy. On account of you've heard that this is a man's world—and the men pass out their favors to the girls who please them. So you sit up and beg when they whistle. Ken quirks his grin at you, says "sing," and you oblige with two choruses of The Star-Spangled Banner on the blow horns. Jeb says he likes all his girls Hedy Lamarr, so you paint on a full lower lip, goo up your eyelashes and smolder. Jeb tosses you a fish for your efforts. Pete likes ruffles and wind-blown hair, so you switch your act fast—to get dates with Pete. Whatever they want you'll be. And in rapid succession. All sleek and shining, with your flippers flapping and a ball balanced on your nose. You'll jump through hoops. You'll count to ten. They order. You do. Why not be yourself and make your own rules for a change? Let them take it or leave it. There's nothing dull about a trained seal on strike!

BIG LION TAMER

You stalk only big date prey. Freshman year it was the junior-class president. He thought you were a cute trick, and adored your awe. Sophomore year you gave two full semesters' devotion to the captain of the football team. But he graduated right out of your life when they gave him his diploma. Junior year you held out for a bid from the chairman of the prom—you would lead it or you wouldn't go. You got it by dint of much whip cracking and hypnotism. Now you're a senior—and your celebrity act has backfired. The senior boys have already been picked. You could only be satisfied by captains, presidents and chairmen. Also-rans weren't on your list. Now the lions that are left are all younger than you—hence not worth taming. You're left in the middle of the ring with the high stools empty of big game. Celebrity palling didn't quite make an all-time celebrity of you. All you have now is a wisp of mane in your locket.

FUNNY FACES

You mug, you cavort, you simper, you prance. Just to win yourself a glance. Your sweater too baggy, your skirt skittering high above your knees, your hair too long, your mouth too red. You croon when you talk. You sing arias when you laugh. Your hands make Shakespearean gestures. Your walk is a schottische. Everything you do is overdone to attract eyes to you. The class clown you are. When will you wise that the laughs are at, not with you?

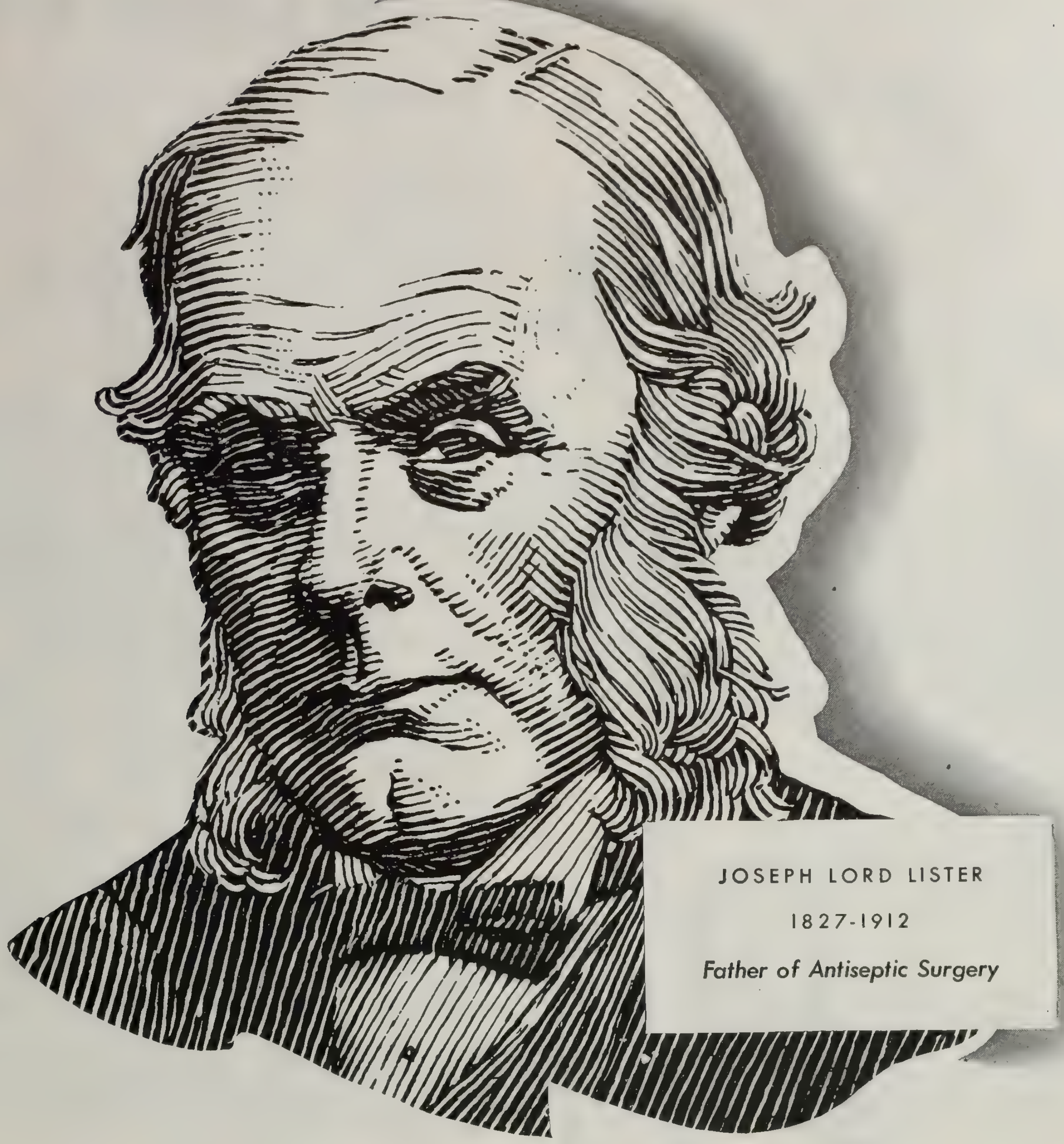
SIDE SHOWS

For one slim dime you're all the attractions of the midway. Your date uncorks a slinky joke, and your follow-up has even more of the Little Egypt wriggle. Let him lapse into a Jo-Jo the dogface act because you smile at the orchestra leader, and you eat and breathe fire when he ogles the cute blond vocalist. He has a nice word to say about Nellie, and you stroke your beard in malice, and draw forth from behind your tonsils a three-foot sword. You can be fat lady when his purse is slim, mental midget when he calls for tall talk. And unapproachable because of your Siamese side kick. Super attractions—six for a dime. But a guy soon chucks the midway for the big show! And he'd rather take a girl to see the circus, than take a girl who is one!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Sawdust or Stardust—Which are You?

When you heave into sight do you make eyes twinkle? Can you hear breaths being caught in short? Do your good humor and merriment kindle little bonfires? Are people happy to have you around? Or do you leave a taste that's flat and dusty, no flavor, no vitamins? It's entirely up to you. But we can help with a collection of booklets written especially for you Sub-Debs. From pompadours, through personality to popularity, you'll find them immediate first aid if you're out to stir up a new You. Send to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pa., and ask for the free Sub-Deb booklet list, No. 1695.



JOSEPH LORD LISTER

1827-1912

Father of Antiseptic Surgery

AN INSTRUMENT IN THE HANDS OF GOD...

"As an instrument in God's hands, Lister has wrought more for the relief of suffering, for the security of life, for the prevention of anxiety, and the promotion of happiness, than any one man who has ever trod this earth." So spoke one of Lister's associates, himself a doctor of international fame.

ALMOST alone and single-handed this great, good man, the "father of antiseptic surgery," brought health and life out of a morass of suffering and death.

But for his unshakeable faith in a "fantastic" theory, initiated by the immortal Pasteur, and his tireless efforts to prove its truth in the face of derision and mockery, the fatalities of today, both civilian and military, might reach appalling proportions.

For it was Lister's fierce conviction that fatal infections were caused, not by atmospheric changes or mysterious conditions set up by the wound itself, but by the definite tiny germs carried by the air into the wound. The world laughed at him.

And it was Lister, using the crudest kind of carbolic acid as an antiseptic, who proved that by killing or controlling these germs in sufficient numbers at every stage—*before, during and after an operation*—Death could often be averted.

Though all England rang with his fame as a surgeon, it was years before he forced hostile critics to accept his practical life-giving methods, the simple essence of which was absolute cleanliness.

It was for this benefactor of mankind that Listerine Antiseptic was named. Today, as in its early years, it is recognized as a dependable and delightful first aid, providing rapid germ-killing action with complete safety.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

BECAUSE OF WARTIME restrictions you may not always be able to get Listerine Antiseptic in your favorite size. Most drug counters will, however, have it generally available in *some* size.

FOR COUNTLESS LITTLE EMERGENCIES **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC** IN SERVICE SIXTY YEARS

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.

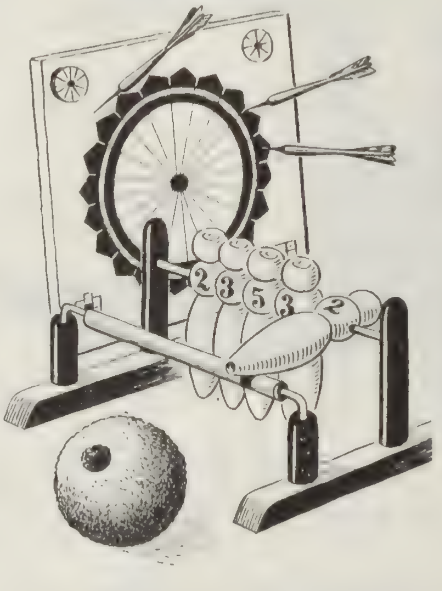
Shore Leave

. . . maybe it's only a few days following "boot camp", but it calls for a party. So, oil up your record player, if you're lucky enough to have one, make sure you have all the current hits—and go to it!

A jitterbug contest will get things off to a lively start. Vote on the best—and worst—pairs of jitterbuggers, and award prizes. A pocket chess and checkers game in a flat, folding leather case rates high with Service men—and so does a trim, zippered money belt. For the girls—a ridiculous leather horse for her lapel (his eye is a serviceable flashlight when you push his tail!) And a saucy Navy goat for all the party-ites to autograph — his spanking white "hide" dotes on ink!

Games are a good idea, too — and here are two favorites that can be played most anywhere. There's an exciting baseball-dart game on the other side of this well-made dart board—and the indoor bowling game will have everyone trying his hand.

GAMES AND GIFTS FROM F. A. O. SCHWARZ, NEW YORK CITY



Also, be sure to provide plenty of food. Simple and hearty is the rule. And remember—Navy, Army or Marines, they *all* love Whitman's Chocolates. Pile your candy dishes high—or, simply open up a Whitman's Sampler—and don't count on any being left at the end of the evening! For Whitman's Chocolates are so smooth and luscious, so crunchy and chewy and all-things-delicious, they're first choice everywhere.

It's not your dealer's fault if he's occasionally out of the Sampler or other Whitman's Candy. Millions of pounds of Whitman's Chocolates go to our men overseas.

Whitman's
CHOCOLATES

Copr. 1944, Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Inc., Phila.

Our Readers Write Us

What the Amphibs are Doing

Mediterranean Area.

Dear Editor: At breakfast today we all talked about the Amphibious Force and the part it has played in this war. First came the invasion of Sicily, a tremendous success through the roughest seas any of us had ever seen; this followed by carrying hundreds of thousands of men and thousands of tanks and trucks during the many weeks of the subjugation of Sicily.

After Sicily we returned to our base and there was no word of praise or thanks, nor even a planned "liberty" for the boys. Many LCI crews had lived aboard their small ships without a night's liberty for over a year. Just when the boys looked for a little rest, the Italian invasion came up, and off we went again.

At the time of this invasion, we took aboard ninety survivors of a sunken ship. Many were dying and nearly all were severely burned. Our crew, in addition to maintaining battle stations for thirty-four hours without relief (my hand is trembling with pride), transported these men in litters from the rescue ships, an upward lift without mechanical help, just sweat and guts, and down ladders to the troop compartments. For twenty hours, during which we were under enemy fire and air attack, our doctors and volunteers cared for these men. One man, a boilermaker, second class, administered blood plasma to a dying man by reading the directions on the package. And six months ago these men worked in bakery shops, drove trucks and were in some cases mommy's boys.

As for the survivors themselves—never a whimper, only concern about the "other guy." One big fellow climbed aboard with the top of his head laid open and the flesh on his hands, arms and chest hanging in ribbons. When I asked him if he could make it, he said, "I can go any place." Later when I said good-by and good luck he said, "The same to you, sir, and I'll take a good liberty for you when I get to New York."

Since arriving in Africa, I have spent about two or three dollars on pleasure, and that includes two jars of olives and some very poor wine. From that you can tell how much diversion is available.

During the invasion of Sicily, a small group of LST's and LCT's were selected to transport troops and tanks behind the German lines. After several days of hell the little group staggered back to port in single column past a U. S. cruiser. The admiral aboard had the band playing and personally saluted the ships as they passed by. It was not until after the third ship had passed that the boys realized it was for them. They believed there was a ceremony of some sort on the cruiser.

To say the Amphibious Force has played a major part is to put it mildly. The operations would have been impossible without them. Magazines are drifting in from the States, and the theme seems to be "Naval gunfire" and Army efforts. Well, no one can say the Amphibs are spoiled, anyway.

Sincerely yours,
LT. (j.g.) LAWRENCE EMLEY.

Why Girls Marry

Berkeley, California.

Dear Editor: At the beginning of our part in the war, your magazine and every other magazine in the country suddenly blossomed out from cover to cover with romantic stories of girl meets soldier. The result has been a romantic hysteria in which infants are marrying all over the place. The aftermath has already begun and the divorces are coming thick and fast.

Never have I read one story where the girl waits faithfully for her young soldier or sailor—to marry him after the duration. No—she must always dash out and marry the guy, pronto.

Perhaps the AWVS could tell you a not-so-romantic story of these young wives trailing about the country, sometimes with babies and no money and no place to stay when they get to their destination.

You magazines wield a tremendous influence and you are responsible in large measure for this romantic holocaust.

J. JAMESON.

➧ We've heard plenty of reasons for 3,500,000 war marriages, but we never suspected the JOURNAL. Mainly because we're still getting so many irate letters from war wives who call us cold and inhuman because we advised them "Don't Follow Your Husband." ED.

Wives Should Not Work

Bremerton, Washington.

Dear Editor: Your article, "Working Wives Make the Best Wives," is about as farfetched a theory as I've read in a long time, and about as impractical.

Doctor Hohman cannot belong to the vast majority of us—the working classes, with a wife who does all her work, laundry, sewing, mending, baking, cooking and cleaning, besides devoting all the time necessary to her children—or he'd know it isn't a part-time job.

There is little use even considering the subject of domestic help. It is practically nonexistent, and if a mother isn't concerned with the welfare of her own family, why should an outsider be?

As for income, it doesn't require nearly as much money to cover the budget, when mom is home watching light, water, fuel and food bills, and cooking the economical dishes that cannot be concocted, haphazardly, in a last-minute rush. I wonder if Doctor Hohman ever entered a house, closed all day, with the odor of stale breakfast coffee still lingering in the air? I can understand the reaction of a man or child to this sort of home-coming.

I've been happily married for twenty-two years. We have four children, three still at home, and my husband and I have yet to be bored with each other.

MRS. ARTHUR WILSON.

Soldiers' Families on the Move

Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Editor: What interested me especially in the March article entitled "That Army-Navy Paycheck" was the question on moving. Your answer seemed to imply that the Government pays for one move of the dependents and furniture of any military personnel made after September 1, 1942. When my husband was inducted into the Army last June, we moved to my parents' home. Does that mean the Government will reimburse us for the transportation bill?

Sincerely,
MRS. J. C. ALTON.

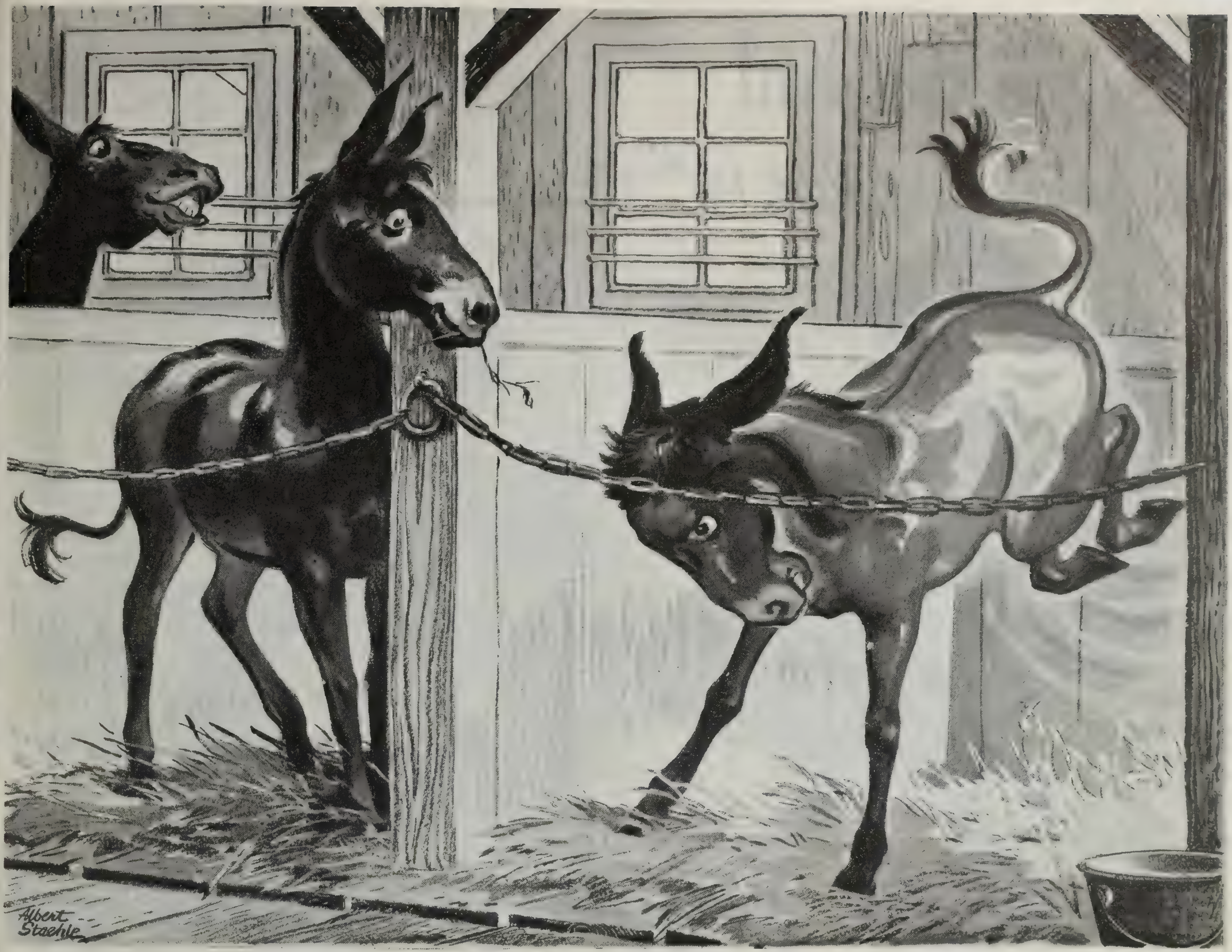
➧ No. The Government pays the transportation bill for one move only of commissioned officers, warrant officers and noncommissioned officers of the first three grades (the first three grades are master sergeant or first sergeant, technical sergeant and staff sergeant), provided the move is a permanent change of station, and is made after September 1, 1942. In that case, application for transportation should be made to the local transportation officer, and Form 207 is the one to ask for. If Government transportation is not utilized, claim for monetary allowance instead of transportation for dependents will be made to any disbursing officer on Form 1012. This information is from the War Department's Bulletin on Personal Affairs of Military Personnel and Aid for Their Dependents, U. S. Govt. Printing Office 1943. ED.

No More Army Emergency Relief

Detroit, Michigan.

Dear Sir: As a case worker for the American Red Cross Home Service, I consider your recent How America Lives articles excellent, especially the February one with its down-to-earth suggestions for welcoming home the wounded soldier.

(Continued on Page 12)



The mule that was stubborn as a man

They put the new mule in the stall next to mine and flap my ears but was she a hillbilly! Stayed quiet and peaceable like till feeding time though—but then how she busted around! Stamping, snorting, and throwing hoofs all over the place.

"Whoa and shut up, you Missouri burr trap," I said politely, "or they'll be dusting the fur off all of us. And what in thunder's wrong—mice in your manger?"

She quit kicking the sides off her stall and replied sniffily, "I won't stand it—feeding me this dratted hay substitute. It doesn't even taste like hay. I've *always* had hay and I'll have it here or else . . ."

"My dear," I broke in, "you're being stubborn as a man. They often carry on like that about hot drinks at mealtime. 'Postum?' they'll say. 'Not for me. Supposed to be a coffee substitute, but does it taste like coffee?' "

"Is this Postum?" asked the new mule.

"No, you dummy," I explained, "those are oats. They're no hay substitute. They're a delicious dish in their own right. And they don't taste any more like hay than Postum tastes like coffee. Try a faceful and see how good they are."

There was a brief pause for munching. "Very good," she admitted. "In fact, delicious. I'm sorry I was so mannish about them. And by the way, aren't men beginning to realize that Postum isn't a coffee substitute?"

"Why bless your hame strap," I replied, "they certainly are! Millions of them drink Postum because it has a tempting, heart-warming, distinctive flavor all its own. They're smart. But it's the stubborn ones that are giving us mules a bad name."

P. S. Postum is easy to make . . . comes in two forms: Postum, the kind you boil, drip, or "perk," and Instant Postum, made just by adding boiling water in the cup. A product of General Foods.

Postum— One of America's Great Mealtime Drinks

TUNE IN The Aldrich Family, Thursday nights, NBC Network. One of America's great radio programs, written by Clifford Goldsmith, sponsored by Postum.

"He's a Big Kid—

and golly I love it!"

"You ought to see the way he carries on over a little tummy-ache! I have to dish out the bicarb and sympathy--in big doses!

"But he's a kid, too, in ways that I'm crazy about! F'rinstance--he's 'holding hands' with me at the movies again!

"But--not long ago, he was pretty mean about my hands! Said they looked rough 'n' red. They did, too! I was crazy to think I had to use strong washday soap to hurry dishes!

"Then I got hep! Found out that gentle Ivory suds are speedy as the strongest soap. Imagine--the soap doctors advise for baby's tender skin!

"And hooray--my hands got smoother, whiter, softer...in just 12 days from the day I switched to Ivory Soap for all my dishwashing!

"It doesn't cost me a pretty penny to have pretty hands, either. I do all my dishes with pure, mild Ivory for only about a penny a day!

"See for yourself what a difference Ivory can make when you switch to it from strong soaps--and stick to it! Yes, your hands can get that lovely 'Ivory look'...in just 12 days!"

P.S. for U. S.: Soaps use vital war materials--Save soap to help win the war. BE SURE your soap dish is dry before you put your Ivory back. 99$^{44}/_{100}$% pure...It floats.

(Continued from Page 10)

However, March's article is going to cause some confusion, for you mention that Jean Micklo went to the Army Emergency Relief, who assured her of $50 for maternity care. Unknown to you at the time of editing, the Army Emergency Relief has been disbanded (except at Army posts) and all its cases have been turned over to the American Red Cross Home Service. Sincerely,

A RED CROSS WORKER.

Resents Camp Followers

Buffalo, New York.

Dear Editor: I was very much interested in the letter signed by four Army wives pleading with you to take "pity" on their situation and write articles praising them for their devotion and their self-sacrifice.

If you were to remind them that their country is at war, you would be greeted with a gruff, "You're telling us? Look at what we have to put up with. A small town thousands of miles from home; the inconveniences of living in a furnished room, of seeing our husbands only week ends; the dread of having to pick up and move to another Army camp . . ." etc. ad nauseam.

O.K., sisters; you picked your bed—now lie in it.

But there are thousands of us Army wives who have taken our marriage vows deeply. We know that there is a war on, because we are miles from our husbands. We love our men. But we firmly believe that *only those people who will fight for their freedom are worthy of freedom at all.*

Let me say, as one Army wife who is working in a plant which makes radios for the Air Corps, that I resent very deeply Army wives who are camp followers. I work for my husband and by my work I am helping the men of those four Army wives. What are they doing in turn for my husband?

No, camp followers, you do not reveal any heroism. You are the women who are causing our Government to consider the drafting of women. You are the women who really love yourselves more than your country—and basically even more than you love your husbands.

Sincerely yours,

MRS. LLOYD JAMES.

Dorothy Shops for a Pram

The Duke's Cottage,
Rudgwick, England.

My dears: Mary is out of the WAAF forever! She has taken on other and, to my mind, far more important war work. For I do think it requires considerable courage, these days, to invite a child to this somewhat dingy part of the world. So there I am trying to buy a secondhand pram and cot. Which is rather like endeavoring to procure the Crown Jewels, secondhand and at reasonable cost!

It seems only the other day Mary herself was a large blond baby with a whole lot of straight hair standing on end, like mustard and cress. She lay on a cot in the Rangoon heat, dressed in very little. And her brother Jock took visitors up to see her, and said proudly that she was *his* baby, and he her father!

Later. Daughter Jane has been back on seven days' leave. She came just after giving a blood transfusion. It had the most disastrous effect upon her. She did nothing but eat. A ravenous appetite pursued her around the first twenty-four hours, until I hardly knew which way to turn to find something to feed her on.

We have all had a libation of oranges. Really, I would rather go on being entirely without them, than just suddenly be handed three to a ration book. It needs such strength of character to decide whether to just sit down and have an orgy, or think of others and make marmalade. In the end, I made some marmalade which would have been better if I hadn't lost my nerve and bunged a lot of gelatin in it at the last moment. It's still quite good, but one keeps coming across an unexpected jujube!

Later. The second front hangs over us, but not, I reckon, as much as it hangs over some others. West End is now so full of tall upstanding American boys that you have to part 'em like a curtain to get into my club at all. Now and again a few disheartened kind of bombers trickle over at night from the other side, drop a few bombs, and then hare for home! And next day we hear that Goebbels has announced devastating raids on England!

And where is that secret weapon? It was due in October, then November, and now it seems to have faded entirely out of the conversation. Another miscarriage, I fear.

I have scoured the country for a sponge. Sponges have disappeared, but a kind chemist showed me how to sew old bits of sponge into a net, and produce something that looks like a pudding full of mince, but really works quite well.

Love to you both,

DOROTHY BLACK.

"That Red Cross Dame" Again

Somewhere in Australia.

Dear Editor: I'd planned to write about an eleven-page letter, but the circumstances under which I'm able to write are most trying. It's 8:25 P.M. and the heat is frightful. It's a solid thing that closes in on your cheeks, body, legs, and wraps so tightly about every portion of you that movement requires the greatest physical exertion. Then, too, the mosquitoes are so thick and so eager for a taste of my Type-B blood that I am tucked under a mosquito bar, but all manner of insects manage to get in somehow.

Muriel Patchen—shorts and blouse replace her Red Cross uniform.

I've already learned that the maxim here is, "Walk, do not run if you expect to survive . . . and walk slowly!" Everyone siestas from 12:30 to 3 P.M. I'm in a tent which holds the heat with a fervent grasp. And I work in a tent. Today I wore my uniform, but after this it's shorts and short-sleeved blouse in the daytime and G.I. fatigues at night, with long sleeves because of mosquitoes.

Until we arrived, there were no women at this camp and certain refinements had to be made. Men now wear towels about their midriffs as they hurry to the showers, which we're permitted to use for one hour in the afternoon. For hot water, we rely on the sun heating the tanks.

Went in a command car yesterday to one of our outlying camps about forty miles away. The Red Cross work there comes under my jurisdiction. Never in all my life have I experienced such a drive. Everything in the world was red . . . grass, trees, ground and me. From the topmost hair on my head to the lowest toe, every exposed portion of my body was brick red . . . and as I stood beneath the shower it seemed that diluted blood poured from me.

The ants here are amazing. The ground moves and breathes with them. At night, if you listen quietly, you can hear a constant crackle that sounds like wrinkling Cellophane. It's the termites. Poles have fallen and tents collapsed because they've gone through wood and ropes. Then we have a delightful species of cricket that chews voraciously on my khaki shorts and slacks. Also snakes and scorpions that crawl lovingly into bed with you. These may seem like little things, but how they play havoc with your life!

Nobody drinks plain water here, because it's completely unpalatable. It's tea or lolly water (a mixture of sweet extract and water) or beer . . . lots and lots of beer. Generally, we get no fresh fruit except bananas, fresh meat now and then, and powdered eggs once in a great while.

(Continued on Page 180)

Overheard in the bedroom...

You're a smart shopper, Sis. That negligee is two years old—and still charming!
It pays to buy the best. Like my wonderful Lady Pepperell Sheets! They're *four* years old—and lovelier after every washing!

Why Lady Pepperell Sheets are as strong as they are lovely

BEAUTIFUL PEPPERELL PERCALES! Such *lovely* sheets—loomed dreamy smooth from strong, long-staple cotton. Very fine threads, high thread count, close weave, and lustrous texture make Pepperell Percales *lasting* favorites.

PEPPERELL LUXURY MUSLINS. Up to four extra threads in each square inch of Pepperell Luxury Muslins mean extra strength—extra long wear. And they're woven for delightful softness that belies their very thrifty price.

PEPPERELLS LOOK SO LOVELY! For proof of their truly exquisite quality, see the lustrous texture—the sleek, shimmering beauty—of these Pepperell Sheets. Feel their petal-soft finish . . . that seems to grow finer after every washing.

PEPPERELLS LAST SO LONG. We use evenly spun threads tested for the tensile strength that makes for *strong* sheets, without heavy weight. Every Pepperell sheet is closely woven, every one is smoothly finished for enduring beauty.

BUY CAREFULLY! MAKE IT LAST! WEAR IT OUT!

Our free 23-page service book, "Sheets and Blankets—How To Buy And Conserve Them," tells you how to take care of your precious Pepperell sheets and blankets . . . how to make them wear until new ones are available in normal quantities. Send for your copy of the booklet—*now*. Address: Pepperell Manufacturing Company, 170 State Street, Boston 2, Massachusetts.

PEPPERELL FABRICS
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

PEPPERELL SHEETS

WITH THE WEAR WOVEN IN

Lady Pepperell ★ Duchess ★ Countess ★ Abbotsford

Babs discovers AN OVEN CAN STEAL MEAT POINTS!

OK, MOTHER—THAT'S A DEAL! Babs is all for mother's suggestion that the two families pool meat points and treat themselves to a roast of beef. Dinner will be at Babs' house and she's to buy the roast. Promises to follow mother's advice and get a Swift's brand of beef if she can.

HURRAY! HE HAS IT! Yes, a fine roast of *Swift's Premium* Beef. Dealer points out brand name right on the meat. Any Swift's brand—Premium, Select, or Arrow—means extra tenderness and fine flavor. Babs knows she's in luck as Swift brands not always available in wartime.

BABS WINS SILVER BUTTON that afternoon when she is a Blood Donor for the third time. To Babs, as to all thinking, feeling Americans, giving blood for our wounded men is a heartfelt personal responsibility. No contribution to the war effort is more genuine . . . or more needed.

MOTHER DROPS IN as Babs is starting roast, and she's just in time to prevent a serious mistake. Babs has oven temperature set at 450°! A hot oven like that means lots more loss from shrinkage . . . low temperature roasting is the way to make the most of meat. Mother sets oven at 325°.

"JUST THINK, DEAR, our 4 lb. roast would shrink about a pound and a half if you used a hot oven. But in a moderately slow oven, 325°, it will shrink only about three-fourths of a pound. Figure out what that means in ration points! We'll get juicier, better tasting beef this way, too."

WORTH POOLING POINTS FOR! Everybody agrees it's a grand idea for families to put their meat points together and enjoy a roast now and then. And if it can be a Swift's brand of beef, so much the better. Beef that carries a Swift brand gives extra quality for every ration point.

These brand names [illegible] Under wartime conditions Swift's brands may not always be available. They remain, however, your best guides to quality [illegible]

SWIFT'S BRANDS OF BEEF

Swift's Premium · Swift's Select · Swift's Arrow

Fifty Years Ago in the Journal

IN MAY, 1894, every woman wanted a dress with huge leg-of-mutton sleeves, and a white parasol. Kipling's Jungle Book was an instant success. Havelock Ellis' monumental Man and Woman went unnoticed and unreviewed. Everyone was talking about women's rights, the daring new Turkish trousers for bicycling, the new song sensation, The Sidewalks of New York, and Queen Victoria's seventy-fifth birthday party.

In the May, 1894, JOURNAL, Arthur Warren tells us in a piece called The Womanly Side of Queen Victoria that the Queen was four feet eleven inches tall, could speak Hindustani, and hadn't visited a theater or an opera house in thirty years.

"Chicago: It is proper to eat peas either with a fork or a spoon."

"A girl of sixteen ought not to be allowed to choose her own reading matter," writes Mrs. Burton Kingsland. "If she does, give her this principle to guide her: No book that she would be ashamed to read aloud to her mother should be read by her at all."

"Undecided: Try white silk curtains with bands of green plush, edged with gold fringe."

"Florence: It is very bad taste indeed to wear bracelets outside of your gloves on the street."

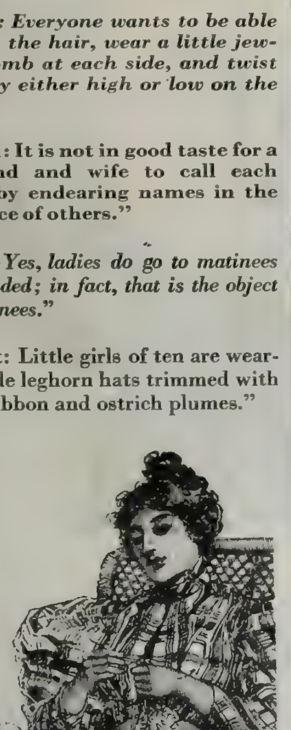
Furnishing a summer home: "The porch should contain at least two stout and serviceable hammocks. A large fishnet tacked on the walls forms a convenient abiding place for novels. Half a dozen cushions covered in turkey-red cotton or blue denim with ruffles can be dropped on the floor to add beauty and luxury to the comfortable porch."

"C. R.: Everyone wants to be able to part the hair, wear a little jeweled comb at each side, and twist it softly either high or low on the neck."

"Hazel: It is not in good taste for a husband and wife to call each other by endearing names in the presence of others."

"A. L.: Yes, ladies do go to matinees unattended; in fact, that is the object of matinees."

"Violet: Little girls of ten are wearing wide leghorn hats trimmed with satin ribbon and ostrich plumes."



Journal About Town

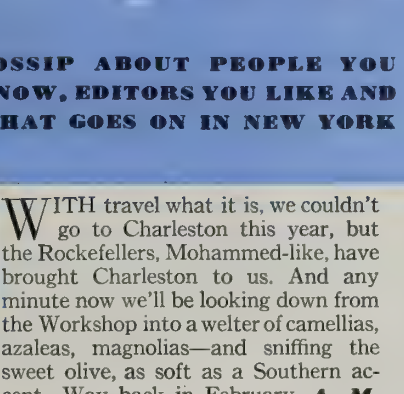
Testing out Spanish moss in March for Charleston pageant here in May.

WENDELL MACRAE

GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE YOU KNOW, EDITORS YOU LIKE AND WHAT GOES ON IN NEW YORK

WITH travel what it is, we couldn't go to Charleston this year, but the Rockefellers, Mohammed-like, have brought Charleston to us. And any minute now we'll be looking down from the Workshop into a welter of camellias, azaleas, magnolias—and sniffing the sweet olive, as soft as a Southern accent. Way back in February, ***A. M. van den Hoek,*** horticulturist of the Center here, sent word from a scouting expedition in South Carolina that he'd located a carload of live oaks and other plants for this Charleston pageant in the plaza, and also was putting various budding bushes in cold storage so they'd hold back from blooming until they were set in place up here, at just about the time this JOURNAL appears. The Spanish moss, which they tried out in March to get the effect, as you can see, will be no problem here in New York. You can get all you want. They send up a million bushels a year, for mattresses.

INTERNATIONAL



Clifton Fadiman.

If you want to send birthday greetings this month, ***Henry Kaiser's*** is May 9th, ***Irving Berlin's*** the 11th, ***Clifton Fadiman's*** the 15th, and ***Fred Allen's*** the 31st.

Fred Allen has been queried by _Mr. Fadiman_ and vice versa on Information Please, which celebrates its birthday, too, this month—six years old on the seventeenth. And querying _Mr. Fadiman,_ we find he's so far asked his experts a little over thirty-five hundred questions out of more than twelve million sent in, and that about eighty per cent of the answers have been correct. We asked him what single answer surprised him the most; and it was when he asked "Who shot Jesse James?" and guest _John Carradine_ shouted "I did!"

The latest thing here for soldiers is the Servicemen's Travel Canteen. Interstate trucking firms, and people going any distance on business by car, turn in their names, destinations and time of departure. The canteen checks these with the travel applications, then tells the men with routes to match where to meet up with a free ride home.

Getting a lift reminds us of ***Henrietta Murdock*** when she was down near Tampa, on her decorating story for this issue. Men from the big airfield, coming out to the USO pickup stand on the highway, would whistle a certain way to let passing motorists know they'd be glad of a lift. Having been signaled on two or three trips into Tampa, and having stopped each time for soldiers, Miss M. was mystified one morning to hear the whistles, with not a soldier in sight. "And you know what it was?" she asked us. "It was mockingbirds!"

*Remember **Mrs. Micklo,** of How America Lives, in March, who was going to have a baby? Well, you'd never know there was a baby-carriage shortage—she's been offered so many by readers. Not to mention baby clothes, layettes, money, and places to stay. It was a girl, by the way—February 2.*

It's nothing these days to see sailors and soldiers on the streets, back here in town from foreign parts, with tiny outlandish creatures in their arms or crouching on their shoulders. Lemurs from Madagascar; squirrel-like phalangers from New Guinea; little saki monkeys and coati raccoons from South America, and all sorts of tropical birds. So, knowing pets can get to be a problem, we weren't surprised when the Bronx Zoo opened a special menagerie to take in mascots that had become troublesome to servicemen and to their friends as well. The man at the zoo told us two soldiers from Southern maneuvers brought in a pair of opossums just in time. Within a week the boys would have had seventeen more on their hands.

The books for May provide really pleasurable reading. YANKEE FROM OLYMPUS: JUSTICE HOLMES AND HIS FAMILY, by ***Catherine Drinker Bowen,*** is more than the biography of a notable American, but Boston as well in its nineteenth-century vigor and rich intellectual humor. A good war novel, comparable to Escape, is FAIR STOOD THE WIND FOR FRANCE, by ***H. E. Bates***—romantic tale of an English pilot, his forced landing and the French girl who helps him. ***Somerset Maugham's*** new novel, THE RAZOR'S EDGE, is in his best tradition—the silhouette of a deeply serious youth against Riviera glitter. Note also, for serious reading: ***Lewis Mumford's*** THE CONDITION OF MAN, and ***George Fort Milton's*** THE USE OF PRESIDENTIAL POWERS, 1789–1943.

The most successful play ever to come to town with only three actors is _The Voice of the Turtle_—the only complete cast, as you can see, able to walk out the stage door in a single line abreast. In fact, except at the very beginning and very end, when _Audrey Christie_ is on the stage, it's a two-person play—just _Margaret Sullavan_ and _Elliott Nugent._ But try and get tickets! Couldn't get a seat ourself, but could go back, and up two flights, to see Miss Christie, if you're curious to know what she does during one of the longest waits on record. Well, quite a little entertaining; plays games, has refreshments, fixes food in her kitchenette. Beat us three games of gin rummy.

The cast of the Turtle.

"I have no fear of the future. Let us go forward into its mysteries."

—WINSTON CHURCHILL.

"Betcha my Socks it was *my* secret mad Peg prettier!"

1

PEG IS MOMMY'S BEST FRIEND. Mine, too, I guess—she always brings me nice squashy animal toys. So one day I gave *her* a present—I plopped my pretty white cake of Ivory Soap smack into her hand. Mommy chuckled: "Maybe baby's trying to tip you off that her pure, mild Ivory is best for *big* girls' complexions, too!"

2

SO-O-O, PEG MET ANOTHER FRIEND OF MINE. My doctor. And what do you know! . . . He said: "Change to regular, *gentle* cleansings with pure, mild Ivory." 'Cause he knows you can't beat Ivory for purity! No wonder more doctors—like mine—advise Ivory Soap than all other brands together! . . .

3

THEN PEG GOT ANOTHER FRIEN
He's *all hers!* Just can't keep his
off her radiant new "Ivory Look
Golly, how he *went* for her soon after sh
switched to pure, mild Ivory cleansings
She's going to be Mrs. Lieutenant *soon!*
Happy-making stuff, Ivory. For *all* us g
from the romper to the rhumba set!
$99^{44}/_{100}\%$ pure . . . It floats.

SAVE SOAPS! THEY USE VITAL WAR MATERIALS!

1. DON'T LEAVE SOAP IN WATER when you're through lathering. Put the bar in a soap-dish when not in use.
2. BE SURE SOAP-DISH IS DRY before you put your bar back. Keep a cloth handy to keep your soap-dish dry.
3. USE UP SOAP SCRAPS in wire shaker or tied in cloth. Or make soap jelly by dissolving scraps in boiling water.

Look lovelier with Ivo
...the soap more Doctor
advise than all
other brands together

Tomorrow is Forever*

As her eyes met his she felt another twinge of familiarity.

BY GWEN BRISTOW

ILLUSTRATED BY ANDREW LOOMIS

ELIZABETH HERLONG looked across the coffee cups at her husband. "Feel better, Spratt?"

"Yes, I do. You're good to drop everything and drive all the way here just to listen to me."

"You know it's no bother," said Elizabeth. "I rather enjoy being a wastebasket for you to toss your troubles into."

"Call it that if you like. Anyway, you're always there when I want you."

They smiled intimately at each other. They had been through this a hundred times in the past twenty years, since long before Spratt Herlong became a major producer of pictures at Vertex Studio. It was always the same, with minor variations—a picture that simply would not get itself made, actors who quarreled with the cameraman, writers who couldn't write, directors who antagonized everybody on the set, and Spratt desperately grabbing the telephone: "Elizabeth, if I don't get out of this place and see a reasonable human being, I'm going wild. Meet me for lunch, can't you?"

She always responded. Since gasoline rationing began she had taken care to keep a few coupons in reserve, riding her bicycle on errands to the village, so she could always drive out to meet Spratt at the studio gates when he called her. She could rarely offer any concrete advice, for he knew his business a good deal better than she did, but she had a sympathetic ear and a sense of humor, and she knew how to keep silent about what he told her. She had, in fact, exactly what he needed.

Spratt remarked, "Now that I've got it off my chest to you, I'm beginning to see daylight. This new German writer ought to be a help. He's starting out like a pretty smart fellow."

"Can he write English dialogue?"

"Oh, yes. He's been in this country two or three years: in the New York office awhile and then on pictures here. I gave him this script to read and he's

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ARE YOU SURE YOU'D KNOW YOUR OWN HUSBAND IF YOU MET HIM AFTER TWENTY YEARS OF HAPPY MARRIAGE TO ANOTHER MAN? ELIZABETH WAS NOT SURE.

coming in this afternoon to tell me what he can do with it. Tough story. Also some scenes about motherhood that can be good if they're right and awful if they're wrong."

Elizabeth's eyes twinkled. "Don't expect any suggestions from me, darling. If you want somebody to get romantic about motherhood, ask a man who's never changed a diaper."

"I don't want him to get romantic," Spratt retorted. "And as for you ——"

"—— as for me, I'm no help whatever." Her attention caught by a sudden clatter of china, Elizabeth began to chuckle. "Spratt, on the way here I noticed a shop with the sign 'Henry K. Dishington.'"

"What's that got to do with anything?"

"Nothing, except that I amused myself all the rest of the way by thinking what fun it would be to find a partnership, especially a restaurant, called Washington and Dishington."

Spratt laughed. "You've never learned anything about pictures, but you do take my mind off them." Spratt put a bill on the table to pay the check, and he and Elizabeth went out to their car.

Elizabeth got in under the wheel. She remarked, "I'll keep my fingers crossed for your refugee to have an inspiration."

"I rather think he will. He's a good fellow. You should meet him sometime."

"Bring him to dinner."

"I will, one of these days. I imagine poor Kessler could use a little amusement. He's a cripple—can hardly walk, and only one hand."

"Did the Nazis do that to him?"

"I don't know. He doesn't say so, but he turns a sort of furious greenish white whenever anybody mentions them. Anyway, he does have ideas. I hope he has one today."

They were passing the high wall that surrounded the studio lot. Elizabeth drove in, turned to the left and went along a street of bungalows, each occupied by a suite of offices, until she came to the one with "R. Spratt Herlong" painted on the door. Spratt got out, and standing on the gravel drive he turned back to look at Elizabeth, trim and alert behind the wheel in her dark green dress and mink jacket. He looked at her well-brushed hair, her face, lean and clean-cut with its healthy skin, her still excellent figure, her hands in brown leather gloves resting competently on the wheel.

Spratt smiled. "Not bad," he observed, "for a little girl from Tulsa, Oklahoma."

Elizabeth laughed. "Are you coming home for dinner?"

"I certainly am. Why the query?"

"It may be pretty noisy. Dick and Cherry are having a couple of youngsters in."

"What on earth are you feeding them?"

"I was very lucky. I got some short ribs of beef. With shrimps to start."

"Better than anything I could get at the commissary. I'll be there. If Kessler turns up with an idea worth talking about, I may be a bit late."

"All right. But I'll have to feed the children. We'll start at seven-thirty whether you're there or not. How's that?"

"Okay. I'll have to go now."

He waved her good-by. Elizabeth watched him until he went into his bungalow, then, turning the car around, she went back through the gate and started toward the canyon pass that would lead her home to Beverly Hills.

Elizabeth had a high opinion of marriage, because it was an institution in which she had found a great deal of happiness. She had been married twice, the first marriage joyous but brief, for it had been ended in 1918 by a shell at Château-Thierry. Strange to remember now that she had thought her life was over, for she was only twenty when it happened, and nobody could have told her she was going to meet Spratt. She had had no children by her first husband and there was nothing concrete in her present life to remind her of him.

BUT it was her memory of Château-Thierry that made her more frightened than Spratt when they spoke of their son's approaching military age. Spratt loved Dick as much as she did, but he had not had a personal experience of the price of war. Though Spratt was an eminently practical man, his mind simply did not accept the possibility that Dick could be killed. Her mind did accept it, because she had been through it once and knew it could happen. But she tried sincerely not to think about it, and for the most part she succeeded. Dick would inevitably be eighteen; what took place after that was up to him and his country. *I won't have to face it for nearly a year,* Elizabeth said to herself for the thousandth time. *Anything can happen before then.*

The road flattened, and ahead of her lay the flowering plain of Beverly Hills. Elizabeth drove home. How pretty her house looked, glittering in the sun. It was not elaborate, but it was big and comfortable, and, though everything about it was well-kept, it had a pleasant air of being in use. The gardener, who was busy among the chrysanthemums, had turned on the sprinklers to get the grass watered while he was working. In the driveway she paused to give some directions to the gardener.

Her youngest, Brian, aged eleven, appeared with his bicycle. She called to him, "Where are you going, Brian?"

"Scout meeting." He looked up and down the street. "Peter's supposed to come by and go with me. I said I'd wait. Oh, there he is. Hi, Peter!" He swung to his bicycle and was off.

How busy they are, Elizabeth thought as she looked after the two little boys whisking down the street. *Everything they do is so important. I wish life was always like that. Oh, fiddlesticks and fury, I don't either. Getting wistful about childhood is a temptation, but how dreadful if childhood lasted sixty years.*

Laughing at herself, she started the car again and drove toward the garage. The children did not notice her at once, so Elizabeth pressed the brake and paused a moment to watch them. Her two older children, Dick and Cherry were by the pool with two friends. One was a leggy, freckled girl named Julia Rayford, whom Dick for some obscure reason considered beautiful. Elizabeth could not see that the child had any beauty except what went with health and high spirits, but she was glad Dick admired her, for Julia was a nice girl and, as she was Cherry's best friend, they all got along amiably together. Cherry, now, was a really adorable creature, all curves and a cascade of dark hair, and her two-piece bathing suit, clinging wetly to her luscious person, did more to emphasize her hips and her round young breasts than to conceal them.

Elizabeth suddenly thought, *Good heavens, how fast I'd have been arrested if I'd gone swimming as nearly naked as that when I was her age! But she's really lovely.*

Since Cherry was his sister, Dick rarely paid much attention to how she looked, but it was quite evident that the fourth member of their party was aware of her charms; he was a classmate of Dick's, who, since his name was Herbert Clarendon Whittier, was known to his intimates as Pudge. At the moment Pudge was shaking the lemon tree while Cherry scrambled around gathering the lemons as they fell. Dick stood poised on the diving board, evidently about to perform some feat for the admiration of his girl friend.

PUDGE saw Elizabeth first. He called, "How do you do, Mrs. Herlong?" and the others turned to wave. Elizabeth waved back as she drove the car into the garage. When she had put it up she walked across the grass toward the pool.

"Hello, all of you. Cherry, what on earth are you going to do with all those lemons?"

"Make lemonade," said Cherry, and Pudge added, "You don't mind, do you?"

"Of course not."

Elizabeth started for the house. Crossing a balcony that ran along the back, she entered the den which the children were allowed to use as their own.

When she had conferred with the cook about dinner, Elizabeth went upstairs. She took a long, lazy bath, brushed her hair and got dressed for dinner in a white satin hostess gown Spratt had given her on her birthday, a fragile, impractical garment of the sort one would hardly ever buy for oneself but which one loved to receive. As she stood before her glass Elizabeth considered her reflection and decided that she looked extremely well. She took care of her skin and hair, for one thing, and, what was more important, she had kept her figure under control, so that her waist and hips were as firm as ever. Her husband's favorite gifts to her were beautiful clothes—a candid tribute, for a picture producer had to know a good deal about women's apparel, and Spratt would not have brought her clinging gowns if he had not been sure she could wear them. Absorbed, she was annoyed when she heard the buzz of her telephone.

Spratt's voice greeted her. "Elizabeth, are we having anybody to dinner tomorrow night?"

"No; do you want to bring in somebody?"

"Kessler. I've just been talking to him. He's got an idea for clearing up this story. So don't have anybody else around. I want to go into it with him after dinner."

"All right, tell him tomorrow at seven-thirty. Has he got Hollywood ulcers, or can he eat anything?"

"He can eat anything, so far as I know, but remember what I told you—only one hand. Have something that won't be too awkward."

"Oh, yes, I'm glad you reminded me. Soup to start with, and what about chicken patties? Then he won't have to use a knife and fork at once."

"Sounds fine to me."

"And one thing more: has he got a wife or anything that I should call up and invite with him?"

"No wife; come to think of it, though, I did hear him mention a daughter, but I don't know how old she is. I'll find out if she's grown and let you know. You'd better tell Dick to stay around and take her out of the way after dinner so Kessler and I can talk. I've got to go now, three people waiting for me. Thanks," said Spratt, and hung up.

Elizabeth screwed up her face as she reached for her desk calendar to make a note of tomorrow's dinner. She did not mind it, for she was used to entertaining Spratt's colleagues, but she felt sorry for Dick. She hoped Miss Kessler would at least be pretty. Flipping the leaves of the calendar, she tried to remember what the date was. Sunday, Monday,

(Continued on Page 68)

She felt him draw a long breath, and the pain in her throat turned into a sob against Spratt's shoulder.

ANDRE
LOOMI

"I owe my career to losing

BY MAJOR ALEXANDER P. DE SEVERSKY

Who lost a leg in combat during the last war, today finds life rich, exciting and dramatic—not in spite of his disability, but because of it.

THIS is a hard story to tell. In the first place, it is so completely and intimately personal, concerned with my own flesh, bone, muscle—and mind. Secondly, there is the danger of making it sound like Pollyanna stuff, like optimistic eyewash, when in fact I am eager to convey a hardheaded and unsentimental set of facts.

The point of the story is that I owe my career in large measure to the loss of my right leg in the first World War. Most of what I have accomplished in the intervening years—as combat pilot, test pilot, airplane designer and manufacturer, inventor, writer and student of aerial warfare—I can trace back to that physical handicap. What seemed a final and irreparable disaster to the twenty-one-year-old Russian aviator and his heartsore parents, looms as an almost unmitigated blessing in retrospect, twenty-nine years after. What seemed a black end was in reality a bright new beginning.

But how am I to make this simple truth credible, when its mere statement sounds mock-heroic?

What I want to make clear at the outset is that this is not a tale of intestinal fortitude and spiritual stamina; that I am not merely making the best of a bad bargain. I mean, quite literally, that my bodily disability awakened powers and aptitudes within me which were dormant. It focused mental energies which otherwise would probably have been dissipated. It enforced invaluable habits of caution and studious interests that would have escaped me had my limbs been intact. And to be altogether candid, the disability won me that extra attention, admiration and unearned credit reserved for the physically handicapped which, over the decades, have added up to a formidable advantage in life.

At twenty-one, stationed at the Imperial Naval Air Station on Oesel Island in the Baltic Sea, I was a lean, tough-muscled youngster with a daredevil streak and a passionate love of aviation.

Ever since boyhood, physical prowess had been my chief pride. It was, so to speak, my medium of expression. I was wholeheartedly devoted to sports, especially those that blended motion and rhythm, such as fencing, figure skating, skiing, fancy diving, dancing and, later, flying. My joy in bodily co-ordination and agility had in it, I fear, an element of exhibitionism.

In the military academy as a boy, then in the naval academy in my teens and finally in the aviation school, I could usually outrun, outfight and outdance my comrades. I was captain of my soccer and hockey teams, class champion in swimming, diving and gymnastics, the life of the party in the colorful student world of old St. Petersburg. Almost as if it were my natural due, I raked in trophies for a variety of sports, motorcycle races and, later, airplane stunting.

What seemed foolhardy courage to my friends and schoolmates was really an excess of self-confidence. I suppose I regarded myself as indestructible. Where others brought a wholesome caution and sensible planning to bear, I was inclined to plunge and take big chances, counting on my strength and skill to see me through. A good many bad spills that landed me in hospitals did not restrain my ardor. That sublime faith in my body was at the bottom of endless escapades, the sum total of which finally got me expelled from the naval academy just before graduation and despite high scholastic rating. The war came to my rescue; I was graduated and commissioned a lieutenant in the navy.

After a brief service with the fleet, I transferred to an aviation school. Almost as soon as I was old enough to think at all, my mind had been captivated by flying. My younger brother George and I ate and slept and dreamed airplanes. We built models powered with rubber bands and, echoing a great event in far-off America, imagined ourselves another pair of Wright brothers. My own natural inventive streak showed up in improved designs, rudimentary counter-propellers, a primitive automatic pendulum to give my models stability in flight, and other crude devices. Little did I dream that one day I would translate these into real inventions to be used throughout the world. Fortunately my father

Don't suppose a crippled man hates to talk about s condition." Major Seversky and Army pilot t. Randall Koop (right) compare artificial legs.

"My father (extreme right) thought I'd never fly gain." But in 1939 Seversky (below) won the Harmon Trophy as the world's outstanding airman.

"Relearning how to ice-skate was no cinch." Below, Seversky cuts a graceful figure with his wife. He was named among New York's 10 best-dressed.

"Swimming is the easiest of all sports for a legl person. Diving, too, came easily." Before his inju Russian-born Seversky was a brilliant athl

a leg"

did not discourage the aeronautical bent in his sons. Though the scion of a long line of military men, he possessed great artistic gifts and became one of the leading theater owners and play producers. He managed to combine the writing of poetry and staging of musical shows with amateur flying, and was pleased by our hobby.

But always physical proficiency seemed to blot out for me the need for too much thinking. Flying itself came too easily for my own good. I was able to solo after three minutes and fifty seconds of instruction, and did not hesitate to risk the Czar's planes and my own neck in stunt and record flights a week or two later.

The Great War meant a lot of things to a lot of people. Like all our youth, I kindled to the patriotic desire to fight for my country. But the war seemed to me, in addition, another sporting event, on a magnificent scale; another chance to show off my agility. In short order I was a flier in the Imperial Naval Aviation in the Baltic Sea.

On July 15, 1915, I had been at the Kilkonda Naval Air Station on Oesel Island only a few days. We were in the Officers Club late that night, playing cards, listening to phonograph disks and annoying the piano, when our commanding officer entered. He told us that German warships had put in for the night near by and that he wanted a volunteer to follow him on a bombing expedition, despite the unfavorable flying weather.

I jumped to my feet faster than the others. In a few minutes our seaplanes were warming up on the ramp. It was the season of white nights. A haze of sunlight still blurred the western horizon as we took off, though it was almost midnight.

Because of atmospheric conditions we soon gave up formation flying. "Every man for himself," the commanding officer signaled. I headed southward over the western shore of the island. The weather was steadily getting worse. The other plane turned back. Later the officer told me he had tried desperately to order me to do likewise, but I had not seen his signals. I suspect I would have pretended not to understand if I had seen them. I ran into enemy warships which opened fire.

No sooner had I released some of my bombs, than I became aware that something was wrong with my plane. It must have been hit. I succeeded in straightening it out and turned back toward my base. But I was losing altitude rapidly. I was within view of the base when I was forced to land on the water. With my controls out of order, I narrowly averted a crash and was gliding on the water, happy and relieved—when suddenly the bombs still in the rack exploded!

I recall distinctly the sensation of being hurled into the air and then sliding deep, deep under the water. Then I was on the surface, gasping for breath. I struck out toward the debris of

"I take more pains than ordinary men in keeping myself in trim." Stationary bicycle strengthens the lower back muscles. The major also likes to rumba.

"I wooed and won the loveliest girl in New Orleans, the former Evelyn Olliphant. We met on a blind date and I fell in love with her virtually at first sight." For story of one-legged hero of this war, turn page.

The U. S. Army Air Forces has launched a revolutionary training program for disabled airmen. Here's how it's working miracles.

the plane and nearly fainted with weakness. I had no time to think of my injuries. I knew only that I must somehow reach a piece of wreckage high enough above the water to keep me from drowning. I cannot imagine where I mustered the strength to swim to a protruding piece of wing and to pull myself onto it. Only then, in a daze of excruciating pain, did I begin to explore my own body.

Where my right leg should have been, I found warm and mushy nothingness.

I had always heard that before men die the panorama of their lives unwinds in their minds. Now, as life oozed from my shattered body, I knew this to be true. Amazingly, I did not lose consciousness. What I saw through the pain was a strangely sharp and clear newsreel of my athletic glories. I saw myself racing, fencing, diving, motorcycling, kicking footballs, stunting in the air, spinning in dances with lovely St. Petersburg girls. And above it all, pounding through every aching nerve, was the incredible, the impossible thought that I was crippled forever and ever; that I could never fly again; that even if I were saved, life was ended now that my physique was broken.

On the destroyer that was racing to the base hospital I asked about my mechanic. I was assured that he was all right; weeks later I learned that he had been blown to bits.

The base hospital was expecting me in a kind of holiday mood. The building was brightly lit for the occasion, instruments were boiling, doctors and nurses were keyed up and in fine spirit. They had nothing against me, but I happened to be the first naval casualty in that area. The hospital—new, shiny, equipped with the latest gadgets—needed only a patient to complete the picture. No wonder everyone was delighted. I felt right away that I was doing them a favor in presenting such a complicated piece of human wreckage to their professional ministrations.

Since I was not in condition for anesthetics in my semiconscious state, a shot of morphine and a glass of brandy had to suffice. I sat on the operating table and watched the surgeon doing the first of the series of amputations that highlighted the next few months. After I had been patched and bandaged, another destroyer rushed me to the base hospital at Revel, in Estonia. There my father was waiting for me. He was a lieutenant in the Army Air Force and had flown from the battle front. In accordance with Russian law, his consent, as the nearest relative, was required to perform the more serious operations in store for me.

I SHALL not burden the story with hospital accounts. The doctors urged immediate amputation of my leg at the hip. They warned me and my father solemnly that anything less was to invite gangrene and death. But I fought for every inch of bone and flesh, regardless of risks. I was determined to fly again, and knew that every additional inch of stump meant greater leverage in managing the controls of a plane. At Revel, and at the Kronstadt hospital to which we were all transferred when this one was in danger of bombing by Zeppelins, and finally, at the luxurious private hospital of the Minister of the Navy, I underwent a series of surgical whittlings.

Looking back on the months of convalescence in these hospitals, I realized that despite interludes of agony they were among the most interesting—yes, even the gayest—in my life. Hospitals are not the gloomy places those unfamiliar with them imagine. There are comradeships, diversions, flirtations, a keener awareness of the sheer joy of being alive. The sense of strength seeping back, the lift of crises passed, the surge of sympathy and human understanding all around one are thrills which only men pulled back from the brink of extinction can ever know.

Despite the loss of new friends who succumbed in the battle with death, despite bouts with pain, the joys by far outweighed the miseries. We improvised games. We laid bets on who would be the first to moan or cry out. When finally I could move about on crutches, I got an immense kick out of my growing skill in their use. I learned to vault chairs and tables with their aid. I became expert in hopping about on one leg and in walking on my hands. My inventive turn gave me delightful hours devising new and wonderful artificial limbs and accessories.

Increasingly, despair receded. What remained was a great challenge to everything that was strongest in my character. Somehow the loss of a leg made the life ahead of me more exciting than ever. It added dimensions of satisfaction to the things I was determined to attempt and to do. No matter how often and how earnestly physicians and colleagues assured me to the contrary, I knew in my heart of hearts that I would fly again, that I would dance and play games again and achieve greatly. I knew, also, that things which were ordinary, routine and commonplace for other people would now be haloed with excitement and thrill for me by reason of my handicap.

Continued on Page 164

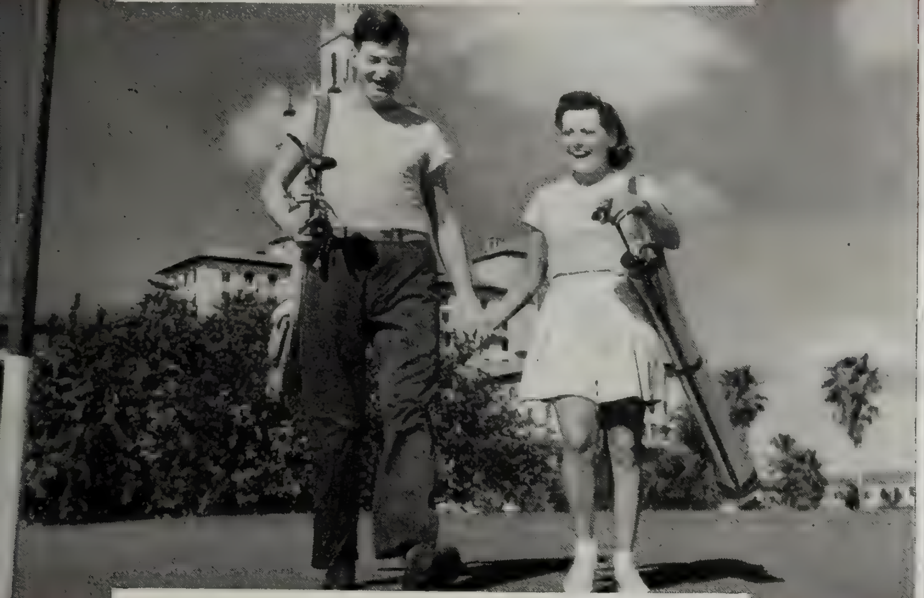
"I thought it was the end of the glory road for me." recalls Lt. Randall ("Butch") Koop, twenty-three, who lost a leg piloting a Flying Fortress in battle. Here he recuperates at the AAF Miami-Biltmore Hospital at Coral Gables, Florida. Model planes of all nations hang from the ceiling. "We learn to identify 'em all. A lot better than staring endlessly at four blank walls."

Butch sends a croquet ball straight for Sgt. Harry Ludwig, of Leona, N. J. (with fractured back). "Croquet isn't a sissy's game down here. For a lot of guys, it's the only game that provides some excitement and no physical strain whatever." The AAF's program combines mental work with outdoor exercise, prepares each man individually for his problems that lie ahead.

"And then fifty Messerschmitts landed on our tail. . . ." Butch tells a class about his battle experiences, answers questions on tactics and plane performance put to him by gunners and mechanics in the group. Main purpose of these talks is to help the speaker regain his poise and self-confidence. Butch, luckily, has plenty of both. Back home, he headed Christian Endeavor.

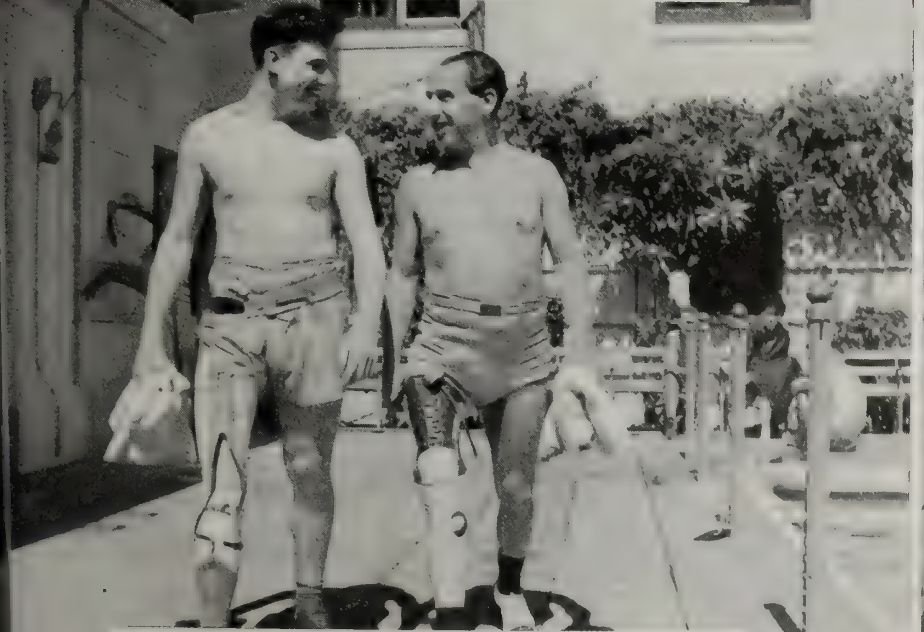
"The best way to get men well quickly is to keep them alert and active," believes Lt. Col. Howard Rusk, who originated the Army Air Forces' convalescent program. These wounded men are learning Spanish from records geared to textbooks. Or they can learn 150 basic words in 49 other languages. Patients' days are crammed with lectures, courses, outdoor recreation.

"I'm glad to be alive—plenty glad. A guy's got a lot to live for." Such as fishing off an Army cruiser in sun-dappled Biscayne Bay. That's Miami in the background. After his leg was shot off, Butch continued to yell firing directions to the gunners of his Flying Fortress "Genevieve." For this, he won the DFC; Pilot Butch also wears the Air Medal with four clusters.

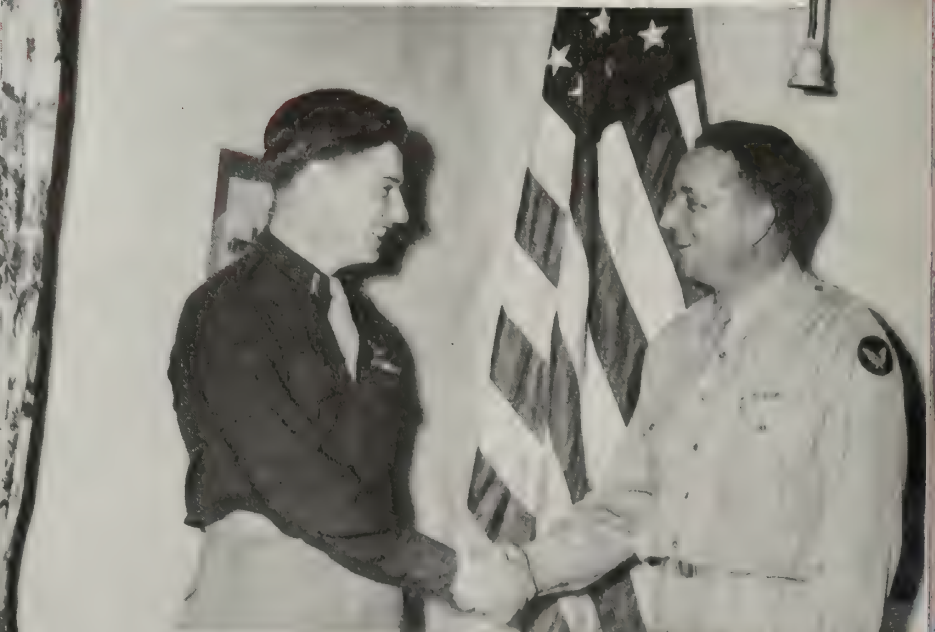


"The nurses are nuts about me," claims Butch modestly, off for a golf session with pretty nurse Lt. Frances Oskim, of Amherst, Ohio. Handsome, six-footer Butch has lost none of his way with the girls—or golf either. He can still excel in sports taking balance, control and co-ordination. "I hardly limp—matter of fact, half the time I don't even know I have a wooden leg."

Brushing up on higher mathematics with S/Sgt. Raymond Olson, of Sherburn, Minn. Formerly, when men were hospitalized, they lost many of their special skills, often became mental cases through anxiety or ennui. "Whereas now," says Butch, "thanks to the AAF program, we can advance. I know a radio sender here who doubled his speed, just practicing in bed."



"The hardest thing to get used to is the way people stare or else pointedly ignore your injury." After this picture was taken, Butch removed his wooden leg to go swimming. "That was the first time I ever took it off in public. Major Seversky was great—his ease and friendliness kept me feeling okay. He told me he took his wife swimming a lot, before he married her."



After seven weeks, Butch is released by Lt. Col. Daniel Ogle, head of the AAF Miami-Biltmore Hospital. Butch was thrilled to hear he could stay in the Air Forces as an operations officer. His combat experience (19 missions over Europe) will be invaluable in training new fliers. "I was scared stiff I'd be mustered out, and have to go back home to Louisville, Neb., as a hero."

"Why don't people stay home?" Bill growled, warlike if confu

The
TIMID MISS SMITH

SUNDAY morning, for Candy, meant breakfast in bed and the thick luxury of the Sunday papers. Bill, on the other hand, regarded breakfast in bed as a fate worse than death and preferred the editorial section, in austere solitude, after lunch. Candy woke at eight o'clock, starving; Bill was unconscious until ten.

After three years of married life they had arrived at a compromise, startling in its simplicity: Candy had the papers and her breakfast tray while Bill slept on beside her, impervious alike to the chink of china and the crackle of department-store advertising.

It was January, and the day shone like a diamond. Ellen, whose niece had recently gratified her entire family by marrying a policeman, had given David his six-o'clock bottle and made popovers. Life was flawless.

The telephone rang. Before Candy could reach it, the lock of black hair which marked Bill's body reared up.

"Who's that?" he demanded thickly, with his eyes shut tightly.

"Go to sleep, dear," Candy said soothingly. "The Redcoats are coming."

The telephone screamed again.

"Why don't people stay home?" Bill growled, warlike if confused.

"They probably are at home, dear." She seized the instrument.

"Well, what do they want, anyway?" He glared at her through reluctant slits.

Candy sent him a wifely glance, full of menace and calculated to subdue.

The voice on the telephone was Amy Bunnell's, although she never told you. She didn't have to. "Candy? Listen, my dear, Charles and I are going skating this afternoon over at Lorings' Pond, and we have to take the laundry so it isn't a bit unpatriotic to go in the car but we do feel as though we ought to fill it, I mean with people, and we thought maybe you and Bill would go along. The skating is absolutely *divine*. We were there all yesterday afternoon and, my dear, I *never* saw anything like it in my life ——"

Bill's black lock reared again. "Who is that? Donald Duck?"

"It's Amy Bunnell. . . . I think we'd love to, Amy. It's a wonderful idea."

"She never had a wonderful idea in her life. What are you saying 'yes' to?" Bill demanded, alarmed.

"About half past two, then?" warbled Amy.

"Skating," said Candy out of the side of her mouth, like a well-bred gangster. "Yes, Amy. All right."

"I haven't had my skates sharpened," Bill objected. "And I don't know where anything is."

"And, my *dear*," Amy chattered, "I suppose you've heard ——"

("I do and they are," said Candy. . . . "When did you have them sharpened?" Bill demanded skeptically. . . . "Just before Christmas.")

"She what?"

("Where's that heavy dark blue sweater of mine?")

"Just a second, Amy." ("If you don't lie down and keep still, I'll stun you with the coffeepot.") "I couldn't hear what you said."

"I *said*, you should have *seen* the way Miss Smith led that Amory man around by the nose. On the pond yesterday. Honestly, I blushed for him, really I did. How any man—I mean, I have nothing *against* Peter Amory, and of course Mr. Loring seems to think he's the most wonderful plant manager he's ever had, but he certainly has no judgment where women are concerned. Peter Amory, I mean!"

"I DON'T see what's the matter with Marya Smith," Candy objected.

("Who's Marya Smith?" demanded Bill fretfully.)

"Oh, there's nothing the *matter* with her exactly," Amy said, "but I *mean* a governess and a Polish refugee and everything, and those great sad timid eyes and Peter Amory

Go to sleep, dear," Candy said soothingly. "The Redcoats are coming."

is so *gone* over her. Of course nobody knows a thing about Peter Amory's family, but I know Mrs. Loring must be terribly upset."

"Why?" Candy demanded. "After all, she and Mr. Loring brought Marya into their house. And she's wonderful with the children."

("Whose children?" Bill asked crossly. "What is all this about?" . . . "You go to sleep!" Candy said so fiercely that Bill actually shut his eyes.)

Amy said, "Well, I should think the *Lorings* would wonder a little, that's all. I mean, their precious plant manager and a little middle-European nobody, with no family, not even a pair of shoes to her name. . . ."

It took a little while to let Amy run down, but when Candy finally hung up the receiver and tried to return to the newspaper, every long-legged, short-haired fashion sketch reminded her perversely of short-legged, long-haired Miss Smith, whose clothes were bought for inconspicuous service rather than for chic. She had been christened "Miss Smith" by Jill and Andrew, her two little English charges; her real name was Polish and unpronounceable. Candy had spoken to her several times, and had found her charming in the rather formal manner of a girl brought up on the Continent. And yet, in spite of her poise, Miss Smith seemed fragile and curiously defenseless; perhaps too much had happened to her in too short a time.

"What's the matter with you, my love?" Bill inquired, stretching tremendously. "Your face looks like a tightly rolled umbrella."

"Gossip!" Candy bit off the word. "Every time I get to liking Amy Bunnell she says something so stupid or cruel that I want to introduce ground glass into her diet. Why do women gossip anyway, Bill? Men don't—at least not most men, and not the way women do."

Bill got out of bed. "It has something to do with the glands," he said profoundly.

Candy brooded for a time and at last shook her head. "I don't think so. I think it's because women lead such dull lives that they just have to liven them up. Gossip is a sort of drama."

"Oh," said Bill, and he looked startled. "Is your life dull?"

"Yes," Candy said firmly, "it is. I don't mean I don't like it—but there's no *adventure* in it. . . . Of course, there was the day when all the tomatoes blew up."

"IF THAT'S your idea of adventure," said Bill through his pajama top, "give me the last days of Pompeii. It took me a whole week end to get all that vitamin C off the ceiling."

"Amy Bunnell"—Candy pursued her train of thought doggedly—"hasn't got a thing to keep her busy except other people's business. That's why she's got her knife into Marya Smith."

"Why is this Marya Smith so important?" Bill asked idly, admiring his chest expansion.

"Well, my goodness, she's a refugee!" Candy returned heatedly. "Why, she's the guest of this country!"

"After a certain time," Bill stated, "guests either pay or become one of the family. You can't be a guest forever."

Candy looked at him with fiery contempt. "Do you know what you look like when you stand scratching yourself like that?"

"Virile," said Bill.

"No. Gargantua."

"That's what I mean."

Some time afterward Candy added abruptly, "Well, it's a sign of low intelligence, that's what it is."

"Scratching myself?" Bill inquired, hurt.

"Gossip."

"Oh, that," said Bill.

"Yes, that," said Candy.

(Continued on Page 124)

★ ★ *When a girl with St. Bernard eyes makes a play for the ice bound Mr. Amory, Candy calls for help. And who comes running? Bill, of course.*

BY ELIZABETH DUNN

ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER

No man is

BY DOROTHY ALDIS

SALLY STRONG'S brown eyes showed concern as she looked up from the bed bath she was giving Mr. Seminole in Ward 3. It had been thoroughly dinned into them in class that a nurses' aide was never to be called to the telephone for anything short of an emergency and Sally had really tried to take precautions not to have this happen. Estelle, the second maid, was nicely trained to take messages, as was Sally's younger sister, but it had been hard to make a dent on her mother. Mrs. Strong just couldn't seem to get it through her head that it was necessary to have rules and regulations: "Why, certainly, darling, I can see why the nurses shouldn't be called when they are on duty, but after all, you're just a volunteer."

So probably it's mother wanting to know whether I wouldn't like to have some people in to dinner Saturday night, Sally raged to herself as she stood there debating what to say to grimly poised Miss Ward.

"I'm so sorry," she finally managed, flushed to the roots of her hair. "Of course I can't leave Mr. Seminole now, but when I've finished his bath I'll call home, if I may." Automatically she had covered Mr. Seminole's skinny white-wisped old chest with his bath blanket, and now she stood with one hand resting on the enamel basin in which she had put his washrag afloat.

Suddenly Miss Ward smiled at Sally's worried face. "I don't think the call is from your home," she said. "I'll write the number down for you. It will be on the desk in the hall."

"Oh, how nice of you, Miss Ward. Thanks an awful lot."

Mr. Seminole smiled. His smile would be more beautiful later, when Sally had scrubbed his false teeth for him and he'd put them back in, but it was friendly and interested now. "Probably some young fella," he said.

Sally folded back the bath blanket, carefully soaped Mr. Seminole's stomach, rinsed and dried it, went to empty the basin. When she returned from the utility room, Mr. Seminole spoke again:

"Too bad you couldn't 'a' gone to talk to him."

Anticipating the appreciation with which her feeble joke would be received, Sally said oh, well, it was probably just a brush man, and now how would Mr. Seminole like to turn over so she could get to work on his back?

While she washed and then rubbed that nubbly stretch, Mr. Seminole got to talking. He said he didn't know what they was going to do to home if he didn't get outta here pretty quick. He said he just lay there wonderin' who was doing the shoppin' and all, and how the little tyke was gettin' along without him. "Oo-ooh, *cold!*" he said as Sally applied a palmful of alcohol, and she remembered with dismay that she'd forgotten to set the bottle in the basin of hot water in order to take the chill off it, as they'd been taught to do, but Mr. Seminole didn't even hear her apology, so intent was he on his own problems; and while Sally proceeded with her duties, he talked on about the little tyke. She was his daughter's youngest child, younger by fifteen years than any of the others. His daughter, recently widowed, had a Government job now. She worked all day, so that left the baby in charge of Mr. Seminole.

"WHILE I been laid up this way there's been some kinda dicker made with a neighbor woman, but that can't go on much longer. Has the doctor come this mornin' yit? I gotta ask him — Oh, now you want me to move *way* over, don't you, so you kin make the bed?"

That's right, she saw he was onto the system, Sally said, and she loosened the bottom sheet, draw sheet, rubber sheet, rolled the rubber and draw sheets next to Mr. Seminole's back, being careful the rubber didn't touch his bare skin, then began brushing out the typical accumulation in an old man's bed: food crumbs, tobacco crumbs, bits of pipe cleaner, a burned head of a match or two, a bit of orange peel. The tobacco and orange smell mingled with the nice clean alcohol smell still in the air. Soon Mr. Seminole would be neat and tidy, with a clean sheet folded under his unshaven chin, a clean pillow framing his wrinkled old face, which looked rested and refreshed already.

Sally braced herself to resist that charm. She liked things under control, even her heart.

Perfect

Well, now, he certainly thanked her, Mr. Seminole said when his teeth were back in and Sally'd given the final pat and smooth; he felt a hull lot better and she'd better go call up that number right away. But Sally lingered. She did hope, she said, that the doctor would say he was well enough to go home very soon.

"I just gotta get there, that's all," said Mr. Seminole, all the banter gone from his voice, and Sally left him staring moodily up at the ceiling.

On her way out of the ward she stopped by at Mr. Naginski's bed and said perhaps he'd like to take off his gown—could he untie the tapes himself? Oh, fine, then she'd be right back to start his bath, she said, and drew the white curtains around his bed to give him privacy.

As usual, one of the nurses was seated at the hall desk, concentratedly bending over her charts. On the spindle beside her Sally found what she was looking for: a torn-off piece of paper with "Miss Strong" written on it, and under this a telephone number. It was an exchange she didn't recognize, and, swayed between annoyance and curiosity, she took up the receiver. Got the outside line. Called the number. The ensuing ringing was broken off by Bruce Baldwin's voice. Without preamble he said he was up from Pensacola doing a job in town, but had a day's leave tomorrow and where could they meet?

"Scrapping all plans like a good girl, why don't you expect me at your house at six-thirty? And thanks for not biting my head off because I called you at the hospital."

"But, Bruce ——"

"Please—scrapping all plans."

Sally did a conscientious job on Mr. Naginski, who had none of Mr. Seminole's charm, and was pleased with her self-control until, in the middle of bathing Patient No. 3—one Mr. Grill, a veritable forest of a man—she suddenly realized that while making Mr. Naginski's bed she had left his bath blanket inside it. *Like a damp corpse,* she thought as, having hastily polished off Mr. Grill, she removed it, feeling guilty as a murderer.

Getting ready to go out with Bruce that evening, Sally braced herself as she never had before. Deliberately summoned him up before her mind's eye so she could be prepared to resist his charm: that thin longness that always had to be curving and ducking to save his head from whanging the tops of doorways; that grin that looked down so quizzically and shyly; that way he had of settling himself like a huge dog in chairs and sofas, on floors.

Sally remembered meeting him once when he was driving and she was on foot. Anyone else would have stopped the car and got out and stood talking—if he wanted to prolong the meeting—or stopped the car and asked her to get in. But Bruce pulled over to the curb, emerged in sections and curled himself up on the hood. Perfectly unself-consciously. Comfortably too. He could always make that extraordinary body fit. Sally recalled how she'd been both annoyed and amused: annoyed because it was so conspicuous, amused because it was really and truly natural for him to do a thing like that.

No doubt about it, he was an authentic screwball, which in itself mightn't be so difficult to cope with—perhaps—if he weren't so irresponsible too: not so much about big things as about things like answering letters or getting places on time or even getting places at all. He still wore other people's clothes and borrowed their belongings as though he were in boarding school. Well, maybe the Navy would fix that, but he was certainly not the man for her to *marry,* especially not now!

And kindly hold on to that thought, my girl, Sally said to herself as she sprayed perfume behind her ears and then pinned a hat that was a rose and two leaves on her curly dark head.

He was late, of course; and sitting with the family while they ate an early supper because they were going to an early movie, Sally quietly began to boil. Here she'd broken a perfectly good engagement, got out of a party that really promised to be fun, hurried through her bath, having stayed late at the hospital because they needed her when a couple of emergencies came in ——

"Sweetie, you are not to go to that place tomorrow," her mother said, peering at her anxiously across the table.

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ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

Bruce laughed. "Here's to—Us." By stammering he'd made the U in "us" a capital.

The
wedding
was at
four-thirty
Could she
stop it?
Weddings
have been
stopped
before.

WHEN YOU HAVE LOVE

BY GLADYS TABER

JENNY PRITCHARD woke up and saw it was a sunny day. Out of all the days in the year, it had to be sunny. She hadn't slept much, but she hurried to the window and looked out and saw a cloud no bigger than a powder puff at the edge of sky beyond the water tower.

Bob was stirring, making little unhappy masculine morning sounds. "Ugh," he said, "woof." He opened a gray eye, whacked at his dark hair sleepily. "Rain?" he asked.

"No, Bob, it's sunny. Just one little cloud beyond the river."

"Time get up, spose," he muttered.

Jenny ran up the blinds and let the sun cascade in like a golden river. "I could never have gotten through this day if it had rained," she said solemnly.

"You look awful," said Bob.

Jenny went to the bathroom and started a tub. After all these years, Bob still left his towels in a swatch on the tub edge, and the cap off the tooth-paste tube, and splashes of shaving cream on the mirror.

He'd done so when he came in last night. *People don't change much,* she thought. She wiped the mirror and splashed cold water on her face. She felt about ninety-eight. Dark circles underlined her wide dark eyes, her lips were pale, and she had lashed around so much in the bed that the careful wave in her fair hair was decidedly at ebb tide. She looked for wrinkles, but none had come overnight. She hurried with her bath, and started one for Bob.

"You've just got to get up," she said. "Time is flying."

"Ugh," said Bob lucidly. "If the groom feels as bad as I do, he'll call the whole thing off."

"Pull yourself together," said Jenny. "I told you not to racket around half the night with the boys."

"We had to drown our sorrow," he said. "Drowned me too." But he rolled out and staggered sleepily to the bathroom. Stepped into the tub without testing it and howled. "You always try to scald me to death," he yelled.

"You can't get clean with cold water," retorted Jenny. "And please don't wallow. I can't ask Minnie to clean that bathroom this morning again, with all she's got to do."

Just like any other morning. Jenny got into a clean blue wash dress, brushed back her hair, made up her face. Picked up after Bob.

THE wedding was at four-thirty. The florist was already downstairs embroiled with delphinium, roses, lilies and chicken wire. From the kitchen came the smell of chicken, light rolls rising and the faint cool scent of cucumber being grated. Minnie and two of her friends were clattering about like nervous jitneys. The doorbell was ringing like a five-alarm fire and the telephone sounded a continual alert.

Banging from the cellar indicated that Michael, the groom, was trying madly to crate a few wedding presents that Mary Lou said had to go with them to the Army post.

More wedding presents were streaming in, and the front door slammed incessantly.

"You'd think buffaloes lived here," grumbled Bob. "Think we ought to sing Headin' for the Last Roundup instead of Lohengrin."

"Bob," said Jenny, "Bob—how do we know this isn't a terrible mistake? How can we tell? How can we ——" She let her hands fall and turned away to hide quick tears.

"Call for Mr. Pritchard!" Minnie bellowed up the stairs.

"I got to have my breakfast," he yelled back. "Tell 'em—never mind, I'll tell 'em myself." He pulled on his soft brown shirt and hurried out.

Jenny made the bed, her hands shaking. *You've made your bed; you have to lie in it,* she thought to herself. She went down the hall, and Mary Lou's door was ajar, and she put her cold hand on the still colder knob and looked in.

Mary Lou was asleep. The way you sleep at nineteen, even in a time of stress. With relaxed hands and quiet breathing. The young, clean, bright hair tumbled on the pillow; her mouth was sweet as a song. Clothes lay strewn everywhere; the dressing case was open on the floor with the handmade ivory wedding nightgown on top, folded over pale blue tissue paper. Beside it was the silver frame holding Mike's picture—Mike in uniform standing by his plane, eyes screwed against sharp desert light, mouth smiling.

JENNY trembled, leaning in the doorway. *Oh, it's a mistake—it should be stopped! It's wrong! Why did I let her? I could have taken her away that first time. Going off to this life, too young, too sheltered—what does she know? I haven't raised her the way I should—she's too innocent, too soft; going away in a dream. Oh, it just can't be!*

Fear tightened her breathing until she opened her mouth to pull the air in stifled lungs. Fear was a sickness, a black icy sickness. She went blindly downstairs, clutching the freshly waxed rail. Mary Lou was to come down those stairs in her misty bridal dress in a few hours, facing a doubtful future with her starry eyes.

But it isn't too late yet! Weddings have been called off before. It can be done. I can have an accident; that will put it off.

Jenny had black coffee. Bob was eating chicken liver and scrambled eggs and a couple of the light rolls that were done, with buckwheat honey. "No use wasting all them livers," Minnie had said.

Three neighbors had come in; they were counting silver and folding linen napkins and tying fruitcake with silver ribbon. The whole house was rioting with people, all busy, all competent, all helping push Mary Lou away to that dreadful desert hole, that two-room shack, that future.

"You're not wanted at all for at least two hours," they said in a Greek chorus. "You just go away and relax, Jenny. So you'll be fresh for the ceremony and the reception."

Michael stuck his head up the cellar stairs. "Hey, Mother Pritchard," he yelled, "do I have to ship all this junk?"

Bob said, "I'll run it down right away."

"Do I smell livers?" Mike mounted the stairs from below. He got a plate and ate ravenously. "I don't suppose I could—just say good morning to her?" Mike looked over a dripping roll.

"You may not," said Jenny.

The two men went away. Jenny looked out, but she didn't want to speak to a single neighbor or child or dog. She had to be alone; she had to work this out. She started upstairs, and the bridesmaids were upstairs in the guest room and the maid of honor was in the sewing room and Mary Lou was still asleep. In Jenny's room the dressmaker was pinning up somebody's slip that was too long.

(Continued on Page 120

She wanted to say to Mary Lou, "It's wrong! You're too soft. You're going away in a dream!" But no woman knows who is the right man for another woman.

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY ANDERSON

IF YOU ASK ME

By Eleanor Roosevelt

Can a soldier stop his wife's allotment if she starts going around with another man?

The soldier may at any time discontinue a voluntary allotment, but cannot, through any action he takes, discontinue a family allowance for dependency.

What are the major differences between the Democratic and the Republican parties?

I suppose the only way of gauging what the differences in theory may be is to compare their party platforms. It will appear that the main difference is that the Republican Party usually adopts the Democratic platform an election or even two elections after the Democratic Party has first proposed it. The words may be different, but the measures proposed, when they have been tried out by the Democratic Party and accepted by the people, usually appear in the Republican platform.

In actual practice as apart from theory, I must say that except for a very small section of its membership, the Democratic Party has been in the past more interested in measures which would be a help to the average citizen. The Democratic Party has been more ready to try new things, to meet new situations and has been more alert to the dangers as they loomed on the horizon in international situations. This can only be judged by the actual record of the past eleven years the Democratic Party has been in power. Legislation passed has often been put through against the almost unanimous opposition of the Republican Party.

To mention some of the accomplishments: a sound banking system, the Home Owners' Loan Corporation, the Farm Credit Administration, the Rural Electrification Administration, flood control, drought control, the soil-conservation program, the farm-mortgage acts, farm co-operatives, crop insurance, public-works projects, the Civilian Conservation Corps, old age and retirement insurance, unemployment insurance, aid and vocational training to the crippled and blind, Federal emergency relief, slum clearance, the Federal Housing Administration, defense housing, abolishing of child labor, minimum wage and maximum hours, National Labor Relations Board, the Securities Exchange Commission, utilities monopolies have been broken, reciprocal trade agreements, the Good Neighbor Policy, compensation and benefits to dependents of servicemen. The above list is taken from a speech in the Senate by Senator Barkley.

Why are Japanese prisoners in U. S. camps given more butter and other rationed foods than a free civilian U. S. citizen can buy?

The Army abides by the Geneva Convention, which provides that prisoners of war receive the same rations as the soldiers of the captor power. Japanese prisoners do not necessarily receive more rationed food than civilians.

Why is a serviceman allowed a fifteen-day furlough a year but three quarters of them don't get it?

A soldier may receive thirty days' furlough time a year, but no more than fifteen days at any one period. Granting of a furlough is a privilege granted the soldier which is granted provided the training schedule of the unit and the individual state of training permits it.

Furloughs are granted upon the decision of the commanding officer, who knows whether a furlough will disrupt training of either the unit or the individual. The War Department does not believe that the statement that three quarters of the men do not get their furloughs is correct.

What do you think is the reason the women of this country have failed to fill the recruiting quotas set for the Wac, Waves and Women Marines?

I do not know what the reasons are. I have asked many people and they give many answers.

One reason which seems to me fairly plausible is that, in many cases, the departure of the young men has left certain family responsibilities on the girls. This means that they must take jobs which they can do without leaving home and which bring them in as much of an income as the family needs.

Secondly, the American man, I am told, is partly responsible because he does not encourage his wife or sister or sweetheart to go into the armed services. If he comes home he wants to be sure that they will be there. In Great Britain they have one advantage over us, which is geographical. If the girls do not go overseas, and I think they have to volunteer for that service, they are given liberty as soon as their husbands come home and they can join them. England is a small country and they can be anywhere within twelve hours.

If we could establish different categories, or people could volunteer for different services in different parts of the country, or certain considerations could be given women whereby they could be home if their men came back on leave, and if their menfolk really urged them to go into the Services, I think that would go far toward increasing enlistments. In addition, I think many may feel that the war is not going to last long enough to make it worth while to take this training when they may only be needed for a very short time thereafter.

Where are Charles A. Lindbergh and his wife, Anne Morrow Lindbergh?

I am sorry to say that I do not know, but I am sure if you were to write to the Ford Company in Detroit, where Mr. Lindbergh was for a time employed, they would be able to tell you.

Do you not think it would be a fine gesture for your husband to divide his enormous birthday gift of dimes with Elizabeth Kenny?

Of course, my husband has nothing to say about what is done with any money collected on his birthday for infantile paralysis. It all goes to the National Foundation and they allocate it to different purposes connected with the control and cure of the disease. In each locality half of the money raised is kept, and half is sent to the National Foundation. If the foundation, as it works with Miss Kenny, is convinced that she should have support in her work, they will undoubtedly consider any application she makes.

Why are diapers being sent to Africa for Arabs to use on their heads when American babies need them?

I do not think that diapers are being sent to Africa. White cotton cloth which may perhaps once have gone into the manufacture of diapers may, at the present time, be shipped to Africa because, when we went in there, we found there was a great shortage of white cotton material.

The Arabs wear white cotton cloth garments and they bury their dead in white cotton cloth garments, and to them this was a very serious shortage. White cotton cloth became as good a weapon of war as we could have, and we used it as such.

Do you ever get tired of the limelight in which you live and wish you were just a private citizen?

Very often. I never have liked public life. Of course, I am a private citizen when I am not actually doing things as the wife of the President or as the wife of the Commander in Chief, where the armed forces are concerned.

Is it true that enlisted men are no longer released from the Army when they reach the age of thirty-eight?

This is true, unless he filed his application for discharge prior to July 1, 1943, and overseas prior to August 1, 1943.

Do you think it wrong to exchange ration points with others in your family or with close friends?

It is not a question of right or wrong. It is a question of complying with the law. Under the law, as I understand it, no one but you yourself can use your ration points. When you buy for your household you use the points belonging to the members of your household. If you go to stay with somebody else, you take your points with you and while you are there you can contribute your points to that household because you are eating food in that place.

Who writes the President's speeches?

The President writes his own speeches, but he, of course, calls on all the experts to furnish him with facts and to go over them with him. Very often the first draft will have to be cut down or pertinent facts or arguments will have to be verified. These things other people may do.

Why can't wives of servicemen stationed in Alaska go up there to live and work?

It is a standing War Department policy that the wives of military personnel are not permitted in overseas theaters where their husbands are stationed, and Alaska is subject to the same ruling.

Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Roosevelt, c/o the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. *No letters for this page sent to the White House will be answered. It should be understood that Mrs. Roosevelt's answers reflect only her own opinions, and are not necessarily the opinions either of the Administration or of the Editors of the* JOURNAL.

REPRINTED COURTESY THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Sometimes I think I'd like to meet the Wac who released me for active duty."

Faintly she heard the scream of horror just before the soft sea of air enveloped her.

ILLUSTRATED BY [illegible]

There is such Strength

BY ELSA VALENTINE

IV

1928

AUGUSTA sat at her desk, trying to frame a letter to Febby. It was proving difficult and her mind wandered on other things. During the past winter Augusta had fixed a workshop for herself in the tool shed. There, wrapped in sweaters and heavy coat, she had sat hour after hour before a high counter. Beside her was a tray of implements, and upon a table blocks of marble and a mass of clay. Feverishly she had smoothed, chiseled and shaped clumsy masses into articulate forms.

Against the wall was a cabinet rapidly filling with finished pieces: faces, figures and impressions, shaped to look as Augusta beheld them in her own mind. There was Mrs. Fritzhoff's lovely face with its patrician features, but over them rested a scarcely discernible veil, something faintly suggestive of lechery. There was a head of Doctor Fritzhoff, with his thick hair and noble brow, his fine, brooding eyes, yet here again had been injected a faint stroke of hidden weakness. Other figures had similarly emerged. Certain parishioners from Laurelwaters became lewd, gossiping old wenches; Gretchen turned into a plump, barmaidish sort of *Fräulein.* There were countless heads of Febby, and these alone were free from the stamp of Augusta's retaliative hatred.

Augusta kept the closet securely locked, and no one except Larry had ever seen any of her work. He had called in April on his daily visit to see the sick minister, who had suffered his third stroke. Larry had been unable to locate Augusta, and finally came upon her in the tool shed. The cabinet was closed, but on the counter stood a head of Febby in marble, just completed. Larry had stood there, staring, and asked where it had come from.

Augusta was curt as usual. "It's mine. I have just finished it."

"I never dreamed you had such talent. Have you done others?"

Augusta shrugged. "Some. But they're not on exhibition. . . . Shall we go up to father now?"

Larry seemed reluctant to leave. "It's very lovely. How is Febby?"

"She's been pretty busy. She's still in Europe."

"Did she ever marry that count she was so crazy about?"

"No, of course not. Febby'll never marry anyone; it would interfere too much with her work."

"She should. Music isn't enough for a girl like Febby."

Augusta looked at him coldly. "Febby has made a tremendous success," she told him. "Just think what a miserable existence she would have had if she had stayed here and married you!"

Larry, accustomed to Augusta's hatred and sarcasm, said serenely, "Julie said she wrote Febby about the wedding, and asked her to come."

"She's far too busy to bother about so inconsequential a matter as Julie's marriage to you in June. . . . Now, let us go up to father. He is worse today. I don't see how he can hold out much longer. It will be a mercy when he is released."

Doctor Fritzhoff had died peacefully the second week in April, and in June Julie would be graduated. Shortly afterward she would marry Larry Ferguson. The house would be sold and Katrina had agreed to accompany Augusta to Munich and work for her there.

Augusta sighed and went back to the letter. She tapped the pen impatiently and stared at the lilacs, bursting into white and purple bloom.

How long the exile had been! Four years of waiting, of exasperating delay. But now one was free to leave at last, free to arrange passage on a ship in July, free to meet Franz in Hamburg and go from there to Munich, to help in his work for a new Germany, a greater, stronger Reich. How she detested Verdune!

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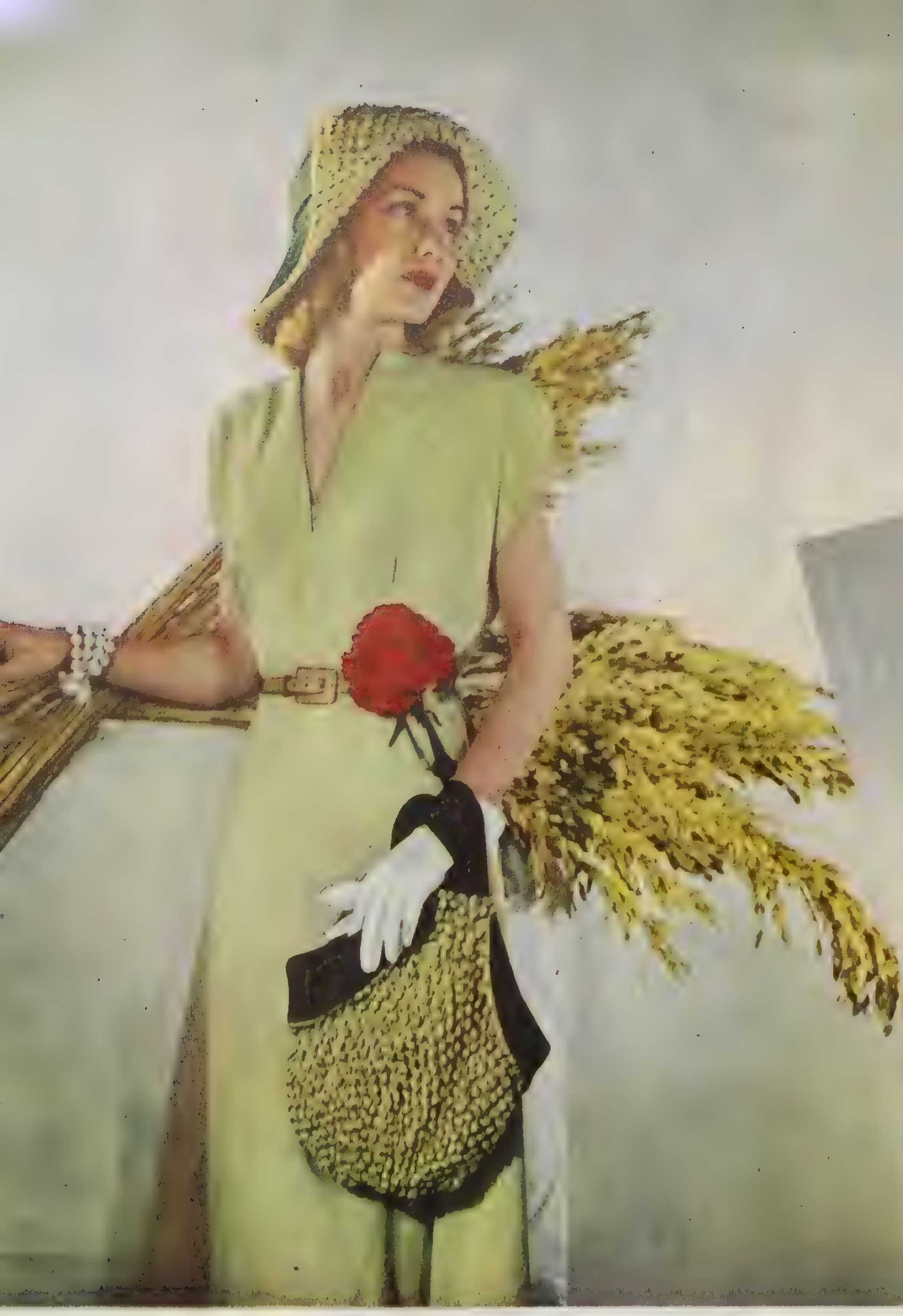
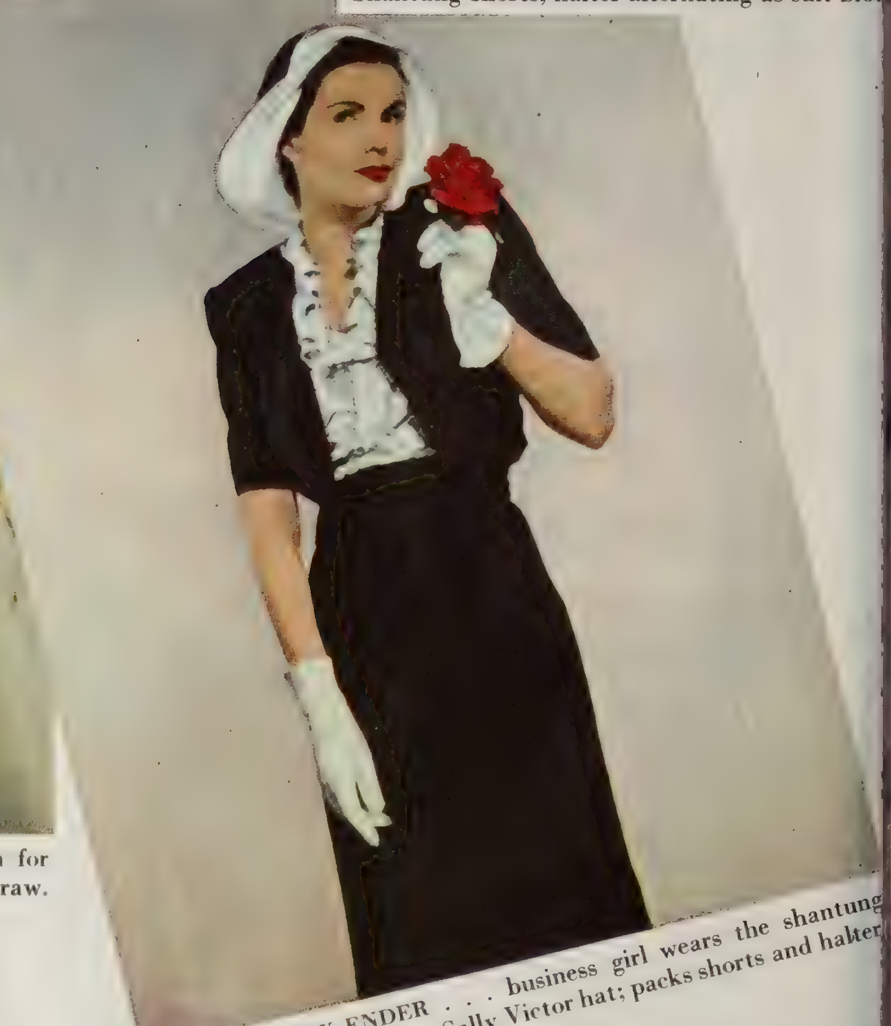


PERFECT CASUAL . . . Clarepotter's infallible crepe dress, pure perfection for its simplicity; wear it with Hattie Carnegie's big soft hat and bag of looped straw.

Shantung shorts, halter alternating as suit blou



PERFECT WEEK-ENDER . . . business girl wears the shantung skirt, bolero, print blouse, Sally Victor hat; packs shorts and halter

PERFECT FOR SUMMER . . .

More and more of you are learning to be perfectionists . . . because mistakes are costly, and a waste of precious time. One perfect costume with chosen accessories can give you more pleasure, more wear than half a dozen half-way right. This summer, perfection takes many forms, for different times and places; you'll know which is right for you. PERFECT COTTON may be a gingham bolero suit for town, crisp and washable for hottest weather. PERFECT PRINTS are in cool pink or blue with black, or black with brilliant color . . . in dresses that change from simple to glamorous with different hats and gloves. PERFECT BLACK may be a cap-sleeved dress to wear from noon to midnight; or a shantung bolero suit for business girls and commuters who combine it with shorts and a printed halter for week ends. The PERFECT CASUAL is a simple crepe dress to wear for daytime anywhere, with dramatic color in hat and bag. Coolness, color, slimness, easy-to-keep qualities—all contribute to summer perfection which is your goal.

By Wilhela Cushman
Fashion Editor of the Journal

Scents and Nonsense!!

By Frank Sullivan

THE girls of today float through life in clouds of the most divine perfumes, leaving groggy but contented males strewn along the battlefield right and left, slap-happy victims of this fragrant form of gas warfare. This is the golden age of scentology. I venture the statement that ladies have never been so aromatic as they are today. Men, alas, smell about as they always have.

Not only are modern perfumes rare and wonderful, but they have wonderful names. What amounts to a new romantic school of literature has come into being especially to celebrate them. Some of the most gifted poets and word slingers in this land of the free twang their lyres in praise of the marvelous new attars.

As a male confined by a silly taboo to the use of nothing more redolent than bay rum, I read with envy and awe the descriptions of the costly lotions that ladies douse themselves with. For instance, regarding an essence with the pleasantly ominous name of *Cobra*, I read that "the woman who wears *Cobra* stands out alone in her beauty like some new divine instrument soloing to the gods."

On the bottle of hair tonic I use it says, "Removes dandruff, helps check excessive falling hair, relieves itching scalp, keeps the hair in place, giving a well-groomed but not greasy appearance."

That's the build-up I get when I tidy myself up. That's the build-up the average American male gets. I envy that little girl who is going to solo to the gods after she dabs *Cobra* behind her ears. I'd sort of like to be a divine instrument myself, standing out alone in my beauty. But the best I can look forward to is that my hair will stay in place and I won't be greasy. Well, I suppose that is something; but whatever it is, it is not poetry. Yet lots of us American men have souls for beauty, just like Charles Boyer, if the manufacturers of men's toilet preparations only knew it. We are the victims of a hang-over from the rigorous pioneer days of our country, when men did not have time to smell pretty. If Dan Boone had an itching scalp, there was always a redskin around with a tomahawk to relieve it for him—or him of it.

NOW, that is a wonderful boost in morale that the *Cobra* people give a girl. She comes home all in, after a tough day on the assembly line. She does not feel like a divine instrument. Her powers to bewitch and sparkle are functioning on one cylinder. Her *amour propre* is full of clinkers. She feels not unlike Grandma in Tobacco Road. Up steps her perfume. It does not give her any cold comfort of telling her that her hair won't fall out excessively. No lugubrious, negative compliments. Friend in need that it is, it takes the stand such a friend would take: it tells her she is a divine instrument and that she is going to solo to the gods, standing out alone in her beauty. Against a girl thus bolstered and confident, what chance has a man got whose only assurance is that his hair is in place?

Maybe the girl is partial to another perfume. It makes no difference. They all stand ready to buck her up. Not a one is a Job's comforter. If she is fond of a scent called Orloff's *Attar of Petals*, she will learn that it will "set the seal of perfection on [her] loveliness and enthrall the senses with the pulse-quickening fragrance of sun-kissed blossoms." If she likes *Écarlate de Suzy*, she is advised that "its dry, winy sparkle seems to loosen some spring in the man of taut nerves and dark moods." If she favors a charmingly named attar called *Breathless*, she is told that it is "made for those moments when your pulse quickens—when you live an eternity—and the world is yours."

If the brushless shaving cream I use were to tell me that it was about to set the seal of perfection on my loveliness, or loosen my springs with its dry, winy sparkle, or quicken my pulse and hand me the world, why, I think I'd holler "Whoop-de-do! Burn my clothes!", dive out the window and chase every lady in my neighborhood right up into the Adirondack Mountains, a distance of thirty miles from my doorstep. But on my jar of shaving cream it says, "Important—Keep tightly closed after using. Net wt. 15¼ oz."

KEEP tightly closed after shaving, eh? Well, I'm getting a little tired of that kind of repression. I would like to blossom after shaving. I, and a great many other frustrated macaronis, would like to have access to a shaving cream that would "unlock our hearts and provide white magic for moments of unfettered joy." (That's what the perfume called *Escape* promises for the ladies who dab it behind their ears.) "Net weight, 15¼ oz.!" They wouldn't even throw in that extra ¾ of an oz. and call it a pound!

It's witch hazel for the men; witch hazel in all its stark, stinging astringency. For the girls it is the above lovely essences and hosts of others, with palpitating, provocative names like *Heartbeat, Danger, Risqué, Nuit d'Amour, Poetic Dream, Toujours ou Jamais, Chichi, Intoxication, Toujours Fidèle, Moment Suprême, Startling, Mais Oui, Enchantment, White Flame, Désir du Coeur, Mon Ami* and *Frolic*.

Quite a few of the perfumes harp symbolically on the warfare motif: Solon Palmer, one of the real humdingers among American *parfumeurs*, dedicates *Fragrance of Victory* "to the cadence of the drumbeat, to the quickening pulse of American womanhood on the march to Victory!" Run for the hills, boys, the girls have crossed the Delaware! Then there are perfumes called *Courage, Surrender* and *Secret Weapon for a Lady*. Secret, eh? What's secret about a weapon that any foe with his olfactory nerve in good working order can detect at a distance of a block? And what kind of warfare is it where a lacy white handkerchief serves as a weapon of attack instead of a flag of truce?

I have often wondered how they name the perfumes. I know, of course, that when the American Academy of Pullman Nomenclature holds its annual meeting for the purpose of naming the Pullman cars for the ensuing fiscal year, they simply take a flower-seed catalogue, a list of noted American battles, a roster of two hundred American cities and some names of Hollywood pretties, let them come to a boil and then strain off the Pullman-car names as they bubble to the surface. I know that botanists seeking to name new plants, and doctors looking for names for new diseases, take a copy of Caesar's Commentaries jettisoned by some maddened high-school student and stick a pin at random into any word. If it has more than four syllables their plant, or disease, is named.

To date I have not been able to wheedle any *parfumeur* into betraying the secret of perfume nomenclature. However, I think I can make a shrewd guess as to what happens. When they want to name a new perfume, all the prominent distillers of pretty smells assemble in a luxurious salon lined with pink satin and summon one of the staff poets from the ivory tower where he lives in sybaritic thralldom. They give him a swig of the perfume about to be named. A mere thimbleful, or about forty dollars' worth, suffices. Under its potent spell the poet lapses into a trance and pretty soon begins to mutter lovely, lush names and phrases such as "Secret weapon for a lady . . . Intoxicating as a kiss . . . Intriguing as a suppressed look . . . Taboo . . . Fragrance for the woman beloved," and so on.

Then whoever has been appointed recording secretary for the séance eagerly jots down everything the drugged bard utters. Then they take their pick.

It is very possible that this is what happens. After all, Coleridge wrote Kubla Khan in a dream, and Kubla Khan is a poem that ranks with some of the finest rhapsodies that have been written about modern perfumes. More than that, I have seen with my own eyes how the consumption of vegetable essences can speed up the creative effort. I knew a top sergeant in the last war who went AWOL once and returned to camp four days later in a blitzed condition of mind and body. He went directly to the mess hall and drank a large bottle of lemon extract, raw. He then gave a loud cry and went into a coma. It took four men to bear him to the guardhouse, and on the way there he extemporized, in his trance, some of the most picturesque free verse that had been heard in the United States Army since the Battle of Bunker Hill. It was lovely, purple free verse, but none of it could have been used to apostrophize ladies' perfumes.

IF MY shaving lotion, instead of being called what it is called, were renamed something like *Le Killer Diller*, or *Jamais Noisome*, or *Embrassez-moi, Toots!* and if instead of being announced as an excellent after-shave lotion also good as a body rubdown, it were described as "the lotion that makes a man's jowl as exciting as a velvet poem; the magic tonsoriate that will bewitch your favorite Hazel; the tonic that will make a man stand out alone in his virile beauty"—why, if I got a build-up like that from my lotion, I'd be playing quarterback on every conga line in café society from the club El Gyppo to the club El Stucko, instead of lying down for an hour after dinner with the evening paper over my face.

Arise, gentlemen! To arms, nonfragrant papas! Muss up your hair. Leave the top of your shaving-cream jar untightened. Let us swear not to shave until we get some color into our drab toiletries. Let us storm the rose-covered bowers of the poets laureate of perfumery and make them rewrite the blurbs for our hair tonics and shaving creams, and pretty them up. Let us have fancy monikers to *our* lotions, that will make us feel like conquering heroes out-Granting Cary and out-Coopering Gary.

They're only Young once

THEY COULDN'T DO WRONG—THEY WERE HER CHILDREN

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER

JOHN WILSON used to kiss his wife Charlotte on top of the head and say, "You're such a silly little thing to be the mother of three kids." Nothing pleased Charlotte quite so much. She loved being a pal to Clare and Bitsy and Junior, and she loved having them call her "Charlie." Her hair was shining gold and her figure was still perfect, and lots of people actually said she looked like Bitsy's older sister.

Mimi Cutting and her husband, good old Bert, had a party the night John came home on a short furlough from Washington. As if it weren't enough for John Wilson to have served in the First World War and given up his dreams of becoming a lawyer, here he was doing a dull job well in Washington. Mimi Cutting watched John and Charlotte at the party and marveled at the way Charlotte could go on thinking everything was fine so long as everybody was happy and so long as you didn't know about the bad things.

Clare, Charlotte's older daughter, was seventeen, but looked much older. The impact of the war had hurried her into a precocious maturity that her parents did not recognize. When, at fifteen, she fell in love with Paul Harrington, barely old enough to be in the Army, her father and mother thought it was only a boy-and-girl romance, but on Clare's side it was a good deal more than that. And when, terribly hurt by Harrington's runaway marriage to a floor-show girl, she turned to Charlotte for understanding sympathy, she was only hurt again by being affectionately laughed at for taking a childish heartbreak seriously. "But you're only a baby," Charlotte said.

Clare did not forgive that. The armor of cold young self-sufficiency that she built up against life shut out her mother, along with all the rest of the heedless, pleasure-loving elder generation whom Clare despised for having made a hideous muddle of their world and hers. She had taught herself, at seventeen, to act and almost to think like a much older woman, a woman without illusions, coolly, intelligently selfish, resolved to take exactly what she wanted from life without ever giving it another chance to hurt her.

And she had decided that what she wanted, first of all, was Joe McCarey. The fact that Joe had a wife and two small children did not matter to her, she believed. And she had made Joe believe that it did not matter to him either. He loved Clare's cool good looks, and her fire-under-ice way of holding him off was driving him crazy. It was interfering with his work at the war plant. He was a hard genius with both men and machinery, but his friend Manny was always telling him now that if he didn't get that dame out of his system he was going to lose his wife and kids and his job. And then Joe kissed Clare and didn't care what he lost, as long as he got Clare.

Bitsy was a good child, her mother always said. Charlotte thought Bitsy was the prettiest little fourteen-year-old she ever saw, and you'd certainly never guess she was only fourteen. But youngsters grew up fast these days and they said the most terrible things!

The night of the party at Mimi Cutting's, John and Charlotte came in just as Bitsy was going out with her chum, Annabee, whose mother was a war worker. Annabee was from the other side of the tracks and Charlie didn't know why Bitsy liked her so much. Annabee was an unattractive little thing, and she had a sickening way of always seeming to know too much.

Later that night John got a call to come back to Washington at once, and had to leave that very night. When Charlie and Junior wanted to drive him to the station they found the car was gone and they had to get one from the neighbors. On the way home, Junior saw a parked car with two boys in it, and two girls. Junior tried not to believe that the girls were Annabee and Bitsy. Boys were saying things about Annabee.

II

WHEN she came downstairs on Monday morning, Charlotte thought it was difficult to realize the things everybody knew were taking place in the world when everything around you was unchanged. Her dining room, for instance, was exactly as it had always been. In the early sunshine the paneled pine, the hand-blocked linens in Nile green and rose and coral, the old silver on the Colonial dresser, the hooked rugs—all had an ordered loveliness that challenged even the possibility of change.

Gazing at it from the doorway, a fierce possession shook Charlotte Wilson. Nobody had a prettier home, nobody. From the day she left the square old-fashioned house of her Grandma Halloran to marry John Wilson, up through a succession of rented flats and cottages, she had wanted this charming home desperately. She had achieved it, nothing could take it away from her.

"You really love it, don't you?" John Wilson had said to her once, and after a moment's silence Charlotte Wilson had tried to put into words something that was very clear to her then:

"A woman is sort of incomplete without a home. Look at Grandma Halloran—I don't think she went out a dozen times a year except to church. It was part of her—her house. A woman ought to have a home and a husband—and I don't mean just a house and a man. And keep them."

So she had her home and nothing had happened to it. Not a thing was out of place. The windows shone smooth, letting in the morning light; the little boxes of plants were green and orderly; her orange juice in its flowered glass sat accustomed, almost impudent, beside the glaring headlines of the morning paper. It was all as it had always been.

Charlotte gave a little, unconscious sigh. Women in England, in Holland, in France had once had homes too. Pretty homes, filled with centuries of household gods, with tulips and primroses row on row.

I must be a shallow woman, Charlotte thought, as she sat down behind the orange juice. *I know what has happened to other women's houses, but I don't seem to understand it as though it was something that might have happened to my house.*

But she picked up the paper and made herself read the war news. Made herself try to see American boys not much older than her Junior battling the gray, murderous hordes somewhere in a far, strange land. She always had a guilty feeling because everybody said they read the war news and she always said so, too, but most of the time she didn't, not all of it. Those poor boys. They were fighting so that this home in which she sat might not be bombed and pillaged, but her mind came down to a pin point; it was concentrated upon the safety of her own children—Clare and Bitsy and Junior were safe. Safe in this lovely, polished, ordered home.

Only just then she had the oddest sensation, almost of vertigo, as though her house were swinging in a perilous void, and she felt starkly lonely and afraid. Why didn't the children spend more time in this home? Why were they always going somewhere else? Why so often in the evening did it have an echoing emptiness like a railroad station from which everybody had just caught a train?

Her mind slipped away from an icy feeling that there was something missing from this smooth, ordered home of hers, that it really wasn't a home, but just a house; her possessions were idols of wood and stone and there was something missing, there must be something missing.

Clare came in and Charlotte said hurriedly, "Good morning, darling, that's a very successful dress."

"Thank you," Clare said. "My dresses have to be successful. How's for some coffee, pet? I'm late."

Pouring the coffee carefully, Charlotte Wilson said, "When you were little I used to dress you in blue and pink, because I thought you always dressed little girls in blue and pink. Then I found out your eyes were green—and with that black hair ——"

"I must have been a mess," Clare said.

"I thought you were beautiful," Charlotte said wistfully. Everything had been so much easier when the children were little.

"If you're through with that front page, chuck it over, will you?" Clare said. Her eyes, gray-green under straight black lashes, scanned the headlines coolly. "I often wonder," she said, "why it's considered unpatriotic to recognize your enemy's abilities. It wouldn't do us any harm to copy some of Hitler's good qualities. His rationalism, for instance. It's going to take something better than moon-calf sentimentality to beat that, and we won't be on top till we realize it."

Searching for the household page, Charlotte thought: *Ought she to talk like that at seventeen? I must look up "rationalism" in the dictionary.* Across the table, in her severe green dress, her clean black hair like a forest shadow, Clare had the fine-grained youth of a young tree. But Charlotte was aware that there was something hard and desperate in that youth. She felt helpless before it.

She said, "All this rationing business—I expect you'd be better at it than I am. Ella's a wonderful cook, but she has a vacuum where the point system is concerned. It's too complicated for her."

"There's a good deal of inefficiency around," Clare said. "That's why they have complicated things. Not that anybody cares much. As a whole, we get bored in this country with the old routine of adding two and two and always getting four. We resent order because to little minds order seems dull. It's more fun to get three—or seven—once in a while, even if it's wrong."

She gets that from books or radio commentators or the newsreels or something, Charlotte thought. But what startled her, really, was Clare's lovely voice, that peculiar brand of voice that seemed always to deny any accusation of being serious, even when what she said was serious enough. It had a hard, bright surface that in no way matched the slim young girl sitting there. Youth didn't seem very young any more; sometimes it seemed older than age.

"Are children always precocious in wartime?" Charlotte said, and was surprised to hear herself say it.

CLARE lifted surprised eyes and began to laugh. "I'm not precocious, darling," she said. "It's just that there's no use wasting any time, once you've made up your mind what you want in life."

"I suppose not," Charlotte said. "Do you know what you want, Clare?"

"Yes," said Clare briefly.

The silence was uncomfortable and uncompanionable and in it Charlotte wondered what it was that Clare wanted, whether it was that man Joe McCarey, or to be an aeronautical engineer, or to have some cold glittering success that she had not named. Charlotte turned the pages of the paper, trying to get her mind on the printed words, a little sense of annoyance rising in her. After all, she wasn't a moron; there wasn't any reason why Clare shouldn't tell her what she thought about things. Or was there?

She read carefully: "Be sure to make careful lists before shopping, so that

(Continued on Page 46)

"We'll go," Bitsy said. "Maybe we can have a
ute alone." She turned and gave Junior a dirty

CING
STOP
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5
24

Men of

What a goon he'd been! Wouldn't you just know a man of his appeal would eventually meet an older woman of nineteen?

BY GERTRUDE SCHWEITZER

Seventeen

BILL always sat in the same chair while he waited for Nancy. It was a chair that had proved its worth during all those months when he had been embarrassed by what seemed to him an excess of arms and legs—and there were occasions, even now, when it was useful. It was low and deep, and when he sat all the way back in it there was not too much of him left dangling, so that even with strangers he felt that he presented a picture of nonchalant ease.

Tonight there were no strangers in the living room while he waited, nobody but Mr. and Mrs. Waterman, Nancy's father and mother. They were almost like his own folks, he'd known them so long.

Mr. Waterman's eyeglasses always slipped down his nose, and he had a way of twitching them back with a quick little contortion of his facial muscles every time he was about to speak. He did so now, and said, "Nancy tells me you're thinking of enlisting in the Navy, Bill."

"Well, now, I'll tell you, Mr. Waterman," Bill said. "I figure a man's got to look at all sides of a question. If I was to look at just one side, I'd be in a uniform tomorrow; but when I look at the other side, I figure what the heck? If my folks feel so strongly about it, I can humor them another four, five months till I finish school. A few months of education never hurt anybody, I guess."

"Very sensible indeed," Mr. Waterman said gravely.

Mrs. Waterman disappeared into the kitchen and came back with a dish stacked with gingerbread and a glass of milk. "I thought you might just like a little snack," she said, "while you're waiting." Mrs. Waterman always brought him a little snack. She was understanding that way. She knew how hungry a man could get waiting, especially if it was almost an hour since he had finished dinner.

"What's the matter with that girl?" Mr. Waterman asked now. "Why can't she ever be ready on time?"

Bill leaned forward confidentially. "Oh, you know," he said thickly, between crumbs of gingerbread. "Women!"

Actually, he felt no such kinship with Mr. Waterman as these words implied. He was fond of him, almost comfortable with him, but he looked upon him as a rather remote being belonging to the father species rather than as a fellow man. A fellow man wore a uniform with insignia on the collar, or overalls with an identification badge on the shirt. Bill considered himself one of such men, even though he was not yet properly outfitted. It was only that he was humoring his parents and finishing high school, but before long he would be in snappy blues like that fellow in the poster who wanted men of Bill's age and caliber in the Navy.

Bill did not look like the fellow in the poster. He was lanky and loose-jointed, and it seemed as though it would take more than a uniform to make him appear properly assembled. There was no stern purpose in his face, either, only a lively amiability, a sensitive mouth and a few freckles.

"Here she comes," he said, and reached for a square of gingerbread.

UPSTAIRS a door banged, small but solid footsteps made a staccato, thumping sound along the hall and down the stairs, and Nancy came into the living room, moving with more energy than grace. At her heels capered a little black puppy with a merry stump of a tail and large sorrowful eyes.

Bill scratched the puppy's ears and murmured to him, in the special tender tone reserved for dogs, "Hi, fella—hi there, boy—good boy." He glanced briefly at Nancy. She was wearing a new dress, but he wouldn't have considered noticing it in the presence of her parents. "Hi, Nan," he said casually. But when they got outside he took her arm and grinned at her. "You look super," he told her. "I like you in blue."

"Why do you think I got it?" she asked; and then, softly, "Goon!"

He laughed happily, and they walked along in silence for a while. She did look super in blue, because it matched her eyes. She had the bluest eyes, and thick black eyelashes, and brown hair that bobbed in a merry way on her shoulders when she ran—and she was almost always running. She was the prettiest girl in school and one of the best players on the girls' basketball team, and he was very lucky that she kept on liking him better than any of the other fellows, when she could have had her pick. He was very lucky. She was pretty and good-humored and she never did or said anything drippy, and he was never stuck with her at a dance.

"Well," he said heartily, "I was just telling your father. It won't be long now."

She knew what he meant without further words. She turned her head away. "My goodness," she said. "My goodness, I can't imagine you in the Navy."

"Why not?"

"I don't know." She still didn't look at him. "It's just that you're—well, my goodness, Bill, you're not very old, you know."

His heart began to beat in a peculiar way. It was all mixed up with the way the Friday-night dances were spoiled.

"Well, they don't want old men in the Navy. Don't you read the posters? It's just men my age they're looking for."

"Men," she said in a queer, high voice, and then repeated it in italics: "*Men.*"

He stood still in the street, and his hand tightened on her arm. He could feel his face getting hot in a slow wave. "Listen," he began angrily, but there was something in the bend of her shoulders, in the tilt of her averted face that made him stop and drop her arm, his anger suddenly fading.

"Listen to who's talking," he said then genially. "Just listen! A little droop not even sixteen yet!"

She looked at him at that, and laughed and shook the hair back from her face with a familiar, puppylike movement that tugged at him curiously. "I'm years older than you, Bill Jennings," she said. "A girl always is; don't you know that?"

He smiled tolerantly, and said nothing more about it. Something made him think of the evening at home when he had first told his mother he wanted to enlist. She had stared at him as though his words made no sense and said, "But, Bill, you're so—young." He had been angry for a minute then, too, because he didn't feel young at all. He hadn't felt really young since the beginning of the war, because if you were almost old enough to be in it, you couldn't be a boy any more. And now he was old enough. Now, according to the posters, he was needed: "Men of Seventeen Wanted."

HE HAD been angry at his mother for looking at him as though he were a child who had said something ridiculous, and he had begun to move impatiently away from her hand on his sleeve. But then she had smiled, the stiff, careful way that someone with chapped lips smiles, and said, "We'll talk it over with dad. We'll—if you'll wait and finish school—you'll be—well, just that much older then, more able to judge ——" And he had felt the way he was feeling now, sorry and tender and tolerant and wise, all at once. . . .

"What a simply super night!" Nancy said. She took a deep breath, and skipped a little on the pavement. "There's a full moon, just for our dance."

He squinted judicially at the sky. "Bomber's moon," he announced. Nancy stopped skipping.

At the next corner a couple emerged from a house and hailed them. The girl was about fourteen and the boy a little older, but she was almost full-grown and he was not. He looked underdone. His head came only a trifle higher than her shoulder, and when she stood in front of him she completely obliterated him from sight.

"Going to the dance?" she asked.

Bill waved them away with a limp hand. "Out of our way, small fry. Ve vant to be a-lone."

"My goodness," Nancy said when they had passed, "those infants! Honestly, these Friday-night dances are getting positively noxious. I'll certainly be glad when we're old enough for the Saturday nights, won't you? In a couple of years ——"

In a couple of years, Bill thought, he would not be interested in either the Friday-night dances for the younger set or the Saturday-night dances for the older ones. In a couple of years he would be beyond all that. He'd probably be an officer by then—an ensign, maybe—on a ship in the Pacific. *Attu . . . Salamaua . . . Bougainville . . . Rabaul.* He rolled the names sonorously around in his mind.

Or else, if the war were over, he'd be marching home with a row of service ribbons on his chest and maybe even a medal or two, and he'd look like that fellow in the poster—only, of course, older. He'd look hard and tough and keen, with something behind his eyes that women would find fascinating: the memory of his adventures in all the corners of the world. They would ask him to tell the things he had seen, but he never would. There were some experiences a man would never be able to talk about. . . .

"Well, my goodness, wake up!" Nancy was saying, laughing up at him. "We're nearly there."

He gave her an engaging, nose-wrinkling grin. "Why should I hurry? Once we get there, all those wolves will be after you and I'll hardly see anything of you."

She was a good little egg, he thought. She didn't keep on talking all the time, or expect you to. If you kept quiet for a while, she didn't pester you to know what you were thinking about. She was O.K. A man could be himself with her, comfortable.

And it was nice to walk into a dance with her too. There was always that little stir in the stag line, the appreciative winks, the hearty greetings. Once, before he'd started dating Nancy, he had brought the daughter of a friend of his mother's to a Friday-night dance. There was nothing much wrong with her that he could see, but the stag line had frozen up solid the minute they came in—the fellows had acted

(*Continued on Page 61*)

ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL

Supper at Low Bridge

From many auction hunts.

YES, there are trout, but they didn't come from our brook. Don't smile, for we really *have* a brook, a brook that bubbles along over rocks and beside beds of water cress and through banks shaded by dogwood and rhododendron. It's right at the foot of our garden, and, believe it or not, it is not out in some remote and secret country spot, but in the suburbs of New York, where the beautiful place I call home is built among trees and sheltered walks. Just because the brook, crossed by a rustic bridge, doesn't yet yield trout—well, wait till next year. I may have a different story.

We named this place Low Bridge, because it's one of the few places around that boast a bridge, low and secure across a rushing stream, over little waterfalls and a potential dam, which I aim to build, comes the day. Then deep pools will be stocked with speckled, darting, exasperating trout, and where our outdoor grill is ready and waiting, our friends will be supplied with rod and line and bait. And if they can't land a trout for their supper, and cook it where it ought to be cooked, right where it's caught, why, that's too bad. I'll do it for them. At least, I'll try. After all, I know my own brook—or don't I?

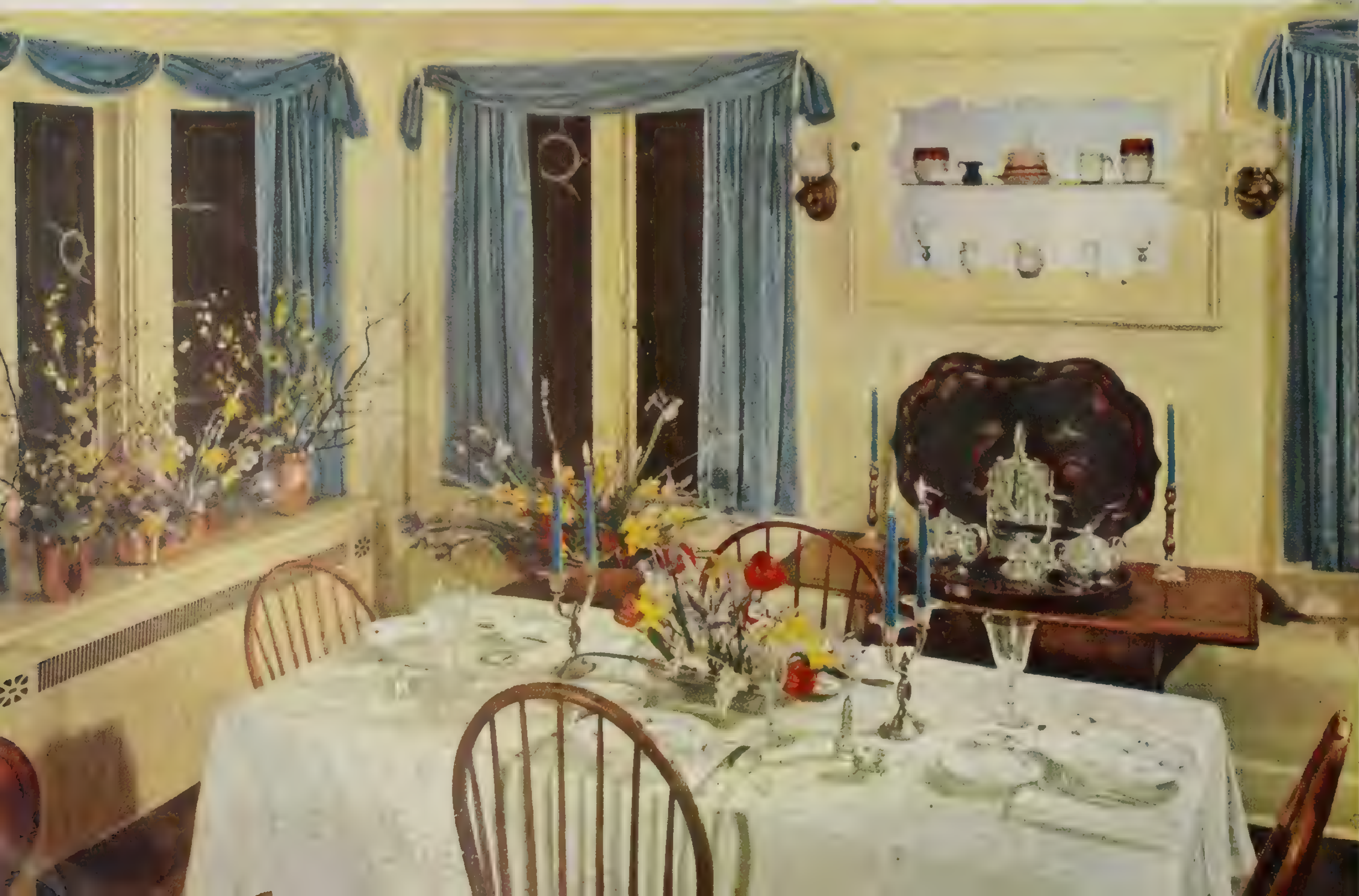
Come along, over Low Bridge, up the long blue gravel drive, to perhaps the oldest house anywhere around. At least part of it is oldest, and the rest has been built on and around as expansion was in the air, until it rambles about a stone patio with a lovely little fountain singing and being perfectly aimless all through the day. Violas and hyacinths and forget-me-nots crowd the ground ivy and send sweet fragrance into the evening air.

Come in and spend a little while with us. Stay for supper in the dining room, and later we will gather in the drawing room for coffee before the fire of white birch, and talk and listen to music and let our thoughts go back to two hundred years ago, when others watched from these rippled, violet-tinted windows the evening stars shine through the lilac-scented garden that slopes to the shadowed brook.

Call to Supper. When we hear the tinkling of a miniature music box, that's the call to supper. I never held with chimes and bells—except out-of-doors—so Lena, who presides over our household, winds up the little box, and no matter where you are in the house, you can hear the soft, old-fashioned tune calling—and so far as I know, no one has failed to show up, for it's suppertime at Low Bridge. You can be pretty sure of hot biscuits, of honey sent by some kindly soul from the beekeeper's paradise; of vegetables fresh from the garden (Continued on Page 174

BY ANN BATCHELDER

When candles are lighted on the table, you know the trout are waiting their cue.



PHOTOS BY STUART-FOWLER

Collectors

MENU

Green-Turtle Soup

Brook Trout

Potatoes Hashed in Cream

Asparagus Hollandaise

Endive Salad **Rolls**

Strawberry Shortcake

Coffee

luck and fisherman's luck—can't wish for more

Line a Day

1 Where have the Maypoles and May Day baskets gone? Those enchanted mysteries of our gay and thoughtless youth? Where, oh, where are the Queens of the May? Planting their gardens and raking their hay!

2 Fishing season is here again. Long winter evenings with rod and wax and reel pay dividends now. All in order. Trout want no sauce, but some broiled tomatoes sprinkled with sweet basil make a trout even more important—if that is possible.

3 A new potato is like a baby in a satin bonnet. Impossible for anyone to resist it. Cook gently (the potato, you know), peel with care. Dress with melted butter or margarine, roll in chopped mint. Well, do you want anything better than that? You do? There's nothing better than best.

4 *News item:* Unconfirmed, but hope it's true that kippered herring are coming back. Grilled, they're supreme for breakfast. A dash of lemon, that's all. And a hot roll.

5 What a season this is! Take fresh asparagus, for example. With fish, iced cucumbers and those little new potatoes—there's a meal to dream about.

6 I know you won't, but don't. Don't spoil your asparagus with that bedevilment called "white sauce." Asparagus needs no mask. Melted butter or margarine is enough.

7 Noisettes of lamb may remind you of frisking in the meadow. Very French to look at, really just little thin slices of lamb rubbed with butter or margarine, broiled quite well. Serve on fried bread with water cress and broiled tomatoes seasoned with thyme. Currant jelly to be passed.

8 Set up your buffet with small early green cabbages hollowed out and filled with crab or shrimp mayonnaise. Little hot, fried, rolled sandwiches complete this picture.

9 Small squashes cut in halves, scraped out and filled with seasoned sausage stuffing (note the alliteration) and baked are delicious. Just about a whole meal.

10 *A little idea with a big kick:* Little herb-flavored cheese balls in lemon-flavored gelatin for your fresh-fruit salads. Sound all right to you?

11 Children go for cream-cheese-and-ginger-snap sandwiches. And cheese-stuffed prunes make cheese lovers of them. Sort of starting them off right.

12 Bacon crisped to a fare-you-well, chopped and added to spinach, may help blind them to the fact that it's still spinach. The same treatment goes for any greens. No harm to try.

13 Remember this always: Appetizers are never on speaking terms with any sweet ingredient.

14 Onions baked in cream of mushroom soup are pretty de luxe. Cover with fried crumbs before baking. Cheese may be had, but that's up to you.

15 *From an old cookbook:* "Never serve toast or crackers with soup. They must be added to soup in the tureen. Nothing is more plebeian than an armful of toast reposing ungarnished and abashed beside a luxurious tureen." You could eat the toast in the kitchen. But don't quote me on that!

16 How about hot gingerbread covered with sliced marshmallows coyly hidden under hot chocolate sauce? Well, how about it? Yes or no?

BE NOT WISE IN THINE OWN EYES

FROM AN OLD CURRIER & IVES PRINT

17 Then there are baked pears filled with toasted marshmallows and served with chocolate sauce or chocolate custard. For desserts must be had.

18 Beautiful as coral and jade is a salmon gelatin mold with fresh green peas and cucumber sauce. Calls for lemon juice and unflavored gelatin.

MELODY FOR SPRING

This is the month of song
When the heart sings.
Here in the meadow the long
Rhapsody of wings.

This is the time of dreams
Soon, soon to be.
Hear the awakening streams,
Spring's minstrelsy.

19 Is it news to anyone that the alleged cream we have now may be whipped like all get out by adding a little cream of tartar or lemon juice? Day-old cream works best.

20 Party beginnings run into thousands. Try rolling thin little slices of cooked ham, stuff with horse-radish and cream cheese, clasp toothpick-wise. And tiny fried clams with a bowl of mustard sauce for dipping.

21 Baked tomatoes aren't surprises any more except when stuffed with tomato pulp, fresh basil (for flavor) and fine chopped pecans. Bet you hadn't thought of that.

22 When the cook comes home with a new hat-box, she's on her way out. Watch it. It's one of the manifestations of spring fever.

23 *For that tea-table hour:* Try cinnamon toast with a spiced-ham spread. Very delicious, I'm telling you.

24 Another news item is the bacon-and-peanut-butter sandwich, dipped in beaten egg and milk and fried. The last word—whatever that is, and on this you may quote me.

25 *Had-to-come-to-it dept.:* Tiny cooked beets tossed, and I mean tossed, in salted sour cream, served as cold as a headwaiter's smile. With fish—stylish and good.

26 Caviar is almost quaint now. But shad roe, no. Broil it, split it, fill with sautéed mushrooms and thin lemon slices and wait till the Volga reopens.

27 *Answer-to-question division:* "Wrong again, dear Anon. Amber nuts are not costume jewelry. Just the old filberts put to the toasting oven. And that is all."

28 Most time to christen my outdoor grill. Down by the "babbling brook." It will be spare-ribs, baked potatoes done in the coals, speckled trout, fried apples in brown sugar, and blueberry pie! Thought you ought to know.

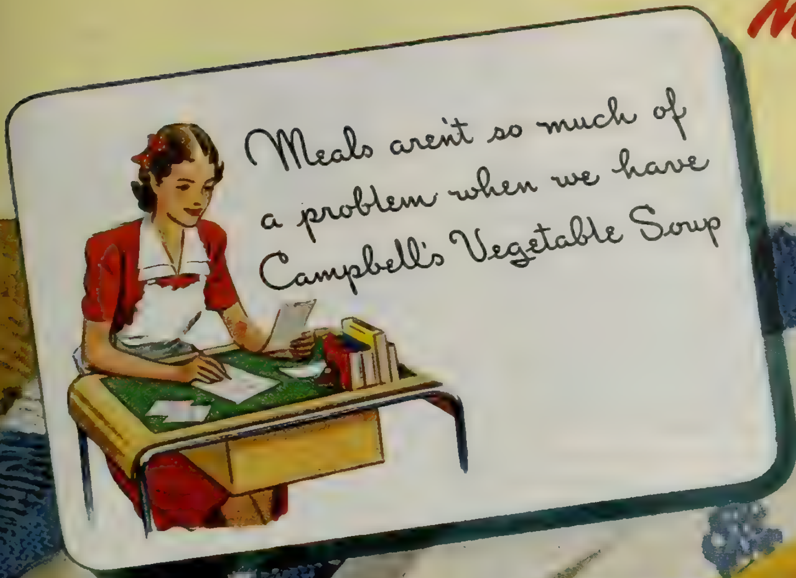
29 Brown sugar in a rice pudding, not just on top. Makes a rice pudding just twice as good. Wonderful done with brown rice too. A study in browns. And if canned pears seem a little flat this time of year, try adding a few drops of vanilla to the sirup. Almond extract does something special for canned peaches too.

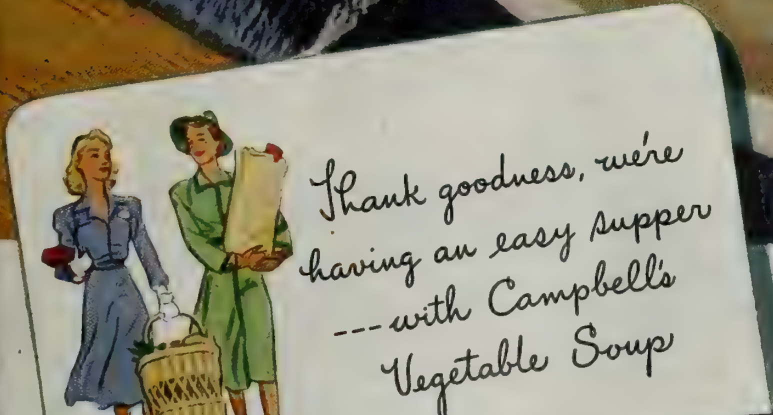
30 Dandelions may be weeds, but so were artichokes, once. Cook with salt pork, then slice and fry the pork, boil some new potatoes with the dandelions, and there's a dinner.

31 May brings Memorial Day and syringa, lilac and lilies of the valley. These are the Memorial Day flowers, meaning much this year. More than ever. And they always arrive on time.

By Ann Batchelder

A SOUP THAT MAKES MEAL-PLANNING EASIER


Meals aren't so much of a problem when we have Campbell's Vegetable Soup


Thank goodness, we're having an easy supper --- with Campbell's Vegetable Soup

FROM THE VERY MOMENT you think of Campbell's Vegetable Soup for lunch or supper, you're off to a mighty good start. You begin with "something substantial" because this is really a nourishing soup. It makes a wonderful main dish around which to build a satisfying meal. Goes well with most everything, too—so you can use whatever else you happen to have on hand. Mothers say Campbell's Vegetable Soup is "almost a meal in itself". And indeed it couldn't help but be, made as it is from fifteen different vegetables combined with a rich, hearty beef stock simmered slowly from fine selected beef. No wonder it tastes so good and is always so welcome!

Campbell's VEGETABLE SOUP

KINDS TO CHOOSE FROM: Asparagus · Bean with bacon · Beef · Black Bean · Bouillon · Chicken · Chicken Gumbo · Chicken Noodle · Clam Chowder · Consommé · Green Pea · Mock Turtle · Cream of Mushroom · Ox Tail · Pepper Pot · Scotch Broth · Tomato · Vegetable · Vegetarian Vegetable · Vegetable-Beef.

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

To Mothers—a bouquet with a reminder tied to it

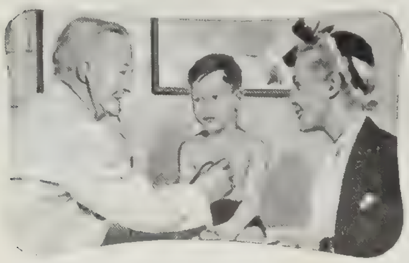
Lots of people have asked . . .
"Is the war affecting the health of America's young children?"

Here's one answer:

Fatalities from childhood diseases are at an all-time low . . . Infant mortality is at an all-time low.

For this achievement, the mothers of our youngest generation deserve a great big bouquet. They have realized that the most valuable wartime service they could render is to safeguard the health and welfare of their little children.

Along with this compliment, we'd like to add these few reminders . . .



Give children this protection

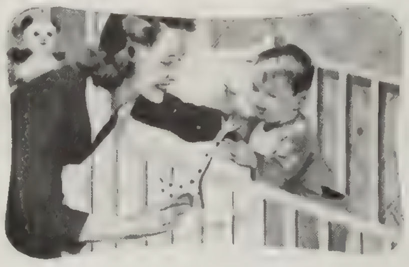
Some of the dreaded childhood diseases can be prevented. Early in infancy—usually between 6 and 9 months—your doctor will advise protection against *diphtheria* and *smallpox,* and probably whooping cough. Remember, also, that all young children should have medical check-ups *at regular intervals.*

The daily routine

Regular, undisturbed sleep is very important. Children *grow* in their sleep. Most children between the ages of 2 and 6 need additional rest—usually an afternoon nap.

There should be regular hours for play, preferably out of doors, and some of it with other children. Provide well-balanced meals at regular hours.

Make the home safe for little children by keeping such things as sharp instruments and matches out of their reach, and by protecting them against falls, suffocation, and other hazards. Even when mother must be away, it is very important for the child that the daily routine and safety program be maintained.



Free booklets!

Metropolitan has prepared two valuable booklets for mothers. No. 54J, "*Your Baby,*" deals with the child's first year. No. 54JA, "*Out of Babyhood Into Childhood,*" covers the preschool years. Send for either or both.

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Insurance Company
(*A MUTUAL COMPANY*)

Frederick H. Ecker,
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

Leroy A. Lincoln,
PRESIDENT

1 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

THEY'RE ONLY YOUNG ONCE

(*Continued from Page 38*)

you will not waste time. Shop when you can in the off hours, when markets are not so crowded. . . . Blue stamps are good until —— Menus for the week ——" Ella never paid any attention to menus for the week. "America is disturbed, rightfully, over steadily increasing reports of juvenile delinquency—girls of thirteen, fourteen, fifteen—facts laid bare by the FBI—amazingly young offenders of wartime—few parents would acknowledge it, but there are many who are in complete ignorance of what their children are doing ——"

Charlotte's eyes touched the leaded words, but she was still thinking about Clare.

Here was the article she wanted on canning. Aloud, she said, "I'm going to do some canning; I think we ought to, really. Cora Gordon lent me her pressure thing."

Suddenly, the vision of Grandma Halloran, in her checkered-gingham apron and her little knitted shawl, came between her and the page. And there was the big, old-fashioned kitchen and against her eyelids Charlotte could see in miniature the rows and rows of jars, the jeweled colors of string beans and baby beets and bantam corn, she could smell the richness of plum conserve and pickled peaches and apple butter.

"Your Grandma Halloran always did a lot of canning. Do you know, Clare, sometimes I think you inherit your mathematical mind from her? She taught mathematics in high school before she got married."

"She must have been a tough customer, the things you tell about her," Clare said, without much interest.

But she looked across the table at her mother with a new curiosity, springing from her own widening horizon. For the first time, it occurred to her to wonder how old her mother was. Difficult to tell about that shining, golden head, that small, slim, perfect figure. She didn't, actually, look any older than Joe McCarey's wife, Elsie. But then things had always been easy for Charlotte; in spite of something referred to as the depression, things had been easy for all the women of Charlie's generation. They had been pampered and spoiled and surrounded with everything, they'd been handed freedom on a platter, and a fine hash they'd made of it, in Clare's opinion. Career women. Dissatisfied, restless, muddled women, most of them she'd seen. Or women like Charlie and Elsie McCarey, contributing nothing concrete, nothing clean-cut and sure.

TIMELINESS

I have made up my mind that there is a time for being with one's children and a time for letting them alone, and that the proper time for being with them is when they are in trouble and want you, and the proper time for letting them alone is when they are happy and wish to be let alone. —SIMEON STRUNSKY: The Patient Observer. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

Since she had seen Joe McCarey's wife in the little roadside café, Clare Wilson had been doubly sure of her purpose. Of her success. Even if you didn't love him, you couldn't leave a man like Joe McCarey, with his brilliant possibilities, to muddle through life with a fool like his wife. Besides, Clare was in love with him now. Saturday night, driving home in the car, she had been sure of that for the first time. If you loved a man, you had a right to take him if you could.

Charlie was a fool too. Clare wondered passingly if she ought to speak to Charlie about her sister Bitsy, but decided against it. She had for her mother the contempt which every spoiled child has for the weakness that has indulged it. Sometimes that contempt was tinged with affection, more often it was harsh with bitter resentment and loneliness. There wouldn't be anything Charlie could do about Bitsy, even if it was worth doing, which it probably wasn't. Bitsy was being thrown to the wolves, but in the days ahead when you'd have to fight for survival, when you'd have to be strong to clear up the filthy mess these people had made of the world, you couldn't let yourself be hampered by weaklings because of a biological accident.

For a moment, Clare's eyes were hard and accusing. Charlie was one of those people whose charm and lovableness and beauty and gaiety had given the weak that terrible tyranny over the strong. The family, as a unit, Clare decided with a nameless ache, was finished; it had failed to function and the home had cracked up all over America, it didn't work, it didn't hold.

"I've got to go," she said, and stood up, unusually tall, strong, streamlined. "I won't be home for dinner. Get on with your canning, pet, but do be careful. Amateurs can be awfully wasteful."

To her own surprise, she went around and dropped a kiss on the top of Charlie's shining curls. *Poor little Charlie.* She wondered if her father, that strong, quiet man, had found out about Charlie, the way Joe McCarey had found out now about Elsie. Probably not. Charlie kept herself so lovely to look at, she had kept her appeal to John Wilson's senses. But surely he could no longer trust her.

Charlotte watched her go and went on into the kitchen. There were, she thought, a great many more things to do than there used to be.

Ella was a big woman, slow of movement, with big feet and very bright eyes. She was standing motionless in the middle of the kitchen, and before her upon the table was the pressure cooker.

"I'll go on downtown and bring back the fruit and the tomatoes," Charlotte said brightly. "I ordered them Saturday."

"What," Ella said, "is this here for?"

"That?" Charlotte said. "That's a pressure cooker. Mrs. Gordon lent it to us. It's for canning."

"I engaged myself out to cook."

"In these times, Ella," Charlotte said, "we all have to pitch in and do more than our share."

"Not canning," Ella said. "I wouldn't take such a responsibility."

"You don't have to take the responsibility," Charlotte said sweetly. "I'll buy all the things and we've got the sugar and we can save so much fruit and next winter ——"

"It's been bad enough cooking," Ella said, "what with having nothing to cook and such low wages as I get here ——"

"Low wages!" Charlotte said. "Ella, how can you say such a thing to me?"

"Either way," said Ella, "I won't take no responsibility for canning."

Temper flared in Charlotte Wilson, stained her cheeks bright scarlet. She put her hands on her hips and faced the tall woman. "So," she said, "so that's the way it is. You won't take the responsibility when the country says you should, when it's right to help the war effort by saving the fruit and vegetables so our boys will have enough to eat."

"If you are casting a slur on my patriotism," Ella said, "I'll tell you to your teeth I'm as good an American as you are any day, with a nephew in the merchant marine and another in the infantry; but as for canning I'll have nothing to do with it."

"Then I'll do it," Charlotte said. "I'll take the responsibility."

"Besides," Ella said, taking off her apron and laying it carefully on a chair, "besides, I'm tired of living where the house is run for the brats all the time. Tell the mister and Junior I'm sorry to leave them and I'll not rest comfortable about them, but ——"

"It's a good thing the mister's not here," Charlotte said furiously.

Hot with that fury, she watched Ella go. Her anger was still simmering in her cheeks and in her heart when she went out to do the marketing, in an off hour when things wouldn't be too crowded.

(*Continued on Page 48*)

She's Engaged to an Air Force Officer

HER RING—a square-cut diamond with a baguette diamond either side.

Another charming Pond's bride-to-be
Helena Rausch of Middletown, Ohio, is engaged to Lawrence Richard Nelson of Dayton—now "somewhere overseas"

Helena's great, great grandparents went West in a covered wagon and settled in Ohio. And now Helena is a pioneer too—one of the numbers of lovely Pond's engaged girls who are "war-working" for the safe return of the men they love.

At the Aeronca Aircraft Corporation where Helena has been since September, 1942, about 60% of the workers are women. Her own job is inspecting spare parts essential for every airplane—and it is work very close to her heart. "Every girl who takes a war job is helping to bring our boys back sooner," Helena says.

All kinds of necessary jobs need women workers—in war plants, in stores, in transportation, in restaurants. Won't *you* see what *you* are fitted to do? Check help wanted ads in your local newspaper. Consult local U.S. Employment Service.

ON HER JOB—or at home—there's always a flower-fresh charm about Helena. "It's easy to keep your face soft and fresh looking with Pond's Cold Cream," she says.

Her complexion is exquisite . . . porcelain-fine. "I don't know what I'd do without my Pond's Cold Cream," Helena says. "It's perfectly lovely to stroke on Pond's and smooth off that factory grime. My face feels *so* clean and soft afterwards!"

Helena beauty-creams her face like this: She slips Pond's satin-white cream all over her face and throat. Pats lightly. This softens and releases dirt and make-up. Then she tissues off well.

She "*rinses*" with *more* Pond's—swirling her creamy-tipped fingers round and round her face. "And when I tissue off again my face is *sparkling* clean," she says.

Use Pond's Cold Cream Helena's way—every night and every morning—for day-time clean-ups, too. It's no accident engaged girls like Helena, exquisite society women like Mrs. William Rhinelander Stewart and Britain's Lady Grenfell choose Pond's.

ASK FOR A BIG LUXURY JAR!
Large sizes save glass and manpower! And it's so much quicker to dip finger tips of both hands in the wide-topped Pond's jar!

Today—many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price

HELENA's soft-smooth Pond's complexion enhances the poetic beauty of her golden hair and dreamy grey eyes

Keep your shirt on, Mr. Hewitt!

That bride of yours knows how to *blue* it!

She's no one to take a chance—
Blues shirts white with *safe LaFrance!*

Man, relax! Take heart! Take hope!
LaFrance dissolves right with your soap!

Wonder-working bluing flakes
Blue clothes white in 20 shakes!

Just a twinkling and it's done—
Washing, bluing—*all in one!* *

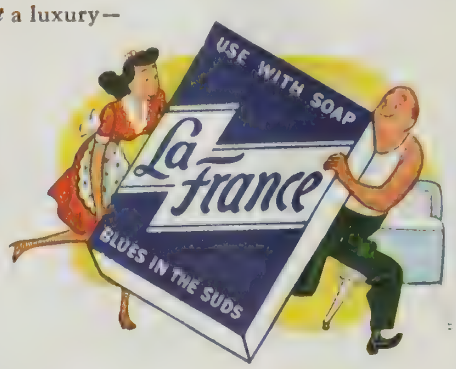
No bluing blots or spots or streaks—
The brightest shirt you've worn in weeks!

For WHITEST washes ever seen—
Try LaFrance in *your* machine.

LaFrance is *not* a luxury—
It's downright good economy!

La France
Blues right in the Suds!

*Because there's no *separate* bluing job, you save 37 minutes' washing time on an average-size wash.



Satina makes your iron behave

1. A NATURAL! Add Satina to whatever starch you use.

2. KEEPS YOUR IRON from sticking, dragging, bucking.

3. SMOOTH, "LIKE-NEW" FINISH for all starched things.

4. ONLY A FEW CENTS for a whole month's supply.

5. IT'S WORTH IT—BUY SATINA TODAY!

For Easier Ironing—Fresher Clothes!

SATINA
MAKES IRONING EASIER

(Continued from Page 46)

Junior, coming down at eleven, found the kitchen pleasantly peaceful and deserted. No orange juice was in evidence, and if there was one thing Junior disliked more than another it was orange juice. Nobody could tell him it was healthful to put that cold sour stuff in your stomach right after you got out of bed. Ignoring the oatmeal in the double boiler, he found some leftover potatoes, which he fried with three eggs, plenty of bacon and liberal rations of salt and black pepper, and, having unearthed the comic page, settled down to enjoy himself. But he was interrupted by Bitsy, warm, yawning, adorably tousled, in pink pajamas.

"Where's Ella?" Bitsy said.

"Don'know," her brother said.

"Don't talk with your mouth full, sweetness," Bitsy said, rooting in the breadbox.

"Then don't ask silly questions when it is," Junior said. He cast a cold eye upon his sister, probably the only masculine eye in existence that could have remained cold at the sight of her with the golden curls tumbling on her shoulders and sleep still rosy upon her lovely little face. "I saw you in that car night before last."

Bitsy turned quickly. "Did Charlie see me?"

"So it was you," said Junior triumphantly. "I saw you, all right, only I didn't hardly believe you'd be such an idiot you'd go out with a drip like that Vernon Sissle."

"Did Charlie know it was me?" Bitsy said. She brought her coffee and sat down at the kitchen table.

"What d'you care?" Junior said violently.

"I hate fusses," Bitsy said, yawning. "Junie, fry me an egg, it smells good."

Junior said, "For gosh sake, can't you even fry an egg?" but he got up and broke one into the pan.

"Did you tell Charlie?" Bitsy said.

"No; if you want to know, I didn't," Junior said, "but next time I will. If you were *my* daughter, I'd conk you with a baseball bat."

Bitsy said, "Junie, don't be so cranky. I haven't done anything. A girl has to help the boys home on leave have a good time, doesn't she?"

"I don't know what you mean by a good time," Junior said coldly. "You're only a kid. I didn't see that Vernon Sissle having on any uniform. What's the matter with him, 4-F?"

With dignity Bitsy said, "If you weren't so fresh for your age I'd tell you about the sailor I met. He was in the Coral Sea and Midway—you ought to see him. Ribbons and medals like crazy."

"If he was anybody like that what'd he want with a kid like you?" Junior said. Bitsy laughed softly, and the sound of her laughter infuriated her younger brother. "It's not your business, anyhow; they got regular people to entertain the boys."

Bitsy said, "Honestly, it makes me laugh. A boy that's been away to camp or at war, like this sailor—his name's Bill Shane—a boy like that doesn't want just to dance with USO hostesses, does he? They can't even speak to the boys afterward. Men in uniform want dates like anybody else, maybe more; how do they know maybe they'll go away and get shot or something? Any girl with a heart at all ought to feel like she'd do anything for those in uniform when you think what they're doing for us. Bill Shane's ship was torpedoed and he——".

"What kind of a ship?" Junior said suspiciously, but with awakening interest.

"Maybe I've got a date with him tonight," Bitsy said. "Maybe sometime when I know him better I'll introduce you and you can ask him, only—only I guess he won't be here very long. You'd be crazy about him, he knows everything about the Navy. . . . Look, Junie, is the wiener really sore at me?" Her eyes were faintly troubled, they returned from far places to regard Junior with the ruthless look of a child.

Junior grunted. "You better behave or she will be. She don't think you ought to be running around nights all the time. . . . Does this sailor know anything about Jap ships, Bits?"

The back door opened and Annabee came in. Junior pulled his bathrobe closer around his legs and stared at her. Not but what he'd seen Annabee often enough. She was always around, giggling in corners with Bitsy, whispering and telephoning and going off to the movies. He didn't see why Bitsy wanted Annabee around all the time, but it wasn't any of his business, only yesterday he'd heard Eddie Dreyfus make a raw crack about Annabee, and the other guys had laughed and then one of them nudged Eddie and they all shut up. They probably remembered that Annabee was Bitsy's best friend. But Junior knew what they meant all right. It wasn't such a good idea, Bitsy running around with Annabee; somebody would get a wrong idea and say things about Bitsy, and then Junior would have to conk him.

Now, seeing Annabee walking into the kitchen, it came back to him. He didn't like her very well; she was always kind of laying on the old oil—not like Bitsy, because Bitsy was a kindhearted kid, but just laying it on. This Annabee was a thin little thing with kind of reddish hair, and beside Bitsy she looked sort of sickly, but she had a cute face, like a kitten's, triangular in shape, and everybody agreed she was a good sport. Not smart like Clare, but she always seemed to know something she wasn't telling; and she had a funny habit of running her tongue over her lips that always made Junior look the other way. She always had plenty of things to talk about and when you saw a guy with her he was usually laughing, but Junior always felt sort of sorry for her.

Bitsy said, "Junior saw us in Vernon's car Saturday night."

"Oh, did he?" Annabee said, and when she smiled like that her eyes were very light blue and the white showed underneath instead of on top, her eyebrows over them were little peaked caps that made the light blue eyes look more restless than they'd been before. She turned the smile toward Junior. "Bitsy just came along because I wanted her to," she said. "I like Vernon, but Bitsy doesn't. Bitsy only likes boys in uniform."

Bitsy didn't say anything; her face had gone all rosy and she looked down and laughed. But it was a kind of embarrassed laugh. She was thinking about the way Annabee and Vernon had behaved when they parked the car; and it wasn't as though Vernon was in uniform and might go away any minute.

She heard Annabee saying, "When a girl looks like Bitsy she can have anything she wants; she doesn't have to work to be popular, or make up to boys, or keep them entertained or make them laugh or anything."

Junior said, "Excuse me while I go outside and vomit. And anyhow, you better watch your step or Charlie'll be down on you both." To himself the threat sounded empty and he bolstered it as best he could. "She's getting pretty mad. She's apt to crack down any time. She might even tell dad."

"I'll have to do something about that," Bitsy said. "I can't have any trouble, not just when I've met my dream prince."

All the way downtown, Charlotte Wilson was pursued by a sense of confusion. Even

(Continued on Page 50)

CURTAIN CALL

One evening Mrs. Jimmy Powers and her husband, the great comedian, were preparing to make a call. As they stepped into the hall, Jimmy, turning to close the door, caught a glimpse of his wife.

"Good heavens!" he gasped. "What have you got on, a nightie?"

"It is," replied Mrs. Powers sweetly. "And now that you have noticed what I am wearing, I'll go back and put on a dress."

—HAROLD HAYS, M.D.:
Adapted from Personality and Other Things.
(The American Physician, Inc.)

1. Before the war, you could pile your shelves with different soaps for this and that. And, if you ran short of any special one-purpose soap, you'd whisk down in the car and buy some more.

2. But, look . . . it's different today! You shop on foot, and trudge home loaded down like a pack horse! So you gotta be *smart* when you buy soap in wartime! . . .

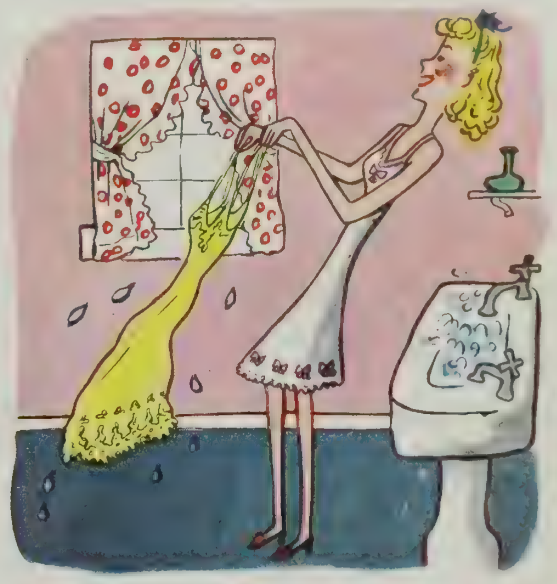
3. That's why clever housewives stick to SWAN . . . *one* wonderful soap that behaves like *four*. With Swan in the house you're set for practically every washing job.

4. Swan is ideal for baby!

Pure as fine castile! Swan is mild, gentle as a mother's caress to baby's delicate skin.

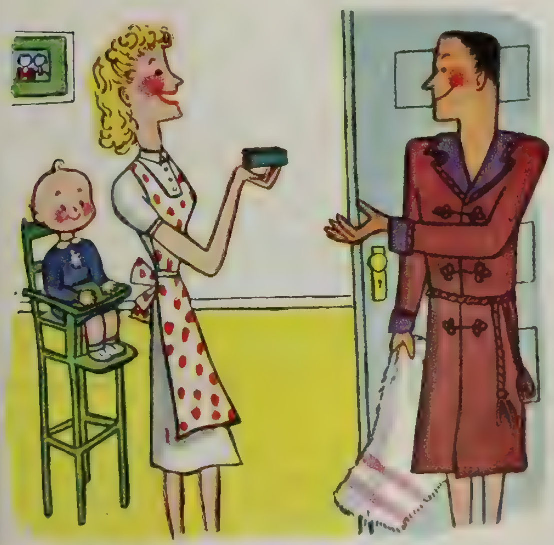
5. Swan is a whiz for dishes!

Swan suds quick as a wink, even in hard water! It's firm. It lasts and lasts. Easy on hands, too, 'cause it's so mild!



6. Swan is a peach for duds!

Baby-gentle Swan helps keep your precious fine things like new!



7. Swan is perfect for bath!

What *gorgeous* lather . . . rich and creamy! And do those May-mild suds agree with your skin!

GRACIE ALLEN SAYS
"Our show's a honey! Tune in! So funny!"

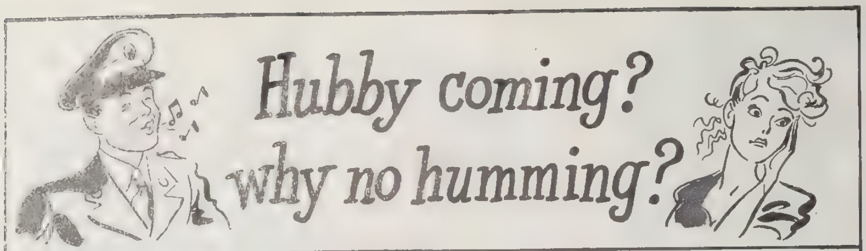
George Burns & Gracie Allen—CBS —Tuesday nights

Replacement or refund of money
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
if defective or not as advertised therein

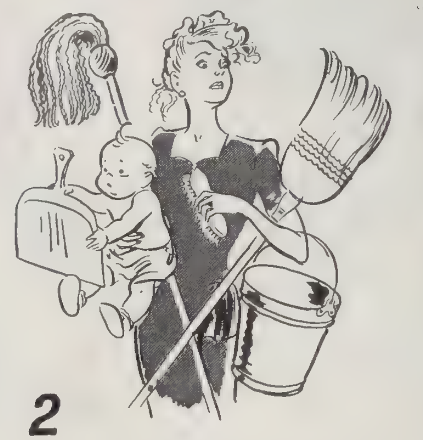
UNCLE SAM SAYS: DON'T WASTE SOAP

1. Don't leave Swan in water.
2. Beware of a wet soap dish! Keep it dry.
3. Wipe off grease, rinse dishes *before* washing.
4. Save Swan slivers; dissolve in boiling water to make soap jelly; use for dishes, shampoo, etc.

MADE BY LEVER BROS. CO., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.


Hubby coming?
why no humming?

1 With word that your husband is getting a leave, Oh what, pretty lass, could be making you grieve?


2 "It's just that there's ever so much to be done— There's housework—and baby—and errands to run!

3 "But *those* jobs are nothing— I've *windows* to clean! And *that* always makes me feel grumpy and mean!"

4 But not if you WINDEX those windows, my sweet. For WINDEX is easy and WINDEX is neat.

5 You just spray it on, wipe it off, with no mess, And each window costs not a penny—but less!

6 Get WINDEX (the 20-ounce bottle) today And polish *all* glass in this thrifty-smart way!

GET BRIGHTER WINDOWS QUICKER WITH—

WINDEX

DON'T TRUST cheap substitutes. There's no streaking, no film, when you insist on this noninflammable, oil-free cleaner that costs less than a penny per window.

For Extra Economy, Buy the Big 20-ounce Size

Copr. 1944 The Drackett Co.

(Continued from Page 48)

when she stood in the market and caught a glimpse of her own elegantly chic figure in the long showcases, she had to make an effort to recapture her gaiety, that gaiety which was so necessary, since behind the counter stood Bud, the butcher, saturnine, grim, stony as the Sphinx. Yet even a butcher must have his favorites.

Bud peered down at her—all men had to look down at little Mrs. Wilson—and the sight was lovely and refreshing, but it did little to lighten his gloom. Bud had become, in the year 1943, a connoisseur of women's clothes. He approved the tight-fitting suit of chocolate-brown slipper satin that Mrs. Wilson wore, he paid tribute to the fact that she never came carelessly clad in sports clothes, which he detested. He saluted, too, the flair that had inspired little Mrs. Wilson to wear a saucy hat made entirely of silken rose petals and a small brown veil that had dignity as well as coquetry. Moreover, Mrs. Wilson was his type, dainty and feminine and of that age which was the peak of woman's charm.

And yet Bud did not return Mrs. Wilson's warm smile. It took more than that these days to uncurdle Bud's face. Two years ago, even in middle age, Bud had preserved illusions about women. But he knew now that no woman loved him for himself alone. It was not his kind heart nor his rugged masculinity nor his solid virtues that won him beaming smiles and honeyed words in soft voices. Women were after his pot roasts and his sirloins and his lamb chops.

"Nothing this morning but flank steak," he said quite coldly.

But what in trousers could resist the droop of that pretty mouth to which the lipstick had been applied so expertly, or the dew that gathered in those eyes which were the color he had been taught as a boy represented a pure heart? He envied Mrs. Wilson's husband.

So that when Charlotte came out onto the sidewalk, Mimi Cutting, seeing her, said, "You look positively abandoned. What have you got in that package?"

"Pot roast," said Charlotte Wilson gaily. Her spirits had soared. She was sure of herself once more. Life was still fun.

"I got flank steak," said Mrs. Cutting grimly.

CHARLOTTE and Mimi. Best friends. "*Oh, Mimi, John Wilson's so wonderful. I think he likes me, too; do you think he likes me a little bit, Mimi?*" *I'm glad I can remember that,* Charlotte thought, *because it makes me understand Bitsy and Annabee; I must always remember so I can understand them.* On the surface, it looked the same. That was Charlotte's danger. That was the camouflage that hid the vast and terrible differences from her.

"Come lunch with me," Mimi said. "I can't face eating off the kitchen sink. Besides, it's a shame to waste that getup of yours on Bud, even if he is a butcher." Over the luncheon table she said, "Cora Gordon told me this morning that somebody saw Bitsy and that Annabee girl at whatever-they-call-it roadhouse on the Valley Boulevard."

Charlotte said, "You know, it's sort of pathetic about Cora. That daughter of hers has terrible ankles—did you ever notice?"

"What's that got to do with it?" Mrs. Cutting said coldly.

Sand Marks

BY BIANCA BRADBURY

How strange, that one may walk
  with love,
 Hand curved in hand, and leave
  no trace.
For children spade for treasure here
 Unknowing. And a wise old face,
The moon, lights other running
  feet
 Along the shore, the wise old tide
Creeps forth to wash them clean
  again.
 But sometimes when the sea gulls
  ride
The moonlight in, now I remember
 Marshes pale with rosemary,
The winking of a starboard eye,
 A freighter slipping out to sea,
The slow legato of the waves.
 And old, and oh so wise, I know
How fragile was the testament
 We wrote in footprints, long ago.

"Don't be cross, Mimi," Charlotte Wilson said, in the same old way that Charlotte Halloran used to say it. "Of course Cora's spiteful about Bitsy, but what can you expect? When a girl's as pretty as Bitsy, every old cat in town's got a knife into her."

"You could be right," Mimi Cutting said slowly, "only—sometimes I wonder if it's as simple as that. The things you hear. All this talk about juvenile delinquency."

"What's that got to do with Bitsy?" Charlotte said haughtily. "Really, Mimi."

"I didn't mean that," Mimi Cutting said. "Only—well, Cora said that Annabee was ——"

CHARLOTTE stood up. "I've got to go get my massage," she said. "You ought to come along and get one too. This man's a miracle. He'd take those tires off your middle in a hurry."

"I haven't got the time," Mimi said.

"Neither have I," Charlotte said. "I ought to be home, canning. But I don't know anything more important than keeping in shape."

She thought that keeping fit was more important for Mimi than for her. Bert Cutting was getting toward the dangerous age. But she kept the thought to herself.

When she got home, there was a huge box of roses on the table. From John. She buried her face in them with a little gasp of pleasure. Pretty good for a husband. What with the massage and the roses, she didn't much mind putting on the pot roast. Mimi and her flank steak. As though women like that could ever understand a girl like Bitsy.

While the pot roast cooked she sat down in the breakfast nook and wrote to John. "The roses are so very lovely, but it isn't that—it's because you sent them to me," she wrote. "Because I think of you all the time and wonder about where you are right this minute and it makes my heart feel warm again to know you think of me in a I-must-send-my-girl-some-roses sort of way." Yet for all that there was something moving around in the back of her head, something that kept trying to get through all the time. A silly, stupid, nagging worry about Bitsy. "I've had to be a little severe with Bitsy," she wrote, "because she's so very young and so pretty. Of course Clare can look after herself, she's so strong, but Bitsy's such a little soft thing and so popular and times are not what they were when I was young. I have told her she can't go out so much evenings." That was what she wrote. But then Charlotte had a habit of stating an intention as a fact accomplished. The intention was there, however. She was going to be severe with Bitsy.

"Charlie," Bitsy said. She came in, wearing slacks and a sweater that tried to be the color of her eyes. There was a ribbon the same color laced through the rich thick curls.

"I want you to stay home tonight, Bitsy," Charlotte said.

"Hi, don't be so previous," Bitsy said, and came and perched on the arm of her chair. "The kids want you to come bowling. Annabee and a boy she knows that's a marine corporal and Howard Cutting and—come on, it'll be fun."

(Continued on Page 52)

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DUZ does Everything
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2 WHAT IF WAR JOBS DO MEAN DIRTY WORK CLOTHES? DUZ REALLY CLEANS 'EM EASY!
3 MOMMY SAYS DUZ IS SAFER FOR COLORS EVEN FOR PRETTY RAYON UNDIES. HELPS CLOTHES LAST LONGER.
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Measure DUZ in cup or glass. A little DUZ a lot.

Soak clothes in clear, cool water before washing.

Use same DUZ suds for several loads of clothes.

(Continued from Page 50)

"I haven't bowled in years," Charlotte Wilson said. "When daddy and I were courting we used to bowl—if Grandma Halloran didn't catch us."

"Everybody bowls now, it's swell; honest, we want you to come," Bitsy said.

Charlotte said, "Bitsy, baby, Mrs. Gordon says somebody saw you and Annabee at that roadhouse."

"It's that snake of a daughter of hers," Bitsy said. "She's mad because I go with Annabee instead of her."

"You weren't there, were you?" Charlotte said. "I wouldn't want you to go to a place like that."

"Not me," Bitsy said. "If you're worried about all that junk, come along and chaperon us bowling. Maybe you'll see my dream prince. Is he cute! I mean, you can look at him while you listen to Sinatra."

The bowling alley was shining and clean. They went down a flight of steps and there were the long yellow gleaming alleys enclosed by smooth green walls; it looked as sterile as a hospital. The clatter of falling pins vied with the shouts and the laughter of bright adolescent voices.

Sitting down in the round leather-cushioned niche at the head of the alley, Charlotte said, "I'll watch, darling."

"Oh, no, you don't," Bitsy said. "Nothing like it. I'm no champ myself. It's no fun unless everybody does."

"But, darling, in these shoes?" Charlotte said. "I'd break my neck."

"We'll get you some shoes, Mrs. Wilson," Annabee said. "They have them right here."

"But I'm afraid these are too big," Charlotte said, slipping her stockinged feet into the flat-soled, awkward black bowling shoes they brought her.

"It's all your own fault for having feet that ought to be pincushions on the mantel or something," Bitsy said. "Look—they're half the size of mine—honestly, did you ever see anything so ridiculous?" She stretched out her legs beside her mother's; they were slim and delicately curving like the legs of a Tanagra statuette; they had the appeal of a little girl's legs and the allure of budding womanhood. "Hold still," Bitsy said, "I'll lace 'em for you."

TRUER WORDS

Life is not a cup to be drained; life is a measure to be filled. —VIOLET H. WILLIAMS: The Wine of Words. (Wetzel Pub. Co.)

No man may rise so high that his wife may not call him down. —DR. JOHN ANDREW HOLMES: Wisdom in Small Doses. (University Pub. Co.)

An ideal husband is what every woman thinks the other woman has. STELLA MEYERS FIEGEL: Whispers About Men. (Kaleidograph Press.)

Her voice carried over the noise; she was showing off now, shaking back the mane of golden curls, turning her face so that it made one exquisite picture after another, her body melting from one fluid pose into another, and all the time she was aware of the boy in a sailor's uniform standing motionless a little way from her. The corners of her eyes that were laughing so sweetly caught him and passed over him and pretended to ignore him—but always they went back to signal for his attention, his recognition.

He was a tall boy, built like a light heavyweight who is a boxer instead of a slugger, or like an All-American end. His hair was sandy blond, cropped close to hide the curl so that it stood up like the crest on a kewpie doll, and the way his eyes were set, very open and wide apart, gave him at moments a spiritual look like a choir boy. But his smooth face, tanned deeply and evenly, for all the sheer youth of its contour, had a strange, blank, waiting look that was hard and tough, tougher than any scowl could have been, and his mouth, which was still young and sweet in shape, was set with that same grave, grim waiting look.

Bill Shane was back from the war. Nonchalant about it, he had that peculiar and unmistakable swagger that nobody except the Navy man who has seen action can ever achieve. At nineteen, Bill Shane had seen his comrades die; he had walked over the side of his ship into the burning oil on the Coral Sea; he had cursed and prayed while shells screamed. Bill Shane back from the war was an unknown quantity, a force to be reckoned with; humanity stood on trial before him.

Slowly, as he watched Bitsy Wilson, a sort of greed came into his eyes. But when Bitsy waved an invitation and he came slowly, his swagger had a touch of wariness.

"Hello, sailor," Bitsy said. "How about being my partner?"

"Why not?" Bill Shane said.

"Okay." Bitsy's voice had a throb of excitement in it. "Hurry up, you kids—you and me, Bill, and Annabee and the corporal and Charlie and Howard. Let's go."

"But I can't in these shoes," Charlie said. "I've always had duck's disease—too near the ground—but in these I waddle."

"Sugar, you're wonderful," Bitsy said. "Just go ahead and roll 'em."

Nobody took the bowling very seriously, but it was good, clean fun. It was even fun when Charlotte couldn't get her fingers out of the heavy ball in time and went halfway down the alley on the seat of her slacks. The way they all laughed! Spending an evening like that was very reassuring. It was being young with your children. It was being pals.

The wire came about a week later:

CAN'T MAKE IT HOME, BUT HAVE TO COME AS FAR AS KANSAS CITY. HOW ABOUT CATCHING A PLANE AND MEETING ME THERE MONDAY. JOHN.

"I never was so excited about anything in my whole life," Charlotte said to Clare. "Do help me pack, you're so good with clothes."

The truth of the matter was that she had been, of late, badly bored. Housework was foreign and distasteful to her after the long years when she had stirred up an occasional meal as a gesture. Little by little it was coming back to her, like riding a bicycle, but she didn't like it. She had never cared much for other women; she was convinced that most women didn't—they only said they did for fear of being thought jealous, and she'd never had to worry about that. Now, social life had practically ceased; nobody played much bridge any more, and if you went as an odd woman to night clubs or hotels there was an atmosphere of feverish familiarity that was new and unpleasant.

The things that had once filled her life seemed to be crumbling away. John had asked her to be careful about money; he'd bought War Bonds up to his limit and beyond. So that the fascinating, absorbing occupation of clothes wasn't what it used to be. For Charlotte Wilson, it came at a bad time. In a few years she would be middle-aged, then old—old. None of these things would matter any more. Soon—so soon—her looks would go. A fear began to haunt her that it might happen at any minute; she might look in a mirror and see herself unmasked, with the glamour gone as leaves fall suddenly from a golden maple in autumn.

Of course John wouldn't expect her not to buy things for Clare and Bitsy. Oddly enough, she and Clare met most freely in the field of clothes and cosmetics, and clothes seemed to be more important to Clare every day. Charlotte had some delicious moments with the lovely things they bought: the suit of sleek black satin with the tight gold vest; the violent green cut in daring lines that looked like nothing at all off and like a million dollars on; the little wool and flannel tailoreds, with wide flared collars that looked so stunning on Clare's tall model figure.

But as for herself, Charlotte Wilson, wife of John Wilson, she felt and fought some change all about her. The spoiled, pampered wife, the gay young mother who couldn't possibly belong to those big girls, had needed the background of a pleasure-mad world, of comedy drama, of sensuous music, and the

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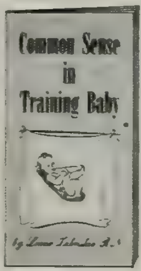

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DIAPER

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background and the music were changing—changing—and her own little figure against the new backdrop might be incongruous. The shift had been so sudden, so stupendous, that she had been unprepared for it. The telegram from John was a new lease on life.

"You'd think you were going on your honeymoon," Clare said.

She felt rather like that when the bellboy showed them into the hotel sitting room. And John said, "I hope it's all right. The town's pack-jammed. Best I could do."

The sitting room was impersonal, gray, with Venetian blinds and inverted lighting. It might house murder or adultery or sacrifice or joy and absorb them all so that to the next guest it was blankly empty.

"I think it's lovely," Charlotte said shyly. Hotels always excited her. "I bet Grandma Halloran never spent a night in a hotel bedroom in her whole life," she said. "She thought all hotels were wicked."

"How are the kids?" John Wilson said.

"Wonderful," Charlotte said. She didn't want to talk about the children just yet, not really. John looked so tall and dark. She had forgotten how strong he looked; she wanted to spend hours just looking at his lean face with the arched nose and the fascinating lines that ran down from his nose to the corners of his mouth. But if you were a mother you were expected to be a mother all the time. "Bitsy's got her first kid crush on a sailor—he's an odd boy."

"Isn't she pretty young for that kind of thing?" John said.

"Oh, John, it's just puppy love; she's grown up for her age—all the girls are now. Junior goes off to the harbor every day. He never thinks about anything but boats."

There was a little, shy silence. Charlotte opened her bag and took out the thin chiffon nightgown and the delicate robe and the smart little dinner dress. John Wilson watched her. He had sent for her because he was tired. The demands of the war were all that a man could carry and they were piling higher and higher. He had needed Charlotte so badly he ached with it, and yet at sight of her getting off the plane, so small and elegant and perfectly groomed, he had felt a terrible sense of letdown. Watching her now, in this strange hotel room, going about her little feminine ways, hearing her breathless little voice, he knew that it had not been only Charlotte he wanted. He wanted his home and his children, the things that belonged to him: his books, so that he could take down first this one and then that as fancy moved him; his own chair that eased the neuralgia pain under his right shoulder that he'd broken in football years ago; his shirts in the same drawer for once. Above all, he had an overmastering need to see Clare. He didn't know just why, but he wanted to see Clare.

"How's Clare?" he said.

"She's busy," Charlotte said. "You know, Clare never talks much. I think she's in love. I think it would be good for her if she married young. She might get sort of frozen."

"I don't think she's frozen," John Wilson said. "I have an idea she's—she's afraid."

His eyes came to rest on the little dinner gown. He'd planned to have dinner up here—that was why he'd taken a sitting room. He wanted to talk and listen and hear about home. A sense of guilt peculiar to American husbands swept through him. Poor little Charlotte. She'd been having a pretty dull time of it. He went over and kissed the back of her neck, and turning her to him, he said:

"It was nice of you to come all this long way to see your old husband."

Later, when they had dressed for dinner, he walked beside her in the dark corridor of the hotel and felt somehow that he was pretty dull too. A maid, laden with towels, passed them, and her eyes upon the radiant golden lady in the sleek black dress were disdainful.

"I dare say she doesn't think we're married," Charlotte said, and laughed.

John looked down at her. He knew that she was good, that she was faithful, that she would have been faithful even if she hadn't

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continued to love him. He didn't quite understand why she was so pleased to be taken for a lady who would go to a hotel room with a man who wasn't her husband. His mind stopped short of realizing that it was part of the creed, superimposed upon her over the years, that mistresses have more fun than wives.

"Are the kids all alone?" he said suddenly.

"Why not?" Charlotte said. "Three great big grown children like that. You don't think anybody is going to kidnap them, do you?"

Joe McCarey walked into the living room of the Wilson home and stood looking about with narrowed eyes. He looked bigger than ever, his vitality seemed to crowd the room, and Clare said, "We won't have a house like this. It doesn't suit you at all. You need something bigger; the scale's too little for you here."

"It's nice, though," Joe McCarey said.

Because it was his day off he wore a regular business suit of tan gabardine. Clare thought, *He should wear tweeds; when we're married I'll have him go to a special tailor. He will look better in old tweeds than anything else.*

"You belong in a place like this," Joe McCarey said. He moved so swiftly and lightly that she was in his arms before she had time to think. "I can't wait much longer," he said. "You must know you're driving me crazy. Sometimes I think you do it on purpose."

"Maybe I did once, not any more," Clare said, and her head dropped back and she waited for his kiss.

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The coolness of her, the sleek streamlined hardness of her whipped him and stung his blood. "What are we waiting for anyhow?" he said.

"You know," Clare said, and took a step away from him. She stood looking at him with her eyebrows up and her head tilted.

"You love me," he said harshly. "I know you love me."

"I—love you," Clare Wilson said. "You can count on that. But don't count on its meaning I'm going to make a fool of myself. Love is important, but it isn't everything. I don't want a shoddy little affair with you. I never have. You can have me—on my terms." Her heart was beating so hard that she wondered if her voice was quite cool and steady, the way she meant it to be. If her face was as amused and controlled as she wanted it to be.

"I think she means to do something pretty soon," Joe McCarey said. "She hasn't spoken to me in a couple of days—and my not going home on my day off ——"

"IT'S nice, being here alone like this," Clare said. "Sit down—over there. We haven't ever been like this, just alone, the way we'll be someday, when you're all that I know you're going to be." She went and sat on the floor at his feet and tipped her head back against his knee. His hand touched her head, lightly, roughly; she felt it tremble.

"When's your mother coming back?" he said.

"I don't know," Clare Wilson said, her cheek pressed against him.

"Where are the other kids? I'd like to see that kid brother," Joe McCarey said. "I like kids."

"They're out somewhere," Clare said. "Maybe they'll be in before you go."

"I wish I didn't have to go," Joe McCarey said, "ever. Come up here; you're so far away."

Fourth Street lay just a little outside the center of town, three blocks of it between two main avenues. In every city, every town, there are streets like it. Congregating places for soldiers and sailors and marines on leave, men who haven't the time or the money to go home, who take in the nearest city to their camp for a little binge after the hard grind of training or to break the strain and suspense and boredom of waiting to go over. Onto it opened the doors of small cafés with dance floors as big as the parlor rug, hotels, not too expensive, where men in uniform gathered in the lobbies to talk in groups, or doubled and tripled up in the little narrow bedrooms.

The city didn't have a servicesmen's canteen, and anyway the boys wanted—half of them, at least—to be on their own. They wanted lights and movement and noise and excitement and fun and the companionship of their own kind.

JUNIOR was not comfortable upon this street. But he was determined. He was looking for Bitsy.

It hadn't been very much of a surprise to him when he went by Annabee's house to find that they weren't there. "I was just looking for Bitsy," he'd said to the enormous woman who was Annabee's mother, and she'd said in her big booming voice, "Why, I guess they went down to the movies. Whyn't you come in and have a piece of cake with me?" So he had gone in, eaten a huge piece of the best chocolate cake he'd ever met up with, and then somehow managed to get away, awkwardly, leaving Annabee's mother looking after him with that strangely placid smile of hers. But at that she looked kind of—kind of forlorn, and while he was eating the cake something she said made him get the idea Annabee thought her mother wasn't good enough for her.

Playing records at Annabee's. As far as he could see, there wasn't even a phonograph in the stiff, formal living room. Playing records and going to the movies and bowling—oh, sure, they could get away with that with Charlie, but he was pretty sure they went down to Fourth Street; somebody had cracked wise about that the other day.

He was younger than most of the boys down there and one of the few who weren't in uniform. And there were plenty of girls, all right, but he didn't see Bitsy or Annabee at first. There was a strange feel to the street; he could sense it all around him, in the faces of the men, the movements of the girls.

This was war. These were men prepared for war, not so idealistic either in their patriotism or their characters that they had not generated other lusts as well, that they had lost the hunger to live before they went forth to die.

Here came the excited, blind, eager little girls, hypnotized by emotions, thrilled by the drama of war, the glitter of uniforms, the hot desire to be part of it all. Fear was in them too. Age-old fear that creeps up in wartime from deep race-consciousness. *We may miss out. Time is so short. After the war there won't be enough men to go round.*

None of this did Junior know in words, but something in him knew its dangers as he walked along the street, half dimmed out, with its air of wild and hectic gaiety and lusty youth and hurry, hurry. Overhead searchlights crossed, a plane droned by; under a street lamp a little boy shrieked the war headlines of his early-morning editions.

Junior kept watching the girls. They moved along mostly in couples, sometimes in groups of three or four. Laughing, wisecracking, shouting, vanishing into the darkness or through the swinging doors of The Hut or Piggy Jacobs' Café or the Paladium Dance Hall or the Hawaiian Beach. There were two types of girls: the tough little ones in sweaters much too big for them, with flat-heeled shoes and bare legs, swinging short

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full skirts; and the daintily feminine ones, with long bobs that touched their shoulders and sandals and gay print dresses.

On the surface it was carnival, all color and comedy and noise and excitement. A couple began to dance in the street to the music sifting out of a café. A bowlegged corporal said, "What are you doing tonight, sweetheart?" and the girl, swinging her short skirt, said, "Can't say no to a soldier," and they went away.

Suddenly Junior saw Bitsy. Oh, sure, Bitsy was the prettiest girl on the street, all right. And didn't she know it, Junior thought. All done up in a blue-and-white dress and a blue bow in her hair. She looked fresh and sweet even here. She was having a great lark; she seemed to be dancing on the wave, hardly touching it with the tips of her toes, and the eyes of men all around her were paying tribute to her radiant young loveliness.

To himself Junior said, *She's nuts; she's got to go home, that's all.* But he could feel his heart pounding. It was a good thing he was too big to cry, because if he hadn't been he would have thought he was going to.

He wormed his way through the crowd after the bright golden flag of her hair, until Bitsy and Annabee stopped to talk to a couple of marines. Then he got up behind her and said:

"You come on home this minute, Bitsy."

The gay grown-up little smile stayed on Bitsy's lips, but over her shoulder she said, "You little pest, you leave me alone."

Swiftly she moved on, but he kept behind her doggedly. "If you don't come home, I'll tell how old you are," he said.

EXACTLY then the siren sounded. Lights went out, cars stopped, air-raid wardens appeared, people rushed into the already jammed cafés and hotel lobbies, couples huddled in doorways. A plane whined fiercely, the searchlights were frantic against the dark sky, the flashlights of the wardens moved like fireflies in a jungle. Silence suddenly blanketed the street; they knew too much now of air raids not to be silenced by this rehearsal for death.

When the all-clear sounded and lights went on, relief erupted wildly; somebody began to sing When the Lights Go on Again All Over the World, and the fresh young voices took it up and it lifted like a hymn.

But in that blackout Bill Shane had found Bitsy and was holding her in his arms, lightly, almost tenderly. As the light struck them he let her go, and she stood shyly, not looking at him, and the surging crowds caught them and drove them apart.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," Junior said. "You come on home."

"Junie," Bitsy said in a whisper, "Junie, please leave me alone. I'm not doing anything. I'm not doing a thing, honestly. That was Bill Shane. He'll take care of me."

Bill, shoving a couple of other girls out of his way, had found her again.

An open door let out a blare of the street's theme song:

In my arms, in my arms, ain't I never going to
get a girl in my arms?
In my arms, in my arms, ain't I never goin' to
hold a bundle of charms?
Come the dawn, I'll be gone ——*

Bill Shane listened to the words. He said, "How about going somewhere for something to eat?"

Junior said, very low, "If you do, I'll tell him how old you are. I'll tell him, sure."

Bitsy took one look at his hot, dogged little face. "Oh, Bill," she said, "how about coming on up to my house? We can cook up some sandwiches or something."

Bill said, "I haven't got time to waste getting acquainted with your folks, beautiful. I got to get back to my ship before long."

Eagerly, Bitsy said, "There aren't any folks except Charlie—my mother—and I don't think she's back yet. She's an air-raid warden. And anyway, she's a pal, isn't she, Annabee?"

---

*From the Frank Loesser song, *In My Arms.* Copyrighted, Saunders Publications.

I'D LOVE TO GO BUT I DON'T FEEL UP TO IT!
THAT'S THE WAY I FELT, HELEN, TILL MY DOCTOR TOLD ME TO TAKE VIMMS!

U. S. Government Experts found 3 out of 4 people weren't getting enough vitamins and minerals from their meals

ALL THE VITAMINS Gov't Experts and Doctors agree are essential...

and vitally needed MINERALS!

Don't get tired, nervous, run-down

Why be doomed to feel low, under par just because your diet lacks the vitamins and minerals you need? Now there is a simple way to get them—take Vimms every day.

Government Experts . . . and Doctors

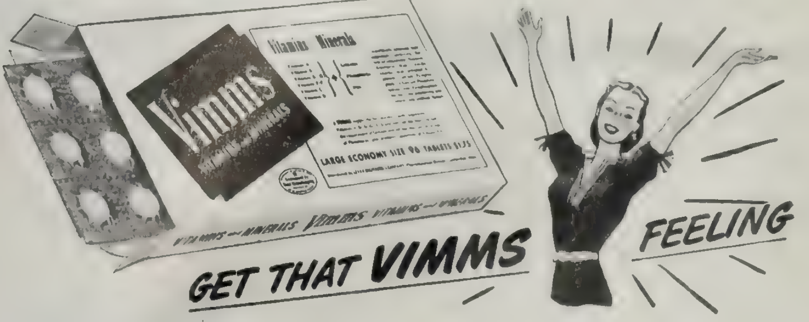
In a nation-wide survey of eating habits, Government experts found that three out of four people weren't getting enough vitamins and minerals. Other surveys show similar results. Vimms contain all the vitamins Government experts—and doctors, too—recognize as essential in the diet.

Vimms also give essential minerals to work along with the vitamins. Calcium and Phosphorus for teeth, bones and body tissue—and Iron, for good rich blood. Taking three Vimms each day will bring the average diet up to peak vitamin-mineral efficiency.

☞ No other product at any price matches all of Vimms' advantages

Beside their other advantages, Vimms keep their standard strength—*and* the vitamins in Vimms are absorbed readily and efficiently! Vimms are pleasant-tasting, cost only a few cents a day.

Start every day with Vimms. An easy way to remember is to take your 3 Vimms at breakfast. Get Vimms from your druggist, your qualified dealer. Lever Brothers Company, Pharmaceutical Division, Cambridge, Mass.



IT'S HERE!.. A QUICK-CAKE MASTERPIECE!

Swans Down Speedeluxe Cake

YOU'VE HEARD about it, of course . . . the sensational new mixing method for cakes that everyone's discussing.

No creaming! The dry ingredients put in all together! And only 4 minutes to beat the batter!

But if you're used to Swans Down quality, maybe you've wondered if this new method would ever give you really *superb* cakes . . . the kind that has made Swans Down almost the 3-to-1 choice of packaged cake flour users.

Lay your doubts aside! For here is a cake, made by the new simpler mixing method, that's a *party* cake . . . gloriously moist and delicious with all of Swans Down's lightness and superfine texture. Just try it and see!

SPEEDELUXE WHITE CAKE

2½ cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
2½ teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
1 teaspoon salt
1¼ cups sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla
5 egg whites
½ cup sugar
⅔ cup vegetable shortening
1 cup milk

Sift flour once; measure into sifter with baking powder, salt, and 1¼ cups sugar.

Beat egg whites until foamy. Add ½ cup sugar gradually, beating until mixture will hold up in soft peaks; set aside.

Have shortening at room temperature; place in bowl and stir just to soften. Sift in dry ingredients. Add ¾ of the milk and vanilla. Mix until all flour is dampened. *Then beat 1 minute.* Add remaining milk. *Beat 2 minutes longer.* Add beaten egg white mixture. *Then beat 1 minute.* (Time to rest should not be counted.)

If electric mixer is used, proceed as directed, using high speed for egg-white mixture, low to medium speed for batter. Scrape down bowl and beater often.

Turn into two 9-inch layers or 13x9x2-inch pan. (Grease pans, line bottoms with waxed paper, grease again.) Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) until done, about 35 minutes for layers; 45 minutes for loaf.

For Party Cake, use layers. Frost with 7-minute frosting; sprinkle with pink-tinted sugar. Garland with flowers.

(All measurements are level.)

CHOCOLATE PARTY FROSTING

(For Serviceman's Cake)

4 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate
3 cups confectioners' sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ cup hot water
4 egg yolks
4 tablespoons shortening

Melt chocolate in double boiler. Remove from boiling water. Add sugar, salt, and water and blend. Add egg yolks, one at a time, beating well after each. Add shortening, a tablespoon at a time, beating thoroughly after each addition. Spread on 13 x 9 x 2-inch cake and decorate with butter frosting tinted with yellow coloring.

Naturally, you couldn't dream of making this cake . . . or any of the new quick-method cakes . . . with ordinary flour. But try them with Swans Down! You can't imagine how excited you'll be!

FREE!—Swans Down "Speed-Way" Recipes

Send for new folder of Swans Down "Speed-Way" recipes—all different—all wonderful! Be the first in your neighborhood to make them! Write to General Foods, Dept. L.H.J. 5-44, Battle Creek, Mich.

A Product of General Foods

Annabee said, "Oh, sure. Or we can go to my house. My mother's on the graveyard shift."

Bitsy looked at Junior, but he shook his head. "No," she said gaily, "we'll go to my house." She gave Junior a dirty look. "Maybe we can have a minute alone."

Bill's eyebrows went up. Oh, well, he didn't have anything to lose.

"Wasn't it lucky I got back for the air raid?" Charlotte said, over a sandwich. "My first since I was a warden. I'd hate to have missed it."

"We thought you weren't coming back until tomorrow," Bert Cutting said. "Want some coffee?"

Charlotte shook her head. "John had to go back to Washington and I just happened to get a reservation." She stood up, smiling a little under her helmet. The little café on the side street was empty except for the air-raid wardens who had gathered when their duties were over. "I have to go home now and see where the children are. They don't even know I'm back."

"I'll walk home with you," Bert Cutting said.

"Imagine an air-raid warden having to be escorted home," Charlotte said, but she let him walk along beside her. Funny old Bert. Years ago, when she first met John, Bert Cutting had had an awful crush on her. In a way, she'd sort of wished him off on Mimi, making up a foursome, so Grandma Halloran would let her go out once in a while, and then when she married John Wilson Bert and Mimi had got married too.

On the little walk in front of the Wilson house, he said, "I wish there were air-raid alerts oftener. It's the only time I ever see you any more."

"Don't be silly."

"What's silly about it?" Bert said obstinately. "I always thought you were a knockout. You don't need to be so stuffy and high-hat with an old friend." He made a clumsy effort to get an arm around her.

"Oh, for heaven's sake," Charlotte said and gave him a little shove, though she couldn't help laughing, the idea of Bert—*Bert Cutting*—making a pass at her was so absolutely ridiculous.

PRUDENCE

Sometimes, looking deep into the eyes of a child, you are conscious of meeting a glance full of wisdom. The child has known nothing yet but love and beauty—all this piled-up world knowledge you have acquired is unguessed at by him. And yet you meet this wonderful look that tells you in a moment more than all the years of experience have seemed to teach.

—HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE:
Women and Other Women.
(Duffield & Co.)

It was at exactly that moment that the front door opened and in the stream of light Charlotte saw Bill and Bitsy—and knew they must have seen her. Not that it made any difference, but just to make sure she gave Bert another shove and ran into the house. All the radios were on, so were all the lights. The kitchen was full of boys and girls and the remains of sandwiches.

"But—darling!" Charlotte said.

"WELL," said Bitsy, with a little giggle, "I'm *home*, aren't I?" After all, the house had always been run for her. Bitsy said, "And a guy on the front steps making a play for Charlie! Gang, this is the wiener; wiener, this is the gang. Charlie's a little wobbly because she just had to strong-arm a neighbor on her own front porch. Welcome home, sugar."

Of course Bitsy's right, Charlotte thought. *I always want her to bring her friends home, that's what home is for.* But somehow she felt strange, she found herself groping for a tone, a manner, a ground on which to meet this younger generation. It was absurd, of course, it didn't make sense, but there it was: she felt stiff and self-conscious, she didn't have any sureness of how to handle them. She was pleased that Bitsy had condescended to use the house, she didn't want to antagonize Bitsy's friends, she wanted to be popular, to make a good impression; in something she felt instinctively was a horrifying reversal of relationships, it was Charlotte's manners and charm and worthwhileness that were on trial, not those of the young people who stood in her kitchen. The kids eyed her coolly, impersonally, distantly, with a sort of tolerant superiority. She had a fleeting memory of bringing boys in to meet Grandma Halloran, but she didn't have time to analyze what it meant, that memory.

Of course she'd been caught at a disadvantage, she was embarrassed about that idiotic scene with Bert Cutting. But above all things she didn't want Bitsy to be ashamed of her now.

"Really, Bitsy," she said, "that never happened before. The way you talk, anybody would think I spent every evening shoving people around on the front porch." Her laugh was self-conscious still, a little confused, but she thought she'd struck the right note. After all, they were just having fun. The music coming out of the radio seemed to her to have gone mad; it was something or other about Harry James going boogie-woogie, it made her head ache and suddenly she wanted to cry. *I must be tired from that plane trip and the air raid and all,* she thought.

THE young marine leaning against the sink unwound himself and came over. "Can't blame the old guy for trying," he said. "And as for you being Bitsy's ma, don't give me that double talk. I bet you're her sister and she's been hiding you because she's jealous. All the time I was at boot camp I used to dream about a blonde like you."

How could you help laughing at a boy like that? He wasn't anything but a child, really.

"Isn't she cute?" Bitsy said, her shoulder touching close against Bill's.

Bill just stood there for a minute, looking at Charlotte. A flushed and laughing Charlotte with the young marine's arm flung carelessly across her shoulders. "Yeah," Bill said, "she's quite a gal."

But after she had made her nightly rounds and found Junior asleep with a strangely dirty face, almost as though he had been crying and had dug dirty fists into his eyes, after she had found Clare's bed empty, Charlotte Wilson found herself clinging to the washbowl in her bathroom to hold herself upright on knees that shook. She had brushed her curls straight back and there was no softening protection now for the face that looked back at her from the mirror, almost a stranger's face, white and frightened.

"I don't know what's the matter with me," she said aloud. "I'm scared. Oh, God don't let anything happen to them."

Across the city, dark now, growing almos quiet, though since the war came it wa never wholly quiet, another woman mad that nightly pilgrimage of mothers. It wa a small, simple bedroom. Elsie McCare moved between the crib and the child's bec tucked the baby in carefully and smoothe the rough little head of the three-year-ol boy. *Even in his sleep*, she thought, *he look like Joe.*

The sound of the door opening sent he flying into the front room. But it wasn't Jo It was funny little fat Manny, and his roun face was longer than she thought it coul ever be.

Elsie said, "Never mind. You couldn find him. I know. It's that girl. I know.

Manny shuffled his feet. He'd worked f Joe McCarey for a long time; Joe was top he was the greatest guy in the plant, as f as Manny was concerned, as far as a lot the boys were concerned. He wanted to what was right and what was loyal by Jo and he hoped this was it, because, after a Elsie was his wife and there were the kic But he didn't want to hear anybody sayi anything against Joe. It was all rig though, because Elsie didn't seem to be ta ing to him, she stood there pushing her s

(Continued on Page 58)

Armour ideas make the most of meat

Make these 2 ration-stretching dishes with

America's Finest Bacon

Buy the best . . . Cook it right . . . Use it all

Can you think of any meat that serves more people per pound than fine bacon like Armour's Star? Just a little Star Bacon adds so *much* richness of flavor to any dish. And that's why it's a marvelous meat course for hearty dinners in these days of rationing.

Here are two grand new meal ideas that bring the inviting flavor of America's Finest Bacon to your table. One's a really different dinner . . . the other turns just a couple of Star Bacon slices into a main dish for four. Both these meal ideas come from the Armour kitchens . . . and are planned for you by experts on downright fine eating.

Armour's Star Bacon is Something Special

With rationing, you want to be sure to get the finest bacon you can for your points. To get the best quality, just say: "Armour's Star Bacon, please," and you'll have three real advantages:

One, slices from the choicest bacon sides. Only the best bacon is selected to bear the Armour's Star label.

Two, rich, fine flavor. Because Armour's Star Bacon is sugar-cured . . . then slowly smoked over fragrant hickory and hardwood fires to heighten its goodness.

Three, bigger slices of bacon on the platter! The special curing of Star Bacon minimizes shrivelling and curling in cooking.

Cook Bacon This Way: To broil bacon, place slices on broiler rack, 4 to 5 inches under heat unit. Broil about 3 minutes to the side or until crisp but not brittle. For pan frying, lay slices in *cold* frying pan, and cook slowly over low heat. Pour off fat as it accumulates. Cook 7-8 minutes.

Armour's Star Bacon and Hot Stuffed Eggs

8 slices Armour's Star Bacon
4 hard cooked Cloverbloom Eggs
2 tbsps. Cloverbloom Butter or Mayflower Margarine
¼ cup chopped fresh mushrooms
¼ cup chopped onion
1 tbsp. flour
½ cup milk
½ tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper
¼ tsp. mustard
Buttered bread crumbs

Simmer eggs in water to cover for 20 minutes. Cool in cold water. Brown mushrooms and onions in butter. Add flour and blend. Add milk gradually and stir until thick. Remove shell from eggs and cut lengthwise. Remove yolk centers and mash. Add cream sauce and seasonings to yolks and mix thoroughly. Stuff egg whites. Sprinkle buttered bread crumbs over the top. Broil 5 minutes or until brown. Serve eggs on toast squares with plain cream sauce. Serve with crisp bacon. 4 servings.

Armour's Star Bacon Potato Puffs

4 large baking potatoes
¼ cup bacon drippings
2 or 3 leftover bacon strips (cooked)
Pepper
Hot milk
Salt

Bake well scrubbed potatoes for 1 hour or until tender in 350° F. oven. Cut a slice from the top of each, scoop out contents into bowl and mash, as for mashed potatoes, adding bacon fat instead of butter and enough hot milk to whip them into a light, fluffy mass. Season with salt and pepper to taste and refill the shells, heaping them high. Cut left-over strips of bacon into cubes and sprinkle over the top of the puffs. Return to oven or broiler long enough to brown edges of the potatoes. Garnish with radishes. A delicious hot luncheon. 4 servings.

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"But, doctor, I hold hands so beautifully!"

1. "Here I get a chance at FREE NURSE TRAINING—and you won't pass me on my physical. I'd make a *good* U. S. Cadet Nurse, you ol' fuddy-duddy! I'd soothe fevered brows and . . ." "Young lady," interrupted Old Fuddy-Duddy, "with your nerves and temper, you couldn't get into the Cadet Nurse Corps!"

2. "Temper!" screamed the lady, "who's got a temper?" "Another thing," continued Fuddy-Duddy, "a Cadet Nurse doesn't hold hands and pat brows. She *nurses!* That's a job for our country's finest women! Now, about your temper...

3. "How well do you sleep?" "Doc," she sighed, "I *don't* sleep. But I *do* get to bed early—ask Mom. I have dinner, a cup of coffee, listen to the radio, and go to bed." "Young lady," winked Fuddy-Duddy, "*you* are affected by caffein in coffee.

4. "Why don't you try Sanka Coffee? Sanka is *good* coffee, yet it's 97% caffein-free, can't keep anyone awake. Try Sanka Coffee and get some regular sleep. Then come back and we'll see about those jangled nerves. You'll be a nurse yet, Saucy!"

5. "Well, if it isn't my favorite patient! When you graduate aren't you set to be a registered nurse, Saucy? Seems that's as smart as it is patriotic; now you're answering Uncle Sam's call and getting a lifetime education, too!"

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(Continued from Page 56)

brown hair back from her forehead and it was more as though she was talking to herself.

"He's like somebody crazy about her, like he was possessed; he hasn't got any sense left at all. He just can't see or hear or think about anything but her, like he was somebody bewitched." She lifted her head then and looked straight at Manny. "I'm not going to stand it," she said in a thin little voice. "I don't have to stand it. I'm going to do something."

Before Manny could get out the front door she had turned and walked back into the bedroom with the babies. Manny went on through the little front yard, stumbling over one of little Joey's trucks, and he was talking to himself. This was all more than he had bargained for. *I don't know if I ought to tell Joe,* he said to himself, *I don't know, and that's the truth.*

Coming home a few evenings later, Junior found his mother already in bed. "You sick?" he said.

"Not really," Charlotte said drowsily. "I went to the blood bank this afternoon. It always makes me just kind of weak and wobbly. Do you mind getting your own supper, lamb? You can find something in the icebox."

When he had gone clumping down the stairs she sat up and turned on the radio. Really, this Sinatra business. Those girls weren't fans, they were case histories. She wiggled the dial and a rich voice said, "Are we a Christian nation when half the homes of America no longer bother to send their children to be instructed in the great living philosophy of Christ?" Finally she got some quiet music, but the voice stuck with her. When she was little, she used to go to Sunday school—Grandma Halloran saw to that—all dressed up with her clean handkerchief pinned to her waist with a safety pin. She had liked the hymns. *I suppose I ought to have sent the children to Sunday school,* she thought, *but it was always so hard to do it on Sunday.*

SHE was almost asleep again when Clare came in. She had on a dress of aquamarine with a silver girdle and Charlotte said, "You look so lovely, Clare. Next time I'm born I want to be tall like you, with shiny black hair and green eyes so I can wear slinky clothes."

"You'll turn my head, darling," Clare said. "'By now."

For the first time Charlotte noticed the trim overnight case she carried. For a moment her throat constricted. She simply couldn't cope with Clare tonight. Then she saw Junior, leaning against the door, his mouth and hands both full of sandwich, and knew she had to.

"Where are you going?" she said stupidly.

"I'll stay all night with one of the girls," Clare said. "We're doing some work together."

But Clare didn't move as fast as Bitsy when she was ready for an exit, and Charlotte said, "Wait a minute—what girl?"

"Nobody you know, Charlie," Clare said coolly.

"But I ought to know where you are if you stay out all night," Charlotte said. She got out of bed and wrapped her robe around her and then realized that was a mistake. It gave Clare the advantage of her willowy graceful height. She towered over her mother and Charlotte felt dumpy and inadequate. She said, "I can't let you stay out all night unless I know where you are, in case something should happen—in case I needed to find you. I don't think it's the right thing to do, Clare," and knew she was weakening her case by talking too much.

"You see too many movies," Clare said, with her cool laugh. "I'm not going to do anything scandalous, pet."

"You going to let her get away with that, Charlie?" Junior said. "If she was *my* daughter ——"

Charlotte said, "I think I have to know where you're going, Clare. I've never coerced my children, but ——"

"It's my life," Clare said. "I'll live it my own way. I don't like being dictated to."

A trip to the cupboard, a twist of the wrist, gives you instantly the best of the summer's crops. No standing in line, no counting of points. Can at home the EASY Kerr way—one sure way of having plenty to eat. Use—

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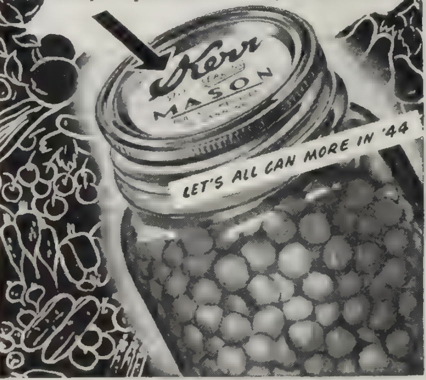

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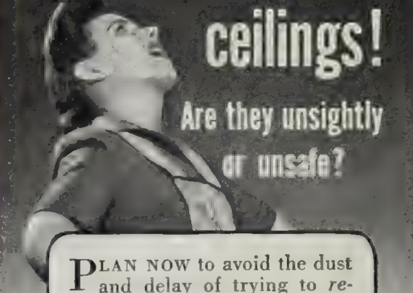

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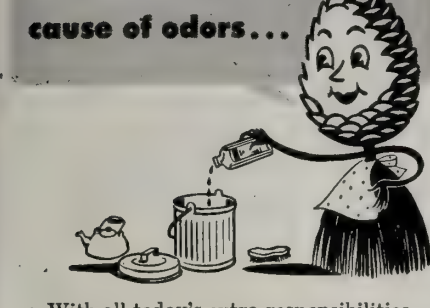

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Drug and department stores have Sergeant's Disinfectant. Get a bottle today — for health and cleanliness.

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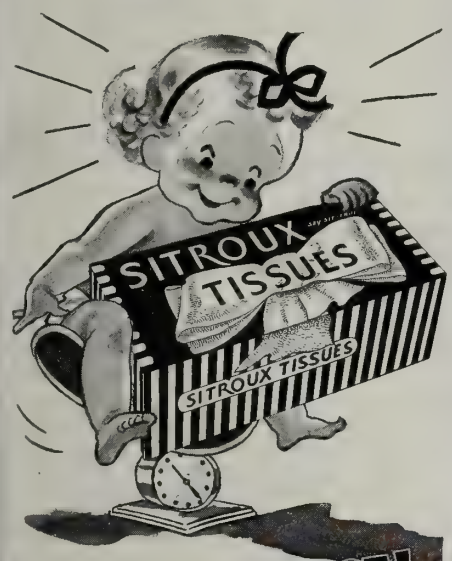

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SITROUX
SAY SIT-TRUE
TISSUES

"See?" Junior said. "See what I mean?

"I've always trusted you, Clare," Char lotte said. "I thought trusting you was th right way"—she steadied herself; she wa shaking and it crept into her voice—"bu unless you tell me where you're going, I can allow you to go, that's all."

"I really can't imagine what you can c to stop me," Clare said. "I'm sorry yo forced this issue, Charlie, but I can't allo you to interfere with me. I don't consid you competent. I'm a better judge of wh to do with my life than you are."

She ran quickly down the stairs. She wasn in the least sorry for her mother. Sentime talists—the word was still new enough Clare's vocabulary to be one of her f vorites—sentimentalists who refused to loo life between the eyes deserved to be worrie especially when they went out of their wa to imagine things to worry about. Absu things, like that obvious and insulting su picion of Charlie's that Clare was going spend the night with Joe McCarey. The r flection on her morals did not annoy Clar what she resented was the implication tha she might be stupidly sentimental herself-stupid enough and sentimental enough t play her trump card when it would lose th trick instead of winning it. Clare was able t enjoy a beautiful feeling of both misjudge innocence and enormous worldly wisdom a she went her way to spend the night precisel as she had told Charlie she was going to spenc it. If Charlie preferred to believe something else, something that practically accused Clare of being both a fool and a liar, it would serve her right to worry.

But Charlotte wasn't worrying. She had run downstairs after Clare, but she had hardly hoped to get there in time to prevent Clare's leaving, and she had realized, helplessly, that she wouldn't be able to prevent it anyway. And as she passed the door of the kitchen the disordered wreckage of Junior's supper-getting gave her a queerly welcom excuse for turning from a problem that ha no answer to one that she knew how to dea with. Bringing cleanliness and order into he kitchen was distantly like bringing them into her world. Hot water and soap and cleanser, at work on saucepans and sink, seemed almost to be at work on life. Pushing her hai back from her hot face with a wet forearm after the immemorial custom of women, sh let the work and heat and smells and noise carry her back toward Grandma Halloran' kitchen and Grandma Halloran's ideas.

Without realizing that she was doing i she talked to herself, out loud, the wa Grandma Halloran used to talk to hersel And the words she was saying were very lik the words that Grandma Halloran woul have used.

"Miss Impudence! Talking to me lik that! 'I really can't imagine what you ca do to stop me!' Just because her father isn here she thinks she can —— Of course she staying with one of the girls and only tryin to make me think —— 'I really can't im agine what you can do ——' Oh, can't you You just wait till tomorrow morning, youn lady, and you'll find out!"

"All right! Who __was__ the fifth President? Don't tell him, mother!"

"THE 1-MINUTE MASK...

...makes my skin look its very nicest — in just 60 seconds," says...
Mrs. Ernest L. Biddle

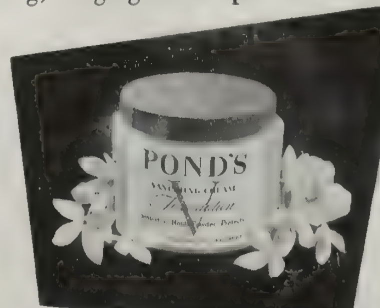
Make-up "scuffed up"—You *know* how scaly bits of dead skin scuff up and spoil your make-up. But did you ever realize what *dirt-catchers* those little roughnesses can be? Enough to dull and coarsen your whole complexion!

"Re-style" your complexion—with a luscious 1-Minute Mask! Just slip a fluffy white layer of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your whole face—except eyes. "Keratolytic" action of the cream loosens and dissolves tiny skin roughnesses and trapped dirt particles. Tissue off the Mask after one minute—and see the difference in your looks!

Fresher look. . . softer feel! "My complexion seems so much brighter after a 1-Minute Mask!" exclaims Mrs. Biddle who is a popular member of Philadelphia's youngest married crowd. "It has a lighter, finer-textured look that I love. And my face has a smoother finish, too—ready and waiting for soft-blending, clinging make-up!"

"IT'S A GRAND POWDER BASE, BESIDES!"

"3 or 4 times a week, I use Pond's Vanishing Cream as a smoothing—brightening 1-Minute Mask," says Mrs. Biddle. "Other days, I spread on a light film of the cream before make-up. It holds powder *so* smoothly!"



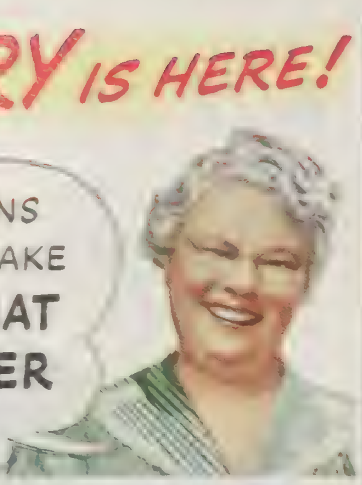
Help ease the glass shortage! Buy one lovely BIG jar of Pond's instead of several small ones.

THE MORE WOMEN AT WORK—THE SOONER WE WIN!

NEW EASY MIX SPRY IS HERE!

GET OUT YOUR CAKE TINS FOLKS. NOW YOU CAN MAKE LIGHTER CAKES THAT STAY FRESH LONGER

SAYS AUNT JENNY



Folks, have you heard my grand news? . . . New, Easy-Mix Spry is here! An' women everywhere are stirrin' up cakes in next to no time—an' feastin' their eyes on the beautiful light layers they get now.

"Lan' sakes, but I'm excited! An' so'll you be, too, when you try new Spry an' my easy new 2-step way to mix a cake.

"Yes, there's just two simple steps to my new Spry cake recipes. There's no creamin' to make your arm ache. No long, hard beatin'. Only one bowl to wash up. Think of the work you save: your batter's ready for the oven in two-thirds less time!

"An', folks, just taste the lighter cakes you get—simply delicious! Even small families can have cakes now, 'cause Spry cakes stay fresh so much longer that not a slice is wasted. So keep scarce, high-point butter for table use an' bake with Spry.

Grand for ALL baking, frying

"Use new Spry for your old favorite cake recipes, too. Get flaky, tender piecrust an' crispy digestible fried foods with pure, all-vegetable Spry."

NO CREAMING!
– SAVES 2/3 MIXING TIME

CHIFFON WHITE CAKE

Dry Ingredients [illegible]

Liquid Ingredients [illegible]

Step 1. Mix dry ingredients — no creaming yet. [illegible]

Step 2. Add liquids in easy stages — and mix. [illegible] batter goes together with Spry [illegible]. Scrape bowl and spoon [illegible]. Add [illegible] and mix thoroughly. Scrape bowl and spoon [illegible]. Add remaining milk and beat until well blended. It's ready in a jiffy. Scrape and mix. Notice the smoother, easier-pouring batter you get with New, Easy-Mix Spry.

Bake in two 8- or 9-inch Spry-coated layer pans in moderate oven (350° F.) 30 to 35 minutes. Spread Sunshine Frosting on layers and sides of cake.

SUNSHINE FROSTING

Mix in double boiler 2 unbeaten egg whites, [illegible] sugar, 5 tablespoons water, [illegible] teaspoon cream of tartar. Place over boiling water and beat with rotary beater until mixture will hold a peak (about 7 minutes). Remove from [illegible]. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla and [illegible]. Beat until cool and thick. [illegible]

NEW EASY-MIX Spry FOR ALL BAKING & FRYING

NOW AT YOUR GROCER'S IN SAME HANDY JAR

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

"What are they here for? They've never come to our dance before. What do they want?"

"What do you think they want?" the girl called back. "My sister said there were four girls to every man at their dance last Saturday."

Bill spun Nancy away. "Four girls to every man," he mused. He grinned down at her. "In that case, would you call it a *deer* line?"

Nancy always laughed at his jokes, but she didn't laugh now. "My goodness, that's awful," she said slowly. "How are they ever going to keep up their dances, with so many men away? I never thought of it, did you? It's rotten for them."

Bill looked around the room. There must have been about a dozen of the older girls on the floor now. You could spot them in a minute. It wasn't so much their faces or their clothes, but something in the way they moved—an assurance, a grace. In contrast, the younger girls—the fifteen and sixteen year olds who belonged here at the Friday-night dance—looked painfully awkward and unfinished.

"Who's that?" Bill asked Nancy. "Do you know who that is, that blond one?"

"I think she's Viola Miller's guest. I don't know her name. My goodness, she's super, isn't she?"

An unaccustomed little knot of annoyance tightened in Bill's chest. *Super*, he thought. Everything was always "super" to Nancy. That kid word. You'd think there weren't any other words.

"She's very attractive," he said with dignity.

He didn't know that Nancy looked at him oddly, because he was looking at the blond girl. She wasn't only attractive Bill thought she was beautiful. She had that wonderful hair, worn brushed up away from her face and neck, in the style that Bill's mother always said reminded her of a washwoman. The blond girl didn't look like a washwoman. She looked like an actress or a model or something. It was hard to believe that she was actually here at the Friday night dance. It was as hard to believe as if Betty Grable or Ann Sheridan had suddenly turned up and started dancing with Johnny Quirt.

> **WHO ARE WE FOR?**
>
> We must have somebody to help us keep up our illusions about ourselves—somebody to go over the top with us, applaud us, have faith in us, and hold us up to our own ideals. Love is the longing for a permanent cheerleader.
>
> —HELEN ROWLAND:
> This Married Life.
> (Dodge Pub. Co.)

Johnny Quirt looked funny with her. He wasn't much of a dancer anyway, and now he seemed to be stumbling all over his big feet. His face was very red, and when they came near enough Bill could see the perspiration. *She'll think we're a bunch of kids*, Bill thought. *I wish I could dance with her.*

And then, at the same moment that he realized he actually could dance with her—that she was right here near him, almost within reach, and all he had to do was ask her, the way Johnny Quirt had done—at the same moment that he realized that, he realized something else. He had been on the floor with Nancy a long time—an awfully long time—and nobody had cut in. He looked down at her, half expecting to see that she had suddenly developed measles or become cross-eyed, but she was just the same, except that she smiled at him so quickly. Too quickly. He had seen that rapid, mechanical, nervous smile before—on the faces of other girls who had been dancing too long with the same fellow.

Alarmed, he watched what was left of the stag line. Most of it had been absorbed by the recent influx of older girls. The few remaining stags avoided Bill's eyes skillfully. They looked through all the boys who danced their high-school partners slowly and hopefully past. The only ones they saw—the only ones they recognized—were Sam Southard and Johnny Quirt and the others who were dancing with the new girls. Every few minutes a stag would leave the line and cut in on one of these, and a new stag would take his place.

Nobody was going to cut in on him and Nancy. Why would anybody? Nobody wanted to dance with a little kid not sixteen years old yet, when there were women here—beautiful women. He was stuck with her. He wasn't ever going to get to dance with that beautiful blonde. He was stuck with Nancy.

The music changed, softened, developed a new and subtle rhythm. Bill saw the blond girl nod and smile at the band leader and turn back into her partner's arms. She had requested a rumba. Heck, none of these guys could do a rumba—not the right way, not the way Bill could do it. You had to have real rhythm. You had to have loose knees. He wished he could show her—just once.

But there was no use going sour on Nancy. She couldn't help it that she was only a kid. He might as well make the best of it and try to show her a good time, even if he was stuck for the evening. She was a smooth dancer, anyway—that was one thing. In the summer, when there were no Friday-night dances, they had tried out a lot of new steps on her porch. They had tried the rumba, too, with a record of the same song the band was playing now, and they were pretty good together, pretty solid.

He made himself smile down at her. "Come on, sugar," he said. "This is our music."

But she stood still and dropped her hands out of his. "I have kind of a headache," she said. "I think I'll rest awhile; do you mind? You go ahead and dance."

He thought he must be dreaming. Nancy never had a headache. She never wanted to rest unless he was with her. He looked at her, and she really did look sort of pale.

"Well," he said, "of course if you don't feel so good ——" He hoped he sounded reluctant. He hoped she couldn't hear the way his heart was jumping. He made himself stand still and watch her until she was out of sight in the lounge. After all, she was a good little kid.

The blond girl followed him as though they'd been dancing together all their lives. He didn't have to practice on the porch with her. She seemed to know what he was going to do as soon as he knew himself. Her chin came just to his shoulder, and her hair against his cheek was subtly fragrant. She felt different in his arms from any girl he'd ever danced with—not solid, like Nancy, nor light and fragile, nor bony, but as though she were a part of him, blending the movements of her body with his, her grace with his grace.

"What are you doing here?" Her voice was low and deep—so unlike the chirping voices of high-school girls. "What are you doing at this kiddie party?"

She could see he didn't belong here. She could see he was a man. "I could ask you the same thing." For the first time he was conscious of the engaging quality of his grin. He used it on her deliberately. "What are you doing here?"

Instantly she answered, "I came to find you."

He saw someone from the stag line bearing down on them, and quickly, without asking her permission, he took her hand and ran with her, off the floor and outside. He did it almost without thinking, and then he had a moment of panic. He should have been smoother. He should have said something clever and then maneuvered her toward the door, not gone running like a kid.

But she seemed to like it. She looked at him with a little half smile and said, "You're a man of action, aren't you?"

Afterward he could never remember very much of what he had said out there, but at the time he felt clever and sophisticated and wonderfully quick with his answers. He had never been any of these things before,

(Continued on Page 64)

Sh-hh! He went overboard on the Smörgåsbord!*

**Belt-line banquet, Swedish Style*

● Quiet, please . . . Eddie really needs that snooze . . . the poor dope ate a lunch so heavy he feels as though he swallowed an anvil!

On second thought, maybe Eddie better wake up to a modern idea. You see, Eddie, smart people have discovered it isn't *only* at breakfast time that you can enjoy the delightful, light, balanced nourishment of Post Toasties.

You'll find delicious Post Toasties especially good for lunch. Post Toasties, the *crisper* corn flakes, are a basic food—one of those important Basic 7 foods you need every day, according to U. S. government nutrition experts. So, Post Toasties are perfect for *any* meal!

You'll like the mouth-watering flavor allure, the refreshing crispness and cooling pick-up in these golden corn flakes. For lunch, try a big bowl of tasty Post Toasties with fruit, milk and sugar—a delightfully satisfying luncheon dish, yet it provides *three* Basic 7 foods.

And remember, Post Toasties, the crisper corn flakes, are unrationed . . . inexpensive . . . plentiful . . . easy and quick to serve.

So keep alert . . . keep going . . . with a crisp, delicious Post Toasties lunch *today*.

Try Post Toasties Waldorf *for Lunch*

Post Toasties and Strawberries, topped with cottage cheese

Milk or cream

Toasted Rolls and Jelly

Carrot Sticks *Coffee*

Post Toasties

(*THE WAKE-UP FOOD*)

A GENERAL FOODS CEREAL

Post Toasties
Corn Flakes
NOT TOO HEAVY . . . NOT TOO LIGHT . . .
THIS CEREAL LUNCH IS ALWAYS RIGHT!

Beauty-famous
ANGELUS ROUGE
appears so natural

it seems to match your own blood tones!

"Highlight" *Your* Complexion Like Many Of The Loveliest Actresses Do—

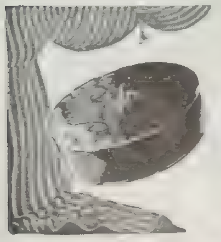
ANGELUS Dry Rouge—created by the exclusive House of Louis Philippe—is *especially* blended to "highlight" your whole complexion.

This beauty-famous ANGELUS Rouge appears so *natural* it seems to match your own blood tones. Just see if people don't think that delicate ANGELUS "blush" is your own *natural* youthful color!

ANGELUS Rouge is used by some of the most fascinating screen actresses! Why not let it flatter *your* skin with exquisite loveliness?

In case you prefer a *creme* rouge—by all means try famous ANGELUS Rouge Incarnat which may be used for both lips and cheeks. Stunning shades! At all cosmetic counters.

"Glamour Veil" Your Skin With
Triple Refined ANGELUS Face Poudre



Many of the most glamorous stage and screen stars use ANGELUS Face Poudre. It is *triple refined* to insure enchantingly smooth texture. It imparts a glowing youthful finish to even dull sallow skin. Clings for hours without caking, streaking or piling up in patches. Economy size only 49¢ (plus tax). Also a larger handsome de luxe size. Seven glorious shades.

Louis Philippe

ANGELUS LIPSTICK—ROUGE—FACE POUDRE—CREMES—MAKE-UP

(Continued from Page 62)

but it must have been in him somewhere, just waiting for a girl like this to bring it out.

She asked him all about himself, and you could tell she was really interested. She sat with him on the stone bench with her hands in her lap and her eyes never leaving his face, and that absorbed way she looked at him gave him the most wonderful feeling of power. He felt that there was nothing he couldn't do.

Her name was Karen Moore. He had never thought much about names before, but he thought about hers. He kept saying it over and over to himself, it was so beautiful: *Karen*. And she wasn't just visiting in town. She was going to stay. She was stopping with the Millers until her own apartment was ready, and then she was going to live there alone, and work as a secretary for Mr. Miller.

Bill had never known a girl who lived alone. He wondered how old she was, and then he thought of all the famous lovers where the woman had been older than the man. He couldn't just place their names, but he knew there were a lot of them. What did age matter, anyway? When two people clicked—when two people were in harmony ——

He told her he would be in uniform soon, and she said, "Oh, Bill, you too?" She didn't look surprised, or make cracks about his being so young. She just said "You too?" as though it mattered to her that he was going—as though it mattered a lot. And then, when he said it wouldn't be until the summer, she brightened and put her hand on his sleeve and said, "At least we'll have a little time, won't we? Most of the winter. Unless ——"

"Unless what?"

She smiled that little half smile of hers and leaned toward him. Only she didn't really lean; it was subtler than that. He wasn't aware that she had come closer until he smelled the fragrance of her hair again. "Perhaps I'm assuming too much. Perhaps there's someone else."

TONGUE TWISTER

"Look at the funny man across the road," said the five-year-old.

"What's he doing?" asked the mother as she turned round from a shop window.

"Sitting on the pavement talking to a banana skin."

—E. S. DE PONCET:
"Better Jokes, Stories and Toasts,"
(Meador Pub. Co., Boston.)

Somewhere in the back of his mind, for just an instant, he had an image of Nancy, but it was like an image in a dream, shadowy and unreal. "No," he said hoarsely, "there's nobody else."

Her lips were just under his. He wanted to kiss her more than he had ever wanted anything in his life, but he couldn't. At the very instant that he needed it most, all his self-assurance, all his sense of power and sophistication deserted him. He stood up, trembling, and his voice was loud and angry.

"We'd better go inside," he said. "They'll be wondering what happened to us."

"Of course," she said immediately, "if you say so." She gave him a quick, intimate look, and walked ahead of him into the room.

What a goon I am, he said to himself bitterly. *What a super goon!* But he began to feel all right again as soon as they danced together.

"You're marvelous," she murmured. "We'll have to do this often this winter."

HE WANTED to keep on dancing with her forever, but this time when someone came to cut in, he had to let her go. He walked back to the stag line and waited, watching her with Eddie Waters, and he thought that Eddie looked as silly with her as Johnny Quirt had. Eddie was one of his best friends, and he was planning to join up, too, at the end of the term, but Bill thought that though Eddie might be ready for the Navy, he certainly wasn't ready for a girl like Karen. He was a long, skinny boy with curly hair that wouldn't stay plastered down, and smooth red cheeks. Bill had never noticed before how young Eddie looked. He was staring at Karen with an expression just like a calf, an entranced, slightly bewildered calf, and Bill had to laugh to himself.

He laughed to himself and stood with his arms folded, rocking back and forth a little on his heels, feeling very confident, very superior. The way Karen felt about him, the chances were she would be asking him up to her apartment as soon as she was settled. He would bring her two orchids, green ones—what did he want with a new camera, anyway, now that he was going to enlist?—and he would pin them to her shoulder and then take her in his arms and kiss her. A stone bench, with people likely to pop out any minute, was no place for a kiss like that; but alone in her apartment it would be different. He would kiss her ardently and then put her away from him and say, in a trembling voice, "We'd better get out of here. I don't trust myself." And she would look up at him with tears in her eyes and answer, "Oh, Bill, you have such strength. I love you, Bill."

IT OCCURRED to him suddenly that it might be a good idea to dance with one of the other girls, not to stand there and let Karen think he was just waiting for her. He looked around the room. It was the first time he had looked anywhere but at Karen.

Most of the fellows his age were dancing with the girls who, like Karen, had come to the Friday-night dance for the first time. Johnny Quirt was dancing with Viola Miller, the back of his neck perspiring, and Sam Southard, who fancied himself a ladies' man, was lifting one eyebrow at a statuesque brunette in a manner that was meant to be quizzical. They looked just as silly as Eddie—just as young and dazed.

And all at once he knew that he must have looked silly too. He stared at these friends of his, clumsily pinch-hitting for the Saturday-night men—the men who were gone now—and he stared at the younger girls who stood in forlorn groups at the edge of the floor, or danced unenthusiastically with boys who were too young for them, and he wasn't a bit amused any more. He was, instead, both sad and angry. Because of what was happening here tonight, the Friday-night dances would never be the same again. Something was gone out of them—some dignity, and at the same time something gay and easy and young.

He looked again, and his heart began to beat in a peculiar way. Because he didn't see Nancy. She wasn't anywhere around. He couldn't have explained his feelings when he saw she wasn't there, but he knew he felt terrible. If she had gone home—left the dance because of him —— He didn't know. It was all mixed up with the chair in her living room and her mother's gingerbread and the way she said everything was super, and with this idea he had that the Friday-night dances were spoiled.

He found her out at the football stadium, a lonely little speck up among the empty benches. She wasn't crying, just sitting there with her shoulders hunched over and her hair falling forward around her face.

"Hello," she said when she saw him. "How did you know where I was?"

"Heck, when you know a girl so well you can kind of figure out ——" He sat down next to her, not too close, with his big hands clasped between his knees. Presently he said, "I acted like a goon, a sappy kid."

He half expected her to deny it, but she tossed her hair with that appealing, puppy-like motion of her head and smiled at him and said, "I guess it takes a man to know when he's been acting like a kid." And then she moved closer to him and added softly, "It's all right, Bill. I still think you're super."

He took her hand, and it was soft and yet strong and solid in his. He felt all peaceful and comfortable and warm. This was the way he guessed he would feel when the war was over and he came home again.

In Tomato Juice . . .

LOOK TO LIBBY'S FOR PERFECTION

● TWICE-RICH . . . that's the kind of tomato juice that always comes to your grocer's shelf under the Libby label!

You see, we begin with expertly grown tomatoes . . . pick them on the very day they're most *rich in flavor* . . . most *rich in vitamins.*

Then Libby science steps in to protect this fresh-from-the-vine juice. We know how to *keep* that full, ripe, sun-drenched flavor . . . and how to retain those precious "tomato vitamins". Sparkling juice packed with *such* care is rich in Vitamin A and Vitamin C . . . a ready source of Vitamins B_1 and G!

To help put these vitamins (and Libby goodness, too!) into fighters' diets, Uncle Sam is taking quite a large share of our pack. But there's still *some* Libby's Tomato Juice for *your* wartime meals. Before you spend points for tomato juice, it's wise to look for our label. And if you sometimes find your dealer out of Libby's Tomato Juice, take another of our famous Family of Juices.

LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY

WHERE FOOD GROWS FINEST—THERE LIBBY PACKS THE BEST!

PRODUCE AND CONSERVE
SHARE AND PLAY SQUARE
FOOD FIGHTS for freedom

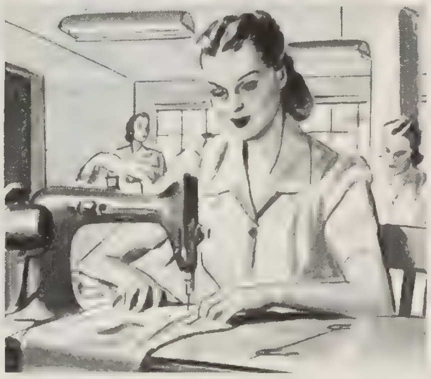
Libby's
TOMATO JUICE

Housework's the Only Job I Know

— what could I do in a war job?

"The More Women at War —The Sooner We'll Win!"

Harness that housework energy and skill to *any* home-front service! Every day, more and more women *must* help keep production moving! If your town needs workers, each day you delay means more men must die—Victory must be postponed. Below, see how many domestic duties can be applied to a war job!



Ever cook—serve meals? . . . a restaurant or hotel needs you! A real war job, if ever there was one—*vital* to civilian life! Full time, part time, there's a place for you, with pay. Read the classified ads in your home paper—for openings available *now*. Or get free advice from your Employment Service Office.

Ever sew and mend? . . . industries need you! Clothing manufacturers, for example. And other services—such as communications—requiring deft fingers, precision work. Your newspaper want ads list the jobs in your town. Let your U. S. Employment Service Office help find the spot that's best for *you*.

Ever keep accounts? . . . manage household bills, budgets? The WACS, WAVES, SPARS and MARINES need women for many types of work. Jobs computing pay rolls, keeping records, etc. Serve in uniform—release a man to fight! Inquire at your nearest Army or Navy recruiting station.

Ever go marketing? . . . try selling! It's like shopping—in *reverse*. Drug store clerks are urgently needed to sell cosmetics and other items, to serve at fountains or as cashiers. A job in *any* store is *essential!* Inquire in your neighborhood—read those want ads! Start working *today!*

Published in the interest of the war effort by Kleenex Tissues*

Paper, too, has a wartime job . . . that's why there's not enough Kleenex Tissues to go around. But regardless of what others do, we are determined to maintain *Kleenex quality* in every particular, consistent with government regulations.

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

TOMORROW IS FOREVER

(Continued from Page 18)

Tuesday—today was Monday, so here was the page for tomorrow. She was scribbling "Kessler to dinner, 7:30," when the date at the bottom of the page leaped up at her and struck her and made her start to put the calendar down quickly, but she could still see the date and she put her arm over her eyes as though by doing that she could shut it out of sight of her mind. October 6, 1942. Even with her eyes covered she could still see it, October 6, 1942.

Now all her power of will and reason was insufficient to hold her back from the shadow into which she was slipping, into which she still went down once every two or three years in spite of her full life and happy marriage, impelled each time by some trivial incident that had no connection with the pain it brought. October 6, 1942. October 6, 1918.

She was remembering that day, and nothing she could do or think of could make her stop remembering. It was just about this time in the afternoon, and the autumn sun coming in by the front door glittered through the hall and fell on the yellow telegram she held in her hand, with its letters blue-black against the shining sheet of paper: ". . . regrets to inform you . . . Sergeant Arthur Kittredge . . killed . . ."

It was such a cool, shining day, the trees reddening, and it seemed that nearly every house in Tulsa had a flag rippling from its front porch. After spending the day rolling bandages at the Red Cross headquarters, Elizabeth came home. She ran up the steps, singing. It was a silly song, but everybody was singing it about that time: "*I'd like to see the Kaiser with a lily in his hand.*" Their little house welcomed her brightly as she ran in. She and Arthur had lived here for the year before he went to the Army.

As she opened the door the sun fell in a long rectangle on the floor of the hall. She picked up the telegram and slit it open, and then she saw that it came from the War Department. The message was mercifully brief. It merely told her that Arthur was dead. She did not know then that he had died of wounds received at Château-Thierry. They told her that later, in a letter from the Red Cross.

She did not understand even the little they had told her. She stood still, staring at the sheet of paper in her hand, all her instincts of self-protection rising up to prevent her understanding what it said. Then all of a sudden she knew. The purse dropped out of her hand and the telegram dropped with it. Her legs went down like strips of macaroni.

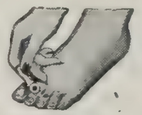
For the first few hours the pain stayed with her, blotting out everything except an occasional confused recollection of some minute of her life with Arthur and then closing around her again like a red-hot shell. Then, slowly, she began remembering everything about him: not merely his strength and humor and gentleness, but little unimportant words he had spoken to her, the way his eyes would catch hers across a crowded room and make her feel warm with his love.

Her thoughts went back to the beginning. She was spending a few weeks with her uncle and aunt, and one day she went to swim at the country club and met Arthur.

She went swimming alone, expecting that she would meet some acquaintance at the club, which was always full of people on Saturday afternoons. She was practicing a swan dive; she had already gone through it several times, but she liked to repeat it—standing poised in the sun high above the green stretch of water, the spring, the swift plunge down through the rush of air with her arms out like wings, and then at the right split second bringing her arms together to cut the water and feeling it close around her, and then up again into the warmth and brightness, so vigorous that she felt like crying out, "I'm alive, alive, and I love it!"

She was not looking at anything when she put out her hand to raise herself out of the

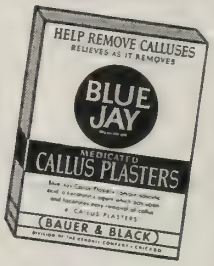
Don't let sore feet wear you down—make you cross and irritable. At the first sign of trouble—think of Blue-Jay—the famous products that have brought quick, comforting relief to foot troubles for years. See which one of the Blue-Jay products pictured here can help *you!*



CORNS. Medicated Blue-Jay Corn Plasters instantly stop pressure pain; gently soften and loosen the corn so it can be easily removed—*with the pain-producing core!*

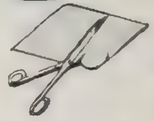
CALLUSES

Get quick relief with a Blue-Jay Callus Plaster; the medication acts directly on callus to help remove it.



BURNING FEET

Cooling, soothing Blue-Jay Foot Powder keeps feet from sticking to shoes when you go without stockings; deodorizes, too!



FOR TENDER SPOTS
CUT TO FIT CORNS CALLUSES SHOE PINCH
BLUE JAY
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water, and was astonished and for an instant embarrassed to feel her finger tips closing on somebody's leg. Elizabeth started back, about to make an apology. But before she could speak the young man had grasped her arms and lifted her to the edge of the pool by him, and he was begging her:

"There now, do it again!"

She looked up at him, and in that first moment she liked him because he looked just the way she felt—young, joyous, alive with an extraordinary vitality. He was instantly so vivid to her that Elizabeth exclaimed, "Do you often come here? Why haven't I met you before?"

"I don't know. I was wondering the same thing myself. My name is Arthur Kittredge. Will you let me see you do that dive just once more?"

"Of course," she said, and ran back to the ladder leading up to the high diving board.

At the top she looked down at Arthur. He lay stretched out, his eyes on her. As she saw him he smiled, raising his hand in a little gesture of praise, and it was as though everybody else in the pool had become invisible. Elizabeth ran forward and arched her body into the air, and as her hands touched the water she knew it had been the most graceful dive she had ever made. *That's what it does for you,* she thought under the water, *to have somebody like that to dive for.*

Arthur sprang into the pool to meet her. They swam up and down together, trying to ride a rubber swan and falling off with shouts of laughter. They came out to sit in the sun, and while she shook out her hair to dry they talked without any sense of strangeness.

Arthur told her he was a research chemist. He was employed by an oil company to conduct laboratory investigations leading to additional practical uses for petroleum, and he had published several pamphlets describing his work. Chemistry, he told her, was the most exciting subject on earth, though physics ran it a close second.

As they talked she discovered that his outstanding characteristic was a profound curiosity about how the universe and its inhabitants were put together. Everything from babies to planets interested him. He wanted to take them all apart and see what made them behave as they did.

Illegitimate

There are people who know their own destiny and live it as if they knew it. Jenny was that way. Even had the town let her forget—and they didn't—Jenny would have still been conscious of her burden. A brave, sensitive novel by Nelia Gardner White, complete in the

June Journal

"Have you been in Tulsa long?" asked Elizabeth.

"About three years."

"Where did you live before that?"

"Chicago."

Elizabeth began to laugh. "That's where you were born, isn't it?"

"Yes, how did you know?"

"BECAUSE people born in Chicago always call it 'Chicawgo,' and everybody from other places call it 'Chicahgo.' Why is that?"

"Chicawgo," he said thoughtfully, and laughed. "Why, I do. What do you call it?"

"Chicahgo," said Elizabeth.

"Chicawgo," repeated Arthur. "I can't seem to say it any other way. It's like a birth certificate, isn't it?"

Like herself, he had no immediate family, he told her. His parents had died long ago, and he had worked his way through the university. They went dancing that night, and as the next day was Sunday they went swimming. In September they were married.

There was no use in anybody's saying eighteen was too young to be married or giving any of the other sensible advice older people like to give young girls in love. She and Arthur wanted each other and nobody could keep them apart.

Elizabeth was tremulous with joy at finding out what it was like to be loved. She had always had plenty of friends, her masculine acquaintances had let her know she was desirable, and her aunt and uncle had done their dutiful best to be affectionate, but nobody had ever loved her. Arthur loved her.

She was not very good at expressing it. But in the evenings while he read or worked, she would sit with the mending and look up to watch the line of light down his profile, and every now and then Arthur would glance up and smile at her and she would be unutterably happy.

They both wanted to have children. They talked about it eagerly. But Arthur, who had a deep sense of protection, thought they should wait a year or two. Elizabeth was so young. Besides, they had been married in the fall of 1916, and by spring the United States was about to enter the war.

"Suppose I should be called into the Army," he said, "and leave you here alone."

ELIZABETH shivered. Now that she had found Arthur, the idea of living without him was more than she could bear to contemplate. "The war won't last much longer," she said. "I'm sure it won't."

Then the United States was in the war, and there was no keeping Arthur back from it. While she had been seeing the war in terms of newspaper accounts he was seeing it as human beings starving and bleeding before a force of evil that decent men must stop.

Terrified, Elizabeth pleaded with him. "You don't want to go, do you, Arthur?"

"No, I don't. But, my darling, we've got to win this war. We're fighting so other people will have the same chance at life that we've had—not only the foreigners, but Americans, the Americans who aren't born yet."

Her mind yielded, for he was incontestably right. But she could not help protesting, "What about those children I was going to have?"

"If we win this war," said Arthur, "you'll have your children. If we don't," he added grimly, "you won't want them."

So, after not quite a year of marriage, Arthur joined the Army. From the day they were married until the day he left, he and Elizabeth had not been separated for as long as twenty-four hours. The first night she slept alone the bed seemed twice its usual size and the room seemed enormous.

Crumpled up on that same bed, Elizabeth was telling herself the room would always be empty. She had nothing. No husband, no children, no desire for anything without them.

She felt nothing else. The morning came at length, and other mornings followed it, but for a long time Elizabeth was not conscious of anything but the immensity of her pain.

Arthur was everywhere, so vividly that there were even moments when she forgot he would not be there any more. She would wake up in the night and begin to turn over softly so as not to disturb him. She would bring herself up with a start that reminded her, *But he isn't there, he'll never be there again.* The pain would slash into her, deep and quick, until she thought, *This is worse than it was at first. And there'll never be anything else. Arthur is dead.*

And then one morning, in the spring after the Armistice, she discovered that she did not have much money left to live on. The American lawmakers had taken this matter into account when they provided pensions for the widows of men who died for their country.

"No!" Elizabeth exclaimed. "I don't want the Government to pay me for Arthur. I can earn my own living. I'd rather." If she turned down that pension, it would mean she would have to take care of herself, no

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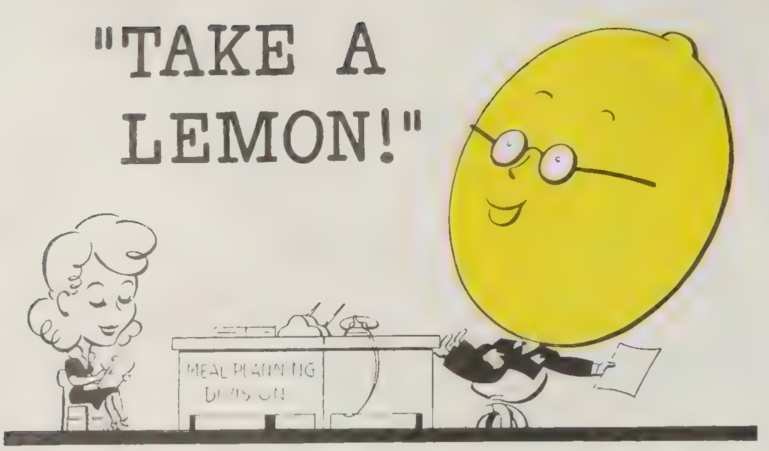
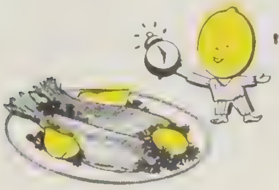


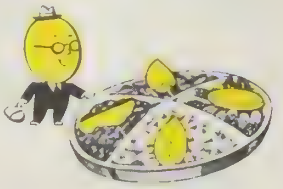
"TAKE A LEMON!"

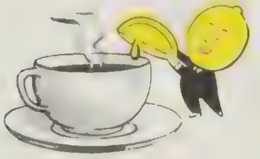
"Please note special values contained herein to make meals more flavorful, more healthful and glamorous!"



"It wakes up flavors!" Use lemon juice liberally to bring out flavors. You know how it improves tea and fish. It can do as much for fruits and vegetables (juices, too!), for meats, clear soups, salad dressings and beverages!

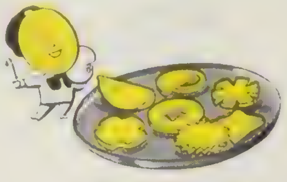
"It helps family health!" Add lemon juice to vegetables to restore vitamins lost in cooking. Serve asparagus, beets, broccoli, cabbage, cauliflower, spinach and other greens with handy lemon quarters for extra flavor and color!





"It perks up beverages!" You can *see* lemon work in tea! Gives it a clear, amber color and a stimulating fragrance. Try a teaspoon of grated peel added while brewing. Remember, too, lemon lends extra enjoyment to party punches.

"It adds welcome color!" Good meals often *look* dull. Yellow is a bright, lively color and it's quickly supplied with a gay lemon garnish. Use novel cuts, sprinkle slices with paprika or chopped parsley. Quarters are best for juice!



"It dresses up drab dishes!" Lemon juice gives stewed fruits a fresher, livelier flavor. Sparks up sandwich spreads. Try grated peel on puddings and cobblers. Cook apple sauce with lemon strips. Bread pudding is *new* with a lemon clear sauce!

"It keeps husbands happy!" Happy? He'll be out of this world when he spies that lemon pie banked high with snowy meringue. Use fresh juice and grated peel for that fragrant tang and have his checkbook handy! That new hat is yours!

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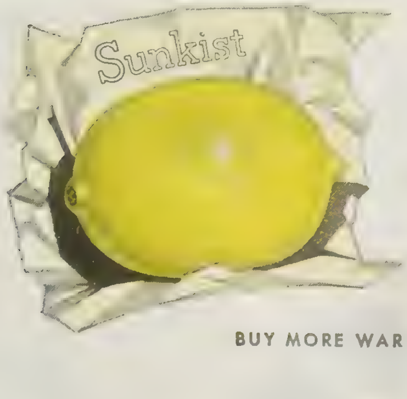

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matter how much her resolution might waver. Elizabeth faced the necessity.

She chose California because neither she nor Arthur had ever been there. Once her decision was made, she set about vigorously getting ready to leave Tulsa, doing everything briskly lest she be overwhelmed with the pain of parting.

In Los Angeles she learned to typewrite, and took the first job that offered itself. It happened to be a minor clerkship in a law office where a large part of the business was concerned with the contracts of Hollywood actors. Elizabeth's work was mostly routine, answering the telephone and copying legal documents.

She had been in California two years when she met Spratt Herlong. Spratt worked in a studio publicity department. It was sometimes necessary for him to visit the office where Elizabeth was employed, to get information about screen players under contract to his company.

Spratt was very unlike Arthur. Later, Elizabeth thought that one reason for her immediate pleasure in his company had been that he roused her interest without at the same time rousing her memories. Spratt was terse, practical and coolly ambitious. He liked the motion-picture business and intended to be successful in it.

When he asked her to marry him she was not surprised. She did not answer him at once. She wanted to be fair, and in fairness there were matters that had to be explained.

She explained them on an evening when they were in her apartment, Spratt listening with quiet attention while she spoke. She told him how she had loved Arthur, and how she had suffered at being told he was dead.

"It can't be easy for you to hear this," she said.

"It's easier now than it'll ever be again. Go on."

"Spratt, I'm not sure you're going to want to marry me. If you don't want to, say so. You're too fine and honest to have anything less than the truth. When Arthur died something died in me. What I feel for you—it's strange to call it love, because it's so different. It's not adoration that sees no faults. I like you, I admire you, I have tremendous respect for you. I trust you completely. I know you'll never fail me. But I can't give you what I gave Arthur, because I haven't got it to give. It would hurt me terribly to lose you. But it would be worse to know I had been less than completely honest with you. There may be another woman who can give you what I can't. If that's what you want, please tell me." Elizabeth paused, thinking.

SCOTCH FLATTERY

In the room where Queen Victoria always dined hung a portrait of her done by Von Angeli. When it was first hung, she asked the Duchess of Atholl what she thought of it. The Duchess, a downright woman with a robust Scotch accent, replied: "It is justice without mercy, madam."

—THEY TELL A STORY:
Edited by Martha Lupton,
(Maxwell Droke.)

SHE heard a soft, smothered little sound from his direction, and saw to her amazement that Spratt was laughing. He stood up and came over to her. "My darling girl, if any woman offered me the sort of total worship you're talking about, she'd throw me into a panic. Forgive me for laughing. I wasn't laughing at you, but at the idea that anybody could possibly think I might want to be adored like that. Elizabeth, I want you the way you are."

"You're not going to be sorry for what's past?"

"I should say not. You see, Elizabeth, it's really quite simple. I love you as you are. What you are must be the result of what's happened to you before. If it had happened differently, you'd have been a different sort of woman now, and I shouldn't have loved you. It makes sense."

"You're the only man I know," said Elizabeth, "who always makes sense."

They were married soon after that. She had never had reason to be sorry. Spratt had been brilliantly successful in his work, they had their three children, their long unbroken affection, and the peace of mind that came from knowing themselves of supreme importance to each other. It was a good life.

It was a good life—then what was she doing here, curled up on the chaise longue in a tight little knot of pain? Elizabeth sat up. There on the table was her desk calendar, open to the page for tomorrow, with "Kessler to dinner, 7:30" scribbled across the bottom. No more than half an hour had passed since she wrote it, but half an hour of her old torture had been enough to make her feel now that she had waked from an intolerable nightmare.

But she had waked from it.

"What a fool I am," she said, her eyes on the picture of Spratt that was standing on her desk. She had a picture of Arthur packed away somewhere, but it had been years since she had looked at it. She wanted Spratt there, Spratt whom she loved, her children's father. Spratt and her children were what she lived for.

As she went downstairs Elizabeth heard a babble of young voices and a sound of laughter. Dick and Cherry had evidently come indoors with their friends. Elizabeth stood by a window in the living room, looking at the darkness as it gathered swiftly over the lawn.

A VOICE in the doorway startled her. "Say, mother, we're getting famished. Isn't the boss home yet?"

"Not yet, Dick. He's very busy, you know, on the new picture."

"I know, but I'm starving."

"If the boss isn't here by seven-thirty, we'll sit down without him," she promised. "It's cold, Dick, will you light the fire?"

"Sure will." Dick knelt down and applied a match to the gas rod under the logs. What a nice boy he was, Elizabeth thought as she watched him. "I'm getting weak in the middle," said Dick. "I wish you'd ordered some crackers or something."

"Tomorrow night I'll have hors d'oeuvres. We're having a guest for dinner—I mean an older guest, from the studio."

"We were all going to ride down to the beach tomorrow night," said Dick. "It'll be all right if Cherry and I leave right after dinner, won't it?"

"For Cherry, but I'm afraid there's another prospect for you."

"For me? What?" he asked in alarm.

Elizabeth gave him an urgent smile. "Dick, our guest tomorrow night is a Mr. Kessler, from Germany. I've never met him, but he's working on the picture. He has a daughter ——"

"Oh, not that!"

"I'm sorry, Dick. But the boss wants to talk pictures with Mr. Kessler after dinner, and you'll have to take care of the girl. There's a musical show downtown ——"

"Mother, please! I've got a date."

"Dick, be a good sport," Elizabeth urged. "Remember she's in a strange country, and most of those refugees have had some very unpleasant experiences. Can't you be sorry for them at all?"

"It's easy to be sorry for refugees when you don't have to put up with them."

Torn between a desire to laugh and tell him he needn't do it, and a realization that Mr. Kessler's daughter must be taken care of somehow if he and Spratt were to have a chance to talk business, Elizabeth did not answer immediately. She was glad to hear the sound of a key in the front door.

Spratt came in and greeted them. "Come on upstairs with me while I get cleaned up," he invited Elizabeth.

"Wait a minute, boss," exclaimed Dick. "Do I have to take that refugee girl on a date tomorrow night?"

"What refugee girl?"

"The one who's coming here to dinner with her old man."

Spratt drew a long breath and started to laugh. "I forgot to tell you. Kessler's daughter," he said, "is eight years old."

(Continued on Page 72)

1880 A housewife said, "I nearly swooned at the compliments I received from Harold's employer when he tasted the delicious, rich, golden noodle soup I had spent hours preparing . . ."

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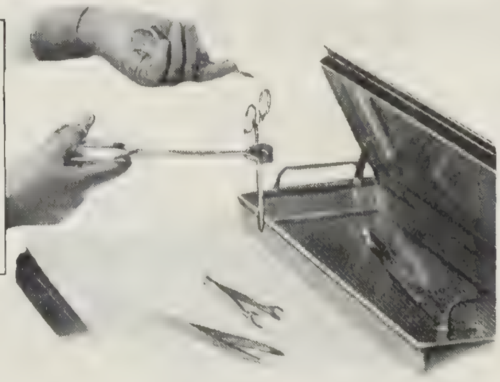

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(Continued from Page 70)

At half past four the following afternoon, Spratt was winding up another conference with the new writer. "That's all for the present, Kessler. We can go into more detail tonight after dinner. And you'll start writing the story treatment in the morning?"

"Yes, Mr. Herlong."

"Then I'll pick you up at your office this evening, as close to six-thirty as I can."

"Thank you."

The new writer went through the reception room into his private office beyond.

Bare as the room was, he liked it, for it had wide windows bringing in abundant light, and giving a view of the vast hills beyond the studio lot. Space and peace, he reflected as he looked around; this was what he wanted now, this was what they still had in America. The Americans took them both for granted. Even now there were some who did not realize how precious they were.

This reflection came to him, but he paid hardly any attention to it; he had another concern. Tonight he was going to see Elizabeth. He was going into her home and see her surrounded by all the things she had ever wanted, and the prospect gave him a pleasure that was warm and tender, and none the less intense because while she had all these things she would never know that he had given them to her.

He went to the mirror on the wall and stood looking at his reflection. It was not possible that she could recognize him. Between them lay not merely twenty-four years, but the wreckage made by that shell at Château-Thierry, which had destroyed him so terribly that it had taken one of the greatest surgeons in Germany five years to put together the semblance of a body that he now possessed. A makeshift that had been uncertain enough in normal times, this frame of his could hardly, after the effort to which it had been forced when he had to get out of Germany, be expected to last much longer. It was only because he was sure he could not last much longer that he was willing now to let himself see Elizabeth.

How that doctor had kept at him, with implacable hands that he himself could see only as instruments of horror, forcing into him the life he did not want. Jacoby. How he had dreaded that man at first!

He looked thoughtfully at his image in the glass. Crippled as he was, his appearance was not repulsive. His face had no visible trace of the wound there except a scar that went upward from beneath his beard in a thin curving line. His hair was still thick, gray like steel; his beard was heavy, too, and darker.

She would not know him, but he would know her.

He let his memory go back to the days when he had realized that he had to do this because he loved Elizabeth too much to do anything else. Lying in a helpless huddle on his cot in the intervals of being fed and washed by strange hands, Arthur had nothing to do but look ahead. No doubt he had been reported missing in action. When they found him, the Red Cross would have means of notifying Elizabeth he was still alive. After the war, as soon as Jacoby had repaired him sufficiently to make it possible for him to go home, he would have to go.

And then? Elizabeth would offer him everything she had. She was too loyal, and she loved him too much, to dream of doing otherwise. She would work, and use everything she could earn for his support. She would spend her life nursing him, taking care of him. As he thought of it he knew that no matter what would become of him, he could not let this happen to her.

When Jacoby came in, Arthur told him what he had decided. "I will make you a promise, if you will do one thing for me."

"I understand you. Go ahead."

"When I was brought here, you found the metal tag of identification? And other things, maybe? Take those to the International Red Cross. Tell them your stretcher-bearers brought in an American who died of his wounds. You do not know his name. But you took these objects from his body. You

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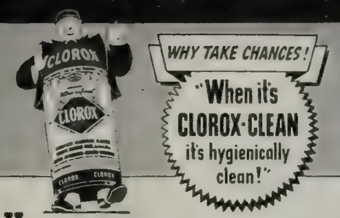

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The DASH that makes the DISH

will sign a death certificate, or whatever you have to sign. The American Army will take care of the rest. If you will do this, I promise you that I will let you do whatever you please to me. But if you will not do it, I'll end my life as soon as I have a usable hand to do it with." Deliberately, he fixed his eyes on Jacoby's strong, wise, gentle face. He said, slowly and carefully, "You understand me? You will do what I ask, Jacoby?"

Jacoby nodded. "Yes, I will do that."

"You will not communicate with my wife. You will not try to find her."

"I understand what you are saying. I will not try to find her."

"She will marry again," Arthur said. "Another man will love her, she will have children, she will be happy. She's a splendid woman; I'm going to get out of her way."

Jacoby did not try to answer. But he did what Arthur had asked.

The new name was provided by Jacoby after Arthur had been moved to the hospital in Berlin, while he was convalescing. He had been very ill and Jacoby had given him a blood transfusion.

When he was better and tried to express his thanks, Jacoby retorted, "My blood isn't good enough for gratitude. But I have something else for you." He produced a document, offering it with an air of triumph. "Here is your birth certificate. From now on your name is Erich Kessler. When I was a child, my parents knew a couple named Kessler. They had a son named Erich. While the boy was still a baby, the Kesslers went to the United States. They lived in a town called Milwaukee. You have heard of it?"

Arthur nodded. "Yes."

"I have obtained Erich Kessler's birth certificate. I have recorded that Erich—you—naturalized without his knowledge or consent when his parents were naturalized, was drafted into the American Army. You have returned to the land of your birth, and can stay until you want to leave."

"I shall not want to leave, Jacoby."

"I hope not. But anyway, this makes you a German and at the same time takes care of your American accent. However, please listen to me and try to speak like me."

"I'll do my best. By the way, Jacoby, this Erich Kessler—me—am I a Jew like you?"

"No, why? Were you a Jew at home?"

"No, that's why I asked. I thought if I was to be one here you'd better teach me something about the religious rituals. But if I'm not, then it's not important."

Startling to remember now that there had been a time when one could say "It's not important," so carelessly. There was nobody then to tell him that Erich Kessler's not being a Jew was going to be so important later that it would enable him to save Jacoby's child.

When he was up in a wheel chair, he went to live with Jacoby. It was almost like living

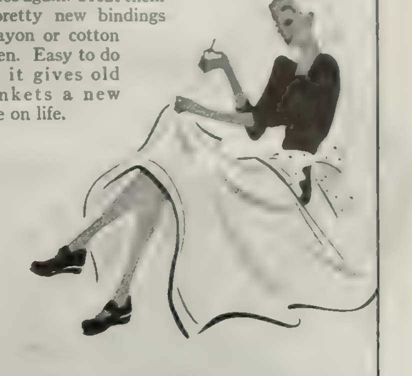
(Continued on Page 75)

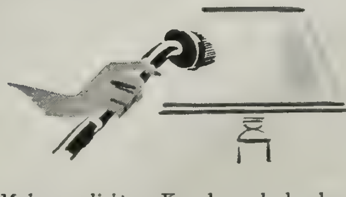
"Aw, why can't I keep him? You kept sister."

6 Wartime Tricks in Spring House Cleaning

Save cleaning time . . . Give your rooms a fresh, uncluttered look by storing bric-a-brac, any articles you won't actually need. And absence makes the heart grow fonder. You'll be glad to see them in the fall.

Beautify your faithful old blankets before they see service again. Treat them to pretty new bindings in rayon or cotton sateen. Easy to do and it gives old blankets a new lease on life.





Make more light . . . Keep lamp shades clean. Dust or brush them frequently. White or light color linings mean more light from no more current.

Necessity, the mother of invention . . . If ammonia is scarce, put that "good housekeeper" sparkle on newly washed windows by rubbing them briskly with crumpled newspapers. Good trick with mirrors, too.

Put new life in old slip covers by sewing on gay colored patches at arms and back—where wear shows first. Use solid colors on patterned slip covers and vice versa. Practical and pretty!

Consider storing your fine glass curtains. Make summer labor-saving models from good unbleached muslin. Tint to room colors or use as is. They're gay, summery, and easy as a hanky to do up.

DON'T TAKE CHANCES WITH YOUR HOOVER CLEANER!

Have it serviced only by authorized Hoover servicemen. To make sure of getting inspection by factory-trained Hoover experts and replacements with genuine Hoover parts at lowest prices, phone your Hoover Factory Branch Service Station or authorized dealer. Estimates furnished. Consult classified telephone directory under "Vacuum Cleaners." If you cannot locate, write: THE HOOVER COMPANY, North Canton, Ohio.

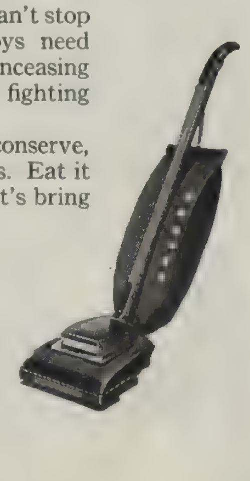
Remember: do not discard worn or broken parts. They must be turned in to obtain replacements.

Don't Stop Now

Now more than ever is the time for all good American homes to come to the aid of their country. If we roll up our sleeves a little higher, if we set our jaw a little sterner, if we pitch in and work a little harder than we've ever worked before, we can shorten this war.

We can bring boys back home who would otherwise never see their homes again. We can't stop now. Our fighting boys need the united, all-out, unceasing backing of 30,000,000 fighting homes.

Come on, homes, conserve, salvage, buy War Bonds. Eat it up and wear it out. Let's bring our boys back faster.



The
HOOVER
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
IT BEATS . . . AS IT SWEEPS . . . AS IT CLEANS

Now and Forever

Sixty seconds of destiny. A moment for memory to hoard. When love speaks its first tremulous words and a kiss is the promise of tomorrows shared. When your heart goes *one, two, three, kick!*—and the look in a man's eyes says you are his heaven on earth . . . all his dreams of loveliness come true.

You guard your loveliness, now and forever, with Woodbury . . . the soap made for the skin alone. A Woodbury Facial Cocktail, gentlest of cleansing care, coaxes your complexion to April freshness . . . bright, smooth, alluring. *Just sixty seconds for beauty!* This simple ritual is the Woodbury way to enchantment.

FOR THE SKIN
YOU LOVE
TO TOUCH

10¢

(Continued from Page 73)

in a hospital. Patients came and went all day and half the night. Jacoby worked like a demon. Watching him threw Kessler into dark periods of dismay at his own uselessness.

He spoke of this, "Jacoby, I don't know a thing about medicine, but I do know chemistry. Do you think I could learn to do some of these routine analyses that take up so much of your time? Blood counts, and things like that?"

"Why not?" Jacoby returned eagerly. "If you only knew how much I need a technician!"

Kessler went to work. Within a couple of weeks he was surprised to find his study interesting for its own sake.

Much of Jacoby's practice dealt with reconstruction of wounded soldiers. Kessler began to act as amanuensis for Jacoby as well as technician. He sat in a corner during Jacoby's interviews with his patients, taking notes of their symptoms.

When Germany had entered into a season of quiet that deceived innocent persons like himself and Jacoby into believing that it was recovering from the war, he got in touch with a private investigating agency and found out what had become of Elizabeth. He was told that she was living in California, married and the mother of a son. The news hurt him a great deal more deeply than he had thought it would.

He tried to bury it again, though it was a long time before he succeeded in doing so. But during that time, pretending to himself that he had done so helped him go on about his business.

This business had become writing case histories of the patients under Jacoby's care. Disguising their personal circumstances, he had drama enough for a thousand volumes. Without any literary genius, he had learned to think clearly, and fortunately his subject required clearness rather than rhetoric.

His books were widely read in Germany before Hitler had the power to order them burned, and two of them were bought for motion pictures by French studios.

Prayer for Plowing and Planting

By Elizabeth Coatsworth

Here, Lord, we stand,
The time of hope is near.
Once more we plow the furrows,
Once more sow the seed,

Once more we tame the earth
In the uncertain year,
And turn to You
To help us in our need.

Strengthen our horses,
Keep the plowshares keen,
Be with the tractors
Laboring in wet earth,

Hold back the heavy rains
Till, small and green,
The grain arises
And the fields give birth.

Strengthen our wills,
Strengthen our tired backs
In the cold furrows;
Give us strength to know

You walk beside us
In our horses' tracks:
You who endowed the seed
With power to grow.

In the meantime Jacoby had married a brilliant girl named Ricarda. Though sometimes the sight of their happy marriage made Kessler feel like a pauper standing in the snow to look through a lighted window, he tried not to let them suspect it. They had been his friends before their marriage, and afterward they remained so.

THEY knew there was an Austrian fanatic named Hitler, but they had been too busy to pay much attention to him. None of them had ever been interested in politics. It was easy to see now that they should have been. But they were not, and when they heard Hitler's fantastic threats it did not occur to them to believe him. When Jacoby and Ricarda finally realized the persecution directed at them, it was already too strong to be escaped.

They had tried to escape. But it was too late. They who had saved so many others could not save themselves. The Nazis succeeded in doing to Jacoby what the war had not been able to do: they destroyed his faith, and with it his courage. So today the great Doctor Jacoby and his wife were two more of Germany's uncounted suicides.

Kessler had not been able to save them, but he had managed to save their little girl. He got Margaret into France, her surname changed to Kessler on the passport, and a French representative of Vertex Studios met him at the frontier with tickets to Paris. Once in France, he discovered that the American studios were hiring writers, directors, actors and producers from Germany as fast as permits could be obtained. It was not difficult for him to get an American contract.

A LITTLE while later he and Margaret came to California. He did not know what was going to become of Margaret. It was scarcely possible that his own overtaxed strength could hold out as long as she would need him. But he had learned, too, that though one only looked ahead, one did not need to tax his powers with apprehension.

Through the windows of his office Kessler watched the late sun on the hills beyond, glowing on the slopes while the folds between filled with purple shadow. In a few minutes Spratt Herlong would come for him.

Surprising how simple it was now to be about to see Elizabeth. He wanted to see her now; for a long time he could not have said that. But there was such a thing as having moved beyond resentment, beyond envy.

There was a certain austere happiness in having mastered himself so completely. A cold happiness it was, to be sure, and a lonely one, but at least it did mean peace.

Spratt opened the front door, saying, "Here we are, Kessler. And here's my wife. Elizabeth, my friend Erich Kessler, that you've already heard so much about."

Elizabeth looked up with the smile that Spratt characterized as the masterpiece of the accomplished hostess, "not bright enough to look insincere, but not strained enough to look dutiful. Just in between, gracious."

Mr. Kessler's physical handicaps had threatened to make this occasion difficult, but Elizabeth's initial glance dispelled her apprehension. He was badly crippled, but he did not appear resentful; he faced the world with a grave acceptance, as though all the fault he had to find with destiny had been got over long ago. As their eyes met, Elizabeth was struck with an impression that she had seen Mr. Kessler before. It also seemed to her that Mr. Kessler was looking at her with an unusual interest. All he said was, "How do you do, Mrs. Herlong," with the stateliness she had learned to expect from Europeans.

Elizabeth indicated the room beyond. "Come in by the fire, Mr. Kessler. These are my children."

Dick was standing, with that mixture of assurance and awkwardness that made her find boys in their teens so eminently kissable just when they most resisted being kissed by their mothers. Cherry, with fewer years but more social graces, sat smiling a welcome to

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Kre-mel Ice Box Cake

Line loaf pan with waxed paper. Place layer of chocolate wafers on bottom and sides. Prepare Vanilla Flavor Kre-mel (see package). Pour layer of Kre-mel on wafers. Alternate wafers and Kre-mel—top with wafers. Chill in refrigerator 4 hrs.—till set.

Layer Cake with Chocolate Kre-mel

Bake favorite plain cake recipe in two 8″ square pans. Prepare Chocolate Flavor Kre-mel (see package) using *only* 1½ cups milk. Cool, stirring occasionally. When cool, frost cake, spreading between and on top layers. Garnish with nuts.

Kre-mel Caramel Roll

Prepare Caramel Flavor Kre-mel (see package) using *only* 1½ cups milk. Cool. Bake favorite Jelly Roll *cake* recipe. When done, turn from pan onto paper sprinkled with powdered sugar; cut off crisp edges. While hot, spread with Kre-mel; roll lengthwise. Wrap in paper; cool on rack.

FOR HASTY-TASTY CAKES AND PIES
KRE-MEL DESSERT SURE GETS THE PRIZE
6 FINE FLAVORS
KRE-MEL
DESSERT

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the newcomer. Elizabeth introduced them, and again it seemed to her that Kessler was regarding them with an attention extraordinary in a man who could hardly be supposed to have any interest in them.

He said, "Your father has told me a great deal about you. I am so glad to see you."

Spratt, evidently pleased at the good impression his offspring were making, crossed the room to the door leading upstairs, explaining that Kessler had had time to wash up before leaving the lot, but he himself had not, and if they'd forgive him he'd go up and make himself presentable.

"I'll leave you with the family, Kessler," he concluded.

Kessler gave him a smile and a slight formal bow.

Elizabeth returned to the fire. "Now we'll have a tomato juice. Dick, will you bartend?"

Dick would. Dick poured the juice, and, as the war had reduced the number of their servants, Cherry brought in the hors d'oeuvres. But as Elizabeth and Kessler picked up their glasses and their eyes met across them, she felt another twinge of familiarity. *I have met this man before, I know I have, and he knows it too. For pity's sake, I do believe I'm staring.* She was relieved to hear Cherry say:

"Have you ever been to the United States before, Mr. Kessler?"

He turned to her. "Yes, Miss Herlong, but that was many years ago, long before this country was brightened by your existence."

"Say, that's good!" Dick exclaimed with a grin. "You speak awfully well for a man who's just been here once."

"It has been three years since I left Germany. Besides, we have more chance to practice foreign languages in Europe than you have here."

HOWLERS

Sinister means a woman who hasn't married.

All brutes are imperfect animals. Man is the perfect beast.

To be a good nurse you must be absolutely sterile.

—CECIL HUNT:
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Kessler continued talking with Dick and Cherry. He asked what they liked to study at school, and what they wanted to do when they had finished. They were surprised and delighted to have a guest who took an interest in their affairs.

He turned to Elizabeth. "Haven't you three children, Mrs. Herlong?"

"Why, yes," said Elizabeth, "but Brian is only eleven, so he had his dinner early. How did you know there were three?"

"Mr. Herlong showed me a picture of you all. Brian isn't asleep yet, is he?"

"I'm sure he isn't. Do you want to meet him too?"

"I should like to very much."

Elizabeth laughed. "Mr. Kessler, you should know it's never inconvenient for a mother to display her jewels. Dick, will you run up and get Brian?"

"Sure, but you'd better warn Mr. Kessler that he'll be all smeared with glue and bugs. Brian's mounting butterflies, and he'll talk your ear off about them if you let him."

"I should like that. Tell him to bring his specimens down and show them to me."

Spratt and Dick came in with Brian, who had a glass-topped box under his arm. "This is Mr. Kessler, Brian," Spratt said.

"How-do-you-do-sir," said Brian, all in one word, and held out his hand.

"Your brother tells me you are interested in natural history," said Kessler. "I should like to see some of your specimens. Is that what's in the case?"

Brian nodded. "Butterflies."

"Look out," warned Dick, and Cherry said simultaneously, "You don't know what you're getting into, Mr. Kessler." Paying no attention to them, their guest already had his head close to Brian's as they bent over the butterflies. Brian was chattering. "That blue one is easy to get, they're everywhere except where it's too cold for them. The name is Lamp—Lampides something, I forget, but I've got it written in my notebook. The copper and black one, you've seen thousands like it, it's a Viceroy."

When the maid came in to announce dinner neither Kessler nor Brian heard her. They were deep in conversation, Brian sitting on the floor with his case in his hands, this time listening instead of talking.

"—— one of the ugliest objects in the world, but strangely fascinating," Kessler was saying to him. "It looks like a man with his hands spread out, but they are tremendous hands, many times larger than his body."

"What on earth are you talking about?" Spratt demanded.

Brian turned. "The skeleton of a bat. Mr. Kessler says if we can get hold of a bat he'll help me mount the skeleton."

"If your mother doesn't mind," Kessler amended.

"Of course I don't mind," said Elizabeth. "But Brian, Mr. Kessler is a very busy man, and you mustn't use up too much of his time."

"Mother, Mr. Kessler says I can come over to his house and we can take the bat apart there, and Peter can come too."

"Will you let him come, Mrs. Herlong?"

"Certainly, and it's very good of you. Brian, we're going in to dinner."

Brian scrambled to his feet. "Mother, couldn't I come to the table?"

Recalling Brian's usual eagerness to avoid company dinners, Elizabeth was astonished. She let him come in, pausing to remind him in an undertone that he mustn't monopolize Mr. Kessler's attention. Brian nodded solemnly.

Kessler did not talk very much, though he listened to what was said and answered readily enough. Once, while Spratt was telling a studio anecdote, she turned to find Kessler studying her with an expression she could not define. He shifted his eyes instantly so that he almost erased her earlier impression.

It was a very successful dinner. They all liked their visitor and he evidently liked them. They had coffee in the living room.

Kessler said, "Your household is exactly what I most hoped to find in this blessed country, Mrs. Herlong. I can't tell you how much I have enjoyed meeting all of you." He spoke with a simple friendliness.

Elizabeth said, "Now that you know us, I hope you'll come back to see us again."

"Thank you. I should like to very much."

That was all they said to each other. Spratt got up and suggested that he and Kessler go into the study and talk over their story problem. The children said good night with a cordiality very warm compared with their usual routine of politeness toward adult guests.

Elizabeth went upstairs to say good night to Brian. He was enthusiastic about Kessler and the promise of help in mounting the skeleton of a bat.

"Brian," she suggested, "since we like Mr. Kessler so much, let's prove it by doing something for him. Let's ask his little girl to bring some of her friends over to go swimming."

"Oh, rats," said Brian. One thing he could not understand about his big brother was Dick's liking for girls.

"Brian, suppose we had to pack up all of a sudden and go live in Germany. Wouldn't you be glad if other children made friends with you instead of making you play all by yourself?"

"Well—do we *have* to?"

"Not at all, and Mr. Kessler doesn't have to help you with the bat, either. Come on, Brian, be a sport. We'll have a good party with lots to eat. You can ask Peter over and she can bring her own friends."

Brian sighed. "It'll be awful."

"All right, let's put it this way. If you go over to Mr. Kessler's and he helps you put a bat's skeleton together, you can play with

(Continued on Page 78)

"Presto! Kitchen Magic out of a jar of Peter Pan peanut butter!"

Peter Pan Frosting. Cream ¼ cup margarine, add ⅓ cup Peter Pan Peanut Butter and ⅓ teaspoon salt. Blend thoroughly. Add 2¾ cups sifted confectioner's sugar and ½ cup strong cold coffee, alternately, a little at a time. Cream after each addition till smooth. Makes frosting for 2 layers.

Peter Pan Waffles. Sift together 1¾ cups sifted flour, ¼ tsp. salt, 3 tsps. baking powder, 3 tblsps. sugar. Add 1½ cups milk beaten with 2 eggs. Blend well. Add ⅓ cup Peter Pan Peanut Butter and ⅓ cup melted butter or margarine. Mix well. Makes 8 waffles.

Peter Pan Salad Dressing. Beat ¼ cup of creamy-smooth Peter Pan Peanut Butter into 1 cup of mayonnaise or salad dressing. Serve with pear, apple, orange or other fruit salad.

Peter Pan Refrigerator Peanut Cookies. Cream together ¾ cup shortening, ¼ cup Peter Pan, 2 cups dark corn syrup. Beat in 1 beaten egg. Sift together 4 to 5 cups flour, 1 tsp. cream of tartar, 1 tsp. soda. Add 1 cup salted, chopped peanuts. Stir flour into creamed mix. Chill; shape into rolls, wrap tightly in wax paper, return to refrigerator. Slice when firm, bake 10-15 min. at 400° F.

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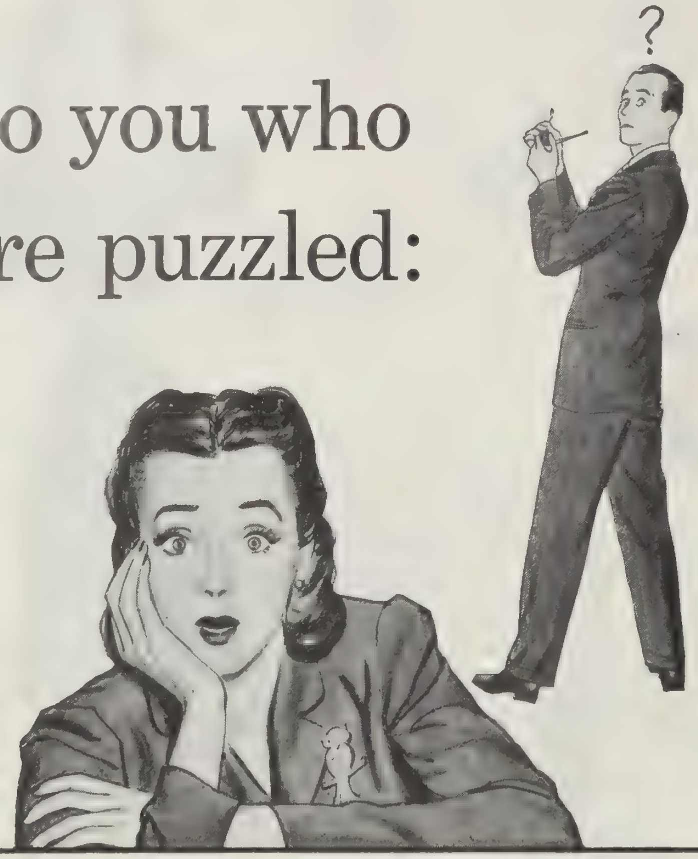
To you who are puzzled:



And who wouldn't be? The remarkable achievement of American Ingenuity in producing Synthetic Rubber (GR-S) makes it seem that the rubber problem has been solved. Naturally you want to know *why* you can't buy all the things made of rubber you want . . . *why* you are continually told to conserve what you have. Those are logical questions.

Well, here's the answer:

First, the production of synthetic rubber is greater today than the use of natural rubber in peacetime. But . . . more rubber is needed now than at any time since the war began. The great volume of supplies for our Armed Forces must be provided first. Then come essential civilian products . . . such as tires for trucks, buses, and the transportation of war workers . . . industrial equipment made of rubber . . . rubber footwear for the health protection of the nation . . . and for other necessary products.

The tremendous requirements for military and essential civilian needs, at present, take the entire production of Synthetic Rubber.

That's the *general* story. As for us, as a footwear manufacturer, in a normal year this advertisement would be devoted to rubber-soled canvas shoes. Today, instead of presenting new seasonable footwear for sports and play, we are making this suggestion: It is still necessary to conserve footwear containing rubber—take care of it to make it last as long as possible—and buy only what you need.

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Canvas rubber-soled **TRAINING SHOE** for the Navy

Canvas rubber-soled **EXERCISE SHOE** for the WACS

FOOTWEAR FACTORY, WATERTOWN, MASS.

(Continued from Page 76)

his little girl one afternoon by way of saying thank you. If you don't go over there, you needn't do it."

Brian considered the alternative. It was a struggle, but at last he yielded.

As she closed the door Elizabeth drew a long sigh. *I don't wonder so many parents let their children grow up to be monsters of selfishness,* she thought. *It's so much easier.*

Elizabeth went downstairs. Spratt and Kessler should be finishing up their conference. They did appear in a short time.

Shaking his head with good-natured insistence, Kessler said, "Mrs. Herlong, I can't tell you how happy you have made me." It seemed a great deal to say in return for a pleasant evening, but he sounded as though he meant it.

"We were all glad to have you, Mr. Kessler," she answered. "You have quite won the hearts of the children."

"They are delightful, all three of them."

Elizabeth and Spratt both smiled. Kessler did not seem like a stranger. From being a newcomer among them, he had subtly changed into a friend.

Elizabeth asked, "Mr. Kessler, have you and I ever met before?"

He started. For a moment he looked down. She looked down with him, and saw his hand tighten on his cane. She was to learn that he did this often, making an unconscious gesture toward his physical means of support when his spirit felt undefended.

But he hesitated only for a moment. "Before tonight? If we had, Mrs. Herlong, I can't believe I could have forgotten it. No, I am sure we have not."

"Maybe I'm wrong, then," she said. "But as soon as you came in, it seemed to me that I had seen you somewhere and I couldn't think where it was."

"Maybe," suggested Spratt, "you saw each other at one of those big parties where you see hundreds of people and don't get to know any of them."

"Very likely," Kessler agreed. "Or possibly you saw me at the studio. You come there now and then, don't you, Mrs. Herlong?"

"I suppose it must have been something of the sort," said Elizabeth. But she was still not satisfied.

Spratt walked out to the taxi with him. Elizabeth stood looking down at the remains of the fire.

WHEN Spratt came in she turned around. "Spratt, I don't care what that man says. I *have* seen him before."

"All right, all right. He doesn't know you. He said so. I'm going to sleep on my feet."

"Go on up to bed, darling. Would you like to have me bring you a highball?"

"I would indeed. Thanks."

Spratt was already in bed when Elizabeth came up with the drink. He was sleepy, and they did not speak of Kessler again.

Long after Spratt and Elizabeth were both asleep, Kessler sat up in his apartment, thinking about her. In spite of all his efforts, he had nearly given himself away.

Now the part of wisdom would be to let her alone. She had made her life without him and was content with it. She had, perhaps, more than he could have given her if he had returned uninjured from the war. He would never have made Spratt Herlong's income, for he had not that flair for material success. As for the rest—hard as it was to admit, the rest was none of his business. Elizabeth and Spratt were husband and wife. Their marriage had endured for twenty years and he was not going to endanger it now.

He could say all this to himself, but all the time he knew he was not going to ignore Elizabeth. After all, was it too much to ask? Her life was so strong and copious—if he asked now and then for an hour of her time, an occasional assurance that he was her friend, was that very much? He did not know. But he did know that, right or wrong, he was going to ask it.

As they all liked Kessler, Elizabeth invited him to dinner again, and Spratt brought

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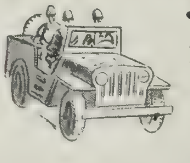

Back the attack with letters, too. Write him daily if you can. Send him the news that will keep him in touch with home. To help you make writing a pleasure, call on the ruby-topped Wearever Zenith Pen. It's a sleek, smooth writing beauty. If your dealer is out of stock, please bear with him — he is giving priority to service and government needs these days. DAVID KAHN, Inc. (established 1896)

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him in two or three times on their way from the studio. When Kessler had had time to be quite sure the Herlongs were accepting him as one of their friends, he brought up the subject of the bat again, to Brian's great de-ight. Two days later he telephoned that he had obtained the bat, and made a date for Brian to come to see him.

Kessler and Spratt were good friends and Spratt frequently said his work on the picture was proving invaluable.

Brian and Peter Stern visited Kessler so often that Elizabeth was sometimes afraid they were going to be nuisances, though Kessler insisted they were not. Brian saw ittle Margaret and announced grudgingly that she was not bad, so Elizabeth suggested the party. The next time Brian went to see Kessler she went by to get acquainted with Margaret. Kessler's modest apartment was kept for him by a motherly woman who came in, leading Margaret by the hand. She was an intelligent-looking child, with big blue eyes and two fat pigtails, shyly polite; as Elizabeth rarely had any trouble getting along with children, their acquaintance began without difficulty.

Since Margaret's party was going to strain their already overtaxed problem of household help, Spratt suggested that he bring Kessler over that evening, leaving him here while he drove Margaret and some of the other guests home, and then that he, Kessler, Elizabeth and the two older children go out for dinner. Elizabeth agreed gladly.

The party went very well, for Margaret was not shy among friends of her own age. They played in the pool, gobbled sherbet and cake and were happily tired when their parents began to arrive to take them home.

Margaret came over to Elizabeth. "Thank you for the party, Mrs. Herlong. We had a very good time."

"I'm so glad you enjoyed it. We want you to come over often—tell your father said so."

Margaret was evidently glad to hear this. "Thank you, 'll tell him. Mrs. Herlong, may I pick one of those purple flowers on the fence? They are so pretty."

"Why, of course. Cut a lot of them if you like."

Margaret gathered the bouquet. "You must like flowers," she suggested, looking round, "you have so many."

"I do like them. You enjoy flowers, too, don't you?"

"Oh, yes." Margaret nodded vigorously. "Do you like to put them under a microscope and see how they're made?"

"I don't think I've ever done that. Where do you have a microscope? At school?"

"No, at home. My father shows them to me. We put lots of things under the microscope and we look at them. It's fun."

"YOUR father certainly knows a lot. But he was some sort of doctor in Germany, wasn't he?"

"Not exactly a doctor. He worked in the laboratory. But my real father was a doctor."

"Your real father? Isn't Mr. Kessler your father?"

"Oh, no," said Margaret, her blue eyes serious. "My real father died. And my mother, too, and I was very sick. That was a long time ago. But I remember being very sick, and before I was well we left the hospital, late one night, and we rode a long way in an automobile in the dark. Mr. Kessler said he would give me something to put me to sleep so I wouldn't be so tired, and he did, and I went to sleep, and when I woke up he told me I was his little girl now. That's how he got to be my father."

"I see," said Elizabeth. Not wanting to push Margaret into details of what might be a Nazi atrocity better forgotten, Elizabeth went on, "I'm sorry your real parents died. But isn't it fortunate you could get another father right away? And such a fine father too."

"Yes, sometimes I don't remember that he isn't my real father. I like him better than some girls like their fathers. He plays with me."

"You must have a lot of fun together."

MARGARET nodded. She had begun to tell more details of their games when they caught sight of Kessler and Spratt walking down the driveway. As she and Margaret went to meet them Elizabeth watched Kessler's slow limp and the wise, kindly expression of his features, and thought what a battle such a man must have had to show no evidence of resentment toward life for what it had done to him.

"Margaret's been telling me," said Elizabeth, "how you encourage her with a microscope."

He said soberly, "I'm glad she enjoys that. In these days—or, for that matter, any days—we can't foretell what children are going to live through, but we can be pretty sure it won't all be pleasant. But nobody is utterly desolate if he's learned to appreciate the world around him."

"That's a good reason for knowing something about science," Spratt approved.

The garden had grown chilly. Spratt gathered up Margaret and several others whom he had offered to take home, and Kessler said he would occupy himself with a book while Elizabeth changed for dinner. She waved good-by to the children, and Kessler expressed thanks for Margaret's happy afternoon.

"Are you tired?" he added. "Wouldn't you like to rest for a minute before going up to dress?"

"I'm not really tired. But it might be pleasant to sit down for a minute or two. What shall we do?"

"It's about time for a news broadcast."

"I'm losing courage to listen to the radio," Elizabeth confessed. "All it brings is news of more calamities."

For an instant Kessler did not reply. She had said nothing to him about her dread of Dick's going away, but she suspected that he had guessed it. He turned to her. "Will you forgive me if I tell you something?"

"Certainly." As she saw the gentle gravity of his eyes, she added, "If it's a rebuke, go ahead. I deserve it."

"Yes," answered Kessler, "you do." He smiled. "Mrs. Herlong, talking about one's personal troubles is unforgivable unless one has learned something from them that is worth passing on. You and your family are so kind about ignoring my handicaps that I feel almost unkind to refer to them. But I have learned something from them."

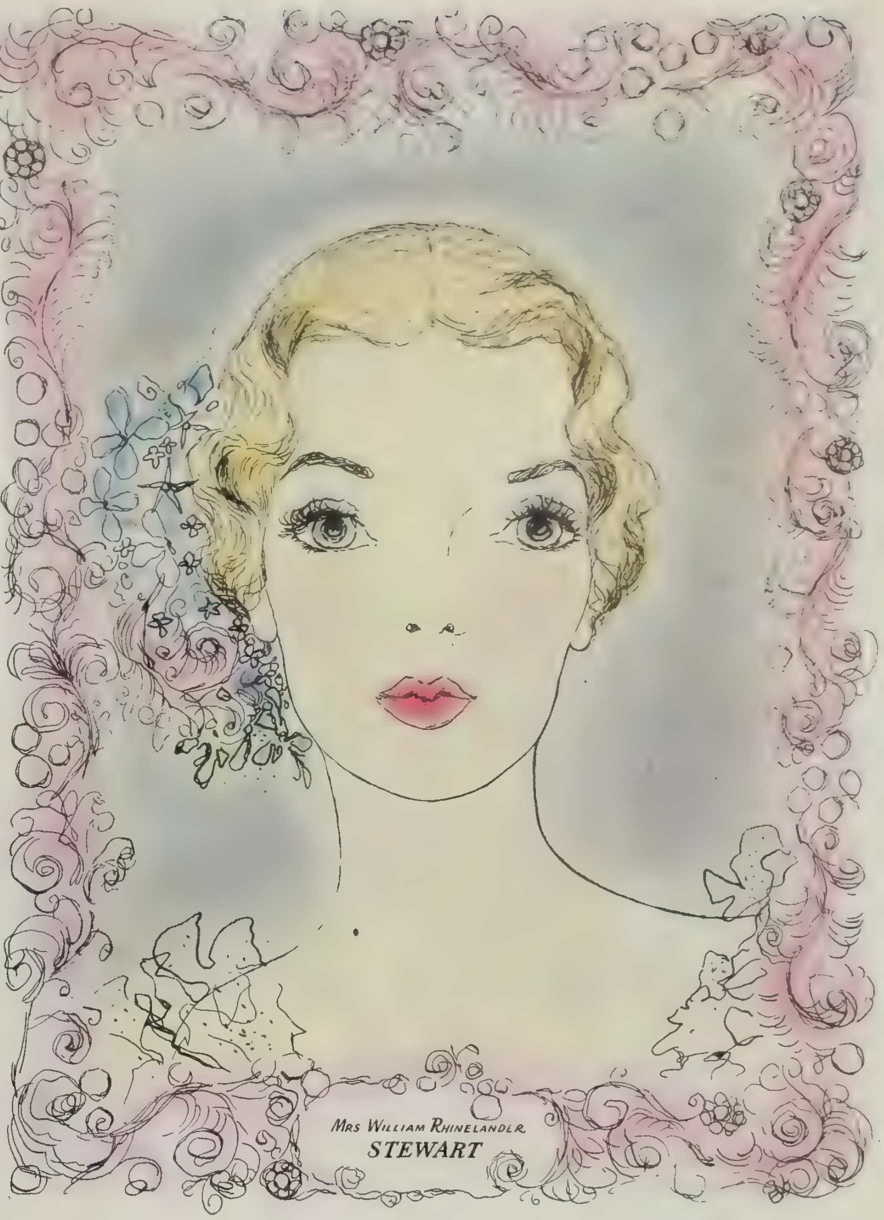
Elizabeth lowered her eyes. "You've never said anything about your past life,

---

Grandma Angel

By Ruth Stewart Schenley

Whenever grandma goes sailing by
Like a fat white cloud in the summer sky,
I think how Saint Peter is going to grin
As he ushers the plump new angel in,
When grandma goes up those golden stairs
On the steps of her eighteen-carat prayers.
She will have an eternity there to bake
A universe full of angel-food cake,
And alternate her praise of Him
With making pies for the cherubim.
How grandma will love her outsize wings,
How the saints will clap when grandma sings,
And the constellation in grandma's crown
Will be the wonder of Zion town.



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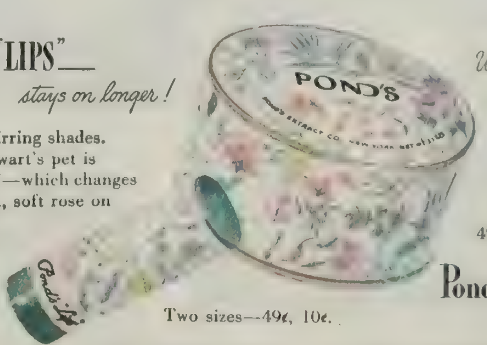

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ROSE CREAM—delicate peach
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IF YOU WANT TO KNOW WHO WE ARE, WE ARE

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This isn't asked of American women BUT . . . Japan may and does ask brute work of her women . . . like loading coal on ships, basket by basket.

Actually, that is one reason why our war with Nippon will be long . . . why America is calling for more women to work wherever they can replace men. Not on back-breaking jobs, but jobs befitting American womanhood in plants, stores and services.

It isn't enough to save kitchen fats and flatten tin cans. Won't you look in the want-ads and pick out a job you can do?

THE MORE WOMEN AT WORK
. . . THE SOONER WE'LL WIN

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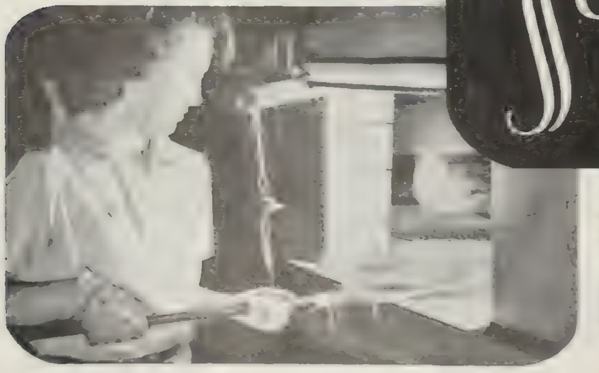

One of many women in the Fostoria plant relieving men for war service. She places crystal plates in an annealing oven to temper the glass and make it strong as well as lovely. See this beautiful crystal at local Fostoria stores.

FOSTORIA GLASS COMPANY . . . . MOUNDSVILLE, W. VA.

and I'm not asking you, but I know you aren't referring only to physical distress. You had to face spiritual tragedy as well, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"And you did face it," she went on. "Instead of becoming resentful and bitter, you became so wise and kind and understanding that everyone who sees you feels the presence of a great man. You have suffered terribly, but you have no reason to be ashamed of yourself."

"Neither have you, Mrs. Herlong."

"How do you know?"

"You haven't told me anything about your past life either," he returned, smiling. "But as soon as I came into your home the first time, I knew I was meeting a mature and courageous woman. It's impossible for anyone to live as long as you have ——"

"Forty-four years," she said with a little laugh. "I'm not sensitive about the passage of time."

"Very well, it's impossible for anyone to live forty-four years without experiencing a good many unpleasant events. When you meet a woman whose husband adores her, whose children are intelligent and uninhibited, whose domestic affairs run like invisible clockwork, and who goes about with a serenity suggesting that all these things just happened that way—you can be sure that she achieved it by meeting each crisis as it came. You have a good life, Mrs. Herlong, because you have made it a good life. Don't lose it now by being afraid."

"How can I help being afraid?" she exclaimed. "I'm sick with fear." She stopped.

Kessler answered, "It's good now and then to confess our fears. Of course you're frightened. You see the war coming closer, you don't know what it may bring ——"

"I do know," she interrupted sharply. "I don't live in a tower looking down on two conflicting ideologies! Oh, it may be a noble struggle, fought for a better world, but I don't see it in terms of anything but my son."

"I wish there were something I could say to you," he told her in a low voice.

Elizabeth had clasped her hands and was moving them against each other restlessly. "I don't know why I feel so much like talking to you. Maybe it's just that if I don't talk it out pretty soon I don't know what will become of me. Do you mind listening?"

"I want to."

"It's about the war, about feeling it coming close. I've always thought of myself as a rather strong person, one who could take things as they came. But this time I feel beaten before I start. My husband is afraid of what we're up against, too, but he's taking it much better than I am. You see, there's a difference: when you don't know what you're facing, and when you do."

She heard Kessler move his cane against the grass, but he did not answer. She went on:

"I can't tell him. In fact, I don't want to tell him—why should I? But I'm shaking with terror because I've had a tragedy of war before. Spratt is my second husband—you didn't know that, did you? It's not important in any personal sense between us, it never has been important and it wouldn't be now except that my first husband was killed in the last war. I loved him very much. Of course, now, looking back, it's easy to say it shouldn't have mattered so much; I was a young girl with all my life before me, and as it happened I met Spratt and everything turned out as you've seen it. But at the time there was no way for me to look forward. When I remember it ——" She stopped.

After a moment Kessler asked, "Did you suffer so horribly?"

"I can't tell you what it was. Of course, it's all over—I don't even think of it very often—but now ——" She stopped again.

There was a silence that seemed to last a long time. At last Kessler said, in a voice so low she barely heard him, "Yes? But now?"

"Don't you understand? I can't take it again. I can't. My world had been shot to pieces, and I picked up the pieces and made myself go on living, and I was rewarded more

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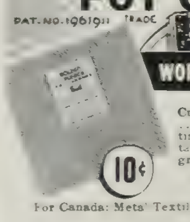

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UNION CUTLERY CO., Olean, N.Y
Manufacturers of
"KA-BAR" Household, Pocket and Outdoor KNIVE

(Continued from Page 81)

"I told you not to try to answer me. Please don't try. There's no answer, for me or for you."

"Yes there is!" he exclaimed. "For a moment, sitting there, you had me almost believing that there wasn't. You said it was too late for you to start over. You are not required to start over. But you are required to keep going. You aren't responsible for what's happening in the world, but you are responsible for how you take it."

"I told you I couldn't take it. I can feel myself breaking at the prospect. I *can't* take it."

"Yes you can," he said sternly, "because you've promised it, by every action of your life. Nobody required you to get married, or to have children, or to live so that you would be essential to their well-being. If you had wanted to, you might have been one of these whining creatures who takes to her bed at every annoyance. But you didn't do that. You outlived your own early grief. To do it you had to strip your character down to its core of strength, so that this is what they have seen of you, this is what you have taught them to expect. They need you, and they're going to need you more. In God's name, don't fail them. Why don't you stop looking at this entirely?" he asked her. "You wonder if you can take it—has it never occurred to you that Dick is taking it very well?"

"Dick? He doesn't seem to think very much about it."

"He doesn't seem so to you, maybe," Kessler told her. "But he is thinking about it."

"How do you know? Has he said anything to you?"

"No. But I know he is."

"But why hasn't he told us? Mr. Kessler, why doesn't he ever *say* so?"

"I suspect it's because he knows what's going on in your mind, a lot better than you think."

"You mean," she said bitterly, "he knows his father and I have failed him, terribly. If Dick has no idea what the war is about it's our fault. We were two of the people who thought we could avoid another war just by not wanting it."

BROTHERLY LOVE

The story is told of the hard-bitten old Quaker who had died. At the funeral service, those who had gathered were standing silently by, waiting, as was the custom, for anyone who might wish to do so to make some tribute to the departed. At last one old man spoke up and said, "Well, I can say one good thing about William. He wasn't always as mean as he was sometimes."

—EDMUND FULLER:
Thesaurus of Anecdotes.
(Crown Publishers.)

Kessler said in a low voice, "Would you believe me if I told you I love your son, Mrs. Herlong? He's so much like the son I used to think I might have."

"You never had any children, did you? Margaret told me this afternoon you adopted her after her parents died."

"No, I never had any children," he returned steadily. "That was another of the things the war made impossible."

"Oh," she said faintly. After a moment she exclaimed, "Yet you have conquered, Mr. Kessler. You have gone on living, living well and nobly, in a world that left you absolutely nothing to live for. How did you do it? It seems strange that I who have everything should turn to you who have nothing, and say 'Please help me.' But I do. Because right now it seems that it is you who have everything and I who have nothing. Will you help me?"

"Do you want me to try to tell Dick what he's being asked to fight for?"

"Yes! Can you? Will you?"

"I'll try. I'll do my best."

"Thank you! You can do it better than I can. You're the only man I know I'd trust to do it. Thank you for being my friend, Mr. Kessler."

He did not answer her, and there was another long silence.

At length Elizabeth said suddenly, "Mr. Kessler, we have met each other before. When was it?"

"You've never met me before this fall."

"Then why do I keep thinking I have? Why did I feel that sense of recognition the first time you came into my house? Just now, while you were talking to me, it was as though you were an old friend I knew I could count on because I knew you so well. Nothing like this has ever happened to me."

Kessler answered her as though brushing the matter aside. "Sometimes two persons do understand each other very well from the start because they have congenial minds. When that happens a friendship grows fast, as ours has. That's all, Mrs. Herlong."

"All right," she yielded unwillingly. "I've got to accept that because I can't explain it any other way. At any rate, I'm glad to have found such a friend."

"Can you go to dinner with the others now," he asked gently, "and let them think we've been talking about the flowers?"

"Good heavens," she exclaimed, springing to her feet, "I forgot about dinner. Spratt will be back any minute and I haven't started to get dressed. Come on indoors, Mr. Kessler, it's really grown very cold here. I'll be down in a few minutes."

THEY went indoors, and Elizabeth ran up to her room. She felt better than she had felt for many weeks. Kessler had given her the only possible answer, she told herself as she got a dress out of her closet. When you had to do the impossible, you went ahead and did it, that was all. Spratt and her children were going to need all the fortitude she had. Spratt had never failed her, and no matter what happened, she was not going to fail him now.

Several days after the turn of the New Year, Kessler received a letter from Dick:

Dear Mr. Kessler: I know you are a very busy man, but if there is a day when you have some time to spare would you let me come over and see you? There are some things I have been thinking about and I would like to talk to you. You seem to understand our family very well and I know they like you and would not mind anything I said to you. Let me know if this would be convenient.

Sincerely yours,
RICHARD SPRATT
HERLONG, JR.

After he had read Dick's letter, Kessler sat for some time thinking. These months in Beverly Hills had been more difficult than he had thought they were going to be.

In the beginning Elizabeth had frightened him when she said he looked familiar. But she had not mentioned it again for some time, and by the time she did bring up the subject, the evening after Margaret's swimming party, he had discovered that she needed him. Elizabeth thought she understood disaster. Kessler knew she had only a small conception of it. As for Spratt, keen-witted, successful, humorous, devoted Spratt, he had none at all. But Kessler knew what it took to keep going in this world. He had a great deal to give them and he intended to stay here and do it.

He turned to his typewriter, holding the paper with his thumb and forefinger while he turned the platen with the other three fingers, made steady by the pressure of his palm. He wrote:

My dear Dick, Can you come around Sunday afternoon about three? Margaret will be at the ice rink, so we can count on not being interrupted. I'll be very glad to see you.

Your friend,
ERICH KESSLER.

He signed the letter with the silver pen Dick's father had given him for Christmas.

Dick arrived at ten minutes to three. They did not waste time on preliminary courtesies. Dick had a lot to ask and he immediately started asking it.

"You see," said Dick, "I'm just about to be eighteen, and as soon as I'm eighteen I'll get into the service. Maybe I'll join up before then. I kind of like the Marines. But there are some things ——" He hesitated.

Of all the nail polishes I ever used, Dura-Gloss is the best. You should see how beautiful it looks on my fingernails—how it gleams and sparkles—and you should see how nicely it flows on, without being too "runny" or "watery," but spreading just right. Won't you do this for me: —try Dura-Gloss now? See how it suits you. Compare it with *any* other nail polish. See if Dura-Gloss doesn't please you better in every way, and if all those around you don't admire its jewel-like beauty. A dime is all it costs. Try Dura-Gloss today.

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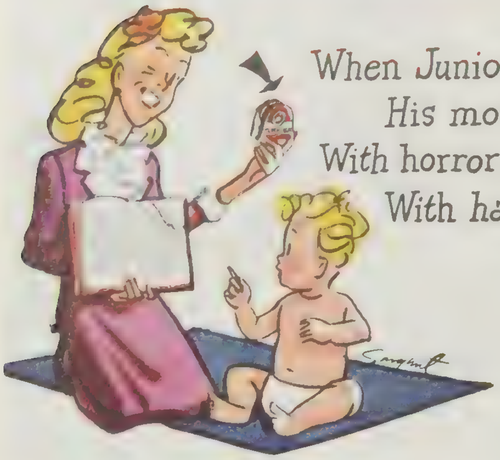

When Junior tears his daddy's book,
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"Yes, Dick, I think I understand, but you tell me so we can be sure we're thinking together. What things?"

"Well,"—Dick looked down, frowning at his hands—"you know, Mr. Kessler, it comes as a sort of shock to a fellow the first time he notices that his mother is smaller than he is." He looked up shyly. "You know what I mean?"

"Why, yes, Dick, I know."

"I guess you do. At school they hear about complexes and they think they know it all; I mean, it gets so a fellow might as well say he's got a complex as own up that he likes his mother. But I do like her, Mr. Kessler. I like her and I like the boss too. They take a lot of interest in me."

He paused but Kessler only nodded without interrupting him. Dick went on:

"I know a lot of things about them they don't think I know. I know they don't want me to get mixed up in this war. They haven't said a word, but here lately I can see that it's mighty hard on them. You see, there's something else I guess you don't know. The boss is my mother's second husband. He was killed in that other war. I got to thinking about it the other day and I thought it might have been pretty tough for her. That guy was killed—and now me—you know, we don't say much about it but you were in the other war yourself and you know a man does think about that sort of thing when he's about to get into a uniform. It must be tough on her, another war. You know it must be."

"Yes, Dick," Kessler said slowly. "It must be. I've come to know your mother rather well since I've been here. She's a brave woman, but she's not finding any of this easy. You'd like to make it easier for her. So would I."

"And we can't. Can we?"

"No, we can't," Kessler answered without hesitation. "Leave me out of it. You're the one she's interested in. There's just one thing you might do, if you can do it."

"What?" Dick asked eagerly.

"Let her and your father understand that you know what you're doing. If you expect them, and the rest of the decent people in the world, to get anything from this war except more destruction and suffering, if you want it to be something more than just another war, you've got to have an idea of what you want it to bring about."

"Well, what do we want?" Dick demanded. He laughed uncomfortably. "I guess you think I'm pretty silly to ask that. I guess you think I ought to know."

Kessler rested his elbow on the table and regarded Dick thoughtfully. "No, Dick, I don't think you're silly not to know. We who are older than you ought to be wiser, but sometimes we feel we don't know any more than you do. The sweep of history doesn't take much account of individuals. That's hard for us to realize, because we are individuals and we can't think except in terms of ourselves. But suppose you were watching all of recorded history at once. You know, for instance, that the Babylonian kings flayed their enemies alive. Flay—that means peel the skin off, in strips. They did it for no reason but the pleasure of doing it. Nobody was shocked. In fact, they were proud of it—the reason we know about it is that they left drawings on their monuments boasting of it. And you know it was the accepted practice to sell the people of conquered countries into slavery. Nobody questioned its being right or wrong."

"But what's that got to do with us?"

"A great deal, Dick. Have you ever thought about how very recently it did occur to anybody that human beings were human beings, no matter where you found them? It's hard to make a man like you understand what a strange new idea that is. You see, you know a laborer living in a cabin is not necessarily inferior to an aristocrat living in a mansion, because you grew up with the story of Lincoln. But one of the favorite subjects of old stories is the duke's child who was lost in infancy and adopted by a shepherd, but who grew up finer than his supposed brothers and sisters because he had noble blood in his veins."

Dick began to chuckle. "Gee, Mr. Kessler, I don't know why you limit that tripe to olden times. Some people believe it this very minute."

"Do you believe it, Dick?"

"Of course not," Dick said scornfully. "Lincoln isn't the only poor boy who made good in this country. But you know—or maybe you don't know, being a foreigner—that there are still a lot of legends going around about Lincoln's father having been some Virginia planter, because such a great man must have had 'good blood' in him."

Without saying whether or not he had ever heard this explanation of Lincoln's excellence, Kessler reminded him, "We have a great talent for finding reasons to believe what we want to believe, Dick. The rich and powerful want to believe in their right to be rich and powerful, so they justify it by saying they are inherently superior to the poor and lowly. So when somebody born poor and lowly proves himself to be as good as they are, they explain it by some accidental infusion of blood or influence from their own ranks. Then everybody's happy except the rest of the poor and lowly, who can't talk back anyway. What do you think about it, Dick?"

Dick considered. "Well, some people are stupider than others, aren't they?"

"Certainly."

"But they aren't stupid because they're poor. Take our class at school. We've got some first-class dopes from some mighty good families, and a couple of the brightest fellows are Negroes. Mr. Kessler, what do you think about Negroes?"

"What do you think?" asked Kessler.

"I think they're all right!"

(Continued on Page 86)

Ask Any Woman

BY MARCELENE COX

A MOTHER of five energetic boys was asked if she didn't worry that something might happen to them. "The only time I'm uneasy is when they have on heavy high-top shoes," she replied. "I'm afraid they might get hurt when they kick one another in the face."

Cultivating a family garden is a spiritual experience similar to occupying the same pew in church.

It was one of those cold statistical homes with a fixed place for everything, including the children.

Criticism from a daughter: "Perhaps I shouldn't say this, mother, but sometimes it seems to me that you don't wear enough lipstick."

Note to mothers: Baking a cake with your daughter is equivalent to taking her to a mother-daughter banquet.

Difficult as trying to make a boy realize that hands have two sides.

A good home will eventually become a planetary system, surrounded by other homes which have caught the light.

She was the kind of woman who would name a child Anastasia, and a cat, Mary.

Children whose problems aren't recognized become problem children.

Men enjoy the outer garments of housework, but never want to see how the seams are put together.

Frigidaire again reminds you

HOW TO KEEP YOUR REFRIGERATOR HAPPY

If you know the answers to these ten questions your refrigerator can give you better wartime service!

Q. *Do I ever have to oil and clean the motor?*

A. No, if it is a sealed mechanism. Yes, if it is an "Open type" mechanism (usually belt driven). Ask your dealer what kind of oil to use, where to use it and how often. When oiling, clean and check the belt. It may need tightening or replacing. *See page 27 of 101 Refrigerator Helps.**

Q. *Does the condenser ever need attention?*

A. The condenser is to your refrigerator what the radiator is to your automobile. Dirt and dust interfere with its cooling efficiency and increase the running of the motor. Clean with a long handle brush or vacuum cleaner attachment. Before cleaning, turn refrigerator off by pulling plug from outlet. *See page 26 of 101 Refrigerator Helps.**

If it sulks

Q. *What do I do if it won't run?*

A. 1. Be sure "on and off" switch (if any) is "ON," defroster switch is "OFF," and plug is in wall outlet. 2. If so, check outlet with a floor or table lamp to see if current is on here. 3. If not, check for blown fuse in distribution panel at meter. 4. If current is on at outlet, insert refrigerator plug again and try moving temperature control to the coldest position. *If trouble persists, call a service man.*

Q. *Why shouldn't hot dishes go in the refrigerator?*

A. Placing hot foods in your refrigerator may raise the temperature of the food compartment. Wastes current, too. Hot dishes may be cooled before storing by placing in a pan of ice water. *See page 24 of 101 Refrigerator Helps.**

Q. *Does it matter how I open and close the door?*

A. Yes. Always use the handle or opener. Perspiration from hands causes the rubber seal and cabinet finish, if non-porcelain, to deteriorate. *See page 25 of 101 Refrigerator Helps.**

Q. *What do I do if it runs too much?*

A. 1. Clean the condenser. 2. Are you cooling a big food load or too much warm food? Freezing a lot of ice cubes? 3. Try turning temperature control before calling service man.

If it loafs on the job

Q. *What do I do if it runs but won't refrigerate?*

A. 1. Remove plug from wall receptacle. 2. Defrost completely. 3. Start mechanism and check to see if freezer gets cold. 4. Repeat if necessary before calling service man.

Q. *How often should I defrost my refrigerator?*

A. When freezer frost gets too thick it acts as an insulator, choking off refrigeration or causing the mechanism to run more frequently. It may also raise food compartment temperatures to the danger point. Always defrost before the frost builds up to ¼" (about the thickness of a lead pencil). For an easy way to defrost your refrigerator in just 15 minutes, *see page 27 of 101 Refrigerator Helps.**

Q. *What is the door seal and what does it do?*

A. The door seal is the rubber gasket on the inside of the door. When the door is closed it keeps heat out of the refrigerator. The seal should be tight at all times. Check it by closing the door on a narrow slip of writing paper. If you can slip the paper up and down with the door closed on it, the seal is imperfect. If the gasket is worn out, soft, and sticky, have it replaced. Having the latch tightened or the hinges reversed may also help. *See page 26 of 101 Refrigerator Helps.**

If it mopes

Q. *What do I do if ice freezing is too slow?*

A. 1. The temperature control may be improperly set. 2. Ice trays may not be resting flat on freezer shelf. 3. Some trays freeze naturally faster than others. Metal trays, for example, freeze much faster than rubber. 4. Trays will freeze faster in some parts of the freezer than in others. In normal operation you can speed up freezing time by wetting bottoms of ice trays before putting them in freezer.

If any trouble persists, call a service man

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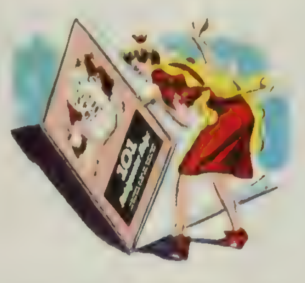

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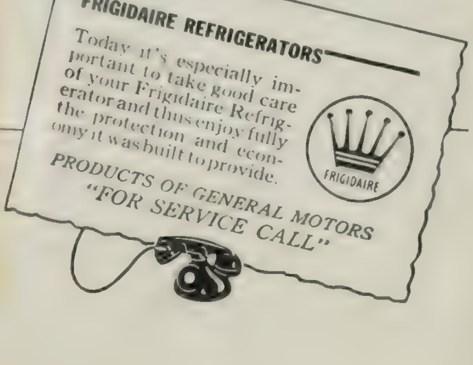

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TANGEE *Lipsticks with the new Satin-Finish*

TANGEE *Face Powder with the new Petal-Finish*

GET IN THE FIGHT—BUY A WAR BOND TODAY

(Continued from Page 84)

"'If you prick us, do we not bleed?'" Kessler quoted, smiling.

"That's what I think!" Dick said in relief. "But you'd better not say that around some people. Let's go back. We were talking about Babylon, and people being skinned alive and sold into slavery and nobody minding. Do you mean we're no better than the Babylonians?"

"No, Dick, I mean we're a great deal better. The very fact that you and I are sitting here talking like this proves we have come a long way." He smiled. "For example—you're a very fortunate young man."

"Am I?"

"Why, yes. You've had all the advantages your civilization can give you. Which means that in the United States you occupy a position like that of a prince in Babylon."

"Holy cats," said Dick.

"And no prince in Babylon ever sat down as a matter of course to say that the people born in the cabins of Babylon were quite as good as he was, and as entitled as himself to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. No, Dick, we've gone a long way. But we've taken every step of it through blood and torture and hell, and we're in this war because we haven't gone as far as we'll have to go before we get peace."

"Go on. I'm listening."

"If you look at the sweep of history," Kessler went on, "you'll notice that there are certain currents that appear as almost invisible little ripples, and they grow, and move forward, and finally push away everything in their path."

Dick asked, "What would you call this current that's coming in now?"

"We call it by a lot of high-sounding names—the Four Freedoms, the dignity of the individual, postwar security. But essentially it's the idea that nobody is born with a natural right to beat up anybody else and take over the products of his labor. It's the idea that everybody—not merely the persons of your own family, or your own race, or your own nation, but everybody—should be allowed to develop whatever brains he was born with and do whatever sort of work he's capable of doing. That's the new idea, the one you and I believe in. Our opponents are fighting to re-establish the past."

"Just how do you mean—re-establish the past?"

"Well, as the Nazis worked it out in Germany, and as the Japanese have set it up, too, it's the resurrection of feudalism. Those not born to power are to work as servants of the rich, regardless of what intelligence and energy they might be born with, just as in the Middle Ages the peasants served the lords."

"But that was years ago," Dick protested. "You can't do that to people now. They won't take it."

"No, they won't take it. There's your answer. And there's the war."

Dick considered this. At length he said, "I believe I get it. It means—'*all* men are created free and equal, endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights.' It means *all*. Not just us. Everybody."

"Exactly," said Kessler. "You do get it. Those are beautiful inspiring words."

Dick gave a long whistle. He looked across at Kessler with a broad comprehending grin. "So that's what it's about!"

"I don't pretend to any superknowledge. But as I see it, that's what it's about."

"That's *terrific*," Dick said. "That's what I'll be fighting for in the Marines."

Dick announced to his yarents that he was not going to wait at home until he was eighteen. He was going to join the Marines right now, if they'd have him.

Spratt told him to go ahead. "This is one place where you've got to make up your own mind," he said. "I'm not going to boss you."

To her own surprise, Elizabeth was able to answer him steadily. "Go ahead, Dick. It's all right with me."

"Thanks," Dick said shortly. "I guess you do understand," and gave them a grin that was half embarrassed and half relieved.

"problem" hair

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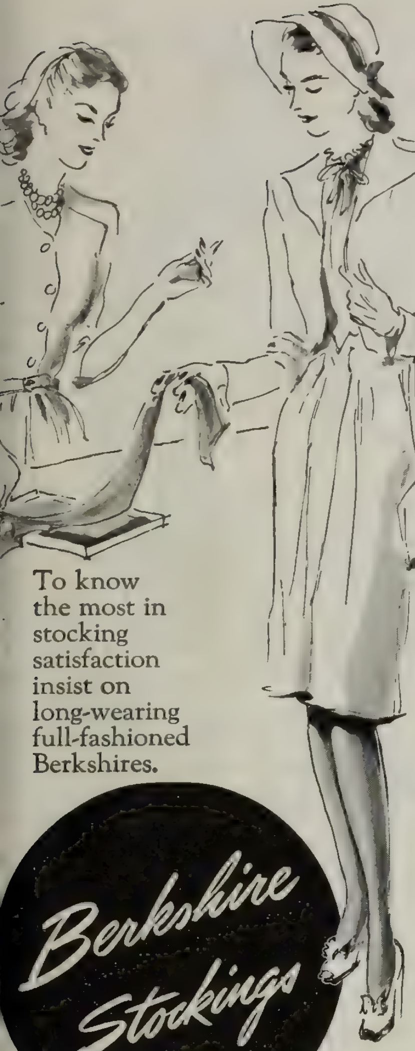

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Elizabeth was in her room, writing checks for the month's bills, when he telephoned her.

"Mother, they took me! They took us both, me and Pudge! He's phoning his folks now."

"After all, how could they help it? As if they wouldn't be proud to get you."

"Well, I sort of thought they'd take me, but you know how it is. You never heard of such an overhauling as they gave us. There's nothing wrong with your son, Mrs. Herlong."

"I knew there wasn't. I'm so proud of you, Dick. When are you coming home?"

"Pretty soon. We kind of want to talk about it."

"Of course you do. I'll call the boss now. He'll want to know it."

"Okay."

After dinner he went off to see Pudge. Elizabeth smiled proudly to herself. Strange, but you really could take it when the time came.

That night Spratt came into her room. "Thought I'd sleep in here with you. Mind?"

"Mind? I was just going in to sleep with you. Spratt—I was all right, wasn't I?"

"You bet you were." They got into bed and he put both his arms around her. "Now you can say anything you please about it. If you feel like crying, that's all right with me."

"You should know by this time I'm not much given to crying. I just wanted to be with you. You were pretty splendid, Spratt. Anybody would have thought going off to war was just what you'd hoped he'd do since the day he was born."

MIND OVER MATTER

One half of knowing what you want is knowing what you must give up before you get it.
—SIDNEY HOWARD.

There are fools everywhere, even in asylums. —GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

Some people have tact, others tell the truth. —ANON.

She felt him draw a long breath. "Well, it wasn't. I wonder if it's this tough on everybody."

Elizabeth felt a pain coming up into her throat. Though she was not, as she said, much given to crying, the pain turned into a sob against Spratt's shoulder. She whispered, "I'm sorry, Spratt."

"Sorry?" said Spratt. "What do you suppose I'm here for?"

Though the days that came afterward were not easy, they were easier than the first one. She seemed to have a great deal to do. There were parties, with Dick rushing about importantly. Brian strutted: "My brother—you know, the one that's in the Marines."

Dick left for boot camp early one morning. Elizabeth was not sure what either she or Spratt had said to him. She kissed him good-by.

As she did so, Dick whispered to her, "You two are swell. Tell the boss I said so. Some of these mothers—the scenes they do put on! You wouldn't believe it."

It was an accolade. Elizabeth got into the car to go home, knowing she had done it well.

Brian and Cherry went to school. Spratt had to go to the studio, but before he left he said, "Let's go out to dinner tonight. There's no sense moping through the first evening. I'll reserve a table at Chasen's."

"Oh, yes," she exclaimed, "let's do go out. With some other people."

"The Sterns? Kessler?"

"All right."

"I'll call them," said Spratt. He got into his car again, and waved at her.

Spratt came in early. "The Sterns and Kessler will meet us at Chasen's. How do you feel?"

"Fine. I'm going to wear that tight black dress and the crystal necklace."

When she was dressed and standing before her mirror, Spratt came in. "You look

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beautiful. Thank the Lord for a woman who keeps her figure."

"I don't get time to sit down long enough for it to spread. I do look rather well in this dress, don't I?"

"You look rather well, period," said Spratt. He picked up her mink coat. The fur brushed his cheek as he held it out to her.

Elizabeth said, "Remember when you got raised to a hundred a week?"

"Do I! Never had heard of so much money." He chuckled.

"Neither had I," said Elizabeth. "You came dashing into the apartment like the boy who had just made the only touchdown of the game. You said ——" She stopped. What he had said was, "Now we can afford a special nurse when you have the baby!"

Spratt remembered too. His mouth tightened. "I guess we can't help it, can we? But it's no use trying not to remember those things."

"No. We've had such a lot together. I'm not cracking up, Spratt. Believe me."

"I believe you. You're all right, Elizabeth."

He put the coat around her. She smiled. "And he's only gone to San Diego," said Elizabeth.

Chasen's was gay and full of noise. Mr. and Mrs. Stern met them there, and Kessler arrived a few minutes later.

Elizabeth saw Kessler's eyes fixed on her. All of a sudden the idea that had not troubled her for months came back with astonishing force. She knew that man, she was sure of it.

The others were talking; Kessler said to her, "Not tonight, but one day soon I should appreciate having a talk with you. I have a very great favor to ask."

"You know I'd do anything in my power for you, Mr. Kessler. At least I hope you know it."

"I believe you would. You are very generous. That is why I don't hesitate to ask it."

"Tomorrow? Or will you be busy at the studio?"

"I'll be at home tomorrow. Will you call me?"

The party became gay and usual. They were good friends; it did not matter that each one was playing a part and the others knew it.

A MAN'S WORLD

I can forgive, but I cannot forget, is only another way of saying, I cannot forgive.

—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The social diplomat is never wiser than his hostess, wittier than his host, nor wickeder than their guests.

—M. T. ANTRIM.

"Real French Roquefort," Mr. Stern observed with appreciation. "Not much of this left."

"We won't suffer too badly when it gives out," said Spratt. "Some of the domestic substitutes are very good."

"I wonder if the Japs are rationed stiffly," said Irene Stern. "I hope they are."

"They don't need to be," said Spratt. "They never ate much besides rice and fish."

"SERVES them right," said Mr. Stern. "I detest meat rationing. I never did learn to like fish. We always had such a lot of meat at home. We would, of course, being there in one of the meat capitals of the world."

"Where was your home, Mr. Stern?" asked Kessler.

"Kansas City. Those Kansas City steaks! Have you ever eaten steak in Kansas City, Mr. Kessler?"

"I believe not," Kessler answered. "That's one of the pleasures I'll look forward to after the war."

"You probably got one on the train, on your way to California," suggested Mr. Stern. "Coming from New York you must have changed trains in either Kansas City or Chicago. Which was it?"

"Chicago."

Something clicked in Elizabeth's head. He had pronounced it "Chicawgo." A hot summer day in Tulsa, herself by the pool, the extraordinarily vivid young man on the grass beside her: "Chicawgo. I can't seem to say it any other way. It's like a birth certificate, isn't it?"

The others were still discussing ration points. Elizabeth's eyes clung to Kessler, her whole body tense as she stared. All the details of his appearance suddenly fitted into a pattern, so evident that it was as though some voice within herself, unheard by the others but loud in her own ears, was crying out *Arthur.*

She saw, as though for the first time, the way his eyebrows grew, those crinkles about his eyes, that vertical line above the bridge of his nose. She heard his voice, thicker and deeper than it used to be, the words spoken with a faint German accent, but Arthur's voice. Arthur had died in a German hospital. But there he was, so close that she could have touched him. What a fool she had been—for six months she had been seeing him and hearing him speak, and she had not seen him or heard him. But there he sat at her elbow: Arthur, who had been dead for nearly twenty-five years.

KESSLER was making a casual remark to Spratt, something about the treatment of a new story.

He doesn't know I know, Elizabeth was thinking. *He has lied and lied to me. I asked him if we had met before, and he said no. Of course he knows me. He said he didn't, but he does. How did he stay alive? Where has he been? I've got to get away from here, I've got to think.*

She picked up her coffee and took a sip from it. The coffee was nearly cold. She drank the coffee quickly, hoping it would sharpen her attention, and with a great effort forced her mind to focus on what the others were saying.

"When it's today in America is it yesterday or tomorrow in Japan?"

"Tomorrow."

"Speaking of time," said Irene, "do you know it's getting very late? We really must be getting along," she suggested, turning to her husband.

To Elizabeth's inexpressible relief, he agreed with her. Spratt asked for the check, and Kessler asked a waiter to get him a taxi. Elizabeth got up with the others. She heard the Sterns telling her it had been a pleasant evening, and heard herself answering. The waiter said there was some trouble about getting the taxi. There would be no problem, Spratt assured Kessler. He had to go by the Sterns' to get a script, but he would take Kessler home with Elizabeth, and if Kessler didn't mind waiting there he'd come back and pick him up, no trouble at all.

They got home. Kessler said to her, "Don't stay up to entertain me, Mrs. Herlong. I'll wait in the garden."

Elizabeth went upstairs while Spratt drove over to the Sterns'. But she could not wait. That man in the garden was Arthur, and she had to tell him she knew it.

She went downstairs through the quiet house, out into the garden. Kessler apparently did not hear her footsteps on the grass. He was sitting with his back to her, relaxed comfortably in a deck chair by the pool.

"Arthur!" she exclaimed sharply. "*Arthur!*"

It seemed to her that it took him a long time to speak, though when she remembered the scene later she thought it might have seemed so because she was too distraught to have a sense of time. He only said, "Were you looking for someone, Mrs. Herlong? There is no one but me in the garden."

Elizabeth came toward him. "Stop this nonsense," she exclaimed. "I'm looking for you and you know I am. Arthur—why did you lie to me? Why didn't you come back before?" She was looking at his face, but she could not see its expression. The moonlight came from behind him.

"Mrs. Herlong," he said, "I don't know what you are talking about."

"You don't know! Of course you know. Stop this, won't you?"

"Stop what?" It might have been her fancy, or merely his German accent, but his

(Continued on Page 90)

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BETH: But, Flo, you don't mean to say you've ironed and put up your curtains today in this weather?

FLO: Why not? They're Wat-a-set rayon, which means they'll stay crisp in any weather. Rain doesn't worry me any more, since I discovered them.

BETH: And pray tell — what are Wat-a-set rayon curtains? If you take such a chance, they're worth looking into.

FLO: I should say so. They're as easily washed as cotton — keep new and crisp looking for ages — and — without the bother of starching. The sunlight doesn't seem to fade them either.

BETH: Why doesn't someone tell me these things?

FLO: Better late than never, Beth. And besides all their other good points — Wat-a-set curtains are immune to silver-fish — little bugs that eat rayon like moths eat wool.

BETH: Always wondered why your curtains looked so "just done-ish". Where can I get them, Flo? They'll be a "must" on my next shopping list.

FLO: Very simple. Just look in the CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE DIRECTORY under "Curtains — Wat-a-set". Here's a list of the stores right here.

Many well known brands of Wat-a-set rayon curtains are still available in your local department stores, even though the normal supply is lower than usual because of the war. Just refer to your CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE DIRECTORY today. If you live in one of the 50 largest cities, you'll find a Wat-a-set listing under "CURTAINS".

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Trade Mark Registered
Wat-a-set
FOR RAYON AND COTTON FABRICS

(Continued from Page 88)

words sounded so thick she could barely understand them.

"I didn't know you before," she exclaimed. "All of a sudden tonight I knew. Arthur, please, *please* stop it!"

"Mrs. Herlong, I repeat that I don't know what you are talking about. You think I am somebody else. My name is Erich Kessler."

"Your name is no more Erich Kessler than mine is. Please, please—I can't bear this! Tell me the truth!"

"I can't tell you more than I've told you."

"Listen to me," she exclaimed. "You are Arthur Kittredge, you were born in Chicago, you came to Tulsa, Oklahoma, as a research chemist for the Lerith Oil Company, in 1916 you married a girl named Elizabeth McPherson, in 1917 you joined the Army—don't tell me you have forgotten!"

Kessler's answer, when he spoke, was like the answers he had given her that other time. "I have not forgotten," he said.

"Then you do remember me, Arthur!"

"No," he returned quickly. "Sit down, Mrs. Herlong. You interrupted me. I was about to say I have not forgotten anything that happened to me before the war. My name is Erich Kessler, I was born in Berlin. I was in this country many years ago, but I was never in Tulsa, Oklahoma, and I never saw you until your husband brought me here for dinner one night last October. You told me that I reminded you of someone and you couldn't remember who it was. Now you have remembered; something about me—I don't know what, since I never saw him—calls your first husband to mind. Your surprise is so great that you are even persuaded not only that I have some traits in common with that man, but that I am that man." He paused. "Talk to me about it now, if that will be any relief to you. But if you don't get this illusion out of your mind you're going to be miserable the rest of your life. There is nothing I can do but deny it—no, there is something more I can do, and I'll promise you to do it."

VICTOR HUGO SAID:

To pay compliments to a woman we love is the first way of caressing her. A compliment is like kissing her through a veil.

Misfortune educates the intellect.

Whispering is like a train of gunpowder.

"What else?"

"I'll go away. If you say the word, I'll go tonight."

"No!" she cried. "That won't change anything."

"Very well," said Kessler. "But you will make me a promise too."

"What is it?"

"That you will not trouble your husband with this. For it would trouble him, more than you can imagine. He'll be here in a few minutes. Your first impulse will be to blurt out words that tomorrow morning you'd give half your life to take back. Will you promise you will not mention this idea of yours to your husband before we have talked again?"

"Yes," she said faintly, "I promise that. But you haven't convinced me. Everything you've said—I know you."

They heard a car. Spratt was coming into the driveway.

His voice called cheerily, "Kessler! Ready to go?"

"Yes indeed, Mr. Herlong. I was waiting for you."

Kessler stood up and started for the car. Elizabeth turned and went into the house.

Upstairs in her room, she got mechanically through the routine of undressing. In her state of turmoil it was easier to move than to sit still. That man *was* Arthur; he could deny it forever, but it would still be true. She sat down on her bed, and suddenly felt more tired than she had ever felt in her life.

When Elizabeth awoke she could tell by the sun that it was late in the morning. She felt fresh and well, and last night's tumult seemed a long way behind her. The morning was cool, sparkling like a jewel. It had brought back her courage; today was ahead of her and she could face it. In fact, she wanted to face it. She thought of Kessler. She had to see him and talk to him.

"I'll get this over now," said Elizabeth.

She got up and went to her telephone. Apparently he had been waiting for her call, for he answered the phone himself.

"First," said Elizabeth, "I want to apologize for my startling behavior last night."

"Then you do know this morning," he asked eagerly, "that you were mistaken?"

"I don't know that, not yet. But at least this morning I can promise you to behave like an intelligent adult. You told me I could see you today. May I come over?"

"Certainly. Whenever you like."

"Thank you."

While she was getting dressed she remembered that last night Kessler had said he had a favor to ask of her. She must remember to tell him to go ahead, and not let what he called her mistake stand in the way. If she was wrong, he would forgive her and never mention it again, to her or anybody else—she was sure she could trust him for that. But if she was right—she shivered, and she did not know whether it was a tremor of hope or dread.

Kessler's housekeeper told her he was waiting in his study. Elizabeth went in and shut the door. As she came in Kessler put his hand on his cane and stood up.

Elizabeth said, "I came to see if I was right or wrong in what I said to you last night. I was right." Kessler drew in a quick breath, without answering. Elizabeth came nearer and sat down. She said, "I am not hysterical. Arthur, let's face this and talk about it."

"I'll talk about it as long as you like," he answered. "But it's not true, Mrs. Herlong."

But Elizabeth continued, "You have a scar on your arm where you were burned by a splash of boiling chocolate one night when I was making fudge. You have another scar on your right knee, made when you and I were practicing fancy dives and you hit the edge of the pool."

Kessler sat down. "I have so many scars that to prove or disprove my likeness to any healthy man would be very difficult. I didn't grow this beard to disguise my face, but to cover some ugly lines on my chin. Yet you insist I resemble your first husband."

Elizabeth felt no yielding of her conviction. "It's not just that you look like him," she persisted. "It's—how shall I say it?—your mind, the way you think, the way you speak. Your generosity, your tolerance, your encompassing love for the human race—that's not 'like' Arthur Kittredge, it *is* Arthur. Yet you ——" She stopped, her eyes on him with a passionate earnestness.

"Yet I tell you I am not Arthur Kittredge. I am Erich Kessler, and you are going to believe me."

"How can I?"

"Can't more than one man love the human race, as you put it?"

"You are talking in abstractions. I tell you, I *know*."

Kessler shook his head.

Elizabeth shrank back into her chair, away from him. "How can you do this to me!" she exclaimed. "Don't you remember how I loved you?" For a moment she covered her face with her hands. She did not know how thankful he was for that moment. Her pause to regain her own calmness had given him time to regain his.

"Now that Dick has gone to fight for tomorrow's world," he said, "it would be a catastrophe to see his mother refusing to give up her dependence on yesterday."

Elizabeth started. "What do you mean?"

He spoke in a low, intensely purposeful voice. "Mrs. Herlong, not long ago your son sat where you are sitting, defining in his own mind the question before this generation. At length he understood—I like to think I helped him understand—that he was living in one of the periods when the advance of civilization seems to halt because of forces

(Continued on Page 93)

"Will I *always* sleep in a Dresser Drawer?"

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We'll tell you! An all-electric house!—that's what it will be!

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Slightly Higher in Western States and Canada

EY'RE SO EASY TO WEAR"

(Continued from Page 90)

that are trying to push it back instead of letting it go ahead as it was meant to do. He came to see that his side was the right and ultimately victorious side, because those who fight to raise up the dead past eventually destroy themselves."

Elizabeth shook her head with a puzzled frown. But she was listening.

"You've lived past your first youth without any great regret for it, for you've acquired a richness of social experience that makes you a far more vital personality, for instance, than your daughter. But you've seen men and women who have let time go by without being enriched by it, haven't you—baldheaded grandfathers acting like fools over young girls, women in their fifties making themselves up into ridiculous caricatures of adolescence. They've never developed to the point where they can enjoy adult pleasures, so they try to imitate and associate with the children whose equals they are. You've seen them, and laughed at them."

Elizabeth caught her breath in protest. "But what has this got to do with what I came here to tell you?"

"It has a great deal to do with it, Mrs. Herlong. You're a charming woman, not because you're sixteen but because you aren't. Genuine maturity has a gracious poise that youth never has. You have maturity, you know how fine it is. Don't reach back now!"

"I don't understand you!" she exclaimed. "I want to know whether or not you are Arthur Kittredge come back from that German hospital where they told me you had died. What are you trying to tell me?"

He answered simply, "I am trying to tell you that if you want to believe I am Arthur Kittredge, you can persuade yourself that I am. You can make yourself see me as a living reminder of a period of your life that was very happy—that perhaps has grown happier in your recollection of it."

"I didn't come here to be advised whether or not I should believe in a fantasy. I came to be told the truth."

"I am telling you the truth," he insisted. "The truth is that you can stop living in the present if you want to. You can reach back and demand that the past be returned to you. But it won't be returned to you. You won't get back what you have lost, you'll only be destroying what you have."

"But if you are ——" she began, and stopped, her eyes going over him with an intense scrutiny. He was like Arthur. But he was different too.

"If you will let me," Kessler said, "I can tell you why you want me to be Arthur Kittredge."

"Go on," Elizabeth said faintly.

"For the past few months you have found the present very hard to take. You have been looking back into a time when you weren't aware of the demands life was going to make on you. You've personified that lovely thoughtlessness of youth in the figure of the man who shared it with you. You want it back—not Arthur, but the young freedom Arthur symbolizes for you."

ELIZABETH started. Was it possible that her looking for Arthur was only part of the universal human wish for irresponsibility? Her voice was thin with astonishment as she exclaimed, "Is that what I've been doing?"

"Yes, it is. You can't get it back, Mrs. Herlong. But if you keep trying, you will lose what you have. And you have so much to lose now, so much more than you had twenty-five years ago. How old were you when you married your first husband?"

"Eighteen."

"Eighteen!" Kessler repeated. "What did you know then about loving a man?"

"I thought I knew a great deal."

"Naturally you thought so. How could you judge your feeling for him except by the standard you had then? But look at it now and see what it was by the standard of love you have today. A bright girlish rapture. Beautiful, no doubt, but no more than that."

"But what else is a young girl's love? What else should it be?"

"Nothing else. That's what I'm trying to tell you. But what did you lose when you lost Arthur? A lover and a playmate. You had nothing else to lose."

Elizabeth drew back and stared at him, almost angrily, resenting what he had said and fighting against having to accept it. He waited a moment and then went on:

"When we get older, it is sometimes very tempting to look back. It means that we are frightened at the challenge of being adult."

"I have been frightened," she acknowledged.

"WHAT we forget in those moments, of course," he went on, "is that the profoundest joys, as well as the greatest trials, are found in the depths of experience. The happiness of youth is a shallow merriment, it can't be anything else. But the happiness of maturity, I mean real mental and emotional maturity, is strong and deeply rooted because it comes of having tested this and that until we have discovered the permanent values. You long ago outgrew letting yourself be heartbroken over things that didn't matter. Mrs. Herlong, you have gone so far—don't turn back now!"

"And that's what I'm doing!" she confessed. "I didn't know it. But I'm trying to go back!"

"Yes. You are looking back to the rapturous days when no war had interrupted your pleasures, when you had no son to go into danger, when there was no crisis to demand your courage. In looking for that dream of security, you have been looking for Arthur. If I were your first husband, Mrs. Herlong, I would tell you exactly what I am telling you now. You don't want him back."

Elizabeth passed her hand over her forehead, pushing back her hair. "You are not Arthur, then?"

"No. Your first husband is dead. You can't have him back, and I repeat, you don't want him back." He paused to be sure she was listening. "You don't want him," he repeated. "We often think we want the dead back, but actually we do not, because we have gone on without them and if they should return they would be thrusting themselves into a world that has moved past the place where they left it. If Arthur Kittredge came back to you now it would be an intolerable intrusion, not only because you have your husband and children, but because you are no longer the woman who loved him. You have changed—who does not change in twenty-five years? You have lived with Spratt Herlong. What intimate experiences you two have had I don't know as you know them, but I know this: in the course of them you have built a citadel that only the two of you can share. That's true, isn't it?"

Elizabeth thought of the time when Cherry, as a baby, had been so ill they had feared they might lose her. She remembered when Spratt had lost his job. She thought of the night she had sobbed on his shoulder at Dick's joining the Marines, and he had said, "What do you suppose I'm here for?"

"Yes!" she exclaimed. "Oh, yes."

"I can be a friend of you both," said Kessler, "a dear friend, perhaps, but I'm outside your essential life because I did not help you build it. No human being can destroy the structure of a marriage except the two who made it. It is the one human edifice that is impregnable except from within. Keep it. You need it."

Elizabeth smiled, without realizing she was doing so. "Yes," she said, "I need it."

Kessler spoke with penetrating directness. "You have never quite got rid of your first

OBSERVATIONS

One of the most common mistakes people make is saying: "People won't notice it."

When you invite anyone to your house, they always say, "Don't go to any trouble," but they always expect you to go to trouble, and will talk about you if you don't.

—E. W. HOWE:
Country Town Sayings.
(Crane & Co., Topeka, Kansas.)

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Evening in Paris face powder

BOURJOIS
NEW YORK

marriage. Even when you thought you had most certainly lost it, it was still casting a long shadow over your life. You have remembered Arthur, haven't you, more than you have ever confessed to your husband?"

Elizabeth sat up straight in her astonishment. "How did you know that?"

Kessler smiled. "Have you remembered him at times when going ahead with your life seemed especially difficult?"

Startled, she tried to think back. She said frankly, "Maybe you are right. I can't be sure. But I—I believe you are right. Oh, thank you for making me know that!"

"Mrs. Herlong," Kessler said gently, "as you know, I have undergone some pretty horrible experiences. But they taught me that looking backward is the one sure gesture of self-destruction. We *must* look to what is before us. We're moving into the future. We can't help moving, we can only wreck ourselves trying not to."

"I see," she exclaimed. "You mean, I somehow let that first marriage hang over me ——"

"Yes."

She looked at him closely. "Mr. Kessler, you are not Arthur, are you?"

"Ah! You do want the present, then. You want today and tomorrow."

Elizabeth had a sense of freedom like nothing she had ever felt before. She drew a long breath. Her mind flashed back to that bright year with Arthur, and then lingered on her twenty years with Spratt. The two periods were as different in meaning as they were in length. She had known all along that the second had a value greater than the first. But she had never placed them side by side, as Kessler had made her do today, to see how her love for Spratt overpowered anything she had ever shared with Arthur.

"Thank you," she said in a low voice. "You don't know what you've done for me."

Kessler smiled at her gratefully, but he did not answer.

ELIZABETH leaned back in her chair. In body and mind she felt perfectly at ease. Kessler had reached out and taken a burden from her. But as she watched him Elizabeth was convinced of something else. He was never going to tell her any more than he had told her. If he was not Arthur, further persistence on her part would be useless. If he was Arthur, it would be equally useless. She might suspect to the end of her life, but she would never know.

She said, "Mr. Kessler, last night you suggested you had a favor to ask of me. I hope that's still true."

Kessler looked up with a slight start. "Yes, it's still true."

"I told you I'd be happy to do anything in my power for you. After what you have done for me today, I'd like to repeat that in capitals."

Kessler smiled. "Thank you. I want to put, shall we say, a part of tomorrow in your hands. Margaret."

She was astonished. "You mean you want me to take her? I thought you loved her so much."

"I do love her. But I shan't be here always."

"What do you mean?"

"Look at me, Mrs. Herlong," he said quietly. "Haven't you ever wondered how I have lived as long as this?"

She felt her features changing to express a surprise that, after all, should never have been there. He did look very tired. "Mr. Kessler, forgive us! What a strain we have put on you! Dick, myself, all of us—we never stopped to realize you were ill. Of course I'll take Margaret. I'll take her now if you'll let me. But don't you want to come with her? Why don't you let me take care of you, instead of staying here with nobody but a hired housekeeper? If you only knew how much I should like to do it!"

"No, no, that's not what I want. Thank you, but I only wanted to tell you that it's very unlikely I'll live as long as Margaret will need protection. When I can no longer be her father, will you be her mother?"

"Of course I will. Spratt and I both love children. We'll be very happy to have her.

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Don't fear for Margaret's future." She spoke quickly and sincerely.

"I won't," he promised. "Not for hers, nor for yours."

"Thank you. Now I'm going. You are very tired." Elizabeth had stood up. "Mr. Kessler, I hope I'm forgiven for troubling you today. Thank you for making me understand that I had made a mistake."

He smiled again. "You are satisfied, aren't you, that you did make a mistake?"

"Oh, yes." She had to make it sound true. "You do look like him. There's an odd resemblance about the eyes especially, but now I see it's only a resemblance. If I hadn't been so overwrought last night I shouldn't have gone so far as to believe you actually were Arthur. I told you I loved him very much, and losing him was a dreadful experience. But I've begun to understand, since I've been talking to you today, that that experience had a great deal to do with making my life since then as full and rewarding as it has been. I had loved Arthur so much that when I lost him it was like the end of the world. But what kept me from going under completely wasn't my own strength, it was Arthur's. The first time I realized I had to make a new life it was because I realized that he wouldn't have wanted me to go on depending on him. If he could have seen me, he would have said, 'Depend on yourself, on your own resources.' It was because of him that I learned to do without him. Sometimes, I have wished I could tell him that. Since I can't tell him, I'm telling you."

THANK-YOU NOTES

A friend of mine amused himself one sultry day last summer by sending telegrams to twenty acquaintances selected at random, each message containing the one word "Congratulations." So far as he knew, not one of these individuals had done anything in particular to be congratulated upon. But each victim took the message as a matter of course and wrote him a letter of thanks. Every one of them had done something that he himself regarded as worthy of a congratulatory telegram.

—From THE WISDOM OF LAZINESS,
By Fred C. Kelly.
(Copyright 1924, reprinted by permission from Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc.)

Kessler, who had risen when she did, had sat down as though too tired to keep standing. He said, very low, "Thank you, Mrs. Herlong. I hope you will never be so lonely that what anyone will say to you can mean as much as that means to me." He was silent a moment; then, "Good-by," he said.

"Good-by," said Elizabeth. She bent and kissed his forehead quickly. Before he could say anything else she went out.

When Spratt came home that evening Elizabeth told him Kessler was ill and had asked if they would take care of Margaret. Spratt agreed without hesitation.

"Poor kid, of course we'll take her. Look here, Elizabeth, maybe that guy is too sick to work and is just keeping it up because he can't afford to stop. Do you suppose we could persuade him to take a rest?"

"Oh, Spratt, please try! Make him let us pay for it. And please ——"

"Yes, what?"

"Tell him it was your idea. I don't think he'd take it from me."

"What an intense sort of person you are," Spratt observed with a grin. "All right, I'll give him a ring in the morning. Rather late for it tonight."

The next morning she was up, having coffee, when Spratt came into her room.

"Thought I'd call Kessler now," he said. "If he feels like seeing me I can go by on the way to the studio." He sat down on her chaise longue and picked up the phone. "This is Spratt Herlong. Can I speak to Mr. Kessler? . . . *What?* . . . Yes. . . . Yes. . . . I understand. . . . I'll be right over.' He set down the phone, and turned

A moment made of faith

This is the way you had always known it would be . . . a crowded station platform . . . a dear, familiar figure framed for a moment in the Pullman door, the broad, manly grin widening as he saw you . . . and then, little Janie racing ahead—into his arms.

He was home again, home to walk beside you through all the beautiful years that lay ahead . . . home to fill the empty spaces in your life — and in your heart.

Through all the dark days, you did not doubt that this would come to be. When letters were late and you saw frightening headlines in the papers . . . when in the darkness you struggled with your lonely fears, you knew, deep inside you, that this moment — this glad return — must come.

For what you felt was more than hope. It was a deep, abiding faith, a flame of courage, a light that led him home.

until that moment . . . *Our American faith must give us the strength to accept restrictions cheerfully, to sacrifice willingly, to buy more War Bonds and Stamps than we think we can really afford. Each day we prove that faith, we come closer to the glad reward of joyous homecomings.*

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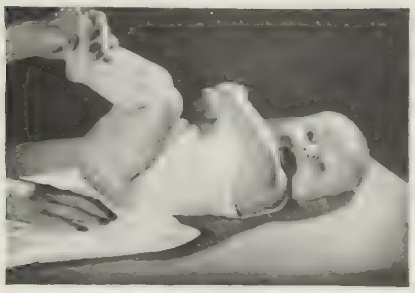
Why do hospitals do this?

Important to every mother: A leading medical journal asked 6,000 physicians, including most U. S. baby specialists, these vital questions about baby care. Read answers below:

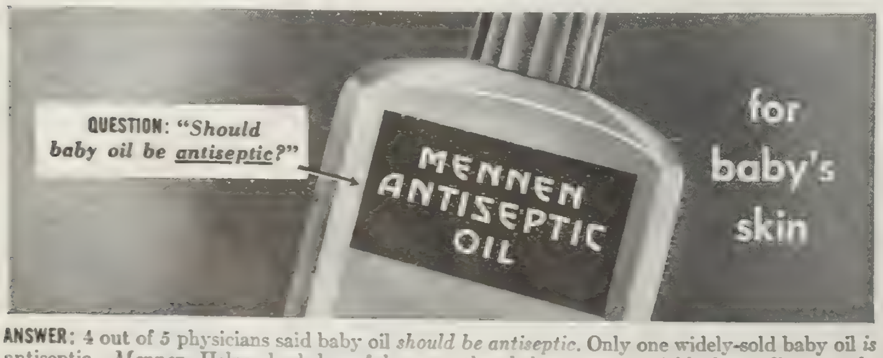
QUESTION: *"Do you favor the use of oil on baby's skin?"*
ANSWER: Over 95% of doctors said *yes.* (Most hospitals, as in scene above, instruct mothers to use *Mennen* Oil—because it's *antiseptic).*

QUESTION: *"Should oil be used all over baby's body daily?"*
ANSWER: 3 out of 4 physicians said *yes*—helps prevent dryness, chafing. (Most important—*antiseptic* oil helps protect skin against germs).



QUESTION: *"Should oil be used after every diaper change?"*
ANSWER: 3 out of 4 physicians said *yes.* (*Antiseptic* oil helps prevent diaper rash caused by action of *germs* in contact with wet diapers).

QUESTION: *"Up to what age should oil be used on baby?"*
ANSWER: Physicians said, on average, "Continue using oil until baby is over 6 months old." Many advised using oil up to 18 months.



ANSWER: 4 out of 5 physicians said baby oil *should be antiseptic.* Only one widely-sold baby oil *is* antiseptic—*Mennen.* Helps check harmful germs, thus helps prevent prickly heat, diaper rash, impetigo, other irritations. Hospitals find Mennen is mildest, safest, keeps baby's skin *smoothest.* Special ingredient soothes itching, smarting. Use the *best* for your baby—Mennen Antiseptic Oil.

to Elizabeth, who had been listening in alarm.

"What is it, Spratt?" she asked.

Spratt wet his lips and shook his head slowly, as though trying to get used to what it was he had just heard. "Kessler died this morning at six o'clock."

For a moment he and Elizabeth sat staring at each other.

"This is strange," he said slowly. "Like being hit on the head. He never said anything about being that sick. I'd better get over there right away."

"Yes, go right over," said Elizabeth. She felt as if there was a great deal more she should be saying. But she could not get it out now. "Why didn't he tell us, Spratt?"

"Maybe he didn't know."

"I think he did."

After Spratt had gone Elizabeth sat where she was for several minutes, staring at the wall opposite. Kessler was dead. Kessler, who might or might not have been Arthur, was dead. He had told her he did not expect to live long. But perhaps he did not suspect how little time he actually had. She was glad she had told him what she had, just before she left him yesterday.

He said, she was thinking, *that we don't want the dead back. In one sense he was right; after a long lapse of years it's true that we have remade our lives without them. But in another sense we do want them back, to say to them all we didn't say or couldn't say while they were with us.*

There was nothing more she could do now. Nothing but sit here, staring at the curtains. But she suddenly remembered that this was not true. There was still something she could do. She must get Margaret.

When she reached Kessler's apartment she found that Spratt had been there and gone, to attend to the last arrangements. The housekeeper was busy, answering the telephone and carrying out instructions Spratt had given her. Margaret was curled up in a big chair, showing a streaky little face worn out with her having cried too much.

Elizabeth sat down in the big chair, for Margaret did not take up much room and there was space for her. She put her arms around Margaret and drew the untidy little head to rest against her. For a moment Margaret clung to her without speaking, then she gave another choking little sob.

SPINSTER'S CODE

Maude Adams, the famous actress, was in her dressing room preparing for a performance. Her old colored maid was dressing her hair when, without warning, she said, "When you gwine to get married, Miss Maudie?"

"Oh," replied the star, "I don't think I'll ever get married."

"Well," said the old servant in a soothing tone, "they do say old maids is the happies' kind after they quits strugglin'."

—EDMUND FULLER:
Thesaurus of Anecdotes. (Crown Publishers.)

"He died," she said brokenly. "Everybody that belongs to me dies."

Elizabeth felt like sobbing too. She was not used to hating anybody. But with Margaret in her arms she felt that if all the words of hate in every language could be rolled into one they could not express how much she hated Fascists and what they accomplished.

"Not everybody, Margaret. We belong to you too."

MARGARET shook her head slowly. "No, you don't."

"Don't you want us to belong to you? My husband, and our family. We want you to belong to us. And we won't leave you. You'll stay with us always."

"With you?" Margaret did not understand. "You want me to stay with you?"

"Yes, we want you to come to us today. Right now. Wouldn't you like to have me be your mother?"

"You're not my mother," Margaret answered hopelessly. "My mother is dead."

"I'm not your mother, but I'd like to be. Don't you want to come with me, and let me be your mother?"

Margaret scrubbed her eyes with the back of her hand. "You mean," she asked incredulously, "you want me to come live with you?"

"Yes, that's what I mean."

"For how long?"

"For always."

"That would be nice. Living at your house, Mrs. Herlong."

"You needn't call me Mrs. Herlong any more, if I'm going to be your mother."

"What do I call you, then?"

"If I'm your mother, don't you want to call me that?"

But Margaret shook her head, with a frightened look. "Oh, no. My mother died, and my father died, and I called Mr. Kessler father, and he died. If I called you mother you ——" She stopped, appalled by the enormity of it.

Elizabeth did not insist. "All right, you don't have to. My name is Elizabeth; would you like to call me that?"

"Elizabeth," Margaret repeated. "It seems funny." She paused a moment "When do I go over to your house?"

"Right now. I'll drive you there, and I can come back to get your things."

WHEN she brought Margaret home with her, Elizabeth gave her a little room next to Cherry's. By adding some little-girl furnishings Cherry had given up, Elizabeth turned it into a welcoming little bedroom She was glad of the occupation. It kep her from thinking of Kessler too much.

That night when Elizabeth came to tuck her in bed, Margaret detained her. "I've go something to ask you," she said bashfully.

"Go ahead." Elizabeth sat on the bed.

"Well—my father—Mr. Kessler, he i dead and I belong to you now, and I though it would seem more like I really belonged t you if—if ——" She stopped again.

Elizabeth spoke gently: "If you had th same name as the rest of us?"

Margaret nodde vehemently. "Do yo mind?" she asked "Can I?"

"I was going to as you what you wante your name to be. Yo remember I told yo we would get you som papers making you ou little girl and a American. You can b Margaret Herlong from this minute if you wan to be."

"Can I? Oh, than you." Margaret pu her arms aroun Elizabeth's neck an hugged her. "Will you tell them at schoo I've changed my name?"

"Suppose I go to school with you in th morning, and see your teacher."

"All right. Then nobody can *ever* mak me go back to Germany, can they?"

"Never, never, never. Why, Margaret, w couldn't let you go back now! We'd mis you so."

Margaret sighed with drowsy happines Elizabeth drew the covers over her and gav her a final good-night kiss. She went out t find Spratt.

The spring that year was late and chill Then, all of a sudden, one morning the su began to shine, and almost simultaneous the country burst into flower.

To Elizabeth, who had always been deep aware of the beauty of the earth, the sudden flowering brought a heightened sens tiveness in which, no longer occupied wi the immediate duties of adjustment, s thought a great deal about Kessler. S wondered if they had hastened the end b asking so much of him. That he had be eager to give it did not ease her feeling th they should not have asked it.

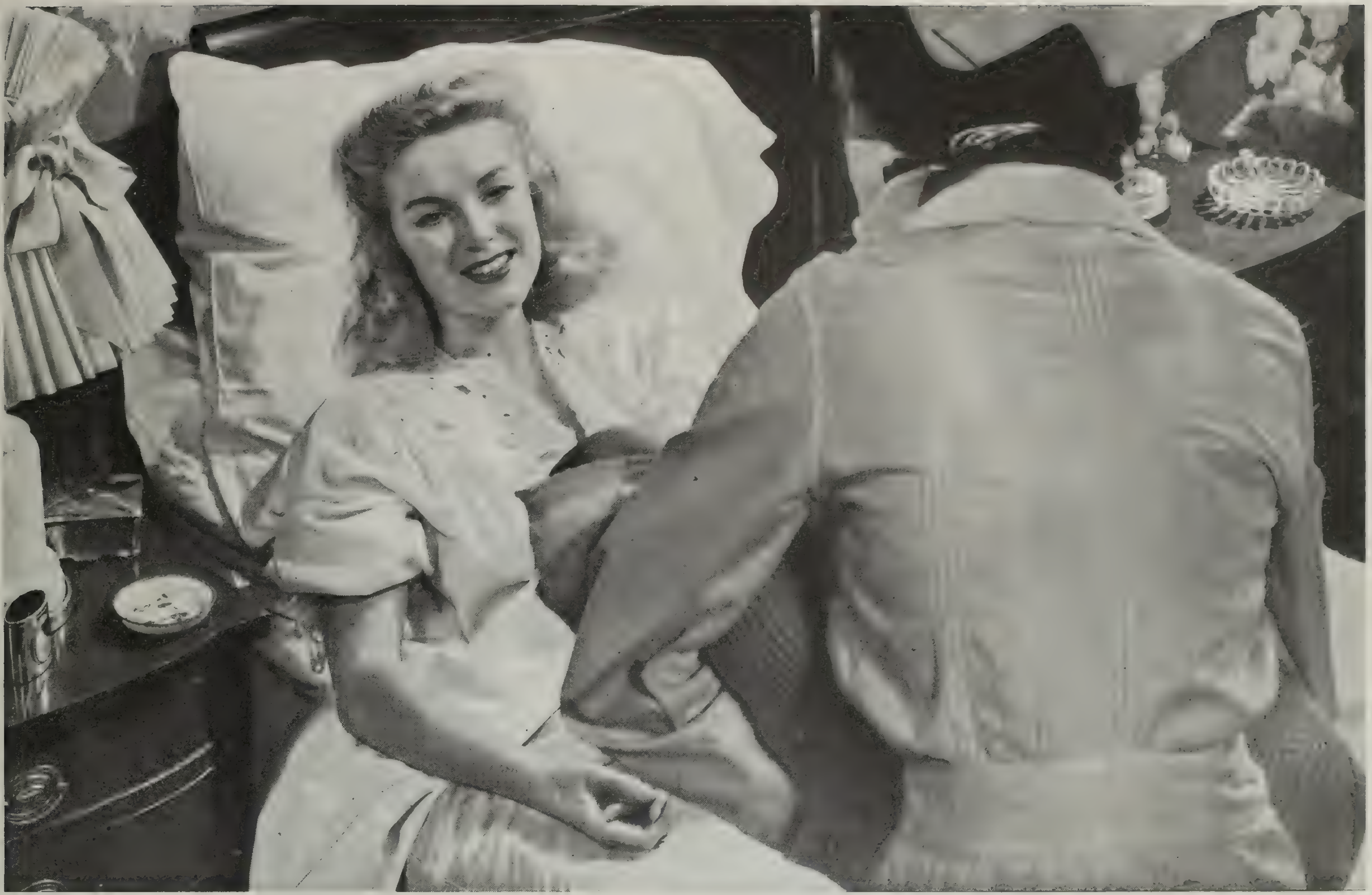
One evening she said this to Spratt. "D we demand too much, Spratt?" she aske looking at him guiltily.

"I don't know. But if we did, it was wh he wanted."

Elizabeth heard him gratefully. "Do y really believe that? You aren't just tryi to make me feel better?"

"No, I'm not trying to make you feel better. If you took your problems to him, a Dick took his, if Brian used up a lot of h

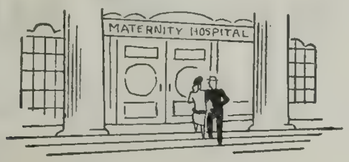
(Continued on Page 98)



What every Mother-to-be should know...

Your baby's chances of being born without mishap are greater today than at any time in medical history.

Yet . . . there is always the danger of germ-infection at this critical time of childbirth. You and your baby have a common enemy—*germs.*



Of course, if your baby is born in a hospital, every precaution will be taken against the risks of germ-infection. In many hospitals, Lysol disinfectant is regularly used for disinfecting surgical instruments, in the cleaning of floors, equipment, bedding, as an antiseptic rinse for the nurse's and doctor's hands, and for washing the patient.

If your baby is to be born at home, you will want to take the *same* careful precautions. Get everything in readiness —and be sure to disinfect bed, floor, furniture and woodwork with a Lysol solution of 2½ tablespoons to each gallon of cleaning water.

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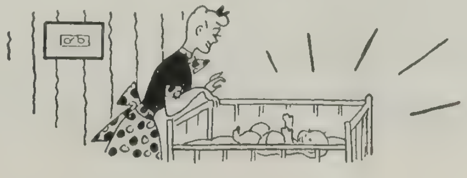

Required Solutions of Lysol for Fighting the Risk of Infection at Childbirth

For disinfecting instruments and medical equipment	1¼ tablespoons Lysol in 2 quarts of water
As a rinse for hands of doctor, nurse, other attendants	1¼ tablespoons Lysol in 2 quarts of water
For washing Mother (local areas) after the birth	2½ tablespoons Lysol in 1 gallon of water
For laundering linens for Mother's and Baby's beds	5 tablespoons Lysol to each 10 gallons of water
And for household cleaning before and after Baby comes	2½ tablespoons Lysol to each gallon of cleaning water

Save steps . . . save time.
Keep one bottle in the Bathroom — one in the Kitchen.

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Disinfectant

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1 With my Jimmy out there fighting Japs, I figured the least I could do was to punch rivets into new planes for him! But I just couldn't stand the pace. I thought I'd have to quit.

2 "Quit!" snorted my roommate. "You can't do that! Maybe your corset's got you down!" Then she told me about the Spirella Press and Lift Test. So I pushed down on my stomach and [illegible] It was just the way my old corset made me feel. Then I lowered my hands and lifted. What a relief! Betty said that's the way you feel with Spirella natural support.

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(Continued from Page [illegible])

energy with bats and bugs, none of you did anything he wasn't asking you to do."

Elizabeth did not answer. She was silent for so long that at last Spratt gave her a broad comprehending grin, saying:

"Go ahead and say it, whatever it is."

Elizabeth raised her head slowly. "I've not known whether or not I should say it. Maybe I shouldn't. But I'm going to. Spratt, do you remember I told you Kessler reminded me of somebody?"

"Why, yes. Did you finally remember who it was?"

She nodded. "He reminded me of Arthur."

"Well, I'm glad you got it figured out, if it was any relief to you."

Elizabeth was tempted to leave it there, but after a moment's hesitation she continued: "Spratt, you remember the night after Dick went to boot camp, when we had dinner at Chasen's? All of a sudden I realized who it was he had been reminding me of, and I got a downright conviction, not that he looked like Arthur, but that he *was* Arthur."

Spratt was staring in amazement. "I hope you didn't spill any of this to Kessler."

"Yes, I did. Of course he told me he wasn't. I went to see him the next day. He did look like Arthur—maybe 'look like' is the wrong phrase. I mean, in the way he thought and spoke and acted, he *was* like him. He told me again that he wasn't Arthur. But he told me something else too. He reminded me of what a ghastly tragedy it would be if Arthur, or any man long dead, should by some miracle return to interfere with the lives of people still living. He reminded me of all that you and I have together, all the things I should have known and thought I knew, but never until then knew so completely—of what it means to be married for twenty years. He made me see this, all new and fresh as if it had just been given to me, what we have, and how much I love you."

SPRATT took both her hands in his. "My dear girl, did it take that to make you know?"

"Do you know how much I love you, Spratt?"

"Of course I know." He paused. "Don't you prove it with every step you take and every word you say?" he asked. "Why, Elizabeth, I get it every time you answer the phone. It comes across. You say, 'Yes, Spratt, this is Elizabeth,' and you might as well be saying, 'Spratt, here's the one human being in the whole world who's always on your side, who believes in you no matter what kind of fool you make of yourself.' I get it every time. Do I have to tell you that?"

"No. Only sometimes it's good to be told."

"I love you, too, Elizabeth," said Spratt. "Don't you know it?"

"Yes, oh, yes." She smiled at him happily, pressing the hands that were holding hers, and her spirit felt warm and at ease. She went on. "Mr. Kessler didn't need to make me understand how much we loved each other. I knew that. But what he did make clear was how much more we loved each other now than we did when we got married, how much we had built up between us, a few big things and ten thousand little things that we share with each other and not with anybody else. I love you now more than I ever loved Arthur, and I want you to know it. Do you understand?"

To her astonishment, Spratt gave a low, matter-of-fact sort of chuckle. "Yes, my dear, I understand it, and it's about time you understood it too. I suppose every girl has a romantic hero when she's very young. But if she turns into a sensible woman she doesn't go about trying to find him again."

"I deserved that," Elizabeth acknowledged. "But it's over. You don't know how completely over it is."

"I think I do. If it weren't, you wouldn't be telling me all this, would you?" Spratt smiled at her wisely. "You didn't tell me when you thought you saw Arthur's face on poor Kessler. Elizabeth, that still isn't troubling you, is it? I mean Kessler's looking like Arthur."

A little of this flavor-rich sauce in your low point dishes adds a lot of mouth-watering goodness to everything you serve.

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8 oz. pkg. medium noodles; 1½ cups grated American cheese; 4 tbsps. butter, margarine or oil; ¼ cup Derby Barbecue Sauce.—Cook noodles in 2 qts. boiling water with 2 tbsps. salt, for 15 min. Mix with other ingredients. Serves 6.

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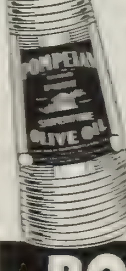

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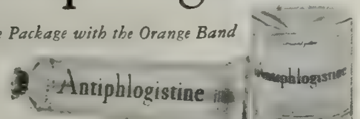

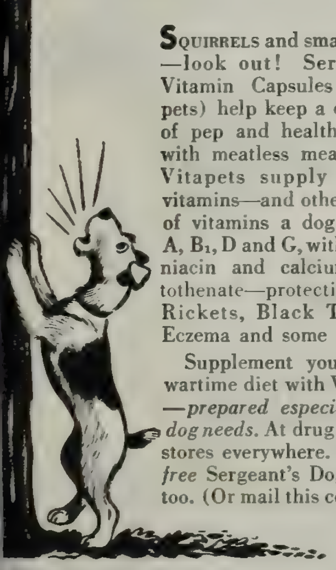

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VITAMIN CAPSULES (VITAPETS)

"Oh, no! It's all gone—it just doesn't matter."

Spratt stood up. "You could have found out, you know," he said dryly.

"What do you mean?"

"Soldiers in the last war were fingerprinted. I believe the prints are still on file in Washington."

"Oh!" Elizabeth started. She sprang up too. "But it doesn't matter, Spratt! That's what I've been telling you. I was mistaken, and even if I wasn't—it's not important. Arthur isn't there. Don't you understand?"

Spratt took hold of her elbows and pulled her close to him. "You dear goose, of course I understand. I haven't been married to you for twenty years without knowing you have more imagination than is good for you. You've been terrified at Dick's joining the Marines because once before in your life you saw a man go off to war and not come back."

"Did you know that?" she gasped.

"Of course I knew it. Dick knows it, too, if I'm not mistaken. Nobody can promise you anything, but there are a few plain facts you might look at. Men aren't dying in this war the way they did in the last one; they have blood-plasma and the sulpha drugs and plenty else they didn't have in those days. When people like you say they want to face facts, why do they always mean they want to face unhappy ones? Why don't they pick out a few pleasant facts to face while they're doing it?"

Elizabeth drew a long breath. "Spratt, you're wonderful. Of course I knew that, but I've been so scared I didn't think of it. Why didn't you remind me before?"

"Heaven knows. Now listen, Elizabeth. You and I are both up against too much, right now, to be worried by any past abstractions. We've got a job to do. We've got to make a decent life for ourselves and our children, and we've got to take that poor scared kid of Kessler's and undo Hitler's work on her." He kissed her hard. "I love you, my dear, and I know you love me better than anybody else. Now go say good night to the children, and tell Cherry if she wants to finish reading The White Rose of Flanders she'll have to get it from the library. The copy she took out of my room belongs to the studio."

Elizabeth kissed him back and went to do her motherly missions.

READY for bed, Margaret was waiting for Elizabeth to come tuck her in. "Will you keep something for me?" she asked.

Elizabeth said she would.

Opening a box she had brought from her earlier home, Margaret gave her a silver fountain pen. "It belonged to my father—Mr. Kessler, I mean," she explained. "The boss gave it to him for Christmas. It's such a pretty pen, and he used it a lot. But we mostly write with pencils at school. Will you take care of it?"

Elizabeth picked up the pen. "Why, yes, Margaret, I'll keep it for you. Then when you're older and want a pen for your writing, I'll give it back to you."

She kissed Margaret good night, and took up the pen again. It occurred to her that if there was still ink in it, the barrel should be emptied before it was put away. She unscrewed the cap. The reflection of the light made a bright clear line along the side of the pen. As she removed the cap Elizabeth saw that, just above the point, the line of light halted in a blur. She turned it to the light and saw that what had appeared at first to be a formless blur was actually the strong clear print of a thumb.

Something caught sharply in Elizabeth's chest. She had difficulty in keeping her voice level as she asked, "Margaret, has anybody used this pen since—since you came to live here?"

Margaret answered without hesitation, "No, why? Is there something the matter with it?"

"Oh, no. I was just wondering."

"Father carried it in his pocket," Margaret added. "Nobody ever used it but him."

"I see," said Elizabeth. "Good night, dear. I'll put this away for you."

"Good night, Elizabeth."

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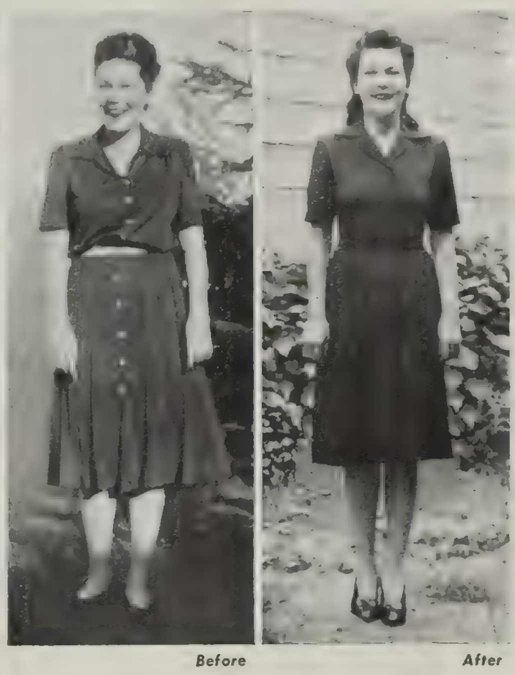

Before *After*

"I simply cannot recommend the DuBarry Success Course too highly. I want to rush up to every overweight or unattractive girl I see and tell her about it."
—Helen Davis

"It came as a welcome surprise to me," says Mrs. Davis, "to find in this one plan the answers to all my questions about face and figure improvement. In 6 weeks I lost 13 pounds, kept on and lost 10 more, now weigh 120. I gained a figure I am proud of, and I know how to keep it! My skin was rather dry and coarse looking; now it is soft, fine-textured and clear. I had only a vague idea of how make-up should be applied. Now, I know just how to achieve the effect I want. And I've already saved the price of the Course by learning to be my own hairdresser."

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HOW TO MAKE SIX

Bread—12 slices . . . 6 enriched white, 6 whole-grain.

Real Mayonnaise—Use instead of rationed butter. Spread on one side of each white-bread slice.

3 Hard-Cooked Eggs—Chop and mix with 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, ½ cup chopped celery, ⅜ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, ½ tablespoon Prepared Mustard, 2 tablespoons *Real* Mayonnaise. Spread on whole-grain slices. Cover with white slices, mayonnaise side up.

"Garden Sass"—Cover top of each sandwich with chopped cucumber and tomato (1 cupful for six). Garnish with *Real* Mayonnaise and a sprig of parsley. Serve with lettuce, olives, radishes and carrot balls, as illustrated.

NOTE: *The children can get their own nourishing lunch if you leave these sandwiches in the refrigerator and cocoa in the double boiler.*

USE REAL MAYONNAISE FOR REAL NUTRITION!

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IN THE WEST
IN THE EAST

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Real Mayonnaise

Still holding the pen carefully by the upper tip, Elizabeth put out the light and went out, closing the door behind her. Standing in the hall outside, she lifted the pen again, and watched the reflection of the hall light on the lines and ridges of the print. Suddenly, almost to her own surprise, she brushed it with her lips, a swift light kiss. Then, quickly, before she could be tempted any more, she began to polish the pen with her handkerchief, rubbing hard. After a moment she held up the pen to the light and turned it around. The reflection along the polished silver was unbroken. She felt a vast inexpressible sense of triumph.

Taking the pen into her bathroom, she let out the ink and filled the barrel with water two or three times to clean it. When it was dry she replaced the cap and put the pen away in her desk. As she closed the drawer she laughed, softly and proudly.

"Now I have conquered," she said.

From his own room next door, Spratt called, "What are you doing, Elizabeth?"

"Putting away a fountain pen that belonged to Mr. Kessler, the one you gave him last Christmas. Margaret asked me to keep it till she was old enough to use it at school."

"Oh, I'm glad she has it."

Elizabeth smiled, a happy little secret smile. You never did tell everything. Not everything. She never would tell Spratt she had rubbed out that thumbprint because she had believed it would assure her that Kessler and Arthur were the same, and she did not want to be sure. It was enough for her to know that in rubbing it out she had rubbed Arthur out of her life, and left herself and Spratt free to go forward into the future together with no shadow of yesterday between them.

Spratt called, "Do you want to come in here and listen to the news? It goes on in five minutes."

"Why, yes," Elizabeth answered. "I'll be right in. But first I'd better get you an extra blanket. It's going to be a chilly night."

She brought the blanket from the hall closet.

"Thanks," Spratt said. He grinned. "You think of everything, don't you?"

"I like taking care of my family," said Elizabeth.

She came to sit on the arm of his chair. As Spratt leaned back to look up at her she bent impulsively and kissed him. He slipped his arm around her waist, and she rested against him while they listened to the voice of the radio announcer and the sound of the wind as it rushed down from the snow on the mountains.

(THE END)

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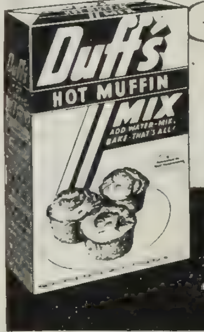

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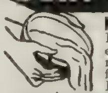

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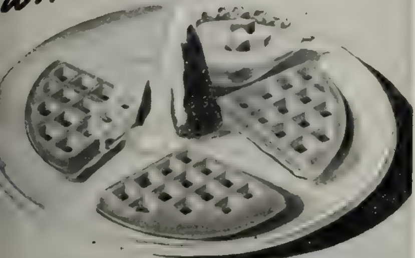

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THERE IS SUCH STRENGTH

(Continued from Page 31)

However was Julie to stand a life here? But Julie wasn't a strong enough person to know the meaning of ambition. It seemed natural that she and Larry should drift into a comfortable sort of engagement, get married and keep right on living in this humdrum little town.

But Febby, now. Febby was another matter entirely. She had been in Europe for months—living with that count, no doubt!—and had returned too late for her father's funeral. She was now in New York and, as her last letter intimated, not in the best of health. Well, that was to be expected. It was stupid of Julie to write about the wedding and to ask Febby to come home for it. Now one must write a letter explaining, and it was proving difficult. If only Julie could have been married without Febby's knowing; if only Febby would have remained in Europe, where one could have joined her later.

It was necessary that Febby go along to Germany. That was their plan, constantly dreamed about for four years. It could not go wrong now. It must not go wrong! But it could unless extreme caution were used. Febby had *wanted* to marry Larry—had been in love with Count de Vallmandois too. Heaven only knows if there had been others; falling in love was as natural to Febby as breathing.

Augusta chewed nervously on the tip of her pen. It was going to take great skill, indeed, to explain away Julie's marriage to Larry. Particularly as Febby was fond of the child. Augusta reached for Febby's last letter and scanned the hastily scrawled lines:

—— sorry he had to suffer so, and heart broken because I can't get there for the funeral. But I am sailing on the Berengaria and will be in New York in May. Raoul and I have quarreled and parted, and grandmother is furious. I am sick of everything—but sick! If only I could have married him, I love him so terribly. So often I felt like telling grandmother everything, what Doctor Wendell had said about *maman*—but she is old and difficult. I seem to be going all to pieces, haven't given a concert in months and don't seem to care. What have I left, Augusta? I've lost Raoul and my music and I'm afraid that I am losing myself too. What is there ahead—*what?*

Ach, this letter that must be written. Febby must not come to Verdune. The dream, so long held in abeyance, must at last become an actual fact. *Stay in New York, Febby; I am sailing in July—and we shall meet then.* Yes, the letter was forming in her mind. Augusta picked up pen and paper and bent to her work.

There were two letters from Verdune that late May day. Augusta's was in German, as always, and Febby turned the closely filled pages and swiftly counted them, wondering just how much she could afford to skip.

SUDDENLY longing to see Julie, Febby opened the other letter, thinking what a welcome contrast was Julie's short, breezy little note. Julie was so direct and honest a person that she came to the point at once:

Febby dear: I hope you got my last letter which should have reached you at Cannes, but inasmuch as you sailed for home just about that time, I can't be sure whether or not you know about Larry and me.

I graduate next month and will be married a week later. I want you to come home so badly, Febby—we both want it and hope you can and will come. Of course we're terribly happy and all that, especially as we're going abroad for the summer; Larry has never been to Europe and is quite excited about it.

Augusta has sold the house and is sailing for Hamburg in July. Well, Augusta *should* live out her days in her precious old *Vaterland*. I'm so sick of hearing her rant on about it. I can scarcely wait until she packs up and gets out of Verdune and our lives for good.

But, Febby, she seems to think that you will be willing to go along. I want you home for my

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"and there was Mom, hangin' out the camouflage!"

"Mom didn't figure I'd make it home so quick after I got in port.

"I came around back and *there she was, hanging out the 'camouflage'*—getting it all spruced up for me. Funny, isn't it, how clean lace net curtains give a house that special feeling of home?

"I allowed as how they reminded me of the camouflage nets we used out there to keep the Japs from spotting us. Just joking, I asked if hers were also made by Scranton.

"'Of course,' she says. 'That's why I still have them. They've been keeping my neighbors from peeking in, too—since long before Pearl Harbor. And they're still just as good as new.'"

• • •

Many of the great looms which formerly made exquisite Scranton Craftspun* Curtains and Table Covers are busy weaving camouflage nets for war . . . although some new curtains can now be had.

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If you *really* need new ones, you'll find a few at your favorite store. *But why not hang up War Bonds, instead, until Victory comes.*

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CRAFTSPUN CURTAINS

"The NET of them ALL"

wedding, but if it brings you into her plans, I will understand if you had rather stay away. Don't, Febby, let her influence you!

Devotedly,
JULIANA.

There was a small terrace off the living room of the apartment, and Febby went out there because she was suddenly smothering. Something was wrong. Hideously wrong. Something didn't quite make sense. Julie and Larry?

Febby ran back to the living room and picked up Augusta's letter. Words and sentences leaped at her:

Liebchen . . . in Munich . . . our new home together . . . after Julie and Larry are married . . . has no tendency as you have . . . have not told her, naturally . . . now we can both be free.

That was enough. Febby crushed the sheets together and dropped them. How well one knew the workings of Augusta's mind! Let Julie and Larry marry—who cared what Julie did, whether she would be happy or would have healthy, normal children? But *you*, Febby, shouldn't dare to risk marrying anyone.

There were Franz and Larry. And now Raoul, whom one had loved best of all. Raoul had wanted the marriage. They had both wanted it. The few months they had spent together on the Riviera had turned out to be dreadful. It hadn't brought them happiness, only bitter cognizance of the hopelessness of it all. And then her music had begun to crumple along with everything else.

How monstrous of Augusta to lie. Because of it everything was gone. Love, work, health and self-respect. There could be nothing now to look forward to. Nothing at all, except Augusta and her endless planning for return to the *Vaterland*.

There were three things one must do. See Prokmanoff and learn the extent of the damage to her music. Call Doctor Wendell and ask him for the truth. And go to Verdune to talk to Julie.

The late rays of the warm May sun streamed through the windows of the studio and flung a shimmering path obliquely across the floor. Prokmanoff stood in it, unaware that the light grotesquely exaggerated the deeply carved lines in his aged face. Silently he watched Febby at the great instrument, busy with the difficult velocity of Chopin's Eleventh Étude, nervously concealing his impatience. For the Étude, after two hours, was still coming from the piano marred by mistakes. The more they went over the music, the more frequent the mistakes.

PROKMANOFF frowned angrily. With outflung hand he abruptly stopped the erratic playing, turned to another instrument and touched a button. Upon the Duo-Art the nimble ghost fingers of another artist effortlessly rippled out the same Étude.

Relieved of the torture, Febby leaned back and let the tension ooze from her arms and hands. She watched Prokmanoff and felt more sorry for him than for herself. He was wanting so badly to help her. Why had she come, or thought that everything would be all right again just by telling him about it and playing for him? It would never be right again, and he had discovered that as soon as she sat down to the piano, but he was unwilling to admit that it was hopeless. Four years ago, when she had first come to him, he had seemed a terrifying demigod; now he was merely a tired old man, bewildered because one of his favorite artists could no longer play.

Prokmanoff shut off the instrument. "It may be nerfs. Maybe you haf been working too hard? Perhaps you should see a doctor. I am quite sure he will diagnose a *crise de nerfs*."

"Yes, perhaps. I was going away for the summer."

He thrust out his large hands and shrugged his shoulders. An uneasiness clouded his eyes. "It would be too bad, Febby, if something were seriously wrong. I wanted for you an

"I'll raise it... you save it!"

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ll-Chopin concert next winter. You haf beome too famous, my child, to suddenly drop nto oblifion."

Febby clenched wet hands in her lap. 'Have you known of other cases like this? sn't it just temporary? Won't I begin to emember again and everything will be as it vas before?"

He smiled and nodded. "Oh, yes. Lots f artists have this *crise de nerfs*. You go way for the summer, you take a good rest, 'ebby."

But fear was there between them, and for few moments neither spoke. Febby began o feel sick. The dragging pain at the back of er head started again, and the peculiar umbness crept frighteningly along her right rm. Imagination, she thought quickly. She ad read about the poison of fatigue, but ow real imaginary symptoms could become! 'ebby suddenly longed to escape.

Prokmanoff nodded as she rose, and toether they went to the vestibule. "Febby, romise you will see a doctor."

"Yes—I promise."

"There is little sense in trying to fight erfs. Go up to your mountains and rest." Ie held out his hand, his graven face sad nd bewildered. "Good-by for now, Febby."

She shook hands with him, tried to smile nd was finally free and in the street. Well, hat was over, and it had been horrible.

It was just a half block and then around he corner to her own building, but in the heat f the late afternoon it seemed like the laorious plowing one does in dreams. She odded to the doorman, rode up in the elevator and hurried to her door, gasping for reath, terrified lest she faint before she eached it. Sweat dripped along her arms nd broke out upon her forehead. She leaned gainst the wall and waited. It usually assed if she just stayed calm.

THE trim little octoroon who came in by he day had gone, leaving a quiet apartment ehind. Febby dropped her beret and music ase upon a chair and went to the terrace. Crimson flashed from the windows on the East Side as, behind her, the sun began sinkng into the Hudson. She leaned against the vall and stared twelve stories downward nto the street, wondering if it would hurt very much to jump . . . the sidewalk would rush swiftly up to meet her hurtling body, he impact would be too stunning for pain, hen blank silence and, as Prokmanoff would ay, "oblifion."

No, she had things to do first. She dropped into a deck chair and stared at a quiet blue sky. Terror unexpectedly stabbed her again and she got up. Terror of what? There it was for the third time that day, the inability to breathe, the smothering sensation, the horrible fear of death, hovering. She'd go inside and make black coffee, quickly.

As she drank her coffee, she thought of doctors. She couldn't put it off any longer. Several days ago she had memorized Doctor Wendell's number, had gone to the phone but had been too afraid to dial. He had come back, after eight years in Europe, and had offices on the East Side. He had been to one of her recitals a year ago and had gone backstage and she had been terribly glad to see him. Yes, one could call him. He knew the background of her childhood. He knew whether *maman* had actually been unbalanced, or whether that was just a monstrous lie on Augusta's part. It would be good to unburden oneself at last, to talk with someone who would know what to do.

Before she could retract the impulse, Febby reached toward the phone and quickly dialed the number.

Doctor Wendell shared offices with a brain surgeon and a specialist in glandular diseases. Febby sat in the hushed atmosphere of the reception room with three other patients. The room was large and paneled in dark, glossy wood. There were very good etchings on the walls, expensive crewelwork hangings at the windows, Oriental rugs on the floors.

THE three patients turned their eyes briefly upon Febby and speculated about her, then went back to their thoughts. *It's my hair*, mused Febby. She had never cut it short. It hung to her shoulders, a mass of thick curls with a small beret invariably hugging the top of her head, slanting a bit toward her right eyebrow. Stares always followed her and she had grown used to it.

Doctor Wendell's nurse summoned her, and she followed the immaculately clad girl into an inner office. Doctor Wendell turned and smiled as she came in. They shook hands and she tried to smile, but the ghastly fear was rising in her throat, choking her, smothering her.

She said, "May I have some water—quickly?"

There was a carafe of ice water on the desk and he poured her a glassful. He watched as she drank, terror in her eyes. She put the glass down and wondered if she should stay or go immediately. She half rose, looking at him wildly, and he picked up a tiny vial of aromatics and went to her.

"Febby, breathe in for a minute. . . . There, that's better." His cool fingers found her racing pulse. "Now just rest a moment; don't try to talk until you're quite ready. You have become immensely successful, haven't you, Febby?"

She nodded, able to breathe more easily. "Yes, I suppose so. I've given concerts to packed houses, I know Europe better than I know America, I've had my picture in expensive magazines, and the man I wanted to marry has a title. All that constitutes success these days, doesn't it?" Her foot tapped incessantly on the floor.

"It seems to. Are you happy about it all?"

She shook her head and turned toward the open window. "No. I've quarreled with Raoul de Vallmandois and we're not going to be married. And the concerts have stopped. I cannot play any longer."

"Why not?"

LITTLE GUY

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If your foresight is "20-20", you'll take your dealer's tip now—just say to him, "Put me down for a post-war Premier!"

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"I don't know. That's why I am here. I thought you might be able to tell me."

"I see." He looked at her steadily. "Would you just like to talk, Febby, or shall I ask questions?"

"I think I'll talk for a while. I'll begin with Julie. Julie was a favorite of yours, wasn't she, Doctor Wendell?"

He smiled reminiscently. "Yes. And so were you and Octavia. I had a deeper interest in Julie, perhaps, because she seemed neglected. You were all such brilliant children that poor little Julie was overshadowed. How is she?"

"Julie's fine. She is graduating from Middlebury and in June is going to marry Larry Ferguson, the man I thought I was in love with when I was in Verdune four years ago."

Doctor Wendell nodded, pleased. "I think she'll be quite content as a small-town doctor's wife. That's fine."

Febby was silent. The fear was rising again. She said, "Doctor Wendell, I just told you that Julie and Larry were to be married. And it doesn't seem to disturb you in the least."

He frowned. "But my dear child, why should it?"

He watched slow tears roll down Febby's face. She wiped at them awkwardly. "You see, Doctor Wendell, I was in love with him, too, and wanted to marry him, although it is well that I didn't, for then I wouldn't have met Raoul. The point is that when I talked to Augusta about marrying Larry, she said I couldn't because of *maman*. She said none of us had a right to get married and have children because *maman* was insane. Should Julie or shouldn't she get married? If *maman* was all right, and Augusta just lied to me, why, then—then everything I've done has been *wrong*. And I've lost both Raoul and my music as a consequence."

Doctor Wendell was silent, staring at her grief. Then he sighed. "Febby, I'm surprised you believed her. Whyever did you? You know Augusta. You know she never does anything without a motive behind it. Why didn't you write me?"

COOK'S TOUR

The wife of an Iowa farmer, whose place was isolated in the vastness of the prairie, suddenly went out of her mind and was carted away in a strait jacket by an ambulance from the nearest state hospital. An attendant remained behind to get the data for the case from the puzzled and distressed husband, who lamented, "Now, what do you suppose could o' went wrong with the old woman? Why, man alive, she ain't been out of the kitchen in twenty years!"

—EDMUND FULLER:
Thesaurus of Anecdotes. (Crown Publishers.)

"I thought of that. And then I wasn't sure about Larry. He wasn't as much in love with me as he should have been. At the time, I wanted my career. I never gave the thing another thought until I fell in love with Raoul. Then it assumed enormous importance."

"Yes?"

"Raoul comes from a very old French family, friends of the Van der Liest-Leydens. Raoul and I fell in love. We wanted marriage, but I had to pretend I didn't. I said it was because of my concert work. For a while Raoul and I lived together at Cannes. It wasn't what he wanted. I tried to go back to my music, he began to drink and spend more and more time at the gaming tables. Then he said he was tired of the entire thing. He was no longer in love with me. He had found someone else, a French girl, very beautiful and wealthy. She wanted Raoul. I said good-by to him and sailed for America. That's the story. Augusta said I had inherited a tendency, that if I had children I would get worse with ——"

HE HELD up a hand. "Please, we won't listen to anything more that Augusta had to say. Your mother was *not* insane. Your illness does not spring from an inherited tendency toward insanity. You're suffering from shock and disappointment and fear. Mostly fear. I'm sorry about Raoul. It seems too late to do anything about that, but your music will return. The important thing is to get you well. And we *can* do that," he assured her.

"What is this smothering that I have? And the fear that I am going to die?"

"Just that. Fear. You see, Febby, sub consciously you don't want to live. Thi dizziness and fainting are attempts to effac yourself from a life no longer tolerable You've lost your lover and your concer career. So you want to die. But you're no going to die, Febby. You're going to get wel and strong, and you'll play again. . . Now I'll call Miss Watson and she'll tak you to the examination room. There ar routine things—cardiac and blood pressur and so on ——"

He pressed a button and presently Febb was led away to a white room that looke like a laboratory. In the center stood a examination table covered by a white sheet

It took a long time. When Febby finall came back to the private office she foun Doctor Wendell busily writing.

He leaned back. "Well, Febby, if you'll b seated, I want to talk to you."

SHE went back to her former chair. Sh tried to face him calmly, but was suddenl terrified.

He asked quietly, "Were you going t Verdune for Julie's wedding?"

"I—I should like to very much."

"Well, ordinarily I would take anyone a sick as you are straight to a hospital. Bu I'm going to let you go to Verdune to se Julie and Larry get married, and to sa good-by forever to Augusta. And that mean forever, Febby!"

"Why—why do you emphasize the good by to Augusta?"

"Well, you see, I think I've unearthed th real truth. Your sickness isn't only due t your quarrel wit Raoul and loss of musical memory. Do yo know what is at th bottom of this illness You have a marke hypertension and hy pertrophied heart, ser ous ailments that don just appear suddenly They are the result c years of worrying Something has bee bothering you for long time; literally you've been racin yourself into this con dition. No matter wha you did, you hav never stopped worrying over it because yo have always known you could never com pletely sever yourself from Augusta's influ ence. Is that right?"

"I—I suppose that's what it sounds lik when put into words. I have never dare drag it into the open and name it. I'm sic of fighting it. Of telling myself it doesn' exist or matter. It does. Even when I hate her most, even when I planned to be awa from her for years, I knew all along that was lying, that I would eventually go bac to Germany with her."

"It isn't that you actually have any fee ings of affection for her? You really aren able to call it love?"

"I have never dared analyze it. But want to be with her. I've fought it all m life, defying her, hating her, always runnin from her, because I was afraid to stay— which was what I wanted to do."

"Yes. Febby, listen to me carefull There is no one insane in the Fritzhoff fami except Augusta. She is the one who has a ways been unbalanced. It is a form paranoia that manifests itself in a yearnin after power, in a love of vengeance, in fierce desire for retaliation. In her ear youth she felt wronged, persecuted. Sh made up her mind to get even. Behind h lies quite a path of planned destruction a ready. Your mother would not have died it hadn't been for Augusta. Nor Octav either. And your father would not have bee shocked into his illness and helplessness she hadn't deliberately told him the trut about Martin the night your mother die An ordinary person, attempting these crue ties, would fail, but Augusta's ruthlessne

(Continued on Page 106)

A registered graduate Visiting Nurse will come to your home for part of every day—as long as you need her—to help you with your precious baby. She will train you to take complete charge of his welfare and help you give him the right start to a healthy, happy life.

A NURSE SHORTAGE NEEDN'T MEAN HE'S LESS PROTECTED

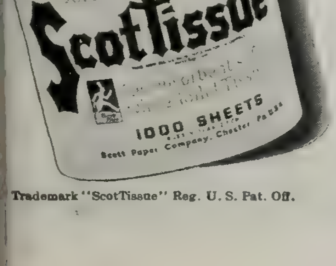
EVEN if you can't get a full-time nurse, your new baby needn't miss any essential care. The Visiting Nurse can be the guardian angel of his health—helping out your doctor with daily visits—giving first your family then you, instruction on how to keep baby healthy and well.

Guard against *the "other fellow's cold"!*

A cold, which is not serious in an adult or older child, can be very dangerous when it is passed on to your baby. Among infants more fatalities are caused by respiratory infections and their complications than by any other illness.

The *surest* way to protect your baby from the "other fellow's cold" is to refuse to let *anyone* with any kind of cold or nasal irritation enter his room or go near him at all.

If, in spite of every effort, you —or whoever is helping you with the baby, *should* catch a cold, you can still reduce the risk.



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Without fail—wear a protective mask

If it is impossible to isolate your baby from a person with a cold, be absolutely certain that a protective mask is worn. If you, yourself, have a cold—wear a mask whenever you are near him. And be firm about seeing that every other person with a cold does the same.

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Clinical tests show that two thicknesses of ScotTissue block germs and greatly decrease the danger of spreading infection. Remember—any respiratory infection is a serious danger to your child. It is one of your most important duties to take measures against it.

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The correct choice of a toilet tissue for your child is important, too. It should be soft enough for comfort yet strong enough for thorough cleansing. ScotTissue has both these qualities . . . you will find it is soft and "nice" to use even against the face as an emergency mask. And with 1000 sheets to every roll, it is also an economical tissue for the whole family.

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BE HOSTESS TO LOVELINESS

Avon Cosmetics
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(Continued from Page 104)

has a strength of purpose that seldom fails. Having come this far so successfully, she has now outlined her future, and for that she needs a weaker person whom she can order about, whom she can dominate. She has influenced you and actually hypnotized you since childhood. She would stop at nothing. A lie about your mother—what is that? You do see, Febby, how vicious and dangerous she is." Doctor Wendell stopped.

Febby, crying softly, stared through tears at her interlocked fingers. "You have always hated her. No one ever gave her a chance. Father used to poke fun at her modeling."

"Febby, don't pity her! Naturally I hated her. I understood her. Octavia did too. And, if I'm not mistaken, Julie understands her. Why is it that only you, Febby, refuse to see her as she really is?"

"I don't. I do see her. But she loves me! I can't condemn her as all of you do—I can't, I can't!"

Doctor Wendell sighed. "I would never have believed there was such strength of influence in any one person over another. Febby, I'm going to let you go to Verdune to see Julie, but I've decided to go with you. We've got to talk to Julie about another matter. About Martin."

Febby looked at him, wet-eyed and haggard. "Martin? But he is in Vienna."

"Yes. But you will recall that I was supposed to take care of him. The baron and I are friends. I saw Martin frequently when I was in Vienna. He's a remarkably fine boy, but he doesn't belong there. He's an American, and he should be brought back before Augusta gets to Europe and begins to train *him.*"

"You mean that Julie and Larry should take him—bring him back with them?"

"Exactly. Baron von Bergestadt wishes it. The boy wishes it too."

"I see. Yes, Julie will like that. And Augusta need know nothing about it until it's too late."

"That's right. That's why we should go to Verdune. Now, Febby, I'll put you in a cab and send you home. When you get back from Vermont, I'm taking you to a sanitarium, and you're to stay there until you're well."

"A sanitarium?"

"It is a very wonderful place and you'll have the best of care. I know you'll be sensible about it. You're really ill, child."

He wrote busily for a few moments: a sedative, some medicine for the cardiac condition and the blood pressure. He told her to stay in bed, that he would call frequently, and in a week they would drive together to Verdune.

Julie looked up from her book as Augusta came out on the terrace, tall and trim in her brown linen dress, a colander of fresh peas in her arms. Whenever she was restless or upset about anything, she took work away from the maids. Julie, who had heard the telephone ring, waited calmly, and was rewarded presently by an announcement:

"Well, Julie, I have a surprise for you."

"So? What sort of surprise?"

"That was a telegram from Doctor Wendell. Febby is coming home. Unfortunately, she isn't any better and he thinks that it is necessary to accompany her! Here to Verdune, mind you."

Julie abandoned her book. "I'm glad she's coming. How soon, Augusta?"

"Late today or tonight. They're driving. Doctor Wendell says it is a nervous collapse. What utter nonsense!"

Julie said softly, "I had a letter from her this morning. She will stay just three days."

Augusta stared. "Well, you might have told me."

"The less time you have to think about things, the better, Augusta. Remember, this is scarcely the time to talk to Febby about your trip to Germany. Febby's illness is exhaustion, and anything you might say to her will only make her worse."

Augusta went on shelling peas. "I understand the plans of others well enough, but that does not mean that I need adhere to them. Febby is not ill at all. She is fed up with excitement and concert work and love affairs. She wants to engage in something useful, something which has a mighty future."

Julie took her book and left the terrace. Cleo, the silver Persian cat Larry had given her on her last birthday, came around the corner of the house and fell into step at her side. They walked down to the gardens.

Late that night Augusta sat at the kitchen table, pasting labels on glasses of preserves. Febby and Doctor Wendell had not arrived, after all, and Julie, returning from a drive with Larry, had sighed in disappointment and gone to bed. There was a strained and waiting silence about the house and Augusta felt hot and impatient, wondering whether to wait a while longer or give it up and go upstairs. As always, she was angry at unforeseen interruption or delay.

Augusta spread a clean towel over her mass of glasses, turned out the lights and went outside to the front terrace. The lake was a black sheet, streaked with rippling silver. It was midnight, yet the darkness was alive with sounds. Bats swooped with soft, blind rushes and, from a distant pond, a school of peepers shrieked their piercing monotone.

Just a short length of waiting now and it would all be over. This enclosed silence, these Yankee provincials, this detestable country would all be pushed behind. The packing was proceeding, the tickets were already bought, the letter to Franz was written.

There—what was that? A long car turning in at the driveway, purring up to the house and coming to a stop. Augusta watched, her heart pounding. Two figures emerged: Febby, her hair bright as silver, a topcoat flung about her shoulders, and a tall man, busy with luggage. The car door slammed softly. They turned and came toward the steps. Augusta rose.

Febby said, "Oh, hello, Augusta. How are you?"

Doctor Wendell put down the bags, removed his hat. They greeted each other quietly. Augusta turned back to Febby. The change in her caused a thin spiral of shock to creep along Augusta's spine. Suppose the girl were really ill!

"Well, Febby, it is good to see you—but you must both be very tired. Shall we go in?"

Augusta led the way inside and Febby turned from a lamp so that her face would be in shadow, hating Augusta's shocked, searching eyes, hating her own terror at being here.

"You'll have your own room, Febby, and I have put Doctor Wendell in father's old suite. I'm sure you'll be quite comfortable there."

"Is Julie asleep?"

"Yes, she couldn't wait. You'll see her at breakfast."

Doctor Wendell carried the bags and Febby followed slowly. Augusta, puzzled and angry, hurried past her and reached Febby's room, opened the door, snapped on lights.

Doctor Wendell came in with the bags. "Well, good night, Febby. Try to get some sleep."

Febby dropped into a chair and closed her eyes. The motion of the car was still with her

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

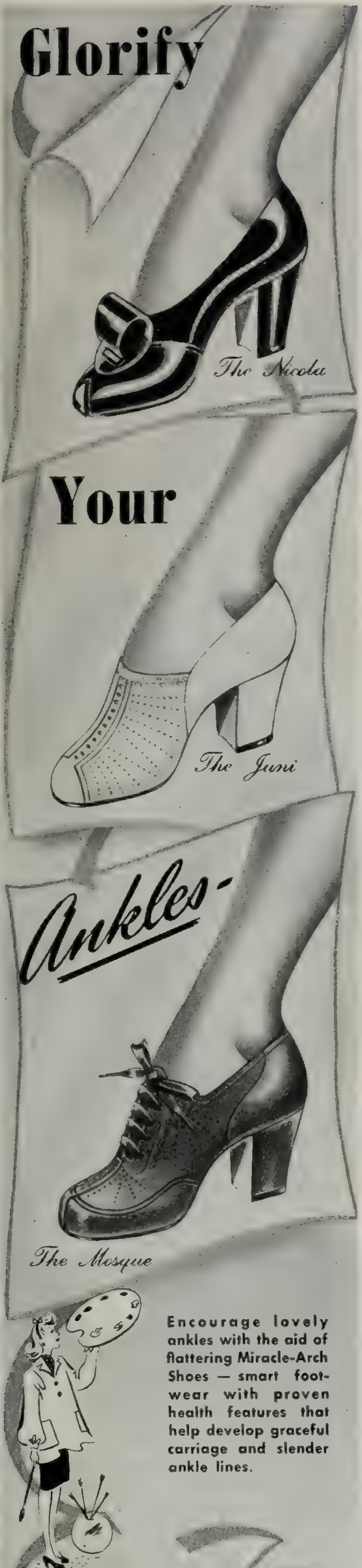
Alice Hegan Rice told two young girls an incident of her youth when, in walking with a man who had chanced to sit next her at dinner, she found he had put his arm around her waist.

"Sir," she said, disengaging herself, "is it not somewhat remarkable that you and I have both made a mistake?"

The other begged her to explain.

"Why," she went on, "you thought I wasn't a lady, and I am; I thought you were a gentleman, and you're not."

—W. PETT RIDGE:
A Story Teller, (Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd.)



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and she felt a bit sick. Augusta came back from showing Doctor Wendell his room, closed the door. There were a thousand things she wanted to say, but she said none of them. She drew the shades, adjusted the covers on the bed.

"*Liebchen*, you'd better get to bed. You look tired."

"Yes, Augusta. In just a moment."

Augusta stood at the door. "Good night, Febby. I'll be in to wake you for a late breakfast."

Febby nodded. She could not say she would sit there and read all night and only with the dawn would she dare get into bed and close her eyes in sleep. She said casually, "Doctor Wendell will want an early breakfast. He's going fishing."

"Well, I am up at six every morning. That should be early enough. Good night."

"Augusta, wait a minute. Are Julie and Larry happy—very happy?"

"*Natürlich*. Idiotically so."

Febby smiled. "Oh, I'm so glad. Good night, then."

Augusta went out and closed the door.

Febby woke ten hours later and stared cautiously at unfamiliar walls. Memory settled gently over her, and she sat up with sudden interest. A flood of bright gold lay across the bed, warm and comforting, while long-forgotten sounds and smells drifted in from the open windows.

She slipped from bed and went to the window and looked out upon the gardens and the distant hills, not greatly surprised at the shocking beauty spread out before her eyes. Nothing ever changed in the country. That's why people sooner or later sought its comfort. Nothing mattered in a place where gardens and wild life were most important, nothing except the weather. Verdune, the most peaceful corner of the world. Fortunate Juliana, who had always known that!

Augusta was suddenly in the doorway. "Oh, you're awake. I thought it best to let you sleep as long as you liked. I must say you look much better. Doctor Wendell has been gone for hours. Get dressed now and come down. The men are in the garden fixing up the rose arbor, inasmuch as Julie insists upon being married out-of-doors tomorrow."

"I hope it is just as beautiful as it is today. Is Julie downstairs?"

"She's eating. If you hurry you can catch her before she goes on rounds with Larry."

Febby came into the dining room ten minutes later, dressed in an old pleated skirt and a blue sweater, her curly hair a spray of gold across her shoulders, her slim bare feet in sandals. It was exactly as though she had never been away, thought Augusta in satisfaction, watching as Julie dropped her fork and flew to meet her sister, her face aglow.

"Oh, glory, Febby, it's so good to see you! Sit here, next to me. There is so much to talk about."

The two of them settled down to breakfast and an hour of gossip, Febby staring at a radiant Julie. "Good *heavens*, child, but you're handsome!"

Augusta poured coffee and said briskly, "Yes, Julie finally changed for the better, didn't she? Larry said the reason Julie was so thin and pale was that she was anemic, needed liver. So she has been taking liver all these years. Folks say she'll be the most beautiful bride Verdune has ever seen. Because of liver! . . . There's the postman."

Augusta hurried away and Julie ran out her tongue at the retreating back. "Imagine the rest of my life without her! It's more wonderful than getting married to Larry."

Febby's fingers dug painful tracks into her palms. She didn't want to talk about Augusta. "Let me see your ring, Julie."

Julie extended her left hand, her eyes shining proudly.

Febby said slowly, "An emerald-cut diamond. How lovely. You're doing things up exactly right, aren't you, Julie?"

The younger girl nodded happily. "White veil, orange blossoms and everything."

Febby bent to her grapefruit. "I'm so glad. How long will you be in Europe?"

"Oh, just a month. We can't afford to be away any longer. The Ferguson house has

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been redecorated, new chintzes all over, and we brought some of *maman's* lovely pieces for the living room and our bedroom."

"You love Verdune, don't you, Julie?"

Julie spread jam on a hot biscuit and nodded. "I certainly do. Although Larry says we'll spend two months every winter in New York. I told him I never knew what happiness was until I came to Vermont. It's right here—and here is where I'm going to live. It'll be wonderful for our children."

"For your children," Febby echoed softly.

"At least six, and more if we can afford them."

Febby looked at Augusta, who had come back with a small heap of mail in her hands. Febby spoke to Julie. "And you're not afraid to have so many children?"

Julie laughed. "Why? Because I had to take liver? Gracious, that's all over. I'm the kind that will have a child regularly every other year."

The telephone rang and Julie excused herself and vanished. Augusta, her eyes guarded, said, "Febby, after she has gone we can talk. I'll explain. But you must not interfere with her plans."

"It will take some pretty tall explaining, Augusta."

For a long moment they confronted each other challengingly. Then Julie came back, caught sight of Cleo, stretched for a nap on the window sill, went to her and caught her up to hug her ecstatically. Augusta turned on her heel, leaving Febby sitting there. Julie buried her face in Cleo's thick fur. Her voice was muffled.

"Febby, I guess I'm so much in love I don't make much sense. But I want to ask you something, if you won't mind."

"Go right ahead."

"You're not unhappy because—because you didn't stay here and marry him yourself, are you?"

"Good heavens, no. I'm quite happy over you and Larry. I think it's wonderful."

Julie lifted her face and it was troubled. "Then you really must be ill. You look so different."

Febby tried to smile. "I'm suffering from a *crise de nerfs*, as poor old Prokmanoff would say. I know I look a hag, but don't worry about me, Julie. I'll be all right after a few months' rest."

Julie continued to stare. "And you won't let *her* influence you in any way? You won't go with her to Hamburg?"

"I'm going to Dellhaven Sanitarium with Doctor Wendell as soon as you and Larry are married and gone tomorrow. But Augusta isn't to be told until the very moment of our leaving."

A delivery truck drove up with more wedding gifts and Julie turned. "That's swell. See you later, Febby."

Julie and Cleo vanished and Febby wandered out to the gardens. Compared with Julie's simple pleasures and ambitions, her own world was an atrociously abnormal one. Even now, she could not be sure whether, at the last moment, she would go back with Doctor Wendell or stay with Augusta. It was horrible and frightening, but she wouldn't know until the very last moment arrived.

AT THE tool-shed door she stopped and glanced in. Almost at once she saw the hands, gleaming like polished ivory in the semilight, startling her so that she stood transfixed. Then she moved closer and, wonderingly, picked them up. *Maman's* hands, poignantly familiar and lovely. For several moments she stared at the hands, then put them down, puzzled. Augusta hadn't been quite accurate. *Maman's* hands had been very slim and lovely and supple, but they certainly hadn't been cruel or grasping. Perhaps they weren't *maman's*—they were too horrible.

Febby looked around, remembering suddenly the exquisite head of herself which Augusta had shown her four years ago. There was a large cabinet and she went to it and tried the door. It swung open and she saw upon shelves dozens of different sculptures in marble and clay, marvelously well done.

She took down a head of her father and another of *maman*. She stared from one to the other. She put them down finally and picked up another, supposed to be Gretchen, and others supposed to be Franz and Larry and Raoul. With what ghastly skill Augusta had done them! How could she possibly have made them so recognizable, and yet put the almost invisible traits over their faces which had turned them into entirely different people?

THERE was a group, standing upon an unfinished marble block, and Febby lifted it down and studied it. There was a tall woman with determination upon her uplifted face, and a great deal of triumph. By the hand she led a smaller woman, with blowing hair and face turned to seek guidance from the person leading her. From the ground were upraised hundreds of reaching arms and hands, some folded in entreaty, others frantic with despair, and yet others drooping with defeat, but none of them able to reach the two going up the hill and away toward some unseen, unknown province. Febby looked at it in wonder. Symbolic of something or other, profoundly well done. It was the blowing hair that brought the truth home to her, so sharply that pain rocked her heart. The two figures were Augusta and herself. Febby felt sick and hastily put the thing back and turned to leave.

But Augusta was standing in the doorway. Febby let out a small cry and tried to pass her, but Augusta detained her. "It's a magnificent piece of work, don't you think?" she demanded.

Febby ran her tongue over her lips and nodded. "Yes, it is. . . . Let me go, Augusta—I don't feel well."

"There is nothing whatever wrong with you, Febby. It's just imagination."

"Let me go, Augusta; please let me go."

"But there is so much that I have to tell you. We can't possibly talk to each other with the others around, Julie and ——"

"Julie! You lied to me, Augusta! You said Doctor Wendell told you *maman* was insane. So I wouldn't stay here and marry Larry, so I couldn't marry Raoul when I had the chance. You lied."

"Naturally. Someone has said that if a person has a motive sufficiently strong behind his lie, he can stare any inquisitor out of countenance. Naturally I had to lie to you. And the fact that you are here now proves I was right. You have come back not because of Larry and Julie, but because of me. That group that I have done symbolizes our future. The old order, the *Gemütlichkeit* and stupidity to which father belonged, is no more. Franz's letters have been so exciting, Febby! There is a new order rising, one with strength and purpose behind it. And it will grow and in a few years the entire world will hear of it, the entire world will fear it, and eventually the entire world will be subservient to it!"

Febby was staring, speechless with fright and shock. She shook her head, struggling to free herself from the grip of Augusta's ironlike hands. "No, Augusta—I'll never go with you. It's you—you who are insane, not *maman!* Everything you say is mad. Let me *go!*"

"What intolerable stupidity!" Augusta reached out and struck Febby across the mouth. For a moment silence vibrated between them. Then Augusta filled all space with her strident wrath. "Don't you suppose I know all about this weak and cowardly side of your nature? We leave in July for Hamburg, and our future belongs to our new work, together. *Now*, have I made myself clear, Febby?" Her voice was harsh.

Continued on Page 110

ABOUT LIVING

What I say is, life ain't all you want, but it's all you 'ave; so 'ave it; stick a geranium in yer 'at, an' be 'appy.

—LYMAN P. POWELL:
The Second Seventy, (Macrae Smith Co.)

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—JOSH BILLINGS.

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So choose from the Del Monte Foods you see—and use your skill in extending their goodness. That's one good way to keep every meal on the bright side and make every point do its duty.

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Mifflin means the highest standard of tested quality. Unscented, and in Pine, Lavender, Wintergreen.

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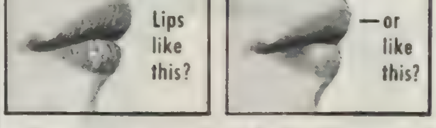
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Established 1853

(Continued from Page 108)

A door slammed somewhere in the house and they both knew Doctor Wendell had come back. A quick flash of fear crossed Augusta's face and she dropped Febby's arm. Febby found she could not stand by herself and slumped against a table.

"Yes, Augusta, you have made yourself very clear."

There was something reminiscent of *maman* about Julie in her white wedding gown, standing in the filtered sunlight under the rose arbor, although one had never caught such shining-eyed happiness upon *maman's* pale, sad face. But Julie had the same blue-black hair and sapphire eyes, the same flawlessly smooth skin, so like the texture of a magnolia petal, and the same slow, sweet smile that could so startlingly arrest one's attention.

The morning was perfect, bright and clear and not too warm. Just as Julie had wanted it. And the love that people had for her was evident in the crowds that swarmed over the lawn. Febby, beside Doctor Wendell, wondered where they had all come from. College classmates, neighbors, relatives of the Fergusons from Boston and New York, and almost all of Verdune, it seemed, had assembled there.

Febby's eyes strayed to Augusta, standing apart from the others, clad in gray chiffon and a large hat, her sallow face free of make-up, her restless eyes scanning the gardens. She was impatient for the entire thing to end. Her face was stone-cold and her hands tensely locked together—aching, no doubt, to get at whatever it was her mind was busy with, as soon as this little drama was over.

"—— and forsaking all others, keep you only unto him, so long as you both shall live?"

Febby looked toward the rose arbor and heard Julie's clear response, saw her tremulous smile as Larry slid the narrow band over her finger, the look upon her face as he kissed her. Yes, a pattern of excellence. Julie and the man she would love for as long as she lived. Julie and her six children, and more if she could afford them. Julie, fortunate and most blessed to have escaped the tyranny of Augusta.

JUGGLER

"Well," said the aunt to the little boy who had been to tea with Mr. G. K. Chesterton, "well, Frank, I suppose you have had a very instructive afternoon."

"I don't know what that means," said Frank, "but, oh!"—with enthusiasm—"you should see Mr. Chesterton catch buns with his mouth!"

—A. G. GARDINER:
Quoted in Prophets, Priests and Kings.
(E. P. Dutton.)

When they had all left, Febby sat alone upon the terrace, watching hazily while Augusta and Katrina straightened out the havoc caused by the wedding. She closed her eyes and thought about Julie and the comfort of their talk the night before. It warmed her all over again. Bring Martin back? Julie had laughed. But of course! She and Larry had decided on that long ago: "We've already written Martin—and look, here's his answer. He says he's waiting for us."

Augusta's sharp words broke in upon her musing. "You might help, Febby. Take that cushion and place it in the sun. Someone spilled coffee on it."

FEBBY raised her eyes to the tranquil heavens. She wished Doctor Wendell would hurry and finish his packing. Julie had helped with hers the night before. "I'm not stirring, Augusta. I can't. Just to watch you is to be deprived of all strength." And then the welcome relief of Doctor Wendell, suddenly standing in the doorway.

He came out and asked, "Are you ready, Febby? All packed and ready to go?"

Febby nodded. "Yes. I'm ready."

Augusta faced them and frowned. "What do you mean?"

Febby murmured breathlessly, "Tell her, Doctor Wendell."

Augusta's mouth had tightened in the familiar lines. "Tell me *what?* What have you been planning, Febby, without my knowledge or sanction?"

Doctor Wendell laughed shortly. "Really, Augusta, Febby no longer moves by your will or sanction. She is going with me to Dellhaven, where we're going to try to make her well again."

Augusta stared. "To Dellhaven! What are you trying to do? Make Febby believe that she is an invalid?"

"It happens that she is very ill, Augusta. Febby will have to stay in bed for weeks and she knows what a battle lies ahead of her."

Augusta's voice rose to a shriek. "Never have I heard anything so idiotic! Febby has already agreed to sail with me for Germany next month. Our cousin, Franz, is waiting for us in Hamburg. I am finished forever with a country I cannot tolerate, an aimless way of life and stupid inmates."

"But Febby happens to be one of those inmates. Suppose she doesn't fall in with this scheme of yours and your cousin's?"

AUGUSTA pounded a table so that ash trays and glasses danced. "Febby will fall in with any scheme that happens to be mine! Nothing in all the world is strong enough to pull Febby away from my side, and she knows it!"

Febby wiped her wet forehead and murmured, "Oh, Doctor Wendell, do I have to listen to any more of this?"

Augusta stared, the first real frightened flicker leaping into her eyes. Doctor Wendell looked as stern and resolute as granite and there was a white, carved look to Febby' face. Febby rose and Doctor Wendell put an arm about her.

Augusta took a step forward, her hand closed desperately about Febby's wrist Her voice was harsh. She spoke in German "*Liebchen*, how can you do this to our future? How can you leave me, *Liebchen*, how can you?" It was unreal and horrible, Augusta pleading, her pride dragging Febby turned from th sight, unable to release he wrist from Augusta's grasp

It was Doctor Wendell's hand, even stronge than Augusta's, that undid the curled, frenzied grip. He and Febby wen inside, closing the screen door upon Augusta, standing there, watching, he face white and stark with disbelief.

They entered a large reception hall. T the left were offices, to the right the elevators, and on either side doors leading to wide terrace and smooth lawns stretchin down to the river. Febby could see patient sitting outside in deck chairs and a few strolling under the trees.

There was the tedious matter of registration, and then they rode up in a smoothl gliding elevator, walked along a corridor to door which the porter opened. "Didn't I te you you were to be well taken care of? Doctor Wendell was saying, trying to mak things easier for her. She smiled slightl thinking that what they were doing wa really cutting off her head and making sure rested upon a soft velvet cushion.

When they were alone, he turned to he "Febby, don't look like that. You're reall going to be all right."

She walked to a window to watch the su drop into the river, leaving behind a flam flooded sky. "Let's not talk about it. know you're scared; I can see it in your eye And I don't want pity or consolation. I' scared, too, terribly, but I've got it comin to me, I guess. I've made such a mess o things."

"Febby, you'll get well if you believe it i your heart. We won't win if you allow even fraction of your mind to cling to the memor of her. You're free now forever; you nee never worry about it any more."

She held out her hand. "I'm terribly tired Doctor Wendell. Perhaps you had better g I'll see you tomorrow, and we can talk then.

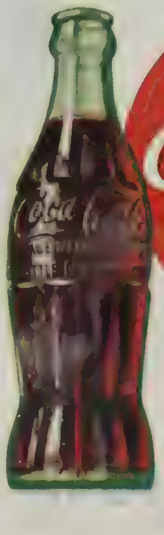
He kissed her gently and after he had gon Miss Murdock, calm and efficient, with a amazingly gentle voice, instantly abolishe

(Continued on Page 113)

Have a "Coke" = You're invited to our house

. . . or how to make sailors feel at home

Homes, these days, are often playing host to our fighting men and their friendly allies. There's one sure greeting that will put them all at ease. It's *Have a "Coke"*. To an old friend, Coca-Cola from your own refrigerator says *Welcome back*. To a newcomer, it says *Stranger, you belong*. At home, in camp, and overseas, Coca-Cola stands for *the pause that refreshes*,—has become the symbol of American friendliness the world over.



Coca-Cola
the global high-sign

"Coke" = Coca-Cola

It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called "Coke".

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Everybody's whistling this happy little washday song
RINSO WHITE

Talented Jane Geigold, age 5½, lives in North Bergen, N. J. She attends Jefferson School, and also takes dancing and singing lessons. As though this weren't enough for one little girl, she loves reciting poetry, too.

Who wouldn't whistle while they wash when Rinso GETS OUT MORE DIRT
WHAT! YOU FOUND TIME TO BAKE A CAKE ON WASHDAY? THAT'S SWELL!
THANK NEW RINSO.. IT SAVES SO MUCH TIME — GETS CLOTHES SNOWY IN AS LITTLE AS A 5-MINUTE RUN OF THE WASHER!
JUST LOOK! RINSO GETS EVEN YOUR GRIMY COVERALLS SPOTLESSLY CLEAN — YET IT'S REALLY SAFE FOR JANE'S WASHABLE DRESSES
A LITTLE RINSO GOES A L-O-N-G L-O-N-G WAY
Rinso
FOR TUB, WASHER DISHPAN

AMOS 'N' ANDY

Tune in every Friday night—NBC Network. New! Different! A fun-filled half hour show with orchestra and guest stars. Every story complete in itself!

AVOID SOAP WASTE **1.** Measure Rinso carefully. Don't waste it. **2.** Do a full load of wash. **3.** Use only enough Rinso to keep 2 to 3 inches of suds.

(Continued from Page 110)

the hotel-resort atmosphere. The place became a hospital.

But finally she was left alone. The bed was smooth and cool, the room lighted just dimly enough, with the sitting-room door slightly ajar. Which was good. There was terror in darkness and closed doors. Febby thought that never had she heard such profound silence. And it wasn't comforting or reassuring; there was expectancy in it, a silence that was ominous and waiting.

Midnight. And yet no sleep. They would be boarding the Leviathan now, Larry and Julie. They would stand on the crowded deck, waving as the liner swung out into the harbor. In a few weeks it would be Augusta who was leaving, alone, unbearably pathetic in her aloneness. Febby turned to the pillows. Oh, would one ever forget that wretched face? Those pleading eyes and clutching hands? It wasn't bearable, it was as though one's heart would explode with pity and pain.

The interminable hours dragged on. She must have dozed off, for it was her inability to breathe that startled her; against her nostrils had settled the warm, thick wings, choking her, and she sat up, terrified, to reach toward the lamp, flooding the room with light.

The black menace fled, flattened to the walls, and Miss Murdock was there beside the bed, doing small, quick things with her hands, fluffing up pillows, smoothing rumpled sheets.

"What disturbed you, Miss Fritzhoff? Are you in any pain?" the nurse asked.

In any pain! Febby, her eyes wild, searched the dim corners of the room. "It must have been a dream. Please don't go."

Miss Murdock stood quietly by the bed. "I'll stay if you like. Shall I leave the light on?"

"Please, and read to me—anything. I'll drop off then. That small book of sonnets there will do."

Miss Murdock sat down and opened the little volume and began reading quietly. Febby held her shaking hands together, her eyes fixed upon the outspread black wings, lurking, watching for a chance to pounce, crouching at the foot of the bed, waiting for Miss Murdock to go, for the light to be turned out, for the clock to strike four.

The nurse turned a page, glancing curiously into the distant shadows at which her patient was staring so intently. "Please, Miss Fritzhoff, try not to be so restless. I won't read any longer. I'm going to give you a sedative. You really must get some sleep." The tiny needle punctured her arm and she caught a faint whiff of alcohol as the sponge was rubbed over the small area. "There, now. You'll be asleep in a moment. Just close your eyes and relax."

The room was again in darkness as Miss Murdock tiptoed back to the sitting room and the rolling of bandages for the surgery. The codeine spread in a drowsy flood and Febby waited for sleep.

The silence sang in her ears. The great bird with its smothering black wings hid in the dark, but she could feel it inch closer as she sank deeper and deeper beneath the spell of the narcotic.

It had a warm, cloying odor and she knew when it reached the bed, but her arms were paralyzed and she could not lift a hand to light the lamp. Her tongue refused to call out and there was a weight as of stones upon her chest.

She was surprised to see quite clearly a lighted Christmas tree and beside it her father, smiling and happy. *Maman* was sitting there, with a baby on her lap in whose large dark eyes the candlelight was reflected. Octavia was saying, "Let Febby start the song, she always pitches it just right, even if

she is only six years old!" And then
family began singing the *Tannenbaum* so
all except Augusta, who was standing a li
to one side.

Then they all took their places around
tree and father went to the basket
picked up the first package and read off
name.

Augusta, who had just asked if she m
give out the gifts, was standing to
side again, because *maman* said quic
"No, let father do it," and you couldn't
gin to enjoy the festivities until she loo
happy again, so you called to her and
came over very slowly and sat down. F
time to time during the evening she loo
rather eagerly right into your eyes, but
didn't smile. It was Christmas Eve, 190
Laurelwaters. . . .

The codeine wore off, and with it fa
also the tree and the candlelight and all
vivid faces. Everything dissolved except
pity which had been born that night.
would never be any different or any ea
than the moment at hand, and that was
bearable.

She sat up and listened. Then she left
bed, reached the doors to the small balco
stepped quietly out and looked down
stories to masses of rocks, stretching away
the shore line, against which the waters
the Hudson lapped gently in the moonlig

Faintly Febby heard Miss Murdoc
scream of horror and saw her futile ha
outstretched, in a fleeting moment bef
she felt the warm soft sea of air rush
about her and envelop her in space.

AND SO . . .

Dr. Frank Moore said that a millionaire, turned bootlegger, was serving a long prison term. A prison reformer, a former friend of his, visited his prison one day and came upon him sitting cross-legged, with an enormous needle and a ball of twine, sewing burlap bags.

"Hello," said the reformer, "sewing, eh?"

"No," said the prisoner with a grim smile; "reaping."

—THEY TELL A STORY:
Edited by Martha Lupton.
(Maxwell Droke.)

1935

AUGUSTA left the Ga
Centrale in Antwerp a
walked slowly along t
Rue de Kaiserlei. The e
tire street was in mour
ing and she glanced at t
shop windows, draped wi
ribbons of black, and fill
with photographs of t
royal family and the
cently killed queen. S
wondered if the expositi
at Brussels would be
fected by this tragedy.

She dismissed t
thought and began to wa
faster. There was Franz
contact at the Hotel C
tury, and they would ha
a scant half hour before he boarded the b
for Harwich. Franz never flew, declar
one could be far less conspicuous on bo
ships. Augusta opened her bag and glan
once more at the papers which must be
posed of before she met Julie and Mar
later in Brussels.

She allowed her mind to dwell upon t
unavoidable encounter. The old gra
mother had finally died, at the age of eigh
six. That was the last of the Van der Li
Leyden clan. It would be good when all t
proud and useless class was eventually
posed of. In Belgium, Holland, Norw
Greece, France—and yes, even in Engla

Passages from Mein Kampf drifted acr
Augusta's mind and she nodded in agr
ment as she walked along. A planned
charted intelligence, plus the will and am
tion to carry it through—in the wake of
this marched inevitable victory!

Augusta turned in at the Century
walked down the huge lobby, chose a d
chair facing the entrance, and sank into

No one noticed her. Through years
traveling and living alone, of practic
caution in her chosen work, she had beco
proficient in the art of self-effacement.
was as though the atmosphere absorbed h
a tall, lean woman with seemingly tired e
behind rimless glasses, set in a pale face
void of make-up, nondescriptly dressed i
gray suit, small hat and sensible oxfords.

Oh, Franz, do hurry.

There, at last—tall, straight, in a g
topcoat, his hat pulled well over his f
head. He saw her and kept walking.
circled the lobby as though looking for so
one, sank into a chair, ordered a beer.

EVEN THE LOVELIEST
must guard against
Wayward Skin

Even the loveliest, freshest skin becomes wayward at times. A bit rough. Perhaps a little blemished. Imperfect from easy living—from lack of conscientious care. Not all you *want* it, or all it *should* be.

So watch for waywardness, and give your skin the special help of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Skin Cream. Use it daily, to neutralize any excess acid accumulations in the outer pore openings. More than a luxurious cosmetic, it provides cholesterol to hold vital moisture in the skin. Friendly oils to soften and supple. And something else... something no other cream offers... fine, genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

Let Phillips' Skin Cream do double duty in helping your skin resist wayward tendencies! Use it *at night*, when its beneficial beautifying can continue unhampered. Use it again *by day*, as a base for smooth, lovely make-up.

JAR 60¢

PHILLIPS'
MILK OF MAGNESIA *Skin Cream*

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA CLEANSING CREAM. *Try it; it's different... not only loosens surface dirt but also acts upon the outer pore openings to roll away accumulations . . . makes skin feel soft, radiantly fresh and clean!* .... 60¢

One Can of New Improved

OLD DUTCH CLEANSER CLEANS 97 MORE WASHBOWLS*

and does it SAFELY AND QUICKLY

DISSOLVES GREASE—ERASES DIRT
by amazing two-way action

America's favorite cleanser is "mother's best helper". It's so quick and efficient everybody's glad to help keep the bathroom shining!

You see, New Improved Old Dutch cleans with amazing two-way action! Contains a grease dissolver that *cuts* grease—and Seismotite that *erases* dirt—easily—safely—fast as lightning!

In fact, Old Dutch is such a sensational cleanser it actually cleaned 97 more washbowls* per can than any other cleanser tested by independent laboratories!

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Get *more* help by getting Old Dutch for kitchen and bathroom—a can for each to save steps!

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BUY THE CLEANSER USED BY MORE WOMEN THAN ANY OTHER!

country possibly have? A free America! What in the world does that mean?"

Julie sat back and let Martin answer. "At least it means a country not under the heel of the little squirt who thinks he has the right to say who shall and who shall not live in it! Who upon this earth has the right to set himself up as God? Surely not Hitler!"

In the violent interchange of insults and rebukes that followed, Julie kept silent and watched, the light of comprehension slowly dawning in her eyes. Augusta was serious. She had meant what she said to Martin. And she was beside herself with fury because he was defying her.

Having known Augusta in years gone by, as Martin could not, Julie began to feel very tired. The uselessness of words, the complete inability to reach any common ground of understanding or reason, was too crushing to the spirit to be prolonged. Julie held out a hand and stopped Martin, still spluttering.

"Martin, she can't be convinced. I lived with her so many years that I know. Augusta, let's not talk any more about this. Shall—shall I give you some more tea?"

Augusta rose and began drawing on her gloves. She said curtly, "No, thank you. I am going. I don't think it is necessary that we ever see each other again, or in the future acknowledge any relationship. You stupid, blind children. If I could only tell you what is in store for you and your land. You will realize, Martin, when it is too late, how foolish you were not to be on the winning side."

Martin said quickly, "Just a minute, Augusta. You must have forgotten that I have French, Belgian and Austrian blood in my veins, and that I happened to be born in America. Just you and your Third Reich try and start the '*ganze Welt*' business and you will find yourself up against a few million others like myself who don't relish the idea of being pushed around. Does that make sense to you, Augusta? Or doesn't it?"

Augusta's answer was to glare at them, then hurry toward the door, and slam it.

Julie and Martin stood at a window and watched her tall, slim figure lose itself in the distance. A chill had fallen over their holiday, and for a while they were silent.

Then Julie said, "Let's not go to the illumination, Martin. Let's hop a plane and meet Larry in London."

Martin turned in surprise. "Why? Larry'll be here tomorrow. Don't let that old hag get you down, Julie. Forget her. We'll have dinner out at the fair, then take in the illumination. What do you say?"

Julie smiled. "You certainly are an American, Martin. O.K., let's go."

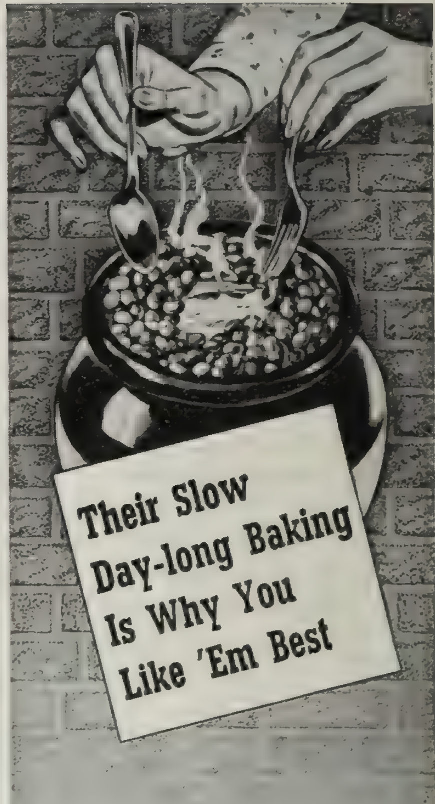
1943

A LOOK of purpose shone brilliantly in Martin's eyes as the planes roared their way across the Channel toward Berlin. He thought fragmentarily of his mother's broken France and invaded Belgium and of his father's destroyed holdings in Austria, and he smiled grimly as the Continent unrolled swiftly beneath him. Presently the world about him burst into whistling death, and through the confusion of sound and fire and destruction everywhere, Augusta's angry face rose vividly before his mind's eye as his plane, vomiting bombs, passed over the city's heart.

(THE END)

★ **Men's opinions of Cluny Brown differed. "She's plain as a boot," said Mr. Porrit. "Looks like a blackbird," said Mr. Ames. "Come up, you black cat," said Adam. Cluny always looked up at the sound of a man's voice. And what happened after that will have you rolling with laughter . . . as you rolled when you read The Nutmeg Tree, by the same incomparable Margery Sharp.**

Cluny Brown
begins in the
JUNE JOURNAL



Always ask for B & M Brick-Oven Baked Beans. They're actually baked (not steamed) slowly . . . all day long . . . to give you that famous, extra-delicious, real New England flavor. Whenever your Grocer is out, remember it's this long, slow baking that prevents our hurrying these Down East treats to you. Burnham & Morrill Company, Portland 2, Me.

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"HOLD IT, JOE! I SEE A CAN OF UNDERWOOD'S"
Your old favorite is back!
Your dealer now has plenty
of UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM!
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WILLIAM UNDERWOOD COMPANY
WATERTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS

A Sign of Good Cooking
GRAVY MASTER
MAKES GRAVY MEN LIKE
15¢

Snowy drifts aglow with rosy pink. Stillmeadow is an enchanted spot.

Diary of Domesticity

By Gladys Taber

ANOTHER month for gardening stoop. The tender vegetables all go in, later the gladiolus bulbs may be planted. Suckers are cut from the lilacs. But what a onth of glory! The old apple trees on all ie country roads and on the green hillsides l the air with sweetness. Plum and peach id cherry are in blossom. The pear trees e silver fountains.

Lilac time. Now we are repaid for the endss battle with oyster scale as the lilacs lift ieir amethyst and blue-purple sprays. A ngle lilac flower is one of the most perfect God's creations—the little star with its elicate four points and the translucent color id the heavenly scent.

Lilacs are such home-keeping shrubs too. hey keep growing where old houses have anished, guarding the doorway which is no nger there. When I was a child we used to rive up the Northern Peninsula in Wiscon-n in lilac time. Where old log cabins had een built the dark-green lilacs grew, heavy ith sweetness.

The old chimney, built of rough stone, ould mark the center of the house. Some-mes a tilted lintel stone was there, and now id then a few not-yet-rotted beams. But ie lilacs took the sadness from the place.

I like them best in gray stoneware jars or d salt-glaze pitchers. The leaves are so ossy and beautifully shaped I use them all immer with bouquets.

Now we can begin to eat outdoors, and rink in the beauty while we comfort the ner man and woman. This also comforts ie inner spaniel. Every mouthful we take watched from plate to mouth by a row of irnest, wistful eyes. The motto of our dogs , "What's good enough for one is good iough for all."

I keep a soup kettle simmering for the gs, to help with their feeding. I begin ith plenty of onions, cut fine, some chopped irlic, any meat scraps or bones or extra bits of fat or bacon edges, or fowl bones and skin. Then I keep adding whatever I can—outside leaves of chard, lettuce, stem ends of asparagus (not too much of this), clean potato skins. Whatever vegetables I am cooking for the family, I spare a little for the dog kettle. Then I thicken the broth, before serving, with bread crusts from my husband's lunch sandwiches, bits of toast, leftover dry cereals or a handful of rice or barley. This soup, with some dry dog food added, keeps the dogs in fine condition, coats glossy and eyes shining and feet skipping. It's more work than dishing out chopped beef, the way we used to do, but it makes good meals.

Saxon could eat all day long with pleasure. A plummet dropped in his tummy would never strike bottom. Sister is fussy. Snow and Clover are always hungry. Honey acts as if she were doing me a real favor by eating her own meal, but longs for half of mine.

The cats have their own ways with food. Esmé will rise up suddenly and reach a long arm for a piece of chicken, uttering a fierce demand in Siamese. Tigger sits large and hopeful at one's feet, with an unwinking open gaze. If he is overcome by his desperate state, he makes his voice small and weak and pitiful, as if he might faint at any moment. Then we would be sorry, he says. Letting our best cat starve in front of our filled plates.

Meals in May are apt to be catch-as-catch-can meals. Days are too short and too busy and there is too much going on out-of-doors. What cooking I do, I do with one eye on the window so I can see what Bob and my sister Jill are up to. I hate to miss anything.

A meat-and-vegetable casserole that we like uses only 1 pound of stewing meat, cubed. I slice thin 4 potatoes and 4 carrots, and put half in a greased baking dish. I season and dredge with flour this layer and sprinkle with half a chopped green pepper and a medium onion, chopped. I have half of a half-pound package of cheese cut fine

Seems like the whole country's changing to quick powdered starch.

BIG IRONING HELP

NO STICKING, NO PULLING, SEE THE GLIDERS IN IT MAKE YOUR IRON GLIDE

That quick kind.

No waste.

MAKE WONDERFUL HOT STARCH IN A JIFFY. NO MESS OR BOTHER

SIMPLE, QUICK, NEW-FASHIONED RULES. LEARN THEM

Speed up your ironing . . . make hot starch quick—use Quick Elastic instead. It's powder . . . a mixture of starch, gliders and other ingredients.

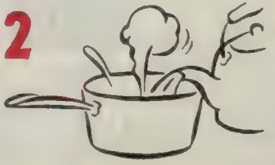
Makes hot starch instantly . . . without boiling, without stove-cooking. Makes that iron of yours simply glide over dress, shirt and curtain. Goes in, not just on. Brings back that like-new look and feel. A little does so much, it costs almost nothing.

Hundreds of thousands are changing. Join them. Enjoy quick hot starching—quick and lovely ironing. Get Quick Elastic instead . . . that quick kind . . . in the buttercup yellow box. With both starching and ironing—it's a big help. **Change now.**

1

To make hot starch, you cream a little Quick Elastic and cool water together.

2



Now, stir as you pour in boiling water. That's all . . . . dip your things.

A lady writes . . . "Your product is indeed a very worthy one and your advertisements do not exaggerate one iota."

FOR QUICK

QUICK ELASTIC HOT STARCHING

WHEATIES BANANA SPLIT: New way to "dessert" your family! Easy to fix. Scrumptious tasting. And plenty of Wheaties at grocers' to help you out. Arrange ripe banana halves (cut lengthwise) on Wheaties in oblong individual serving dish. Top with scoop of ice cream—and chocolate sauce, if desired. Or pour plain cream over all.

• • •

• SECOND-HELPING GOOD, however you serve them. I mean our Wheaties! Have you tried these crunchy whole wheat flakes? Please do. They're so light and tasty.

• • •

FOR LUNCH OR SUPPER—my staff suggests this appetizing combination.

Scalloped Chicken
Fresh Asparagus
Crisp Vegetable Relishes
Rolls *Home-made Preserves*
Wheaties Banana Split
Coffee

SAYS UNCLE SAM: "Serve and eat healthful breakfasts . . ." Everyone has important work to do, these days. Let's begin each morning with a really nourishing breakfast. It should help, don't you think so, too?

• • •

• TWO B VITAMINS, abundant food-energy, the mineral iron—real nourishment in Wheaties! All the widely known essential food values of whole wheat. Wheaties are whole grain—a type of cereal listed in Uncle Sam's "Basic 7" food rules.

• • •

Free! New "Menu and Shopping Guide" for point rationing. Handy reference list of rationed foods with space for point values. Space for menus. Grocery check lists. To get your pad, mail postcard today to General Mills, Inc., Dept. 707, Minneapolis 15, Minnesota.

"Wheaties", "Breakfast of Champions" and "Betty Crocker" are registered trade marks of GENERAL MILLS, INC.

Today it's right
SET TABLES BRIGHT — WITH SALEM . . .

AMERICAN DINNERWARE OF DISTINCTION

Plan cheerful tables with colorful dinnerware. It steps up mealtime moods. Numerous Salem authentic American patterns provide a selection charmingly suited to your individual decorative touch and taste. So moderately priced, too. See SALEM on display at your favorite stores and china departments.

Lansdowne pattern illustrated. Colorful floral print border and center cluster—exquisite and graceful.

by SALEM

The SALEM CHINA CO.
SALEM, OHIO

Smart Women
Now Use This Treatment
—For Pesky—
Kitchen Burns
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Be wise! Guard against infection. The instant you or your children suffer a minor injury—cut, scratch or burn—cleanse the wound. Then apply effective, inhibitory antiseptic OIL-O-SOL. Used for over 50 years in industrial first aid stations and homes. Praised by thousands. Pleasant to use. Combats infection—helps relieve pain. Keep a bottle in the kitchen—always ready to use. Only 50¢ at your druggist's. Get **Mosso's OIL-O-SOL** today.

For 64 Years
PARSONS'
HOUSEHOLD
AMMONIA
The Standard Home Cleaner

and I put part of it on, and then add the meat, browned first or not, according to the kind of meat used. The rest of the cheese goes over the meat, then the remaining carrots and potatoes, more seasoning, and 1¼ cups of milk. Buttered crumbs top the casserole and it bakes in a moderate oven until the vegetables are tender.

If we have any mushrooms left over from last season's canning, I always add some to any casserole. And if there are large caps, they are elegant stuffed, and they take little time. The caps are inverted and seasoned well, and filled with spoonfuls of creamed fish or crumbs and butter or margarine and onion or leftover bits of chicken. They are run under the broiler until the filling bubbles, then served with toast points. The best I ever had were stuffed with crab soufflé.

We never get tired of asparagus, plain, on toast. I cook it usually in a steamer and only a very short time, so the stems are still firm, not squashy. Of all culinary errors, overcooking asparagus is, to my mind, the worst. Eggs poached in cheese sauce make a perfect meal with it. Asparagus is perfect with omelet too.

Everybody loves Floating Island pudding. I scald 1 quart of milk in the top of the double boiler, stir in 3 egg yolks, well beaten, add 2 tablespoons of cornstarch dissolved in 2 tablespoons of milk, ½ cup of sugar and a dash of salt. This cooks until it thickens, and I do not go off in the living room and read poetry meanwhile. I watch it and stir, and when it is creamy, but not too heavy, I add vanilla. It is served in a pale green bowl with honey-meringue islands on it. For the sauce, 2 egg whites beaten with 2 tablespoons of honey until the mixture is light and fluffy. Plain egg whites with a bit of sugar make good islands, too, or dots of currant jelly.

THE BASIC FOODS

The famous opera singer, Mme. Schumann-Heink, enjoyed food. Caruso was once passing her table when he noticed her being served with a Gargantuan steak. Horror spread like treacle over his face.

"Stena! You are surely not going to eat that alone?"

The grand old lady shook her head. "No," she replied, "with potatoes."

—LORD CASTLEROSSE:
Speaking After Dinner. C. K. Wright.
(Geo. Allen & Unwin.)

My daily exercises, started so earnestly in February, are petering out, as usual when the weather is good. Exercising, per se, is a difficult luxury to attain at Stillmeadow anyway. It is hard to writhe and reel with a Siamese cat stalking about one and looking intensely surprised, while a golden spaniel moves in, tail whirring, and starts bouncing up on one. There is something in the way the animals look at me when I exercise that makes me feel I must be out of my senses. But the experts all agree that planned exercise is not supplanted by planting gardens.

It always seems odd to me that you can lug wood for the fire, scrub floors, wash and iron, refinish old furniture, weed the garden, and still not be benefiting from exercise. But lie down on the floor and wave your feet in figure eights—ah, there you really have exercise. Both types of activity make me lame. I feel lame after waxing the floor and lame after "lengthening my spine." Heigh-ho, it is an odd world.

UP IN the old orchard, across the brook, there are the pinkest blossoms. It is an enchanted spot; the light falls muted through green branches and the sound of the brook is sweet. Little spring flowers grow in the orchard grass and the birds sing endlessly.

We often picnic there, carrying lunch in baskets; and once, when my heart was near to breaking, I went there by myself to weep. There is a special serenity about it, so even grief is eased. Beyond lie the tangled thickets and the deep woods where the unicorn dwells. The brook falls down the slope cool and clear, resisting all our efforts at planting water cress. But lower down there are cowslips and wild iris.

This is the place for violets, too, and blue-eyed Marys. We moved violets into the garden until they began to overrun every other flower. Then we had to move some out to other places, and one whole season we could be met any time of the day wandering around with a shovelful of violets, looking for a home for them. But the fancy Russian double violets from the nursery never bloomed at all.

Opening the barbecue means we really are in readiness for summer. We move the furnishings back from the storage shed and sweep the stone floor and set the grill on the hearth. The shishkabob skewers have been greased all winter and are clean, the frying pan emerges from its lard and newspaper.

Now we can begin to think in terms of barbecue meals. We don't plan them especially, but we gather up whatever we are eating and move down with it, for a brief lull in the garden activity. "May," says Jill, "should be the month to sit and see how beautiful it is, and it is the month you can't stop to eat hardly."

BUT when it is too dark to see, there is a feeling of real ecstasy about a hot bath, supper and a warm spring evening to sit and read in, or listen to the radio, or hear the favorite records. A nice time for the lovely "*Im wunderschöenen monat Mai.*" Marian Anderson sings it so perfectly in her rich warm voice. Or for early American ballads. Not for Bach or César Franck or the high emotions of hearing Beethoven. Something like Mozart. Or the gay Josef Marais songs of the South African veld.

Bob dips into a garden article. I idle through a book of poetry. Jill announces dreamily that it was the tenth of May when Ethan Allen took Ticonderoga, in the twilight before dawn. Honey keeps one wary eye out, in case any member of the family feels like looking in the icebox for a snack. Esmé and Tigger, who have done no lick of work all day, suddenly get very busy and open cupboard doors looking for mice.

Bob happily remembers the place where he found three morels last year, and says he will go again tomorrow for a hunt. Of all the mushrooms in the world, there is none so sweet as a morel. They come in violet time and look like triangular sponges.

The only other wild mushrooms we venture are the fairy rings which grow in circles in the grass, under old apple trees or in the meadow. They are fine for breakfast with scrambled or shirred eggs. They make wonderful sandwiches, browned in butter and onion and chopped fine and well salted and peppered.

There are many possibilities for a bedtime snack. The queen of all is, of course, a piece of cold fried country chicken. If there is any hamburger for tomorrow's dinner, it will go now, in flat cakes broiled and laid on toast or a fat bun. These differ from meal hamburgers in being seasoned more highly and made wafer-thin and, for onion lovers, being further embellished with a paper-thin wedge of sweet onion. Sweet red onion for this. Tomorrow we can eat something else if the meat is gone today. There is something so leisurely and sociable about a late snack. If the night is cool, as May nights are in Connecticut, hot milk is good in an old blue mug with a sweet cracker or two on the saucer.

De la Mare makes a last sweetness for the day. Under the May moon, the cockers are dreaming in their beds, the cats are walking quiet in the dew, the family is ready to turn out the lights. As I poke my head out to say farewell to the day I think aloud:

I met at eve the Prince of Sleep,
His was a still and lovely face,
He wandered through a valley steep,
*Lovely in a lonely place.**

The white light of the moon falls on the blossoming fruit trees, on the sleeping meadows, on the far dark of the hills. Star is barking her high feminine bark, then she goes to bed again. All's well at Stillmeadow in the lovely May night.

**From Collected Poems, published by Henry Holt & Co., Inc.*

5 trusty recipes

. . . just made for Niblets Brand whole kernel corn

STUFFED Tomatoes

:oop out 4 large tomatoes to form cups; ›rinkle inside with ¼ tsp. salt and turn ›side down to drain. Lightly brown 1 nall onion, chopped fine, in 2 tbsps. butr or margarine. Drain 12-oz. can (1½ ıps) Niblets Brand Corn, combine with ıion, few grains pepper and 1 c. buttered ›ft bread crumbs; stuff into tomatoes. ake in moderately hot oven (375° F.) 25 in. Cook scooped-out tomato pulp, rain, season with salt, pepper and dash mustard; pour over baked tomatoes. erves 4.

Succotash

ıuté 1 medium onion, chopped fine, in 2 ps. fat until delicately browned. Add ½ p. Worcestershire sauce and ¼ c. catch-. Drain 1½ cups cooked green beans ıd 12-oz. can (1½ cups) Niblets Brand orn; add to first mixture; heat. Serves 4.

Chowder

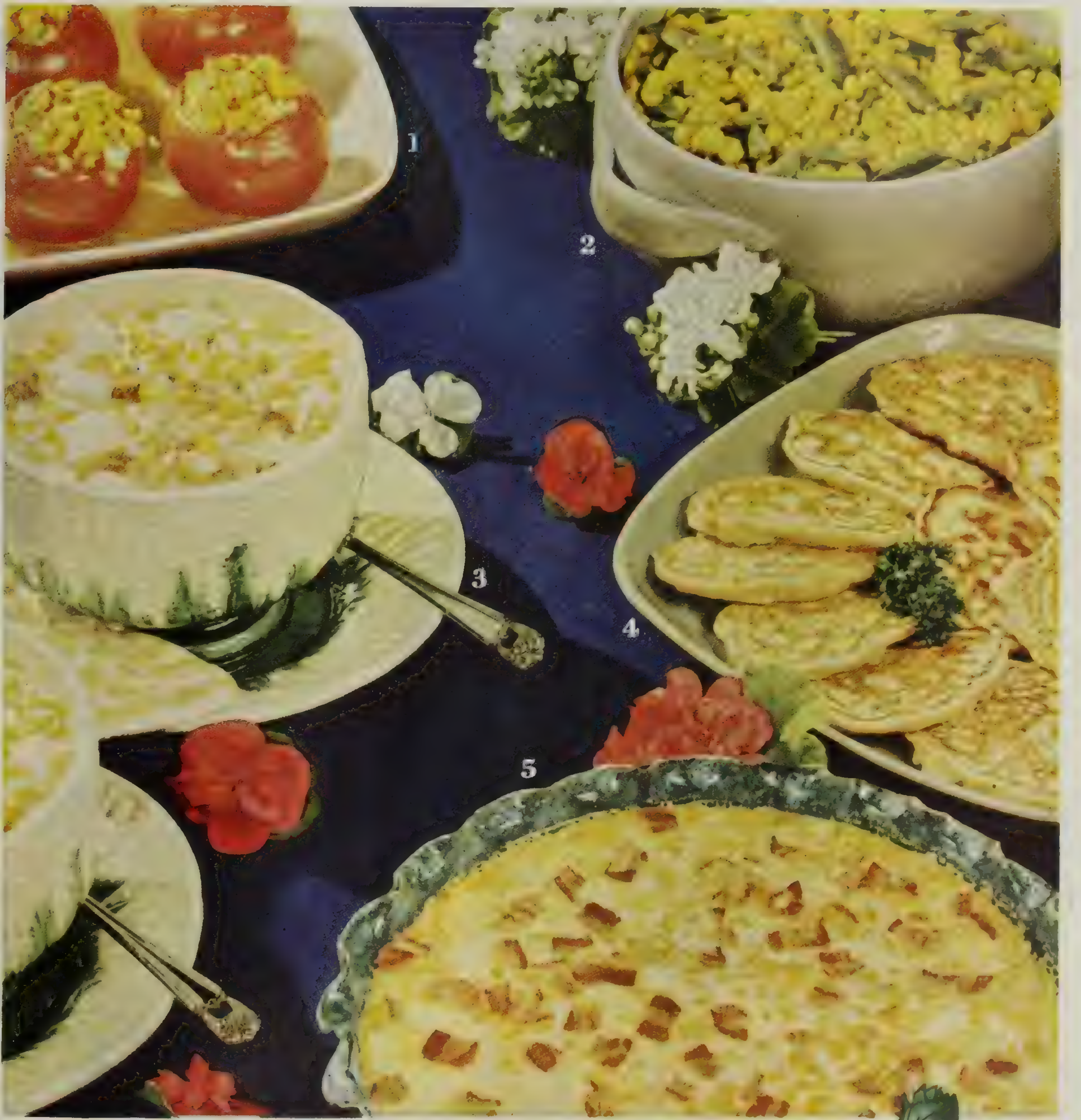
ıbe 2 slices salt pork (about 6 ounces), y slowly until crisp. Pour off all fat cept 3 tbsps. Add 1 large onion, sliced in; lightly brown. Add ¾ cup water and medium potatoes, diced; cover tightly; ok tender. Add 12-oz. can (1½ cups) iblets Brand Corn and 2 c. milk; simmer min. Season with 2 tsps. salt and dash pper. Serve with pilot crackers. Serves 4.

Fritters

ft 1⅔ c. flour with ¾ tsp. salt and 2½ ps. baking powder. Beat 2 eggs. Add c. milk and beat mixture into dry inedients until smooth. Stir 12-oz. can iblets Brand Corn into batter. Drop by oonfuls into hot fat (370° F.). Fry to lden brown—about 1 min., turning once. erves 6.

Pudding

eat 3 eggs, add 2 tbsps. melted butter or argarine, 1½ tsps. sugar, 1¼ tsps. salt, tsp. celery salt, ¼ tsp. pepper, 2 tsps. eved pimiento, 1¾ cups milk, and 12-oz. n (1½ cups) Niblets Brand Corn. Pour to greased individual casseroles; place pan warm water; bake in moderate en (350° F.) 30 min. Meanwhile, chop slices bacon, and bake in oven until isp. Drain and sprinkle over baked puddings as garnish. Serves 4.



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WHEN YOU HAVE LOVE

(Continued from Page 29)

At one, Minnie was going to serve a buffet luncheon to everybody who was around, on the lawn on the big picnic table. And when Jenny looked out she saw that even that was being fixed—two women were laying a cloth on the table.

Where could she go to hide away? Well, there was only the attic. Silently Jenny slipped up the stairs and managed to lift the trap door that sealed it away when the house was insulated.

The attic was dim and warm and cobwebby, but the sun came in just clearly enough for her to pick her way to the little chair by the desk with the broken front leg. Mary Lou used to play up here on rainy days, cracking butternuts and munching Baldwin apples while she rummaged in old trunks and cut paper dolls from old magazines.

Jenny sat down in the chair and wiped away the filtered dust from the desk top and rested her head on her arms. She could still hear the wedding sounds, but they were faint and remote, like sounds over quiet water. The house fell away from her, fatigue and the still attic and her fear all made her a little lightheaded all at once.

She drowsed a few minutes, and woke, and looked at her watch. Time left. Absently she pulled open the desk drawer; it stuck a little and she wrenched at it. The drawer had old road maps and folders from Sun Valley and Lucerne and a diploma and her D.A.R. certificate. Jenny reached farther, and closed her hand on an old snapshot album. She took it out. There were milky spots of mold on it; she brushed them off carefully.

"My goodness," she said, "I haven't seen this in years."

The album fell open in her lax hands.

"Why, there's mamma," she said aloud. "I didn't know we had that picture left anywhere."

Mamma wore a duster of linen, and a big flat hat tied down with thick veiling. Voluminous folds of linen hung to her ankles, and her shoes were very pointed and high-heeled. She had on large goggles. And gloves. About all you could see of her except for the swaddling was a firm, sensitive mouth and a good chin above the crisp jabot.

That was the day they went to the Dells.

JENNY had a new Peter Thompson middy suit—a scarlet silk tie around the blouse neck, the pleated skirt very trim. Her hair in braids. Mamma had packed a fried-chicken picnic lunch in the big hamper. Mamma always went everywhere with plenty of food, just in case of emergency. Jenny's first beau, though not really a beau at that age, was allowed to go too; he and Jenny sat in the back seat, slipping on the seat a little. Father, in duster, goggles and a brimmed straw hat, drove furiously at twenty miles an hour. Dust rose in clouds, the car roared, the horn sounded at every crossroad. Every half hour they waited while father got a watering can out and filled the big radiator from a farm well.

It was an all-day trip. They had supper on the way back, on a grassy bluff overlooking the river. Two tires were flat and father had to stop anyway to get out the vulcanizing kit and fix them and pump them up by hand. Mother spread the supper on a clean old tablecloth: the rest of the chicken, sandwiches, spice cookies, crisp dill pickles, green-apple tarts, apples and pears and bananas, coffee and milk, just a snack.

There was a snapshot of them eating, taken by father. Jenny and the boy partly hidden by the wicker hamper. You could see one of his gray eyes and his dark hair, and the ribbon on Jenny's fair braids.

Jenny and the boy wandered down to the edge of the water, where sunset made a soft haze of gold. They sat under a willow tree; gray-green leaves trailed in the water, drawn away forever by the tide, and forever held by the tree. They had played so much tennis together, ridden their bicycles, yelled "Gray

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wolf, gray wolf," dealt out the Flinch cards on winter evenings, these two children sitting there. And now it was different all at once. The all-day trip, the bouncing, beating of the car, the dark clear water of the Dells, the excitement, the fatigue—all these and the sense of being so far from home gave Jenny a strange feeling as she looked at him.

The dark head bent above her; the gray eyes were dark, too, in the pale light. "Jenny," he said, "I love you."

"I love you too."

The first kiss, drawing them away into the tide like the trailing willow leaves, forever holding them back in a childish dream. The first kiss, his boy's mouth on her cheek, awkward and full of wonder, and her whole body in the Peter Thompson middy suit suddenly not just bones and flesh, but a glory and a fire and a beat of wings.

When they went back, mamma had gathered up the supper and father was wiping his hands on a towel, and the car was packed up.

"Come on, children, we're ready to go now. We'll have to hurry to get home before dark. You know we can't drive at night," said mamma. "I called you. Where have you been?"

"At the edge of the river," said Jenny dreamily.

"Did you get your feet wet?" Young girls in that day never got their feet wet. You could sicken and die of it mysteriously.

They held hands all the way home, under the plaid auto robe. Jenny's hand was small and light in his, and burning hot. She could feel the clasp of his fingers all through her.

MUSTERED OUT

A group of soldiers were discussing the many things they would do when they were discharged from the Army.

"First thing I'm goin' to do when I get out of this Army," said one disgruntled individual, "is bust that sergeant right on the nose."

"Oh, yeah?" retorted a near-by comrade. "That's what you think. You're goin' to wait right in line and take your turn, just like all the rest of us."

—EDMUND FULLER: Thesaurus of Anecdotes. (Crown Publishers.)

Jenny turned the page: snapshots of slumber parties, snapshots of canoeing, snaps of the high-school play, a little out of focus. A fairly clear picture of the class president, who had his head blown off at Verdun. A pleasant smiling boy with blue eyes and a shock of red hair.

"My favorite evening dress," she said aloud.

It was a full-length snap, slightly brown from glue leaking through. Jenny wore her new chemise frock, slipped over her head; it was rose chiffon, with a low sash of pale blue. She had rose satin slippers, very pointed and narrow, with high heels. And real silk stockings. Her hair was piled up in a soft mass of curls. That year she wore a girdle and silk knickers and her slip had real lace around the neck.

The boys were going away to war, singly and in groups. But a lot of them came home all the time from the nearest camps; they were gorgeous in their uniforms, their legs incased to the knees, almost, in putties or wound-up fabric. The pants flared out above, making them all look slim-waisted and flat-hipped. They wore their stiff-brimmed hats at an angle, had their pictures taken with the chin straps down.

JENNY was engaged to Paul Harrison. She had been around with a lot of boys since the picnic at the Dells. The first beau had moved away that fall, gone East to school; his mother and father had died, their house was closed and shuttered. Since then, Mark, of the arrogant mouth and sullen jaw, had come and gone; and Ricky, who died of pneumonia; and Jim, who taught her the tango; and Willis, who promised to build her a yacht someday; and Tony, who gave her the Airedale. She really just had an understanding with Paul, on account of the war and all. But she was embroidering teacups and saucers in red on Irish-linen dish towels, and mamma was hemstitching pillowslips. Her hope chest was cedar and very big.

The dance was at the Riverview Country Club; Japanese lanterns strung all along the shadowy verandas, clusters of red and gold balloons tied to the pillars to be loosed at the end when they played Home, Sweet Home. Paul was tall and handsome in his cavalry officer's uniform. They were dancing while the band played It's a Long Way to Tipperary. The moon was like a gardenia.

They were standing near the door, waiting for the next dance, and Paul was laughing down at her and saying, "Maybe we ought to get married right away—what do you think?"

Jenny looked up and saw someone coming down the veranda, the peach glow of the paper lanterns and the white glow of moonlight on his straight easy figure and his dark hair and gray eyes. *Now where*, she thought, *and who* —— He came in and stood at the door, and his eyes swept the whole room. They rested on her, and he walked directly over, just as Paul put his arm around her for the dance.

"HELLO, Jenny," he said. "That was a wonderful picnic that day we went to the Dells."

The next night they walked in the rain. Jenny had told Paul she was in bed with a headache.

"I'm engaged to Paul," she said soberly.

"Why, Jenny, I thought you were going to wait for me."

"You never even wrote me."

"I did so. I sent you a post card of Bunker Hill."

Jenny laughed. The rain was cool on her face, but her face was hot. The rain was splashing up a little on her white spats and on her snow-white coat, and the brim of her white tricorn hat was soaked. He didn't even notice it. He just walked along in his uniform with the hat tilted over his eyes, and his hand on her arm very firm. It was her best coat, with kimono sleeves and big pearl buttons.

"Well," she said, "now you're going right away again to France. You came back too late."

"Did I?" he asked.

They went up the steps to the porch and he took his handkerchief and wiped the rain from her face, and his fingers brushed her mouth and it was trembling and hot.

"Kiss me, Jenny," he said.

The train left at four in the morning, the long inevitable troop train. Fortunately mamma and papa were away for the week end at the papermakers' convention. Mrs. Bascom, the chaperon, went to bed with lumbago. So they sat together on the mohair davenport, sometimes just holding hands, sometimes swept together in a passion of grief that made Jenny cling to him. Her heart was a burning heavy thing in a leaden breast. Her knees were shaky.

"Hey," he said, "you can't cry on me. I've only been back in your life three days." He got up and put a record on the phonograph. "Let's dance."

The fiber needle blurred the music. "*There's a long, long trail a-winding, into the land of my dreams* ——" But when they tried to dance, he only held her close and kissed her hair and kissed her lips.

"Jenny," he said, "I'll come back. And there'll never be any more war to break people's hearts. We have to do this one. But if you weren't so young, so young, Jenny, I'd want to leave you differently."

"How?"

"I'd want to leave you my wife. It wouldn't be fair—but I wish it were." He said, "I want you to be really my own. My own."

"Yes," whispered Jenny.

The train jerked in, long dusty cars. The marching men were tired and pale in the pale light. Lines of women were crying softly or noisily. Flags were flying.

"Good-by, Jenny," he said. He was grinning down at her now, the love and grief of

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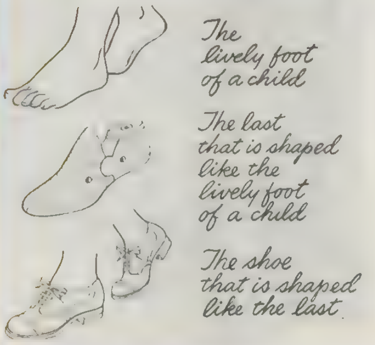
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the night only etched in lines around his tired gray eyes and set mouth. "I'll send you a post card from Paris."

"I still have the one from Bunker Hill," she said.

"I'll phone you if I can get another leave," he promised.

The train pulled away with its terribly precious burden. The townspeople drifted home; Jenny went back to face Paul.

"But you can't possibly be sure like this," he said.

"I know it. But I am."

"You'll change your mind. It's perfectly impossible."

"No, I won't change."

"We'll see. When the war is over, you'll see."

Jenny folded away the beautiful linens and silks and laces and locked the hope chest.

Two pages of the album stuck together. Jenny pulled and the soft paper tore. There she was in her black wool jersey, three yards for the whole dress. She had bobbed her hair that day; it was soft and low over her ears, and had a celluloid barrette holding it in place in back. Her rouge made two bright round spots on her cheeks. Mamma had taken the picture and slanted the camera so that it looked as if Jenny were on a ship, the ship sinking under her.

It was early autumn; the maples were scarlet and gold, Jenny remembered. Mamma was wearing her wool suit with the otter collar and a hat with purple velvet ribbon on it.

PHILOSOPHER

A certain Chinese mandarin, who delighted in covering his richly dressed person with precious stones, was one day accosted in the streets by a priest of the sect of Fohi, who, bowing very low, thanked him for his jewels.

"What does the man mean?" cried the mandarin. "I never gave thee any of my jewels."

"No," replied the other, "but you let me look at them, and that is all the use you can make of them yourself; so there is no difference between us, except that you have the trouble of watching them, and that is an employment I do not want."

—A. P. RUSSELL:
Characteristics. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

"Mamma, I've got to go," Jenny had said, after the phone call. "He's got a four-day leave. We'll have four whole days."

"But, Jenny ——"

"Afterward I'll get something to do. Or go back to school. They're having to change the rules now to let the girls who are married go back, just this fall."

Mamma clasped her little firm hands. "Jenny, getting married is—is ——"

"Yes, I know."

Then mamma had come over and kissed her and said, "I think the big Gladstone bag will do."

The tweed suit with the blue scarf to tuck in at the neck, the black satin sleeveless afternoon dress, the wool jersey, the crepe de Chine, beaded so beautifully. The heavy silk knickers, silk stockings. The white satin nightgown, square-necked, handmade lace framing the neck. The pink nightgown embroidered in blue forget-me-nots. The crepe-de-Chine robe. "And your galoshes," mamma said. "It always rains in Boston." No time for a new coat; the old one with the kimono sleeves had to do. "But that satin lining never will show wear," said mamma, packing a washcloth in a rubber bag, soap and towels and toothbrush and tooth paste in a fancy plaid traveling apron embroidered with flowing words, "Use Me!" High-heeled satin mules. Evening slippers. Rubber-soled sports shoes, square-toed. On the top, folded in tissue, the taffeta blouse and the piqué shirtwaist and the white crepe-de-Chine waist. Trailing lavender chiffon scarf. The Kewpie doll that Jenny had never left behind her. But the Good Fairy, with outstretched arms, that was luminous at night and she loved so dearly, she had to leave behind.

A LAST look at her room: the Maxfield Parrish pictures, blue and gold and purple and scarlet; the hand-painted china dresser set with her initials on the hair receiver and the ring tray; the walnut bed with the pink down puff and embroidered bolster cover.

At the station Jenny took a picture of the friends saying good-by to her. They sat on the baggage truck, and it was because her hands shook so that all their heads were cut off. The picture was in the album, anyway. The serge skirt and arch-support shoes were Nina, the checked dress and patent pumps were Dodo. The fur-lined coat was Bethine. It was too early for it, but it was the new fashion.

There was father looking grim, wearing his best suit. And mamma. Smiling, brown-eyed, her mouth trembling a little. Her brown broadcloth suit with the beaver collar, the long jacket, the flowered toque.

"Mamma!" said Jenny.

Mamma said, "Keep your money bag pinned in your corset all the time. You never know."

"All aboard—all aboard!" the man shouted down the platform.

JENNY and mamma clung together and mamma whispered, "You love him so much, it will be all right. It's fine. Don't worry. Everything will be fine."

The train pulled away. Everything was out of focus except mamma's face, distinct, smiling, steady.

Jenny turned the last page, skipping the State House and the Sons of Liberty and Paul Revere and Faneuil Hall and the pigeons on Boston Common and the library and the Copley-Plaza. The bronze Indian in front of the Museum of Fine Arts.

The flashlight powder had gone off too soon. It filled the hotel room with its hot brackish smell. Smoke billowed up. The snapshot caught Jenny sitting on the edge of the bed in her pink robe with her silver-backed hairbrush in her hand and her hair not combed at all, tumbled softly about her face. Her eyes had that look of surprise characteristic of all flash pictures, her mouth was partly open.

"Wait a minute!" she had been saying. "I look terrible."

"You're the loveliest thing in the world," he said. "I want this picture to carry right over my heart."

There was a big moon, and the air smelled of the sea, and somebody was playing Poor Butterfly somewhere near.

He put the camera down and came over and held her. "Jenny," he said, "no matter what happens, we have had this."

"Yes," she whispered.

"You'd never be sorry?"

"No. I'd never be sorry."

In the first light of dawn, Jenny propped herself up on her elbow and looked at him. He was sleeping soundly and his face looked strong and serene. And awfully young. The lines of his body under the cover were strong, too, and young, alive and whole. The anguish that was to come for months and months had already made a darkness in Jenny's heart, but it had no power yet over him. He was in love, he was fulfilled, he had his desire and he was happy.

Jenny touched the dark hair, very gently, and he woke at once, muttering a little and making sleepy masculine movements.

"Ugh," he said, "woof." He looked at his watch and said, "Time get up, spose."

Jenny nodded. She raised the green window shade and let the sun pour in, a golden cascade. *I never could have gotten through this day if it had rained,* she said to herself.

She heard him splashing in the bathroom. When he came out and got into his uniform, she went to the tub and picked up the mass of scattered towels. Put the cap on the tooth-paste tube. Wiped shaving cream from the mirror. People's hearts could break and go right on beating.

He came over, smelling of shaving lotion and his first cigarette, and took her in his arms. "I've had everything anyone could

"I used to be a GLAMOUR GIRL"

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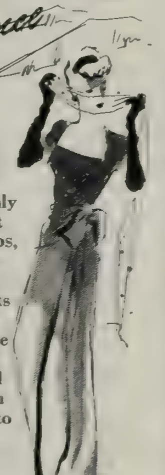

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want in a lifetime," he said. "I just want you to know that. In case."

"So have I," said Jenny.

When they went out, the light in the street was dazzling. Some soldiers were marching down Summer Street, clean and spotless and young. They were singing, *"There's a long, long trail a-winding, into the land of my dreams ——"*

Jenny looked at his grave, pale face. He gave her a smile. *"There's a long, long night of waiting, until my dreams all come true,"* he sang under his breath. *This is it,* thought Jenny. *This is love. This racking pain, this loss, this fear, this ache in the breast—this is love. This tearing apart. This darkness. This crying in the long empty night. And this glory.*

Jenny closed the snapshot album and wiped the dust from her fingers. A mouse was gnawing inside the attic wall somewhere, a brittle sound. The insulation was supposed to keep mice out. But what insulation could keep the gnawing mice outside of one? Fear stole in the veins on small feet, gnawed at the heart.

She got up, and walked past the old trunks to the dusty window. A German helmet hung on a rusty nail—a canteen and a leather cartridge belt. She pushed them aside; the helmet was deep with dust. She had been so far away, she had to press her hands over her eyes to renew her actual vision. So far away, so long gone.

UNDER her soft hair, her forehead was damp. Her knees were stiff from sitting so still. She looked out and down and saw the spread of the lawn, and the gold and ivory and dark red of the roses in the border. It wasn't autumn at all, it was June, it was soft and tender June. The late iris was still pale amethyst by the garage. The table was spread; women were moving around it, laughing and talking, carrying big silver bowls and filled platters. They wore short white frocks and pastel uncrushable linens and the young ones had no stockings, little flat sandals on bare feet.

The sound of feet came to her, someone climbing the stairs. Someone had guessed where she was. It was late; her watch had stopped and she shook it, and still the hands did not move. The climbing feet hesitated, came on. Jenny pressed her handkerchief to her forehead, wiped her face, smoothed down her dress.

"Hello," said Bob. "They sent out a search warrant for the lady of the house."

"I just came up here," she said.

He threaded his way between old trunks, broken chairs and past the file of the National Geographic magazine. "I thought this was the only place not too full of people," he said. "You'd think we were entertaining a convention. Michael's down at the hotel, and the women say it's time for lunch; we better appear and have something."

"Is it that late?"

"Yes," he said, "but everything's under control." He stood beside her and put his arm around her. "Jenny," he said, "don't take it so hard."

She rested her head against his shoulder. "I'm all right now," she told him.

"You'll have to clean up"—he ruffled her hair with his hand—"you're a sight! What have you been doing?"

Jenny looked at him with a little smile. "I've been on a long journey," she said.

"Back as far as Boston?" His voice was tender; his gray eyes smiled at her.

"Farther than that. Do you remember the day we went to the Dells?"

"The river," said Bob, "and the willow tree. The first time I kissed you." His hand closed on hers. "You wore a middy suit and a red silk tie and white rubber tennis shoes."

The river had caught them up, swept them along after all. The boy and the girl, innocent and eager, they were gone, gone.

"Well," said Bob, "hard days or easy, we've gotten along, haven't we?" He grinned. "It was a near thing, you almost taking Paul."

"And letting you go to France," said Jenny, "without marrying me first."

They went down the steep attic stairs together and Bob locked the door. Mary

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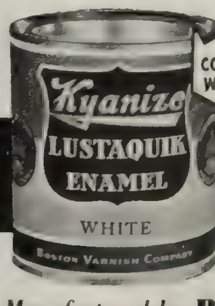

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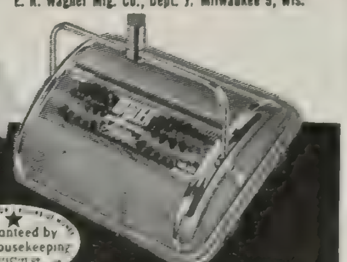

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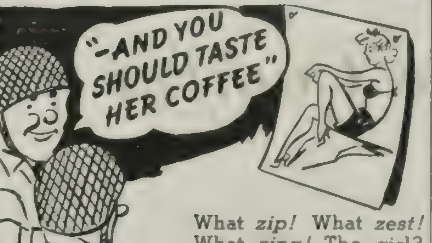
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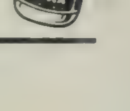

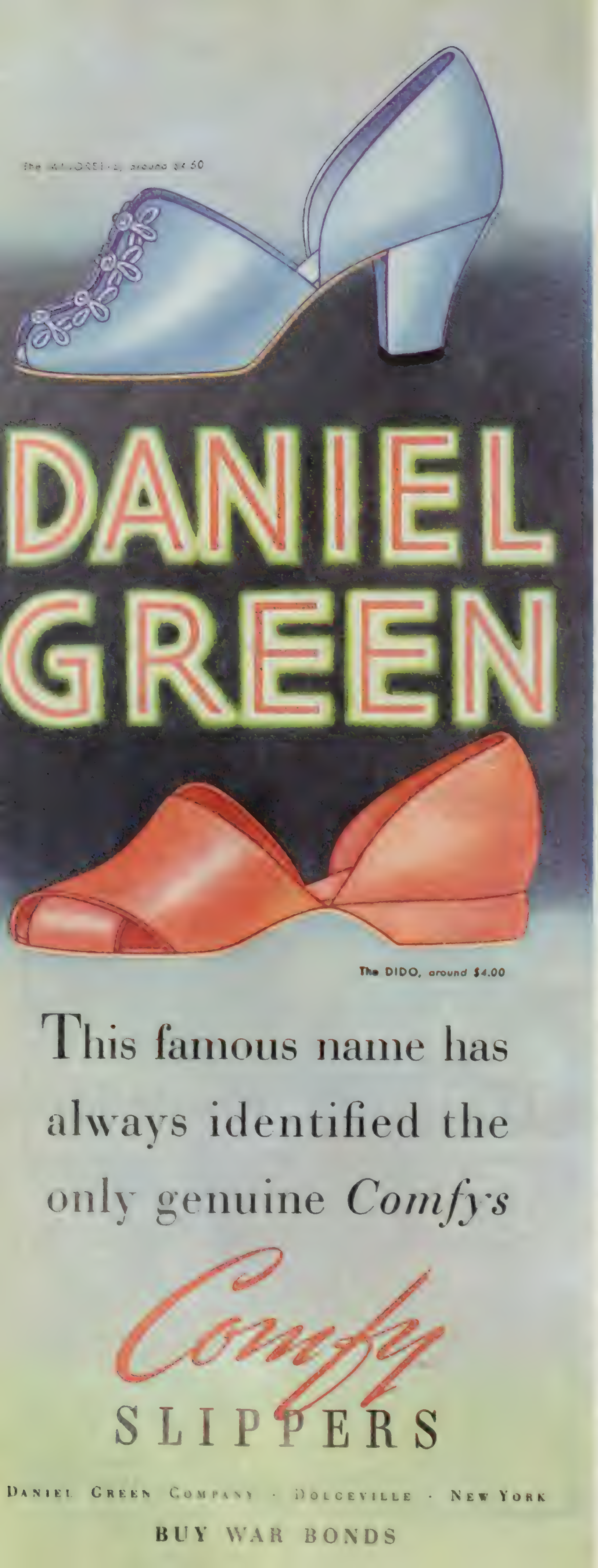

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Lou's door was open, and she was having a tray by the window. The soft summer light came in on her; she had a dreamy look. But her eyes were wide with excitement.

"Hello, you two," she said. "Where have you been?"

"I had to dig your mother out of the attic," said Bob. "The crowd got to be too much for her."

The wedding dress was spread out carefully on the bed; the veil foamed over the edge. The bouquet was in a box and the smell of lilies of the valley came from the cover. Mary Lou had her old dressing gown on, the one that was being left behind for rags. It was the color of her eyes, a soft clear blue.

"Come in," she invited, waving toward the bed. "You could find a spot that isn't covered with junk."

Bob said, "I'll run on down and tell the gang that I've found the missing woman. And fix a plate for her." His hand closed hard once on Jenny's fingers, warm and sure and steady.

Mary Lou stood up and put the tray on the cluttered bed table.

"Mother," she said, "I feel funny inside. My stomach sort of floats."

"I know," said Jenny. What were the last words a mother said to her daughter in the hour before marriage? What distilled from time and living into a secret elixir? Jenny moved slowly across the room.

"Mother!" said Mary Lou, and they were clinging together.

"It's fine," said Jenny, "it will be all right. You love him. Even if you only had him four days," she said, "you would have happiness enough for a lifetime. That's the way it is," she said softly, "when you have love."

When she closed her eyes, she could see the river, flowing dark and swift, and the trailing green branches of the willow, forever pulled out to the flowing water.

THE TIMID MISS SMITH

(Continued from Page 25)

Loring's Pond was rimmed with dark green pines, against a backdrop of snow-white hill and big rambling white house. Small boys shot unpredictably across the ice and little girls wobbled about on their ankles, flailing the air.

Candy stood on the bank. "It's just like something by Currier and Ives. A print called Winter Scene."

"Subject to change without notice," Bill observed, "to Home They Brought Her Warrior Dead. I haven't been on skates in years."

"Oh, yes," Amy trilled, "you have something or other that keeps you out of the Army, haven't you?"

Bill smiled at her with the glittering cordiality of a hungry tiger. "I have a glass knee," he told her carefully. "It gives me the charm of mystery—you can never tell when I'm going to fold up like an old card table."

"How marvelous!" said Amy flatly. "Charles, be a lamb and lace up my skates."

Across the pond there was a little log cabin with a loud-speaker on its gable; a waltz swung through the cold air, and almost immediately Candy saw Mr. and Mrs. Loring move out on the ice. Mr. Loring, tall and white-haired, wore narrow golf trousers of another era, a Norfolk jacket and a tweed cap; Mrs. Loring managed to look distinguished even in a long wool skirt, a short sealskin jacket and a hat like a squashed zinnia. They waltzed across the ice in perfect, exquisite rhythm. People stopped skating to watch with expressions of touched amusement.

"He's a darling," Candy said suddenly. "He lets the whole town use his pond and even builds us a skating house with a loud-speaker."

Charles Bunnell looked up from Amy's skates with a sardonic smile. He was a stocky, handsome man with black eyebrows that met over his nose. "Pretty lonely, skating all by yourself," he observed. "This way the Lorings can be sure of plenty of company."

"And they have all the money in the world," Amy added. "It wasn't much of a sacrifice, I'm sure."

Charles said to Bill in a strictly masculine voice, "Wouldn't mind being president of the Loring works myself. Pretty soft."

Bill grunted. "Soft! With Government contracts to fulfill?"

"What do they make? Does anyone know?" Amy teetered out on the ice.

"Military secret," Charles said. "Bomb sights or lenses or something."

"I bet the Timid Soul knows," Amy giggled. "If Jim Loring hasn't told her, Mr. Peter Amory must have."

"'The Timid Soul'?" Bill repeated.

Amy giggled again. "Little Miss Marriable Smith. Didn't you know Peter Amory was gone on her—but *gone?*"

Charles shook his head indulgently. "Amy, you shouldn't say things like that. Peter Amory would be thrown out of Loring's if he told Miss Smith—or anyone else."

"Well, he hasn't," Bill said easily. "Peter Amory keeps his mouth shut."

"Oh, do you know him?" Amy called eagerly. "Where does he come from, anyway? No one knows a thing about him."

"Come on," Bill muttered in Candy's ear, "let's skate. That girl bores me from within."

It was a lovely sensation, to dance on ice—a sort of superhuman freedom. Candy half shut her eyes; the pines swept past like torn lace and the afternoon sunlight stretched in a long gold pennant across the pond.

Over by the skating house a compact masculine figure skated beside a short gray flannel one. Peter Amory's head was bent possessively over his partner; and Candy caught a glimpse of little Miss Smith's face, cheeks flushed and big eyes shining.

"A waltz is so romantic," Candy murmured. "Especially on skates. It's like dancing with your dream prince."

"Darling," Bill said hoarsely, "I didn't know you cared. May I call you Candace?"

"Do; and I shall call you Butch," Candy replied.

As the music ended, Amy skated toward them, playfully pulling Charles. "Did you see?" she demanded breathlessly. "What did I tell you? All pink and girlish and playing hard to get. She glimmers and bends in the breeze like a little candle."

Bill laughed shortly. "Well, I bet your Miss Smith's got a very high candle power. You can practically measure it in watts."

"I'm sure she is deeply missed in Warsaw," said Charles, and everyone laughed. Everyone but Candy. "As a matter of fact"—Charles turned to Bill—"I wonder how some of these refugees manage to live with their consciences. I understand this Polish gal left a mother and two married sisters in Poland. Can you imagine it?"

"I wonder how she sleeps at night," Amy said in her clear treble.

"I hope she sleeps like a baby," Candy snapped angrily. Three astonished faces confronted her, and she felt her cheeks grow hot. "It's so easy to talk. Do you know what it's like to be hunted by your enemy and not have enough food or heat or clothes? You think because you read something somewhere—why, you don't know *anything*. You've just barely scratched the surface."

"She hates to have her surface scratched," Bill explained apologetically.

Candy knew she ought to stop. But she couldn't. "What good would it have done if Marya had stayed in Poland? To starve or be killed? Why shouldn't she get out? Maybe she can be more useful here than there."

"I didn't know you felt so strongly about it," Charles said stiffly.

Bill put his hands on her shoulders, tight but his voice was casual. "Now, anyone who hits this little woman will get a good cigar. How about you, my good man?"

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"Delighted," said Charles. "One lump or two?"

Amy giggled, and unexpectedly tears stung the inside of Candy's nose. They didn't understand. Not even Bill understood. *We're all so safe and smug in our American freedoms we can't imagine what life would be like, lived with the enemy.* Abruptly, she turned and skated off. Her hands were cold and she wanted to sit down, away from everyone.

The skating house was almost deserted, but a fire roared up the chimney, and beside it sat Marya Smith, knitting her ubiquitous sweater. She looked up as Candy came in, and smiled in greeting.

Candy clumped over to the fireplace. She said without preliminary, "Tell me, Miss Smith, why did you leave Warsaw?"

Marya's eyes widened and, although her cheeks stayed pale, faint rose patches stained her throat. "Why do you ask this?" Her voice was without heat, but there was a thread of something else in it, like the glint of mica in a gray stone.

"Because I want to know."

The knitting never stopped, but the slow rose faded from Marya's throat. "People talk, do they not?" she asked humbly. "But I shall never tell you why I left Warsaw, Candy. Then you need never dream of it at night and wake up your nice Bill."

Candy felt herself shivering. "Marya, I'm so sorry—and no close friend ——" She nipped off the sentence. Even a refugee governess could be spared patronage.

Marya smiled gently—but this time there was a little quirk of amusement in it. "Mr. Peter Amory keeps me company—if I do not go crazy with boredom first."

Candy laughed suddenly. Apparently the Timid Soul had a spark of spirit in her, after all. "Is he awfully stupid?"

Marya closed her eyes in mock anguish. "He is the most dull young man I have ever met. If I see him coming, I hide."

The door of the house banged open and a solid little girl of twelve, with long fox-colored hair, stamped in on her skates. Candy recognized Jill, one of the two English children at the Lorings'.

"How do you do, Mrs. Stewart?" Jill said with overwhelming politeness, and to Marya: "They want me to put on a ten-step." She stilted over to the phonograph, and in a moment the music blared from the loud-speaker. Jill came and stood beside Marya. "Miss Smith," she begged, "come and watch. Andrew doesn't need another sweater; he has masses of them. Come outside, do."

Reluctantly, Marya put the knitting in her bag.

"It's the most fascinating stitch," Candy said. "Cable stitch and something else, isn't it? I do wish you'd teach me."

Marya smiled at her. "I'll write it down for you. It's very simple, really."

The late sunlight had left the pond and was gilding the snowbanks behind it.

Bill skated over to them. "How do you do, Miss Smith. May I have this one?"

Marya flushed. "Of course, Mr. Stewart. But you are too good for me; you are an expert."

"An expert! I should say I am! You mean to say you've never read Stewart on the Outside Edge?" Bill demanded, shocked. "Or even the sequel, Stewart on Edge? Dear

---

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Nothing will take the place of the kind of determination possessed by the youngster with a shining new pair of skates. Every stroke ended in a hard tumble. Sympathetic spectators watched the struggle until they saw tears forming in the boy's eyes. Then one of them suggested, "Buddy, you are getting hurt. Why don't you give up and watch the others?"

Whereupon the kid blurted out, "Say, I didn't buy these skates to quit with—I bought 'em to learn how with!"

—THEY TELL A STORY: Edited by Martha Lupton. (Maxwell Droke.)

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me, what a treat is in store for you. Now please be careful of me, Miss Smith, because I bruise easily."

As they moved off together, Candy smiled at Bill. He did understand, then, and this was his way of making amends. She would never be cross at him again.

Jill looked after them too. "I wish people would stop talking about her."

Candy eyed her sternly. "Did you hear what we said?"

Jill nodded calmly. "I suppose they talk about us too. Andrew and me, I mean."

"No," said Candy, cutting the truth dead, "they do not."

Jill sighed. "I *do* like America, you know, but I'm not very sure that Miss Smith does."

"I wonder. Is she homesick?"

Jill said, "Well, it must be very different here, you know. I mean, you can see she sort of disapproves of things sometimes. . . . I don't think I should have said that." She looked up at Candy in appeal.

"I won't tell a soul," Candy assured her.

"She hasn't many friends, you know," Jill went on thoughtfully. "Of course there's Uncle Jim Loring and Aunt Anna and Mr. Peter Amory and those two old men friends of Uncle Jim's who take her to the theater and stuff. And the man in the wood."

"The man ——"

"In the wood. I think she's ashamed of him. He's just a workman, you know, with rough clothes, but she makes friends everywhere. I expect she thinks Aunt Anna wouldn't like him to come and see her."

"But who is he?"

"I don't know," Jill said. "She laughed at me when I asked her. Said I'd been dreaming and there wasn't a man in the wood. I think he's a Polish prince."

It was then that the curious little incident took place that Candy was unable afterward either to explain or to forget. Bill and Marya Smith came swinging down the edge of the pond and as they reached the skating house they slowed.

"What a *handsome* couple!" exclaimed Candy loudly.

Bill smirked at her and then dropped his arm from Miss Smith's waist and skated gently backward, holding only her hand.

"Be careful!" Marya called, and Bill turned to avoid a collision with the Bunnells.

THE next instant he roared, "My knee—quick. Miss Smith—Charlie—*timber!*" And Bill and the Bunnells were floundering on the ice in an ignominious heap, while Miss Smith stood quietly and watched them, her mittens clasped together. No one was hurt. No one was even badly winded. But when they were sorted out and Bill was helped to his feet, he looked down at Miss Smith. "United we stand," he said lightly, "divided we fall."

After an odd moment Miss Smith laughed. "It seems so. I am so sorry. You are not hurt?"

But she let go of his hand, Candy thought. *Just after he shouted. She snatched her hand away. Most people would have grabbed him instinctively, tried to keep him on his feet. Was it because she was afraid of being dragged down too? But she let go so quickly—almost as though she wanted to have him fall down. . . . How silly you are, Candy Stewart.*

"Would you like to skate around the pond, Marya?" Peter Amory had moved over and was standing close to Miss Smith.

"No, thank you. I have had enough," Marya said. Peter flushed a little, and Marya added quickly, "I am sorry. I am tired. And it is time for the children to go in." As she turned away, her eyes met Candy's. "The stitch is easy," she said. "I will show you. Good-by."

PETER stood silent and let her go. He looked so like a good little boy who has been refused a treat that Candy felt a profound desire to hit him over the head.

"I always wanted to be tall and dark and dangerous-looking," he observed mildly.

"You don't have to be tall and dark to have gumption," Candy snapped.

He turned and looked at her, and she was momentarily surprised by the expression behind his round glasses. But all he said was, "You wouldn't like to say a good word for me, would you, Mrs. Stewart? I think she likes you."

Candy laughed, "I'm a bad matchmaker, Mr. Amory. Don't ask me to help you." She watched him skate away, a little man who was obviously as dependable as a hitching post, and just about as stimulating.

The Black Cat's Kittens

By Ethel Bradley Meyer

The sleeping night awoke to all
  The little winds that stir
And stretch like kittens. I could feel
  Their soft electric fur
Brush by when all these kittens of
  The coal-black cat of night
Came scampering through the house
    to hunt
  Some strange mouse of delight.

I felt their whiskers on my face;
  Paws tangled with my hair;
And once I touched a silky tail
  That wasn't really there!
The black cat's kittens played in
    trees,
  And shook the clover heads;
They woke the grass and bounced
    across
  The well-made pansy beds!

They chased their tails in
    whirlwinds of
  Ecstatic kitten fun,
And lapped the water in the pool,
  And made nightwalkers run!
They raised the mischief with the
    staid
  White lilacs on the lawn,
And kept the black cat wide awake
  Until the crack of dawn!

It was ten days later that Mrs. Wilmerding called Candy on the telephone. Mrs. Wilmerding was a well-upholstered executive, with mauve hair and a great many teeth which Bill insisted were indirectly lighted. She was organizing a separate group of younger people to knit, sew and roll bandages for the Red Cross. Would dear Candace care to join? Dear Candace would. Had Candace any suggestions for members, beyond the following list?

As Mrs. Wilmerding neared the middle of the list, Bill opened the front door. Mrs. Wilmerding's voice was a dull roar that could be heard in any room of any house.

"Ah, Mrs Wilmerding," he said, bowing graciously; and to Candy. "Has she gone into a power dive?"

"Reading me a list. Hush," Candy hissed.

"A list of her investments?"

"I wish you'd keep still," Candy said. "No, no, Mrs. Wilmerding. It's just my husband. Oh, thank you, that's sweet of you—I know he admires you too."

"Tell her I think her mouth looks like an ivory trader's dream," said Bill.

"No," said Candy, struggling for composure, "I can't think of anyone else. Yes, I can! Marya Smith—the Polish refugee at the Lorings'. I'm sure she'd be glad to ——"

Mrs. Wilmerding, however, was not so sure. She was afraid there might be a little *feeling* ——

"Feeling?" Candy repeated.

Well, of course, personally, Mrs. Wilmerding thought it was all perfectly ridiculous, but goodness knows how many people had told her about the way the girl had behaved with the Loring boy before he went

(Continued on Page 128)

Delicacy with a Wallop

MANY people have heard it said that "refined" foods — made to appeal to the eye and the appetite — are likely to be weak in nutritive values.

But too often they forget the ingenuity of our food manufacturers. Take such a famous cereal as Kellogg's Rice Krispies. It is common knowledge that these bubbly morsels of crispy goodness are just about tops in taste-appeal.

But what you may not know is how *nutritionally important* Rice Krispies are. For this delicious cereal, made the Kellogg way in Battle Creek, is the equal of the *whole ripe grain* in nearly all the protective food elements that have been declared essential to human nutrition.

If you are interested in food values, read that last sentence again. It is a fact that is true of *all* Kellogg cereals.

The Grains are Great Foods — W. K. Kellogg

Why do Army Hospital beds have springs of STEEL?

The softest thing you can sleep on is STEEL

USS PREMIER SPRING WIRE made exclusively by AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE COMPANY

The resiliency of steel means comfort.
In war or peace. You may not be able to buy bedsprings or inner-spring mattresses made with Premier Spring Wire today. The steel once used for this famous spring wire is going into war materials. But U·S·S Premier Spring Wire will be back when peace comes. Improved by what we've learned in war. Then you'll see the Premier Tag on bedsprings, mattresses and upholstered furniture again. Your guide to quality.

AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE COMPANY

Cleveland, Chicago and New York
Columbia Steel Co., San Francisco, Pacific Coast Distributors
United States Steel Export Co., New York

UNITED STATES STEEL

(Continued from Page 126)

overseas. And then there was so little *known* about her. "I mean, my dear, how do we know she isn't a spy?"

Candy, undecided whether to be outraged or amused, struggled for adequate speech—and lost her chance. Mrs. Wilmerding hastily explained that, anyway, ten girls were really all they could manage just now. Perhaps later —— Outrage won. Candy hung up in furious defeat. No wonder the world was afire with a ghastly war when people like Mrs. Wilmerding and Amy Bunnell and goodness knows how many more insisted on feeding the flames with suspicion and ugly, narrow-minded distrust.

Bill came into the hall, beaming. "Buss me, coz," he invited cordially.

"I don't want to buss you," Candy said crossly. "I want to reorganize society."

"Do you think you can spare the time?" Bill inquired doubtfully. "Why not just learn spot welding by mail?"

"Mrs. Wilmerding! What do you think she said? 'How do we know she isn't a spy!' And the first thing you know everyone will begin saying it and an innocent girl will be hunted like a—a ——"

"Now, my ringdove, calm yourself," Bill advised tenderly. "You must be open-minded. Maybe Miss Smith *is* a spy."

Candy glared at him. "You can even make fun of it. It doesn't mean anything to you that a girl is all alone in a strange country with no one to defend her." She marched into the living room.

"Stop stamping around like a wild bull," Bill said fretfully. "I've been trying to kiss you ever since I came home and you keep bellowing at me. It's discouraging."

Candy glared at the sofa. "I'm going to *do* something."

"Why not start a concentration camp for girls?" Bill suggested. "You could put everyone in it who disagreed with you."

"BILL STEWART, have you no decency? No milk of human kindness?"

"Sure," said Bill, "but it's condensed. Ha-ha."

"I am going," said Candy slowly, "to move the furniture."

Bill screamed like a wounded deer.

"Come on. We'll put the sofa in front of the fireplace ——"

"Listen," Bill said, suddenly grim. "I'm a patient man. I'll take a good deal. You can forget to tell me we're going out to dinner till ten minutes before we have to start and then insist you told me all about it last week. You can ask for a drink of water or a good book or a pet weasel just as I'm about to go to sleep. You can neglect my socks until I look as though I were wearing old-fashioned lace mitts on my feet. You can do a lot of things and I'll still love you passionately. But, so help me, Candace Stewart, if you move the living-room furniture, I'll send you home to your mother."

Candy knew when she was beaten. She sat down despondently. "All right. All right. Stop howling. But what can I do about it?"

"About what?" Bill was befuddled.

"People. The world. Marya Smith."

"I don't see," Bill began reasonably, "how moving a sofa ——"

"I know!" Candy leaped to her feet, inspired. "I'll make Mrs. Loring give another skating party. That'll fix it."

Bill looked at her. Then he said "Good Lord!" reverently, and went upstairs.

If Candy's idea had been difficult of execution, she would still have been undismayed; but, as a matter of fact, nothing could have been simpler. Mrs. Loring loved giving parties. If you went to the Lorings' skating party, you accepted Miss Smith. Candy felt proud and pleasantly Machiavellian.

The date was set for a Saturday evening two weeks distant; and in the meantime Candy, who had always felt a profound distaste for personal quarrels, managed to have a violent disagreement with Amy Bunnell and a rather sharp brush with a woman named Hagedorn, who publicly stated her conviction that refugees didn't appreciate their luck. Even Bill was inclined to be a little cold, since she had suggested giving his

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2. IT'S PAIN-RELIEVING—*begins soothing right away.*
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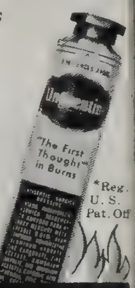
UNGUENTINE is the thing to use for Home First Aid. *Handy tubes or family-size jars at all drug stores.*



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Lipstick
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oldest pair of gray flannel trousers to Miss Smith, to be sent to Poland. Candy felt, for the first time in her life, lonely; and the consciousness of being right was a chilly solace.

On the evening of the party, however, her heart rose, and her hopes with it. At night, Lorings' Pond was pure romance. A pale, aristocratic moon sailed remotely in the sky, scorning the vulgarity of warm yellow floodlights which turned the snow and the skating figures into pure theater; even the black pine trees seemed cut out of painted wood. Inside the skating house, the Lorings' servants dispensed hot dogs and coffee and ice-cream cones.

The Bunnells had a week-end guest who was a figure skater and had promised to give an exhibition at midnight.

"Isn't it heavenly?" Candy demanded.

"All that is lacking," agreed Bill, "is Nelson Eddy on a balcony."

Candy looked around for Marya. Marya was, after all, the whole point of the party, because, of course, if people would only get to know her, they would stop thinking of her as a refugee. Then Candy saw her; she was standing near the skating house with Mrs. Loring and there was something infinitely pathetic in her eyes as she watched the couples flash past and listened to the laughter. Candy skated over to them.

"My dear," said Mrs. Loring kindly, "you must persuade Marya not to be a little Cinderella. She wants to run away at midnight, and she'll miss the best of the party."

"Oh, dear! But why should you?" Candy asked in dismay.

Marya said nervously, "But, you see, Mrs. Loring has kindly given me permission to spend Sunday with a dear friend of mine in New York—from Poland. I must take the train that leaves a little after midnight. Otherwise I shall miss so much of the day with her. This party will go on all night, that is clear." She smiled again at Mrs. Loring.

Peter Amory came up then and asked Candy to waltz. After that there was a ladies' chain, and she and Bill allowed themselves to be too well fed in the skating house, and she met a naval officer who ten-stepped beautifully and they almost won the contest—and the next time she looked at her watch it was nearly eleven.

"I'm sure they've forgotten me," said a small, pleased voice at her elbow, and she looked down into Jill's appealing red-brown eyes. "Miss Smith's absolutely vanished."

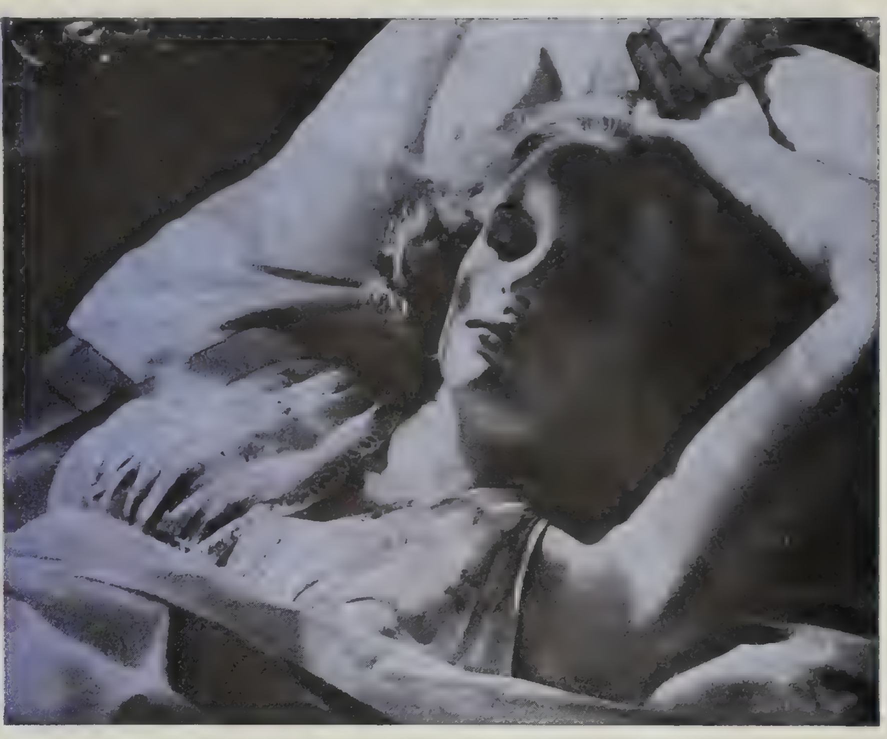
"Jill! There you are!" Mrs. Loring came out of the skating house, trying to look stern. "You should have been in bed hours ago. Where's Miss Smith, dear?"

Before Jill could answer, Candy said quickly, "She's probably having a wonderful time. Let me take Jill up. Marya will have to be leaving so soon, anyway."

Mrs. Loring looked relieved. "As a matter of fact, Jill could put herself to bed."

(Continued on Page 131)

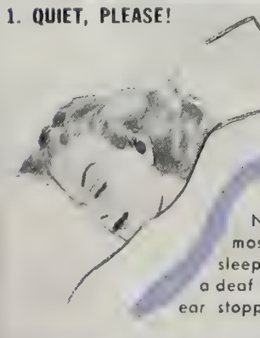
"She's wearing the same dress her mother wore when she was divorced."



How to get a good night's sleep

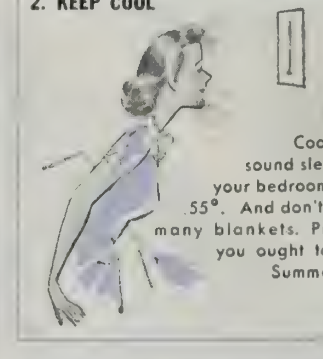
Does today's busy pace keep you keyed up way past bedtime? Would you like to know the best-approved ways to conquer sleeplessness? The makers of Dan River's Sheets have just completed a booklet on this subject, packed with dozens of clever methods that have proved helpful to other people. Here are a few quick excerpts, to give you an idea.

1. QUIET, PLEASE!



Noise is about the most notorious of all sleep-disturbers. Turn a deaf ear to it by using ear stoppers of synthetic wax and cotton.

2. KEEP COOL



Cool air means sound sleep. Ideally, your bedroom should be 55°. And don't pile on too many blankets. Pretty soon you ought to switch to Summer weights.

3. LAUGH OFF WAKEFULNESS

If you can laugh, you can relax. So try to think of as many amusing things as you can. Soon you'll be giggling . . . then laughing. Finally . . . relaxation and . . . zzzzzz.

4. SLEEP ON DAN RIVER'S SHEETS

Be sure your mattress is neither too hard nor too soft for your weight, that your pillow is the right size and shape for comfort. Insist on sheets as invitingly smooth and fresh as Dan River's Sheets.

Dan River's Sheets come in two constructions to suit your purse and purpose: "Virginia Manor" a luxury muslin and "Shenandoah" a utility muslin. Send for Dan River's booklet on "How To Get A Good Night's Sleep." Dan River Mills, 40 Worth St., New York 13, N. Y.

"Sleep Beautifully"
DAN RIVER'S SHEETS

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Today our boys at the battlefront have bodies as sturdy—frameworks as rugged—driving power as vigorous as those irrepressible jeeps! They are built to "take it" in high. They get vitamin C every day!

When the days of peace arrive—to stay! Vitamin C isn't only a wartime need. Without it, no one can know the joy of feeling on top of the world—of feeling alive from head to toe—bubbling over with Life!

Every can of Florida Grapefruit Juice is a regular treasure chest of precious vitamin C. This is a vitamin so valuable that Uncle Sam has said, "Every man, woman and child needs it every single day!"

THESE are the days!

...the days when Every Body demands the protection of VICTORY VITAMIN C

Seven days a week—365 days a year—*these* are the days when America's millions must be fortified with vitamin C. That's why countless cans of grapefruit juice are shipped to our fighting forces . . . and why Uncle Sam makes sure a supply remains for you! In wartime and in peacetime—Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday . . . THESE are the days for vitamin C . . . the days for canned grapefruit juice!

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FIGHT *Fatigue!*
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AND 2 OTHER JUICES —RICH IN VITAMIN C

Although Uncle Sam has set aside all the canned grapefruit sections, and most of the canned orange juice, blended juice, and concentrates for the armed forces—some orange juice and blended juice is available for civilians.

With deaf ears turned to murderous machine-gun muzzles—with steady eyes that scarcely blink at the blinding flash of bursting bombs—the dauntless crews of America's great Victory Fleet "deliver the goods" to our men across the seas. Frequently included in those fiercely guarded cargoes are countless cans of Florida's Grapefruit Juice—the precious ammunition to fortify every *body* with "Victory Vitamin C."

Canned FLORIDA GRAPEFRUIT JUICE

RICH IN VICTORY VITAMIN C

(Continued from Page 129)

"I couldn't *possibly*, Aunt Anna," Jill assured her solemnly. "It's my hair. And anyway, I do want Mrs. Stewart to come with me. *Please.*"

On the way up to the house, Candy realized that she hadn't seen Marya since their conversation, early in the evening. Suppose that she had just gone back to the house and was sitting there alone with her eternal knitting?

"You can't help a person if they refuse to co-operate," she said crossly.

"Refugees are really a frightful problem, aren't they?" Jill agreed promptly. "And in America people are always helping people, and that makes it all the harder."

Candy frowned a little. That remark made no sense, and yet it was oddly disturbing.

Jill's voice rose again to the surface of her thoughts. ". . . and they'll be a frightful bore about the air raids, telling me all about them and what a pity it was I had to miss them. But actually, you know, they're dying to find out what America's like, and it's going to be jolly hard to tell them."

Candy opened the Lorings' front door and called, "Marya!" Not a sound answered her. "Where do you suppose," she asked abruptly, "Miss Smith has gone?"

Jill stamped the snow off her shoes and said calmly, "To meet the Polish prince."

"What do you mean?"

"In the wood. I saw her going that way about an hour ago. She'll be back soon. She has to be if she's going to catch that train. Do you know it's after eleven? Isn't that absolutely wizard? I've never been up so late before, except once on the boat."

All the time that Candy was helping Jill undress, she was conscious of an extraordinary tension within herself, a sort of mindless impatience for Miss Smith to come back. This man in the woods—what if he wasn't a Polish prince? Jill had said he wore workman's clothes. Suppose he was dangerous? *Oh, dear,* Candy thought, *I'm just like all the rest. I imagine the absolute worst.*

"My hair ribbons are in the pocket of Miss Smith's dressing gown," observed Jill. "She keeps them there because, you see, I only wear them at night to keep my hair plaited. She won't mind if you get them."

Walking along the hall toward Miss Smith's room, Candy thought, *It may have been her party, but if she wasn't even at it, how can she expect to be a success? What made her go off this way? What has happened?*

Miss Smith's room was very neat—almost inhumanly neat, Candy thought, as she crossed to the closet. No brush on the bureau, not a box of powder or a hairpin—and almost nothing in the closet. Not even the blue wool dressing gown which, according to Jill's directions, should have been hanging on the hook inside the door.

Candy turned and looked vaguely around the room. From under the far side of the bed something stuck out. The leather corner of a suitcase. Of course—Miss Smith had packed to be away overnight. But then why shove it under the bed? Why should it be such a very big suitcase if Miss Smith was going to be away only overnight? And why should Miss Smith's knitting bag be under the bed too?

Candy pulled out the knitting bag. It was, of course, impossible to open someone else's luggage. Jill would have to go without her ribbons tonight. But the knitting bag—surely it was all right just to take a bit of wool from someone's knitting bag, to tie up a little girl's hair? She put her hand into the bag. There was a book in it, a copy of the current best seller, its binding already loose. Candy laid it on the bed beside her and it fell open of its own accord at page 275. She pulled out a ball of green wool, two of gray worsted and a single piece of paper, folded over once. On the outside was penciled "Directions for Cable Stitch Sweater."

How sweet of her, Candy thought. *She took the trouble to write it down. I suppose she forgot to give it to me.* She opened the paper. The writing was in a clear hand, but the lines were uneven, as though Miss Smith had written it on something rough. It said, "Cast on 275 stitches and knit 15.50, purl 3.15 to end of row. Then knit solid block of ——"

Candy stared at the paper in bewildered concentration. Cast on 275 stitches? But that would be big enough for a prehistoric beast! Her own sweaters took no more than 100 stitches on fine needles. And how could you knit fifteen and a half stitches and purl three and fifteen one hundredths?

Candy raised her puzzled eyes from the paper; they fell on the open book beside her. Page 275—and at the bottom of the page some figures, very faintly penciled: 15.50, 3.15. And a great many letters on the page had tiny circles drawn around them.

Candy sat perfectly, absolutely still, while her thoughts leaped and darted and tried to escape.

I don't understand this at all. But it isn't right. It's so wrong that the sooner I get out of this room the better. This is too big, too big for me, I want Bill.

She found that she was listening for quiet footsteps in the hall. There seemed to be a little, small cold river down her spine. *The paper—put it back, shut the book, put it in the bag, put the bag under the bed—quickly!*

No. No, she thought. And she took a very deep breath and forced her icy hands to hold the paper. *Put it in your jacket pocket. Now take the book in your hand quietly, put back the knitting bag under the bed—and go. If it's so wrong, Candy Stewart, you can't walk away from it this way and just leave it.*

Yes I can. I have David to think about. And why isn't Bill here to help me?

Because you are here all alone. No one else has guessed, not even Amy Bunnell or Mrs. Wilmerding. "How do you know she isn't a spy," they said. But it was witch-hunting, it was war panic. It wasn't knowledge like this.

But I can't do this. She's my friend. Poor Marya Smith, alone in a strange country.

Poor Marya Smith, who let go Bill's hand so that he fell on the ice. And what had Bill said? Thoughts flew in a stream through her head: "United we stand, divided we fall."

She put the book carefully under her arm. And downstairs the grandfather clock in the hall chimed half past eleven. Marya Smith would be coming back, in a hurry to catch her train, to get her suitcase.

She can't go. I have to stop her. How? I can't let her suspect. I have to get to Mr. Loring at once.

Jill! It was no use pretending this was all a joke—not to Jill. And there wasn't time to explain, nor had Candy the right. She sat on the edge of Jill's bed.

"Jill," said Candy, "I want you to do something. It's the most important thing you ever did in your life. It's for—well, it's for the war. Can you do it?"

Jill nodded solemnly.

"I want you," said Candy slowly, "to pretend you have a tummy-ache. It has to be such a good tummy-ache that even—that even Miss Smith will believe it." She leaned over Jill. "You have to keep Miss Smith from catching that train! This is just as important as if a bomb fell onto the roof." She steeled herself to meet almost anything: fright, tears or stanch loyalty to Miss Smith. But she had forgotten that the young are both barbaric and unsurprised.

"Where will you be?" Jill asked.

"Talking to—someone," Candy told her. "And it won't be long. Just long enough to keep her from catching the train."

"Is Miss Smith ——"

ABOUT WOMEN

A woman never knows her worst fault until she quarrels with her best friend.
—ANON.

That woman is young that does not look a day older than she says she is.
—ANON.

Four ways to convey a secret to a woman: 1. Write. 2. Telephone. 3. Telegraph. 4. Tell another woman not to tell her.
—ANON.

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COLD OR HOT...
SPAM HITS THE SPOT!

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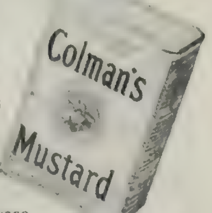
wife of the famous radio and screen star

BOB LOVES THE **EXTRA** FLAVOR **COLMAN'S** GIVES TO FOOD. HERE'S HIS FAVORITE DISH—

Savory Ham: Rub a paste of two tablespoons Colman's (dry) Mustard and two tablespoons water into both sides of a slice of tenderized ham about 1¼ inches thick (wt. about 2 lbs.). Place ham slice in shallow baking dish, cover with 1 cup milk and bake 45 minutes at 425° F. or until ham is tender and top is nicely browned.



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Kreml SHAMPOO
FOR SILKEN-SHEEN HAIR—EASIER TO ARRANGE
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONIC
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

"And you can't ask questions," Candy ordered fiercely. "You're the only person I have to help me. Now—quick—you've eaten too many hot dogs."

Jill gave her a long hard look. In it were brilliant intelligence and a wild sparkle of excitement. "Oh-h-h-h," said Jill, and wriggled down under the blankets. "Oh-h-h, dear, where are you, Miss Smith? I do feel awful. . . . Oh-h-h-h."

"Good! Wonderful!" Candy murmured. "Now listen for her. She'll be here any minute. And you might begin to feel sick."

Jill made a most convincing sound, and Candy slipped out the door and down the back stairs. She felt a little sick herself, and uncomfortably breathless. *This*, she told herself clearly, *is an adventure. And I don't like it.*

She paused at the foot of the stairs and listened. There was no sound, and she looked down in surprise at the book in her hand. It was shaking. *I'm so scared I feel dry inside.*

She went down the hall fast to Mr. Loring's study. Behind the door there were voices. If Miss Smith were there—but no, it was another man's voice. She lifted her hand to knock and the front door opened quietly. Candy stood frozen, her hand lifted. Marya Smith came in, shut the door softly and started for the stairs. *If she looks at me—if she sees me now*—but Miss Smith's eyes were intent and her lips a close thin line; for the first time she looked neither shy nor in the least timid.

And suddenly Candy was angry, furiously, blindly angry. She had defended Miss Smith, she had quarreled with her friends and made a fool of herself—and all the time Miss Smith had been doing this beastly thing behind her back.

Candy opened the study door, went in and shut it behind her. "I'm sorry, Mr. Loring, but I must see you—at once. Alone."

The other man in the room was Peter Amory. A business talk, no doubt.

"Oh, Candy, good evening." Mr. Loring stood up. "I'm very sorry, my dear; I wonder if we could make it some other time."

Candy was astonished at the steady authority in her own voice. "No, Mr. Loring, we couldn't. I've found something I think you'd better see."

Mr. Loring and Peter Amory glanced at each other, and then, surprisingly, it was Peter who spoke.

"What is it, Candy?" His eyes were very brilliant behind his round spectacles.

"I don't think ——" Candy began stiffly.

"Is it by any chance," said Peter Amory, almost casually, "about Marya Smith?"

"Yes," Candy said, and she sat down suddenly. "It's about—a book I found in her room, and some knitting directions. I don't understand ——" And she opened the book and unfolded the paper and passed them both, not to Mr. Loring, but to Peter.

HE LOOKED at them quickly, intently, and you could almost see his mind working like a perfect little machine. The only thing that moved in the room was a coal which dropped irrelevantly in the hot fireplace.

Peter Amory looked up. "O.K.," he said very quietly. "She's got it. This is the book the code is keyed to. We're all set."

Ellen had given David his six-o'clock bottle and made waffles; but her motives this Sunday morning sprang rather from awe, and the indescribable pleasure of knowing-for-a-fact-what-really-happened than from simple kindness or the gratifying behavior of her niece. It took some time to get her out of the room, and when she was gone Bill promptly got out of bed and put his arms around his wife.

"Darling, I adore you," he told her in a tone of deep sincerity. "You're wonderful. You're the most remarkable female I ever knew, including my mother."

TACT

At a dinner party the subject of eternal life and future punishment came up for a lengthy discussion, in which Mark Twain, who was present, took no part.

A lady near him turned suddenly toward him and exclaimed, "Why do you not say anything? I want your opinions."

Twain replied gravely, "Madam, you must excuse me; I am silent of necessity. I have friends in both places."

—MARK TWAIN: (Harper & Bros.)

Candy looked at him in astonishment. "I didn't think you'd *ever* say that."

Bill kissed her rather briskly and got back into bed—the floor was chilly. He looked dispassionately at the tray Ellen had presented to him. "I haven't had breakfast in bed since I busted my knee in 1930."

"Well, isn't it a cozy, civilized custom?"

"Just as cozy and civilized as sleeping on top of the dining-room table," Bill agreed. "Ellen has apparently decided that we're exhausted from counterespionage. Though why it should build up your strength to lie on pieces of buttered toast ——"

"Bill," said Candy suddenly, "there's just one thing that worries me."

"Mrs. Loring?" Bill inquired.

"No, no. She was marvelous, I thought—didn't you? No—it's Jill. She adored Miss Smith, you know."

"LISTEN," said Bill firmly. "Nobody—nobody in the world—is adjusted like an English child. I don't mean Jill is insensitive or dumb. But don't you realize, darling, she's got something better than an air raid to take back to England—she helped to catch a spy! And she noticed Sneider in the woods when Marya met him. Even though Mr. Loring had been suspicious of him in the plant for months, she helped identify him." He grinned suddenly. "Gosh, I wish I'd seen it! 'Oh, Miss Smith, I have such a tummy-ache—*please* don't leave me, Miss Smith!'—and the Smith frantic to get away, but afraid to leave Jill for fear of rousing our suspicions. That idea, Mrs. W. R. Stewart, was a nifty."

Candy turned crimson. "Oh, but, Bill, you don't know ——"

"What don't I know?"

"I—I might have been able to stop the whole thing. If I'd been nicer to Peter Amory—if I'd done what he asked and tried to make Marya Smith like him—he might have found all this out so much sooner. If only I'd *guessed* he was an FBI man ——"

"If you'd guessed it," Bill observed, "he wouldn't be an FBI man any more."

"And I thought Marya Smith was all right; I even thought Peter was crazy about her." A curious expression crept over her face; if Bill had not known her almost as well as himself, he would have said it was a look of crafty pleasure. He stared at her. "Bill," she said, "what was the name of the girl who did the figure skating after it was all over?"

"Toni Something. Wasn't she a honey?"

"Did you notice Peter Amory's face when he watched her? And did you know that he's coming back from New York today to see her?"

"He is, is he?" Bill asked carefully.

"I'm going to ask Amy," Candy said dreamily, "but I bet you, I just *bet* you ——"

"Listen!" said Bill, so suddenly that coffee leaped from Candy's cup. "You leave that poor guy alone! I thought you were the girl who didn't believe in gossip!"

"Well, my goodness!" Candy cried. "It isn't gossip if about sixty other people see it too! And anyway, I *like* Peter Amory."

"I suppose, my little spy catcher, it's because nothing ever happens to you. That's the way women are. It's their drama ——"

"Bill Stewart ——"

The telephone shrieked autocratically. Bill instantly got out of bed, put his tray on the floor, got in bed again and pulled the blankets up over his ears. As Candy reached for the telephone his voice came out of the cocoon, deeply tragic, as though from the bottom of a well:

"'*Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!'*
Were the last words of Marmion."

"Hello?" said Candy. "Oh, Amy, hello!" The Sunday papers slid to the floor with a dull thud.

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NO MAN IS PERFECT

(Continued from Page 27)

"Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays. You know that, ma."

"Get a substitute tomorrow. Please."

"Oh, ma, I'm fine. Don't let's start on that all over again."

"She's all right," her father said. "She looks like a rose under that rose, although a slightly anemic one."

"Why, pa!" Sally flushed, her anger at Bruce forgotten for the moment, but Ann, her kid sister, quickly revived it when she said where was this here guy she was *hoping* to go out with; and it didn't help matters when Estelle, as she was taking away the family's soup plates, asked if she shouldn't bring Miss Sally some hot soup too.

"What a good idea, Estelle," said Mrs. Strong. "Hot soup is so reviving." Sally was afraid she was about to blow up at her mother when, fortunately, the doorbell rang.

"Never mind, I'll go, Estelle," she said and walked slowly out into the hall and down it to open the door. There he stood in his uniform, grinning that shy, sweet, questioning grin. "Well, hi. Sooner or later. But come on in," Sally said.

"Am I late? Sorry. Oh, good, your family's here."

Sally's family loved Bruce. But they would be only one of at least a dozen families that loved him in just the same way. Dogs and children gravitated toward him. Maids brightened at the sight of him. Mothers practically swooned. Ann, who had secretly been waiting for this moment, wriggled like a puppy under his friendly cuff.

"Hello, big boy, how's the tennis?" Bruce asked her. "How's that backhand coming along; are you still fudging it?"

"It's improving, Bruce, honestly it is."

"Well, you might as well be telling the truth, because I'm going to take you on tomorrow."

"Oh, will you, *really?*"

Bruce had questions to ask both Mr. and Mrs. Strong. Their middle-aged faces, turning toward him, blossomed like flowers. It was fifteen minutes before he and Sally were out on the sidewalk alone together.

As evenings with Bruce were apt to, it turned out to be wild and silly beyond belief. They went to a little Greek restaurant where he knew the proprietor, the proprietor's wife and children, dog, cat and entire, complete history from the time his great-grandparents had first come to America. Bruce was welcomed in the none-too-clean kitchen with cries of joy. He was familiar with all the specialties of the house and asked after them with loving interest. Sally wasn't consulted once. She didn't want to be. She sat on a tall stool just watching and listening, feeling relaxed and happy and not the least bit tired any more.

Soon Mrs. Popodopolous, harassed by a number of patrons who had begun to complain about the slowness of the service, came rushing scoldingly in. It was only mock scolding, however—she was much too happy at having Bruce around again to be really cross—but Sally was firm: she insisted they go out to the dining room, where they belonged, and Bruce followed her. Pretty soon there would be two more Popodopolouses, he said. Mr. Popodopolous had just confided.

Sally said that was very touching of Mr. P., but she, too, could have confided that news. "In fact, I think there are going to be six more, if you ask me."

"She's never done that before."

"Well, after all, the law of averages."

Bruce laughed. He raised his glass. "Here's to them, then. And here's to—Us." By a small stammering pause he'd made the *U* in "us" a capital.

Sally drew in her breath. The moment had come. Sooner than she expected it, as a matter of fact. It would have been like him not to have mentioned this unfinished business that lay between them until the very end of the evening—this business that was both so frightening and sweet. She groped around for a perfect crack that would push

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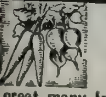

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it off and away for at least the time being, but the crack didn't come. Nothing came. Dumbly she raised her glass.

"What did you drink to?" he asked her.

"I wish us—each luck."

"Each. Oh. Well, I've already got part of mine—I've got my orders."

At first she thought she couldn't, but she did: she wrenched a fairly respectable smile to her lips. "Oh, wonderful, because I know that's what you want." She kept the smile there. Her look was steady as she raised her glass. "Here's especially how, then!"

This he acknowledged by an impatient flicker. "It's what I want because I want to fight." He leaned forward suddenly looking older. "And I don't need to tell you what would make me a super fighter. Do I?"

Mr. Popodopolous' wonderful specialty, fried in oleomargarine instead of butter, was brought in by bursting Mrs. Popodopolous, and though they both of them ate it down to the very last smitch, they neither of them tasted it. Round and round they went like flying squirrels in the same torture circles they'd been in before. Sally had seen so many girls at college who'd gotten married—she said—and then, when their husbands went off, had come back to finish: put on their little-girl socks and saddle shoes again looking so exactly the same until you saw their eyes.

"And I've said this before, Bruce, but really and truly, after a few months, although they still missed their husbands and worried over them terribly and all that, they just plain didn't feel married, that's all."

BLIND CHANCE

Mrs. Margaret Wilson, comptometer operator, blind since birth, stood on a busy street corner in Berkeley, California, recently, waiting for someone to help her across the intersection.

A man stepped up and asked, "May I go across with you?"

"I'd be very glad if you would," replied Mrs. Wilson.

Safely across the street, the man thanked her, but Mrs. Wilson wanted to thank the man. "You know," the man continued, "when one has been blind as many years as I have, it's a big favor to have someone help him across the street."

—THEY TELL A STORY:
Edited by Martha Lupton. (Maxwell Droke.)

"You've finished college," Bruce said firmly. "You won't be going back to that phony little world that makes a real one seem unreal."

Intent on her own thought, Sally brushed this aside. "People who marry now and separate may be entirely different after the war is over. Both husbands *and* wives."

"What way do you expect I'll change?"

Suddenly, to her own surprise, Sally burst out laughing. "I expect you'll keep on being the same kind of pain in the neck. Jeepers, when I think of you as a husband! Just because it was getting dark outside would never tell *you* that maybe it was time to come home for dinner."

He didn't smile. "Do you think, if we married, I'd ever stop loving you?"

His naked look hurt her. She had to say it, though. "Perhaps. I don't know. So many people are crazy about you, Bruce."

For a second he wavered, walked the prongs of his fork over the red-and-white tablecloth checks, then looked up, went grimly on: "Okay, tell me this: do we or do we not have a special kind of fun together?"

"I guess perhaps we do."

"When you are tired or low or lonely do you sometimes think of that?"

"Yes. Yes, often."

"All right, rat." He reached across and patted her arm. His touch was comforting. She'd had enough and he was letting her off now, it said. Now they could start having fun again.

They did, of course. Bruce could always make that happen; and ignoring an occasional jabbing pain, Sally gave herself up to

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TIME: AFTER THE WAR

PLOT: Anne, over her
drugstore lunch,
Jim, in his ship's wardroom,
re-read each other's letters.
Oceans apart, for a time
they are together,
living in the future.
They see the lovely living room
of their new home . . .
wedding-present lamp, old print.
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the relaxed, ridiculous relationship that, as he'd said, was particularly theirs. After they'd seen a late bum movie, left it in the middle and were sitting, four elbows companionably planted on a drugstore counter, Bruce asked her about the hospital. She told him then of the havoc wrought by his telephone call, described Mr. Seminole, whose bath had been interrupted, chattered on about some of the other patients she'd taken care of recently: the thin girl from the torpedo factory who was having fits because instead of operating on her immediately they were taking the time to give her blood transfusions.

"She's top girl or something and obsessed about making all the women under her wear hair nets. It seems she saw one scalped once." At Bruce's expression—"Yes, scalped," she repeated. "She lived, but will never grow another spear of hair."

Bruce grimaced, hunched his shoulders with horror.

"Exactly," Sally said. "Well, anyway, that's why my girl is so anxious to have her operation p.d.q. and get back—in order to be sure her hair-net rules are being enforced. Did you know it's actually true that when a torpedo made in a certain factory sinks a ship, it's broadcast over the loudspeakers? Fairly ——"

"Fairly what?"

Dramatic, isn't it? is what Sally had been about to say, but then she remembered what Bruce was going to do: rise from the deck of a carrier and go hunt the enemy. Alone. A speck in that sky. A speck over that sea. She remembered tales of how they had had to send boys off in some battles without enough gas to get back to their carrier with. Those boys had been —— But not even to herself would she say that newly coined war word. Not now.

"Listen, my friend"—Sally was being F.D.R.; not very funny, but grab hold of anything mocking or light—"pretty soon I should be going."

"Why? Are you tired?" Bruce was unconvinced.

"Not too. But I have to be at the hospital at eight."

"Not tomorrow."

"Tomorrow's my day."

"But it's my only day of leave."

"I'm sorry, Bruce."

He didn't argue with her. He just looked older again. Paid the check, held open the heavy-glass drugstore door. In silence they walked over to his car. They were driving along, still not speaking, when two small boys flagged them. Bruce slowed up, stopped.

"Take us home, sir?"

"Depends a little on where you live."

THEY told him and Bruce said to climb in. Was two in the morning their usual bed hour, he asked as they were moving again. They said naw.

One of them said, "Boy, if *she* hears us. We got a key, though."

"Is she your mother?"

"Naw." Their anxiety and fright were evident.

Sally peered back at them. They looked very small. "Well, perhaps it will be worth it," she suggested. "Perhaps you've had a good time."

"We been working in a bowling alley," the smaller one said. "We gotta earn money. . . . It's to the right here, sir."

Bruce let the boys off in front of a small frame house and lingered while they struggled with their key. Soon he got out of the car and walked over to join them and try the key himself.

In a minute he returned. "No go, it's bolted," he said in a whisper. "They think their sister-in-law did it on purpose. There's a kitchen window, though. They're sure that's unlocked and that they can make it if I boost them up. Want to come see the fun?"

Of course she did. The little boys had already scooted like bugs toward the back of the house. Sally and Bruce found them there. *She* slept like a horse, they said, so no need to worry about that part if only they could get in. Bruce bent over, inviting the smaller boy to mount. He did. Bruce grasped his bare legs, invited him to ascend to his slowly straightening shoulders.

IT WAS all so tense that Sally found herself shaking with giggles in the dark—awful, unstoppable little-girl giggles. She put her hand over her mouth. The suspense would have been unbearable if it had lasted any length of time, but it didn't. By the little boy's rising arms Sally could see the window was opening.

Then he crawled in. In silence they waited for him to open the kitchen door. At last, in the darkness, they could see it yawning wide. His whisper was hoarse: "Okay, come on in."

It took a minute for Sally to realize they were being invited to enter. Before she could think how to deal with this turn of events, Bruce had accepted. The kitchen, revealed when the lights were switched on, was spotlessly, meticulously tidy and clean. Sally could see that the sister-in-law would not be one to enjoy having things messed up. Eagerly hospitable, the larger small boy hustled out bottles of pop—and just like that, it was a party.

An hour later, when they once more set forth in the direction of Sally's home, they had the little boys' problems to discuss. Sally felt they were much too young to have to escape from a bondage by secretly working in bowling alleys when they should have been in bed and asleep.

"They'll get sick," she said.

"They may get tough instead," Bruce said. "Orphans are apt to. They're doing what they feel they have to do."

More of this took them up to Sally's house. They got out of the car, walked up the front steps. Sally handed Bruce her key.

In the front hall he said, "Well, good-by."

"Bruce, you know very well it's not that I don't want to be with you every minute."

"What are you doing there? Crying?"

"Yes." Her head lunged to his shoulder.

He stood there rigid in the dark. After a minute's silence, "Too bad, rat," he said. "It's tough. There's a cure, though."

She raised her head. "How can you say it's a cure," she said fiercely, backing off from him, "when you're going right away?"

"Probably not for a month or so. You could come with me while I wait."

"Get so I couldn't bear to be apart from you and then ——"

"You would have been with me. Not that I think *that's* any great shakes, understand. But I would have been—with you."

"Bruce, will you please go?"

"All right."

Her insides were shredded with the word *darling* that tore through them like a bullet. *Darling. Good-by. Good-by, darling.* When he'd left she went straight up to her room and set her alarm clock for six-thirty.

Three hours later she was grateful that her mother had not been awakened by its ringing and come tiptoeing in with her face all screwed up with worry and concern, saying it was ridiculous and wrong for her to go to the hospital when she was this tired. Why not take the day off for golf at the country club?

At least I'm not having to cope with mother, Sally thought.

Faithful Estelle had left the vacuum of hot coffee on the dining-room table, the two slices of bread beside the toaster, the jar of

---

MEAT STAMP

The family had a dinner guest. All were seated at the table. Not the least important member of the family of home folks was Johnny, a talkative young lad of five years.

"Pa, this is roast beef," observed the youngster as the evening meal was being served.

"So it is," answered the father abruptly. "What of it?"

"Why, pa, you said today at noon that you were going to bring an old muttonhead home with you for supper!"

—E. V. WHITE:
Let's Laugh. (E. V. White, Publisher.)

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peanut butter. In the icebox Sally knew she would find orange juice.

While she was waiting for the bread to toast she explored the deep pockets of her blue uniform to be sure she had everything she needed: watch with second hand, small pad and pencil, bandage scissors, bobby pins for fastening on her cap after she got to the hospital, lipstick. Yes, everything was under control. *Except my heart,* Sally said to herself just as the toast popped abruptly up and made her jump.

As soon as she was out on the sidewalk she knew it was going to be an unseasonably warm day—one of those really terrific ones that always come along in early October. They'd had the steam heat on in the hospital yesterday, so it was probably still going great guns. Her surmise was correct; as she walked in the front door a horrible dry stuffiness hit her in the face.

"Where do you want me to go this morning, Mrs. Roberts?"

Mrs. Roberts' starchy white shoulders bent over a notebook in which she kept the schedules. "Well, let's see. They're terribly rushed on third. Third."

Not that she cared much where she worked this morning, the point being just to keep wildly busy, but third was not Sally's favorite floor. Young mothers, she'd found, were all very much the same. Too many mothers had husbands away. A few of them—and there would be more, alas—gave birth to fatherless babies. All this made the third floor nervous, touchy and demanding.

ON HER way up to it Sally reminded herself of the three patients on other floors she wanted to drop in and see before she left that evening: Mr. Seminole—nice if he'd been allowed to go home, though; her torpedo-factory girl and a nice guy in a private room who had been writhing with impatience when she'd bathed him a while back because his hernia wound had become infected, which would delay his return to his job at a big airfield for at least two weeks.

"Oh, how cheerful," Miss Holt, in charge of Maternity, said as Sally approached the desk. "I'd like to have you start the baths in 301, but first take the light in 318, will you, please?"

In Room 318 two girls were companionably in labor together, moaning and hanging on to their beds as the pains got bad. At the moment Sally entered they could neither of them have spoken to say what they wanted, so she walked over to the window, flung it open, bent down to see if anything could be done about turning off the radiator. Nothing could. The girl next the window got through her pain first. Her bed was in a shambles. She wanted that changed, and a glass of ice water, please. Sally took the pitcher, went to get a fresh sheet. When she returned, the window girl was in the middle of another pain.

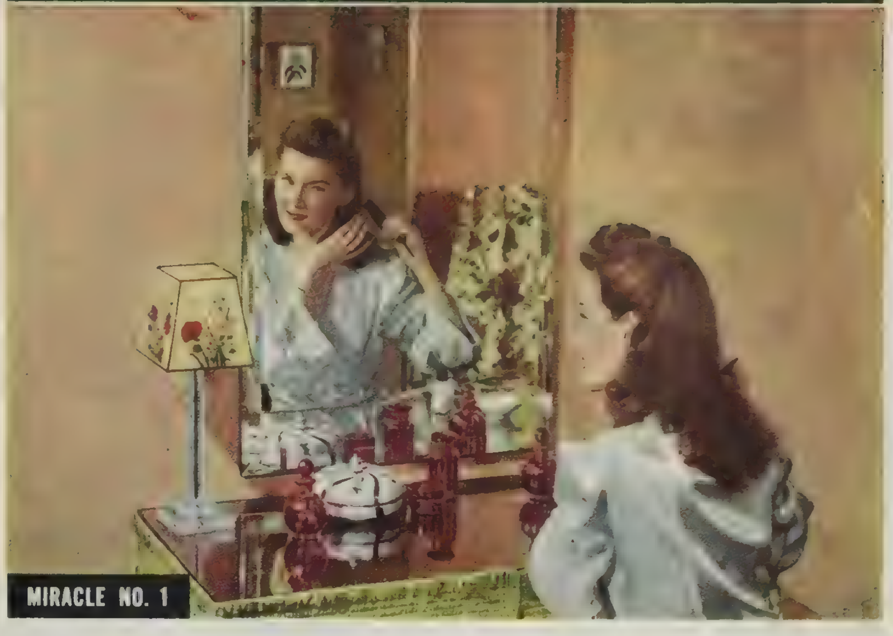
Twice Sally had to stop and wait while changing the sheet. During one wait she got out a washrag, wet it with cold water, wiped the sweat off that poor contorted little face. *She's younger than I am,* Sally thought. And pretty! At least when that particular pain was over and she smiled up at Sally, she was.

"I didn't make any noise for six hours," she whispered, "but I can't help it now."

"I wish you'd scream bloody murder," Sally said. "I know I would." *Poor kid, with her man probably not around. Imagine having to go through this alone. I'll have none of it, not any part* ——

Throughout the morning she was kept so busy that she really couldn't settle down to brooding over Bruce. She got through four baths before the ten-o'clock feeding hour, which was pretty good. When small wadded bundles began being brought around and dropped on each bed, she had to lay off for half an hour, but there were all the water pitchers to fill with fresh water, and the flowers to fix. Once or twice her attention was caught by an adoring or amused look on a mother's bending-over face, and she was tempted to walk over and peer at the object of the look, but she didn't. Quite a while

How to make magic with mirrors


MIRACLE NO. 1

Take an ordinary vanity table. Give it a skirt of gay material. Hang an unframed Plate Glass mirror on the wall. And add a vanity top of plate glass, either mirrored or transparent. Now stand off and take a look. Magic? You'll love it.

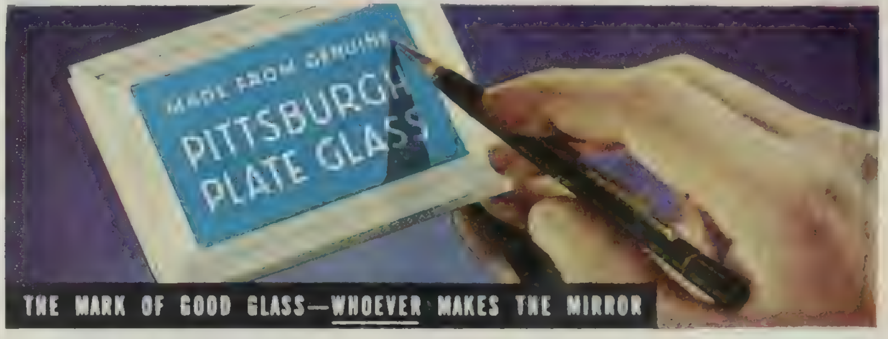
MIRACLE NO. 2

How to please *any* woman . . . 16 or 60. A full-length Plate Glass door mirror in which to check her appearance from head to toe. Furnished in sizes to fit any door. Can be installed by anyone in a few minutes.

MIRACLE NO. 3

The problem of large, empty expanses of wall space. First, cheer up the walls with Pittsburgh Live Paint. Then hang three unframed Plate Glass mirrors on the wall like this. They break up the dull expanse, add light and charm.

You can get these items at your favorite department or furniture store.



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The majority of mirror manufacturers use Pittsburgh Plate Glass because of its beauty and accurate reflections. So the Pittsburgh Label on a mirror or top is your assurance of good plate glass, no matter who makes the product. Remember, if you want the best, be sure your mirror or top is made of *plate glass.*

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EXTRA SUDS!"

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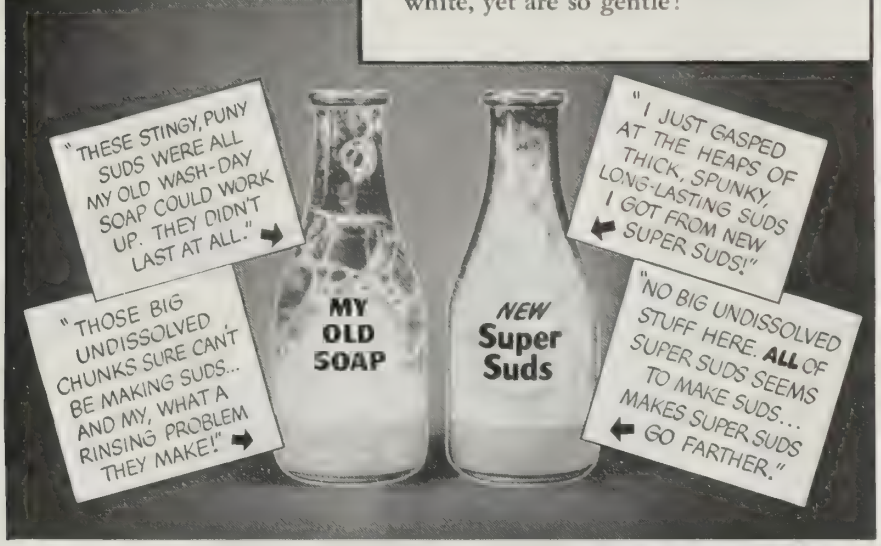
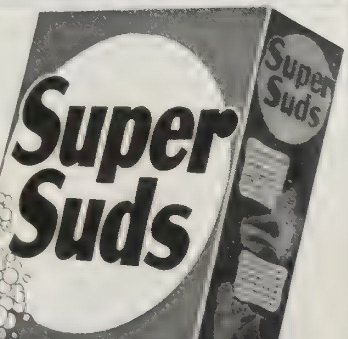
"LIKE most youngsters, Jeff, Johnny, and Jane love to 'lick out' the cake bowl. Of course, they get devil's food dough all over themselves. It's enough to make a mother thank her stars for new, sudsier Super Suds' EXTRA SUDS. ALL THOSE SPUNKY SUDS end lots of the rubbing that used to make washing children's clothes such a back-breaking chore. Super Suds' EXTRA SUDS are the greatest work savers I've found since keeping house. It's a miracle how they get things so white, yet are so gentle!"


"THESE STINGY, PUNY SUDS WERE ALL MY OLD WASH-DAY SOAP COULD WORK UP. THEY DIDN'T LAST AT ALL."
"THOSE BIG UNDISSOLVED CHUNKS SURE CAN'T BE MAKING SUDS... AND MY, WHAT A RINSING PROBLEM THEY MAKE!"
MY OLD SOAP
NEW Super Suds
"I JUST GASPED AT THE HEAPS OF THICK, SPUNKY, LONG-LASTING SUDS I GOT FROM NEW SUPER SUDS!"
"NO BIG UNDISSOLVED STUFF HERE. ALL OF SUPER SUDS SEEMS TO MAKE SUDS... MAKES SUPER SUDS GO FARTHER."

MAKE THE EASY "MILK-BOTTLE SUDS TEST"

Shake up a teaspoon of your old wash-day soap and a glass of water—even hard or cool water—in a milk-bottle. Then do the same with new, sudsier Super Suds in another milk-bottle. See if you don't get *more suds, longer-lasting suds,* from Super Suds.



FLOODS O' SUDS FOR DISHES AND DUDS

DON'T WASTE SOAP! Vital materials needed to win the war are used in making soap

back she'd made up her mind that there was no point in letting yourself get silly over babies—that was so *obviously* one of Nature's more obvious tricks.

Boy, work is a marvelous dope, she thought. *Just as good as any of those names you read on bottles when cleaning up the drug cabinet. I'll come six days a week from now on.*

When the baby-nursing business was over, Sally got in two more baths before lunchtime. When she came up from the dining room Miss Holt asked her to go in and sit with Mrs. Eddy in 320.

"She's so noisy we had to move her out of the ward. Let her talk all she wants to, though," Miss Holt said.

Sally would have liked to find out more, but Miss Holt was too busy to ask, so she went on in.

There was nothing frail about Mrs. Eddy in 320. Even under the bedclothes you could tell she wasn't fat, though—just big all over. She had long legs, curly hair, bright blue eyes. Her bed jacket was blue too.

"Faith will remove mountains," she said to Sally, as though she'd been lying there waiting to tell her about faith. "You believe that, don't you?"

"Of course," Sally said.

"I *will* have faith," Mrs. Eddy went on. "I *will* have faith. I should have before Jim left."

"Well, as long as you have it now," Sally said.

She wished she knew whether Mrs. Eddy had a well and living baby, because then she could switch to that engrossing and always pleasurable topic. Just when she was wondering whether to take a chance, in came a nurse with a blood-pressure gadget.

PROGENY

The small son of a certain university professor, whose parents are deservedly popular for their tact and courteous speech, appeared at the home of a fellow professor and hesitatingly asked Mrs. X if he might look at the parlor rug. Permission was, of course, granted, and Mrs. X felt some surprise to see the little fellow stoop over the rug and stare silently for some half minute. He straightened himself up and, meeting her wondering expression, said triumphantly:

"It doesn't make *me* sick!"

—WILLIAM PATTEN: Among the Humorists (P. F. Collier & Son.)

During the hour that Sally sat with Mrs. Eddy, her blood pressure was taken four times. (*So that's what's making her so odd and wild!*) In between these sessions, her story came out: Jim Eddy didn't love her. He'd married her because he wanted something certain to come back to. And the girl he really loved wouldn't have him.

Mrs. Eddy said, "But if I have faith, if I have faith ——"

"He's going to be awfully glad to see you when he gets back," Sally said.

Mrs. Eddy flung up in bed, her blue eyes glistening. (*Gosh, the darn thing must be going up in leaps and bounds. How high can a blood pressure get and not be fatal?*)

"Terribly glad," Sally repeated, scared.

"Yes, and when he gets back he'll have his own home," cried Mrs. Eddy, smiling. Her smile went with her glistening eyes. "While I was having Rosemary I couldn't manage—I had to stay with my people, see? The doctor wanted me to." Her frantic blue look begged Sally to see how it had had to be. She was talking so fast and loud now that it was awfully hard to follow her. "But when I get out of here I'll manage. My mother will take the baby while I work. I can get big money these days, and you can buy a little house by paying down just a little at a time, I'll have it all ready—bedroom, living room and kitchen. All furnished and waiting. There'll be white curtains trimmed with rickrack in the kitchen windows where he'll sit and watch me cook. Listen, won't that surely make me his girl?"

HOT!
SPAM
BARBECUE
Slice browned whole Spam... flood with hot spicy barbecue sauce. Baked potato, vegetables
SPAM

COLD OR HOT...
SPAM HITS THE SPOT!

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Give a Canary

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She'll be delighted with one of these little songsters. So perky and cheerful, a canary is truly the living gift that keeps on giving . . . keeps on singing to brighten her hours. So, this Mother's Day, give her a canary, the only pet that sings.

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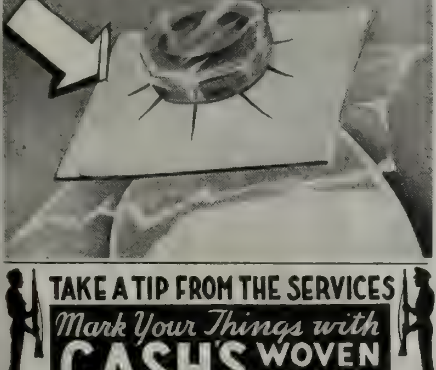

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"You're his girl now. You had his baby. How much did she weigh when she was born? Does she look like him?"

Slowly the fanatical look faded from Mrs. Eddy's pale face. Her smile changed to a sort of wondering sweetness. "Ten pounds," she said proudly. "And boy, did she hurt! She has Jim's nose, but no freckles yet. If you'll open that top bureau drawer I'll show you some snapshots."

But just then Miss Holt came in and asked Sally please to go deal with a couple of lights down the hall.

In a daze Sally did. Somehow she must have contrived to get bedpans properly adjusted, since there were no disasters, but this could only be attributed to a loving Providence, because various unrelated episodes had suddenly all added up to something in her mind.

If I were ill, Sally thought, *it wouldn't be the least bit important when I got well as long as I did eventually, but all these other people—the airplane man, the torpedo girl, old Mr. Seminole and now Mrs. Eddy—they're all so deep in living, so deep in waging life that an interruption is sheer torture to them. And look at me; I'm almost twenty-three. Wouldn't even a hazardous start be better than none at all? And anyway, loving, although it may hurt, never really hurt anybody, did it?*

And then, besides everything else—no, perhaps above and beyond everything else—there was Mrs. Eddy's faith; mightn't a shot of that bring Bruce home in time for dinner just once in a while?

But after Sally's brief moment of exalted conviction, the screws were turned on. Down and down they twisted. Ouch.

Because what had she said to Bruce last night? She'd said that she wouldn't take the chance, it wasn't worth it. She'd told him he wasn't capable of a long and steady love.

Okay; supposing, like Jim Eddy, Bruce wanted to be sure of a home of his own before he left? Okay, then there'd be Bunny Coleman, who was bursting to give him one. Oh, any number! And all their families waiting with outstretched arms.

Where has he been all day? Not seeing herself at all, Sally stood in front of a mirror taking the bobby pins out of her Red Cross cap. *Where is he now?*

The only thought she had in the world was to get home. She ran all the way. Kept her finger on the bell, hoping to get Estelle to hurry, but it was Bruce who opened the door for her. He was in tennis clothes with a racket in his hand.

"Yours; I hope you don't mind," he said, grinning and holding it out. "Ann and I have been having a terrific session."

"Put that thing down, Bruce Baldwin," Sally said. "You're going to need both arms."

FOR THE AMERICAN HOME

(Continued from Page 6)

Medical costs for the middle-class family are out of all proportion to ability to pay. And in the cultural field, mothers continually protest against radio programs, tabloid newspapers and movies playing up every variety of sexual, neurotic and criminal sensationalism, but they have not yet been able to find means of making their protests effective.

A falling birth rate, great family insecurity and an appalling juvenile delinquency even in peacetimes in the world's richest democracy is not a good record for nearly a generation of political equality for women.

It would seem to me that if organized women put their minds on the single subject of devising a consistent all-around program for encouraging larger families and contributing to their security, they could do more for America than by any other activities. For the home is the basic social unit of all societies, and children the most important national product.

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A whole fresh batch of famous Tussy lipsticks has arrived at smart cosmetic counters everywhere! Smooth-textured and softening as ever . . . indelible as a girl could wish! Choose from the many rich, fashion-right shades, including *Jeep Red;* bold, deep *Fighting Red;* healthy-bright *Miss America.* $1 each, plus tax.

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A BOY . . . A WATER WHEEL . . . AND A DREAM !

IT WORKED! Perhaps no youngster had ever seen a more beautiful sight . . .

Over a little dam spilled the water of the country ditch. The homemade water wheel began to turn on its rake-handle shaft. Faster and faster it went. Next step was to connect it to an old coffee mill inside the woodshed.

Pebbles were poured into the churning mill. They sparked and crackled like a Fourth of July display, grinding noisily into sand to be used later for a casting mold.

Here in this water wheel was the first moving device ever created by Henry Ford!

Meantime, somewhere inside his inquiring mind, a dream was struggling to shape itself. A dream of other wheels that would one day turn to lighten the burdens of farm and industry . . . to change the transportation habits of the nation.

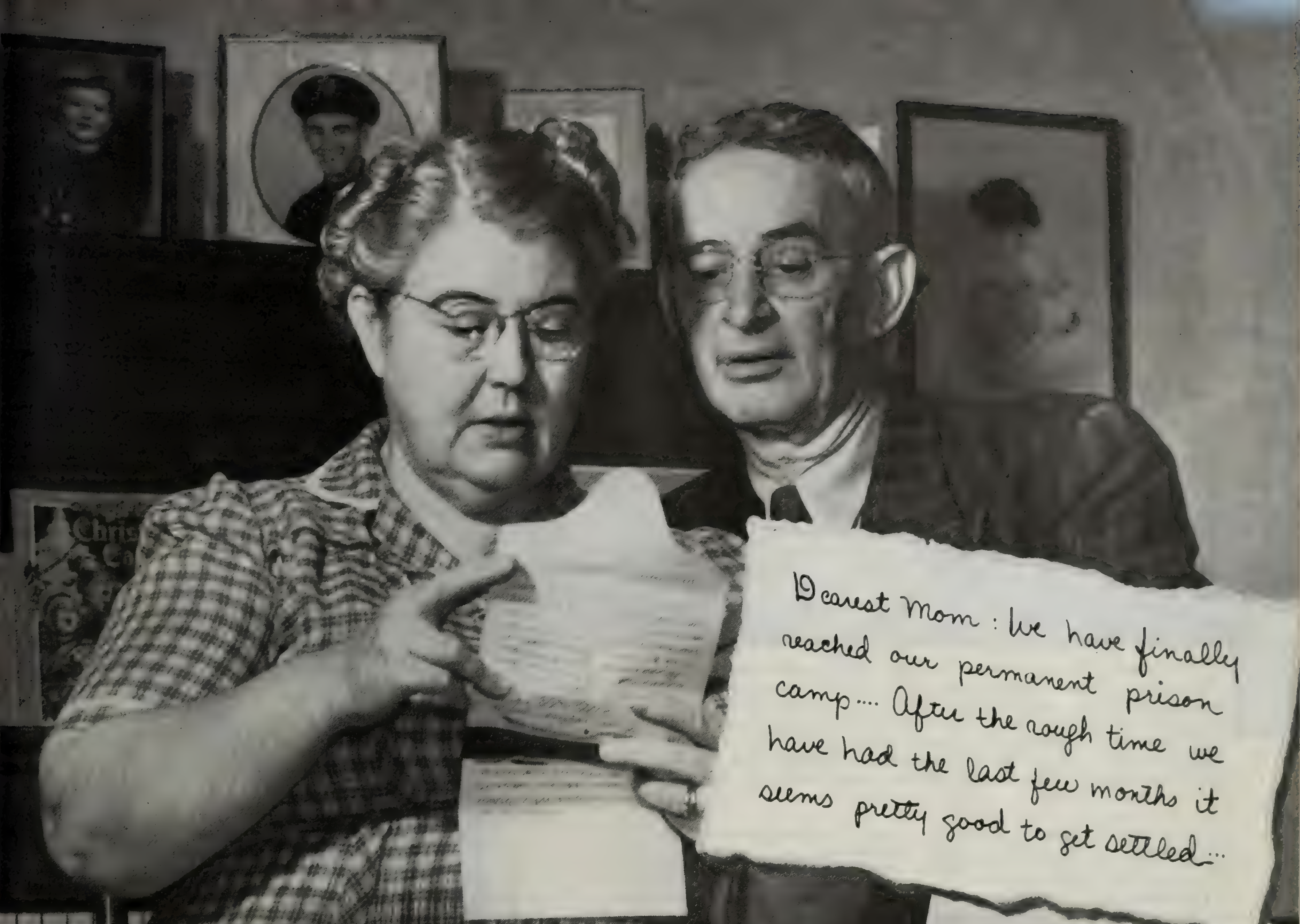
Down through the years, from water wheels to watches, to steam engines, to gasoline engines, Henry Ford's lively interest in wheels progressed. And the rest is history—the history of America's great automobile industry.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

From that day in May, 1895, when the first Ford car was wheeled into Bagley Avenue, Detroit, more than 30,000,000 Ford-built cars and trucks have been produced.

Yet the thought and spirit that prompted that long-ago experiment with the water wheel have never changed at Ford Motor Company. There is still the same ingenuity that is not afraid to be original . . . the same wanting-to-find-out-for-oneself that always makes for progress.

Today, this philosophy and the skills developed through more than 40 years of experience are being applied to America's vital needs. From this will arise new techniques to serve the nation even better when Ford resumes the production of sturdy, comfortable transportation, priced within the reach of the greatest number. As Henry Ford has said: "Our times are primitive. True progress is yet to come."



Dearest Mom: We have finally reached our permanent prison camp.... After the rough time we have had the last few months it seems pretty good to get settled...

MEET TWO BELOVED TEACHERS

PHOTOGRAPH BY MUNKACSI

"I never dreamed I'd see the day I'd rejoice to hear my son was a prisoner of war, but for anguished weeks when he was missing, we thought we'd lost him."

MR. AND MRS. NORVAL FAULDS, OF CLEARWATER, FLORIDA

THE rest of the flight saw that particular bomber stricken with engine trouble and landing as best it could in the sea, a few miles off the Italian coast. Rescue craft could find neither plane nor crew. So a car left Clearwater, Florida, bearing bad news. Fourteen miles out it twisted off pavement into a rutty sand road among oaks and pines and pulled up at the summer camp of Mr. and Mrs. Norval Merritt Faulds, on Lake Butler. Mrs. Faulds, who was washing dishes, dried her hands pretty steadily and read the telegram:

I REGRET TO INFORM YOU REPORT RECEIVED STATES YOUR SON SECOND LIEUTENANT VINCENT FAULDS MISSING IN ACTION IN ITALY SINCE TWENTY JULY IF FURTHER DETAILS OR OTHER INFORMATION ON HIS STATUS ARE RECEIVED YOU WILL BE PROMPTLY NOTIFIED ULIO ADJUTANT GENERAL

"We tried to tell ourselves half the cases reported missing turn up safe as prisoners," says Vincent's slow-spoken but highly articulate father, "but two or three local boys had already been lucky that way and we figured maybe the percentages had run out."

They hadn't. Presently came Red Cross word that Vince was in an Italian prison camp and well enough to be pitching softball as camp athletic director. Last holidays came post cards and letters to "Dearest mom" indicating he had been transferred to a German camp.

9.5% of American families have incomes of $5000 or more a year.

Son Vincent, 25, a bomber pilot, bailed out over Italy last summer. He is at a German prison camp, Stalag Luft III.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MUNKACSI

"I've raised 6 children of my own, and taught half the young marrieds of Clearwater how to cook." Plump, peppy Almira Faulds (on couch) went back to teaching Home Ec when her kids needed college funds. Husband Norval (on his knees with grandchild) is a mechanical engineer, inventor. He migrated to Florida from Oklahoma in a boxcar, along with his horses, chickens and calf. He wanted to be a farmer, became principal of Clearwater High School instead. Everyone, including thousands of teen-agers, fondly calls him "Professor."

He wanted a pair of pants, a shirt, some warm underwear, a Boy Scout knife, dried eggs and dried fruit—"Signing off now, hope all of you are O.K. Love, Vincent."

The Germans have a nice youngster on their hands there, all curly-headed six feet of him. He should be a nice youngster. He was raised by experts.

You can see the expertness still working on the Faulds grandchildren. When Richie Meath, eldest grandson, is sprawled on the floor looking at pictures and granddaddy's attention is called, down he goes on the floor alongside with no thought of whatever dignity appertains to being principal of Clearwater Junior High School. At bedtime for Kathleen, Richie's three-year-old sister, granddaddy beamingly carries her up and tucks her in as he always used to do with his own brood. Almira Faulds, ample and sweet-faced grandma in the picture, has taught school fifteen years. Her husband has taught twenty-one. Thousands of youngsters have passed through their hands and, youngsterlike, have been contrary, flighty, simultaneously too big for their breeches and too heedless for their years. Yet neither has a trace of sourness toward the young of the species, rather an immense loyalty.

"In all my teaching experience, I've never known a real case of juvenile delinquency," Professor Faulds says, "but I knew a lot of delinquent parents. That's where the trouble is. Give a normal youngster responsibility and useful work and you seldom get a problem child."

He speaks as both successful teacher and successful father of six, now ranging from seventeen to thirty and all turning out well. Melisse, eldest and mother of two, early married a man who is now chief of personnel at a Mobile war plant. Morris, chemist for a phosphate mine in Northern Florida, has a pretty wife and a vivacious little daughter who, whenever turned loose in the Faulds' huge living room, heads straight for grandma. Jeanette's husband teaches in an Army weather school in Illinois and is father of a fourth grandchild. When his bad luck came, Vincent was due for a step in rank, his C. O. wrote, and had just been made a flight leader; before joining the Air Corps, he was doing well teaching manual arts at Cedar Keys, Florida. Young Ruth is a sedate senior at Florida State College for Women, and young Stanley, University of Florida freshman who has always been plane-crazy, is already sworn into the Air Corps and probably gets into uniform this spring.

Busyness and skill made up the background they were reared in. As a boy, Norval Faulds worked in his father's sheet-metal shop in Enid, Oklahoma, and picked up watch repairing from a local jeweler. Oklahoma A. & M. made him a graduate electrical engineer in 1910, and two years with General Electric in Schenectady made it stick. Skills in cabinetmaking and all-round machining soaked in through his skin, along with a hankering to invent things. Whenever the household needs anything, from pressure cooker to tea wagon, pop makes it himself in the manual-arts shop at the high school. If no good design is readily available, he rolls his own.

THE Faulds' gaunt old farmhouse in the middle of their own twenty-six acres of citrus needed remodeling. Pop and the boys did it and won a state remodeling award. The family wanted a summer camp on their lake lot. Pop and the boys planned and built it from scratch, plus the landing pier, plus the canvas boats, plus the diving float on barrels that is shoved out to deep water by an outboard motor, plus the outdoor cooking layout, plus the miraculous gadget that roasts hot dogs on an endless chain of spits.

Pruning, cultivating, spraying the citrus grove meant plenty more healthy and comradely education, always with pop inculcating

"We thought Melisse might be a career woman, with such a high I.Q. But she married at 18, proving she was smarter than we thought!" Here their eldest daughter and kids blow in from Mobile.

PHOTO BY GEORGE TRABANT

"Children should be taught to meet the problems of life and to earn a living." The Prof doesn't see why 90% of school work should be slanted toward college, when only 10% of our kids get there. His high-school pupils built a model house, complete with plumbing and wiring, which is now being lived in.

PHOTO BY GEORGE TRABANT

"Some mothers have the strange idea that if their daughters don't know how, they'll never have to do housework," protests Almira. She wants high-school courses for brides, but adds, "Girls need practice at home too." Mrs. Faulds runs her own ten-room house after school hours, without a maid.

A great man for gadgets, the Prof has invented a picnic spit (above) that roasts 20 wienies at a time. He also built Almira's pressure cooker. Most profitable brain storm so far: A citrus juicer that netted him $25,000. The Faulds run a 26-acre orange, grapefruit grove on the side. Last year netted nothing.

"The things I want most," wrote Vincent from prison camp, "are pants, shirts, socks, underwear, and all the cigarettes possible." Here his Dad, Ruth and Stan (both home from college) pack Vincent an 11-pound parcel, which next-of-kin can send prisoners every 60 days. Red Cross specifies the size.

Daughter Jeanette, 23, has traipsed around to three states, four Army posts, after her husband, S/Sgt. Carl Phillips. The Faulds first saw their fourth grandchild, Vincent (above), when he was five months old. Carl is now an instructor at Army weather school at Chanute Field, Ill.

co-operation and skill as naturally as breathing air. The local citrus-grove co-operative does most of the work on the grove these days, but there are plenty of odd chores for Saturdays. And any of the boys who are around—on vacations, for instance—still automatically pitch in.

It was the same story with the three girls. Since Almira is the kind of cook whose cakes people clamor for at church suppers—or maybe her chicken pie or her Key West style hush-puppies are best known—they became natural good cooks. Turned out to be good dressmakers, too, their mother reports shrewdly, on reaching the age where skill with a needle meant more and prettier clothes for themselves.

No Faulds ever had a chance to be bored. Ever since 1922, when Clearwater persuaded him to teach manual arts, the professor has taught full time, run his citrus business and been absorbed besides in mechanical gadgets. His big-scale orange juicer, now used in many Florida canning plants, brought him only $25,000 in a deal that he is still sore about, but he hopes to get his own back with a small counter-size juicer that he still controls. Night after night Almira has waked to hear her husband muttering and shuffling about the room when a specially knotty gadget problem kept him from sleeping.

As Melisse reached seventeen and college for six was in view, Almira decided "it was time mamma went back to earning some money." Norval's mother, then living with them, took over looking after the youngsters, Almira dusted off her certificate—she taught two years in Oklahoma while Norval was East—and went to teaching household economics at the same school. Until the doctor recently ordered her to slow down, she was also chairman of the Upper Pinellas County Red Cross and taught canteen and home-nutrition courses to the tune of 180 hours a year, besides running the house with just a laundress in two days a week. That's the way it goes.

Then she and Norval are both active at the local Presbyterian church, he as a deacon and Sunday-school teacher, she in the Businesswomen's Circle. Kids growing up with such parents could feel, even in pop's queer springy walk and mom's guileless and yet knowing competence, that things would make sense if you kept busy doing things the best way you knew.

Naturally there were hitches. Almira still chuckles when recalling how Norval had to tell fifteen-year-old Melisse she couldn't go to a dance with a youngster of whom he disapproved. Dissolving into bitter tears, she sobbed out, "All right, if you find yourself with an old maid on your hands, it'll be your own fault!" Mom undoubtedly chuckled at the time too—parental pompousness fosters no strains in the Faulds household. Things were always spontaneous, even punishments. As a small boy young Vincent, now queerly behind Nazi bars in Saxony, was a terror on clean clothes. When he got mixed up with a greasy machine while wearing his Sunday best, pop told him briskly he didn't deserve clean clothes, stripped him and dressed him for the rest of the day in a burlap sack with holes cut in the top. The boy (a) cried his eyes out and (b) was markedly careful from then on.

As CRUSADER for vocational education, pop believes in handling pupils just as Almira and he handled offspring. He insists on keeping his hand in at teaching, though the principal's job is exacting in itself. A few years ago his boys at school designed and built the cafeteria building and took a county-fair prize with a small demountable model house, complete to lighting and plumbing—the job cannily financed by selling chances on the house itself.

The Faulds' first appearance in Florida was characteristically informal. Bored with the sheet-metal trade in Oklahoma, Norval proposed farming a piece of Florida land that his father owned. Almira was nothing loath—she had already cheerfully given up her teaching job to marry him when he was newly home from the East and jobless. She and Norval's mother and the two current babies came down by train. Norval made the trip—twelve days in freezing weather—squiring a freight car containing their household belongings, a team of horses, a new calf and a bunch of chickens. For twenty-four-hour stretches, when the car was being shunted round in yards, he couldn't get the hospitality of the caboose either. As native Floridians saw him emerge at the end of the trip, they unanimously asked, "What'd ya come here for? Ain't there good land in Oklahoma? Ever farm before? What? No?" and walked away, making no bones of their opinion of Yankee sanity.

The house on the property was chiefly distinguished by a large charred hole in the living-room floor where tramps had built a fire. The land was uncleared. Norval spat on his hands and cleared enough for a crop of cucumbers that netted $2000 the first season. But the place was way out in the bushes and the kids needed some town advantages, so he made a swap with a relative that brought him the present citrus grove and house only a few miles from the conservative and prosperous gulf resort of Clearwater.

This change in plan bothered nobody. Both were geared in the classic American tradition of use common sense and try anything. Almira's father, for instance, did nicely with schoolteaching, banking, real estate, farming and storekeeping more or less simultaneously combined as a career. In spite of the local gloom, they have never had a moment of either personal or economic regret about having left home. The citrus grove has hardly broken even for several years now—this season may break the trend

(Continued on Page 163)

On Lake Butler, where the Prof and his sons built a summer camp, the Faulds paddle their own kayak (also built by Mr. F.). He could earn $80–$90 weekly in a war plant, but would rather teach kids his mechanical skills at $2600 yearly.

Pistol packin' mammas are Almira (right) and her roommate at an Oklahoma A. & M. masquerade back in 1907, when she'd just met Norval.

IC LIBRARY

Want a job? Watch your step

Ruth Faulds will work in a laboratory after graduation.

By Louise Paine Benjamin

Beauty Editor of the Journal

THERE are *too many jobs* waiting for sweet girl graduates this June. On every side eager fingers beckon to this new crop of available womanpower. In the classified columns of a big-town newspaper on a recent Sunday, there were over two thousand offers of positions for young women, not counting bids for domestic help. All of this large-scale commercial wooing is apart from the patriotic appeals from uniformed services, farm labor groups, or war plants.

Young feet need have no fear of weary tramping of the streets these days in search of an honest wage and a worthy job.

It takes an extraordinary amount of judgment on a girl's part to know what to do. If you have been thoroughly and expensively trained in college or professional school, it is disturbing to see young women, equipped only with high-school education, or less, jumping easily into situations paying twice the money you could normally hope to earn in five years' time. The whole situation is particularly disturbing if your warm heart and patriotic spirit make you realize that your first duty is to see if you cannot be of value to your country in uniform.

There is pressing need of increasing numbers of healthy, intelligent young women in all of the services. The first recruits are doing their jobs so well they have truly become a second, all-important line of fighters in this war. The girl who qualifies for a uniform of navy, khaki or olive can well feel an inward glow; first, because she has proven, by being accepted, that she has a 1-A mentality and well co-ordinated body, and second, because there will never need be any doubt in her mind but that she has given her best to the war effort. She can be proud all her life. She will share, as outsiders will never be able to do, in the richest memories of a generation of fighters.

It is probable, too, that both her personal and business life will benefit by the training she receives. An understanding of discipline, co-operation, and high standards of health and behavior are winning factors in any environment. Every girl coming newly to the working world this year owes it to herself as well as her country to ask, first of all, "Could I serve best in uniform?"

If because of physical handicap, economic responsibilities or other justifiable reasons, the services are out, there are other questions to consider, especially for the girl who *(Continued on Page 170)*

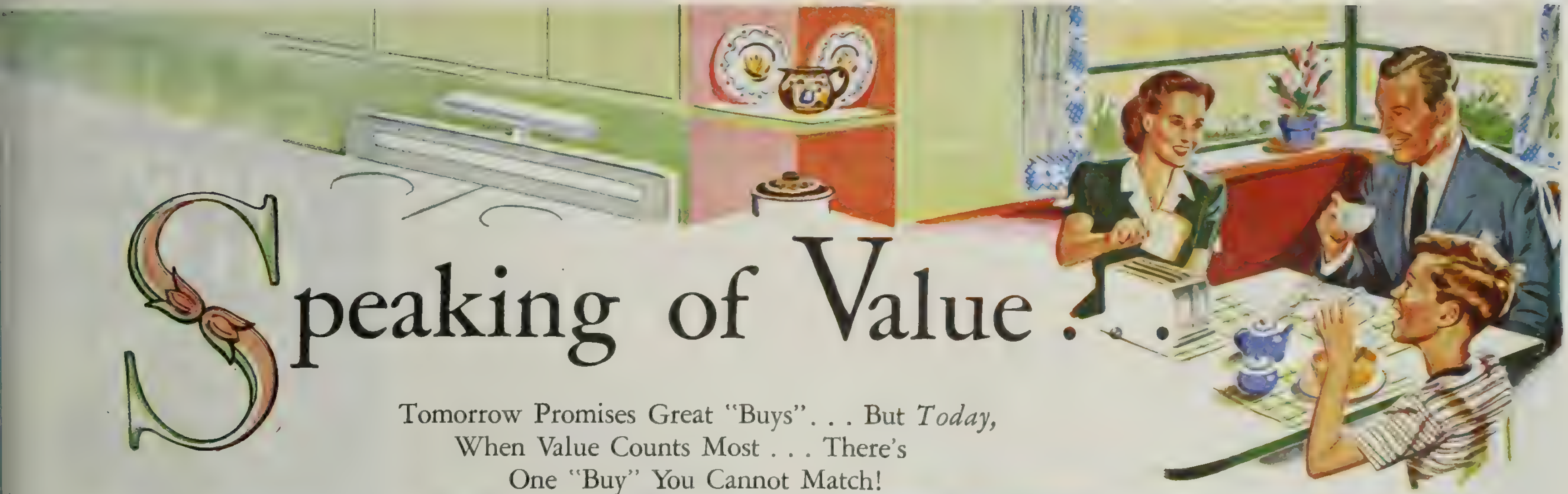
★ ★ **HOW AMERICA LIVES** ★ ★

LOUISE CASON

Girl graduates are facing a topsy-turvy situation today. In typical "huddles," Ruth and her friends make future plans.

REMINDERS

- Distrust an easy job. If you are not learning, you are slipping.
- A prospective employer becomes acquainted with your assets in this order: 1. Appearance. 2. Manner. 3. Talent. If the first two don't measure up, you may never get a chance to demonstrate the last!
- Temperament is an indulgence that can be afforded only by executives and may be too costly even then.
- If there is one fellow worker who "rubs you crosswise," that is not surprising, but if there are half a dozen, check your own disposition.
- Sultry perfume, high heels, elaborate coiffures and bespangled dresses require moonlight . . . or electricity. They are not for daytime workers.
- There is no smarter work garb for either sex this year than a uniform!
- A tidy girl looks as though she would keep a tidy desk. Crooked stocking seams and a dragging slip make a boss wonder whether records are sloppily kept too.
- Your employer is more interested in his plans than in yours. Keep his interests in mind when you apply for a job, and even more after you get it.
- Never distrust your own capacities. You probably have talents you never suspected. Most people have. Give yourself a chance to develop them by always being willing to learn. Big jobs are looking for good people just as much as good people are looking for big jobs.



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TOMORROW—Television sets that will bring famous screen and stage stars right into your living room on enlarged screens . . . with third-dimension pictures in natural colors, so lifelike you'll scarcely believe your eyes . . . all at the push of a button. *Just another great value waiting for you!*

OMORROW—Streamlined, air-conditioned kitchens that are marvel in convenience! . . . Built-in refrigerators with glass loors . . . "push button" electric ranges that watch over your ooking with magic precision . . . and hundreds of other improvements. *Big values in the making!*

BUT TODAY'S GREAT VALUE is Marvel "Enriched" Bread . . . made with the finest ingredients . . . yet it costs you less. Toast it, taste it, test it . . . see for yourself why it's "America's Best Bread Buy"!

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WHAT MAKES A GOOD WIFE?

BY LT. COMDR. LESLIE B. HOHMAN, USNR (MC)

Associate in Psychiatry, Johns Hopkins University

SO MUCH recent popular literature has emphasized "the facts of life" as the basis for success in marriage that it is a delight to find a teacher of homemaking like Mrs. Norval Faulds, of Clearwater, Florida, who approaches the subject from the standpoint of daily living. Exceptionally successful herself as mother of six and a homemaker extraordinary, she considers such practical aspects as household management and budgeting the main points because, she says, their tremendous importance for happy marriages has been all but forgotten today.

After being called upon in my private practice of psychiatry to work out adjustments in many failing marriages, I can testify to the sound basis for Mrs. Faulds' idea. I am not denying the essentials of healthy physical and intellectual companionship between husbands and wives when I say it is simply slovenly housekeeping, bad management of money and bad cooking which are at the root of innumerable divorces.

Homemaking in this day of sketchy living has lost the dignity it had for our grandmothers and grandfathers. Mrs. Faulds traces a considerable part of the lack of training in housekeeping and cooking among young American girls to the fact that many mothers, secretly disrespectful themselves of the household arts, feel that if their daughters do not learn to do such work, they will never have to do it. Another faulty notion, she has discovered, is the belief that the necessary learning will come "soon enough" after marriage. In advising parents on child training, I also have found these two notions all too prevalent.

The mother who vaguely dreams that her daughter will make a marriage in which servants will perform all routine tasks is blind to the reality of statistics, which show that wives who do their own work are in the vast majority. Suppose the daughter should become one who combines marriage with an outside job; she will have all the more need for efficiency in homemaking, because she must get the utmost from the limited time she has for doing, or directing, the work.

If she is lucky enough to make a rich marriage, she still needs this training. Even where there is enough money for a whole staff of servants, I have yet to visit a beautifully run home in which the wife herself does not have a knowledge of housekeeping and cooking to apply as a standard of what she should expect. In any case, money may not last and employment conditions may change. Thousands who once had cooks and maids have learned since the war emergency how important the ordinary household skills can be in maintaining a happy home.

THESE facts would seem to me to be too obvious to mention, except that I have encountered in my practice so many parents who have overlooked them entirely. A less obvious factor, and one which virtually all parents fail to see, is the possible effect of coasting along comfortably on the assumption that daughters will learn the essentials of homemaking soon enough.

It is precisely at the beginning of marriage that lasting strains and irritations often have their inception. The bridegroom and bride—possibly somewhat restless under their new restrictions, possibly wondering in trying moments whether they have made wise choices—are forming their first realistic impressions of each other as life partners. Income usually is low then. At the very time when it is most valuable for the bride to know something about homemaking and the bridegroom to know something about budgeting, the ones who have had no training are just starting to try to learn. Starting too late, some of them never succeed.

In the glow of the honeymoon the young husband may think it is cute and amusing that his wife is so clumsy at her homemaking job, and she may think it is rather dashing of him to have so little sense about money. Still the strains are there, duly noted and smiled away for the moment.

Unless the learning on both sides is rapid and adequate, these same strains may cause open trouble later. The psychiatrist in private practice is distressingly familiar with the report from troubled wives, "He *never* has had the slightest appreciation of the amount of work and money it takes to run the house," and the plaint of unhappy husbands, "From the day of our wedding she always has been extravagant and a total failure as a homemaker."

THE tendency in amateur discussions of marriage is to trace every single difficulty to sex maladjustment. "They fuss constantly about bills and the way their house should be run because they are sexually antagonistic," says the bright young lady at the party who has read a popular book on psychiatry. The truth which such amateur psychiatrists never seem to grasp is that the rule often works in reverse.

A husband who talked to me shortly before I went into active service in the Navy said he was intensely worried because he and his wife were becoming more and more incompatible. He was sure that loss of physical attraction was really to blame. Questioning revealed that he had a deep, smoldering bitterness toward his wife and that the main source of it was her inefficiency in managing their home and rearing their children.

"We have two servants and a nursemaid," he said, "but my brother's wife, doing all her own cooking and housework and taking care of her own children, still serves better food, creates a more tasteful home and has better-trained children than we have. I'm not bothered about the money. It's only that I hate stupidity and mismanagement."

I did not take his unsupported word, because there was always the possibility that his expressed indignation was merely a symptom of hidden frictions. But when I talked to his wife—who was far from stupid, by the way—her own admissions of her shortcomings as a homemaker and mother corroborated his account. They quarreled about it continually, she said. Determined to do better, she has succeeded fairly well. When the disagreement which had been blocking their affections was removed, the loss of attraction which the husband had imagined took care of itself.

This reforming wife is having quite a struggle directing her two maids and the nursemaid—war-emergency variety and not of the best. Conducting a home well will be an even greater ordeal in the more typical, servantless household if the wife has acquired no skill in homemaking during the years when it could have been acquired most easily. The best years in which to make a start are in childhood—the years in which Almira Faulds began to train her own three daughters. Excellent as Mrs. Faulds' classes in home economics and her special course on home and family are, they should not be expected to make up entirely for earlier opportunities which have been missed in the students' own homes.

A second strong reason for an early start in this training is that girls—and boys too—are almost invariably eager to learn household skills when they are young. Helping mother with the cooking, helping father hoe the garden or build a porch swing, helping to plan meals with an eye on comparative prices are exciting adventures to little girls and boys. They gain a feeling of importance

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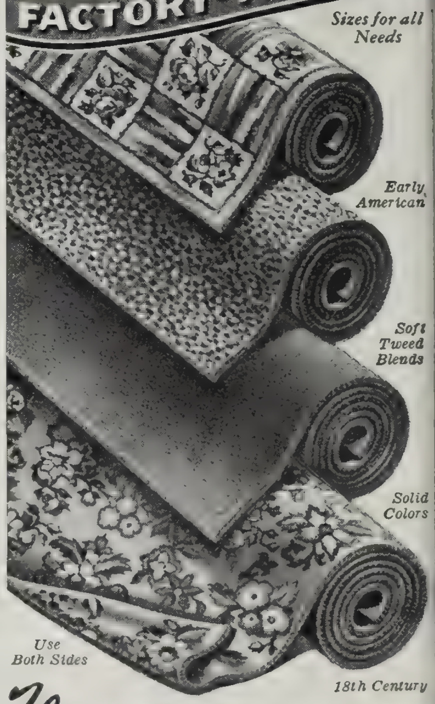

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to the family and of being on the inside in its affairs. In too many families this eager interest is actually discouraged because the first "help" of small children is usually a bother.

A further discouragement is that in modern homes there generally is not the need of assistance from youngsters or the sense of close sharing of family life that there was in our grandparents' era. I would be among the last to deny the blessings of excellent canned foods, ready-made dresses, gas and electric stoves and central heating. I would point out, however, that these and other modern conveniences have taken away much of the useful homework which children once had. Mothers today will have to put their minds to it and make definite plans if they intend to equip their daughters with the training in the homemaking arts which was more or less forced upon most of our grandmothers by the everyday routine of old-fashioned households.

HERE are some rules, based on sound psychologic principles, by which the training can be guided:

1. The best way to arouse interest in your daughter is to be interested yourself. This is one of the most potent factors in the success of Mrs. Faulds, as it is with any good teacher. If you don't feel real interest, pretend to have it while your daughter is working with you.

2. Encourage a start on light tasks—such as baking a little separate cake from dough taken from your big one—just as soon as the little girl shows an inclination to try. Set more difficult tasks for her gradually. Console her in first failures, but don't let her be satisfied with any accomplishment that is less than reasonably should be expected at her age.

3. Assign definite homemaking duties, within her increasing abilities, including part of the care of younger sister or brother if she is fortunate enough to have one. Require her to fulfill such duties as making her bed at a specified time. Don't let her acquire the habit of dawdling and of quitting half-completed work when her zest for it lags. Real excellence in homemaking and motherhood demands, in addition to the budgeting of money, the budgeting of time, interest and energy.

4. Though there is no denying the existence of inherent aptitudes or the inherent lack of them, much of what passes for native aptitude is the result of early training. If your daughter displays no ability or inclination for work that is important to her future happiness, she obviously should get extra training in that work.

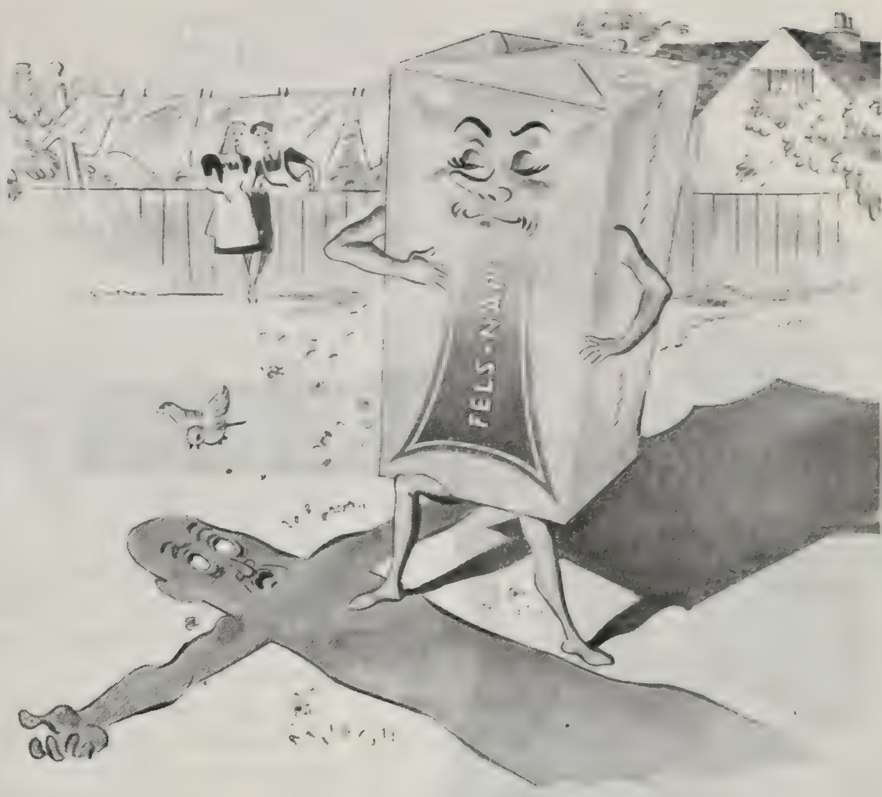
5. Don't allow the training to lapse into mere humdrum. Give it novelty and drama by planning unusual meals, trying new recipes, working out improvements in home decoration which come within your budget. Women's magazines supply ideas. Mrs. Faulds says she finds the How America Lives series especially helpful in her course on home and family.

The training of boys in homemaking has been mentioned only occasionally and briefly in this article, because the home is primarily woman's sphere. But this does not imply that husbands should not give far more understanding—and actual working help—than they usually do. The boy who keeps a normal boyish interest in boys' games and boys' work is certainly better off if he learns something about cooking too. He surely will be a better husband if he knows something about running a house and managing family finances. I am convinced that prosperous American fathers and mothers ask their sons to do too little work in their households and do not tell them enough about family expenses. Mrs. Faulds' homemaking course, welcoming boys and emphasizing such practical problems as budgeting, fills a real gap.

Adequate training of our girls and boys in the work and responsibilities which they should be prepared to face would pay a special dividend in improvement of their character and stamina. As a psychiatrist, I heartily second the statement of Norval Faulds, principal of the Clearwater Junior High School, that if you give a normal, healthy youngster a fair amount of responsibility and useful work, you seldom will have a problem child.

THE regular dividend which would be paid continuously on homemaking skills would be the increase in happiness in American marriages. The husband would have more appreciation of his wife's achievements if he knew what an amount of important work she is called upon to do in managing their home and rearing their children. With understanding on both sides, disagreements over expenses would be sharply reduced. There would be more wives keenly interested in their homemaking career, fewer made unhappy because their lives seem to them to be "dull drudgery." By and large, we like to do what we do well. Even those wives who never learn really to enjoy their work can accomplish it—if well trained—without an effort which saps their energies for other enjoyments.

"I guess she's right at the age where she's beginning to notice boys."



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Neckwear — dickeys . . . jabots . . . flowers! Often, all an old dress or suit needs is one touch of freshness, and suddenly it looks like new! Here are our own wonder-workers: Frilly dickeys or spanking tailored ones. Crisp jabots, pretty collar and cuff sets, and perky button-bows—finishing touches for a new costume or perker-ups for last years'—all from $1.00 up. And—lovely, bright flowers (make-believe) for your lapel, your hair, your hat, or what have you, from 50¢ up.

Dress accessories—scarfs . . . costume jewelry, buttons, sachets! Any woman's eyes brighten with ideas, when she sees these. Lovely, soft scarfs,in gay springtime prints . . . melting colors . . . spic-and-span white, from $1.00. Conversation-piece pins or clips for your lapel, and matching earrings, from $1.00 plus tax. Handsome buttons, the kind that *make* a costume, from 3¢. (We *cover* buttons for you, too!) Sachets that make you close your eyes and sniff, from 25¢.

Sewing notions—ruffling . . . peasant braid! Our Notion Counters are the first stop for anyone who's going to make over old clothes or make new ones! A grand collection of sewing needs . . . thread . . . slide fasteners . . . Pres-Mits . . . shields . . . bindings . . . in one convenient spot! And for an extra fillip—our lovely rufflings and cheery peasant trims . . . often just the thing to give a really *finished* look to spring outfits!

Sewing Boxes . . . handsome handbags! Yes—we have utility, sewing, and knitting bags now—lovely, soft, roomy ones, so smart to carry . . . all year round! Just look at *these* capeskin beauties! Pleasantly priced at $8.50. Faille ones too, from $4.95. And *everyone* wants one of our trim, decorative sewing boxes (they make wonderful gifts)! Hatbox shapes . . . square or octagonal shapes . . . some fitted, some waiting for your own special sewing things! A range of prices: $1.00 up.

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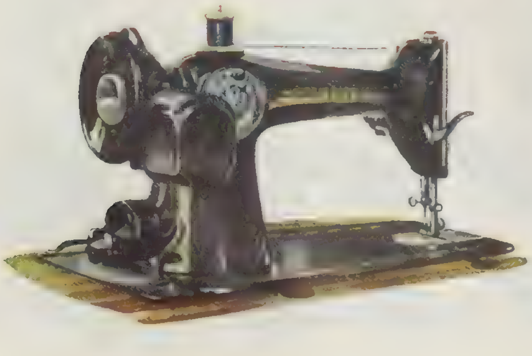

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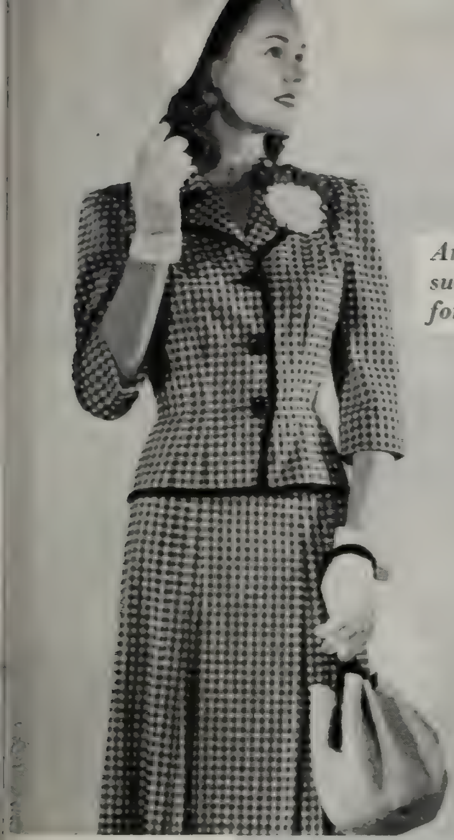
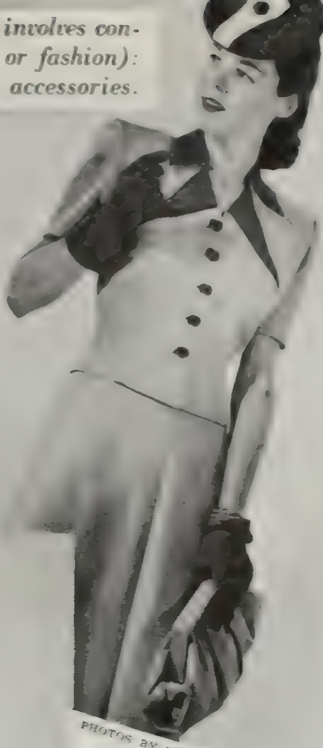
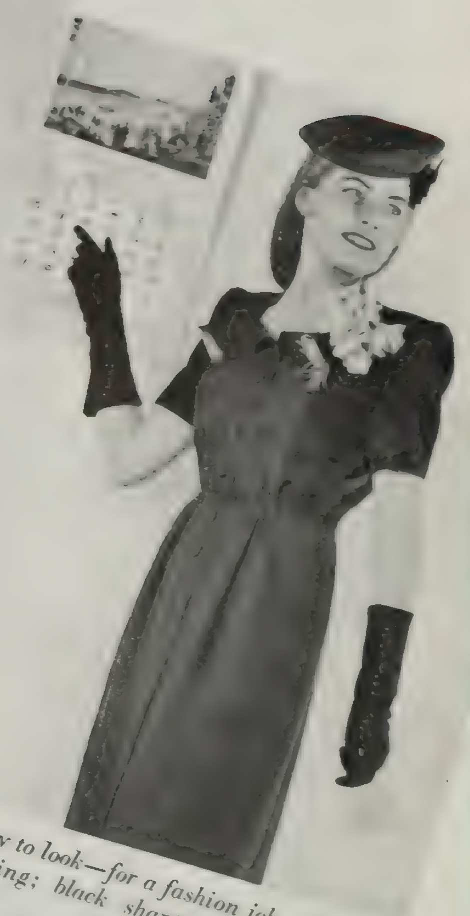


Another type of smart gingham suit—black-and-white checked—for any young business girl.

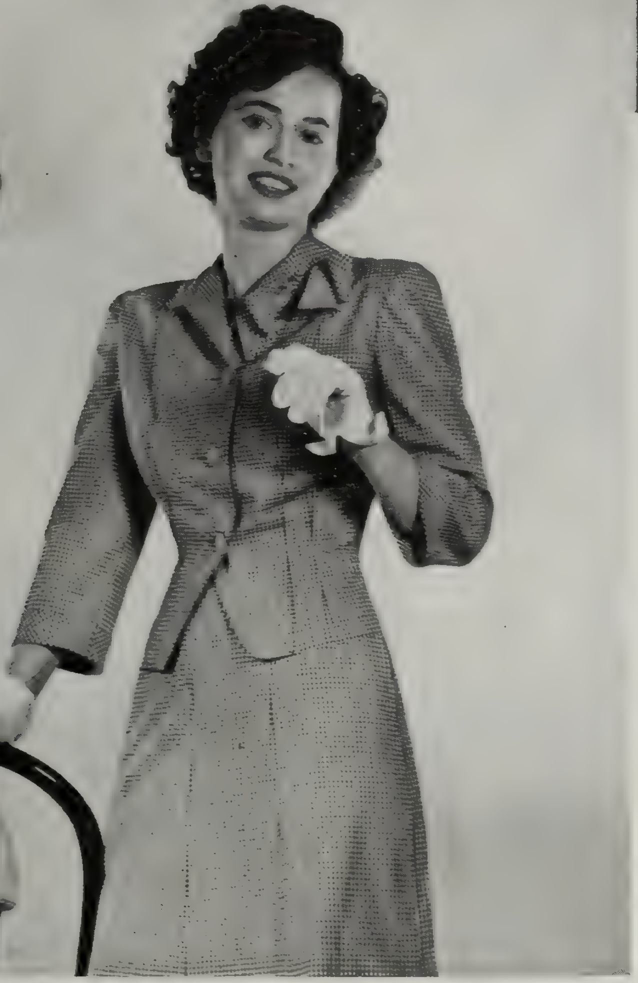


This is the way to look—for a job that involves contacts with the public (personnel work or fashion): blue linen-weave rayon suit, brown accessories.

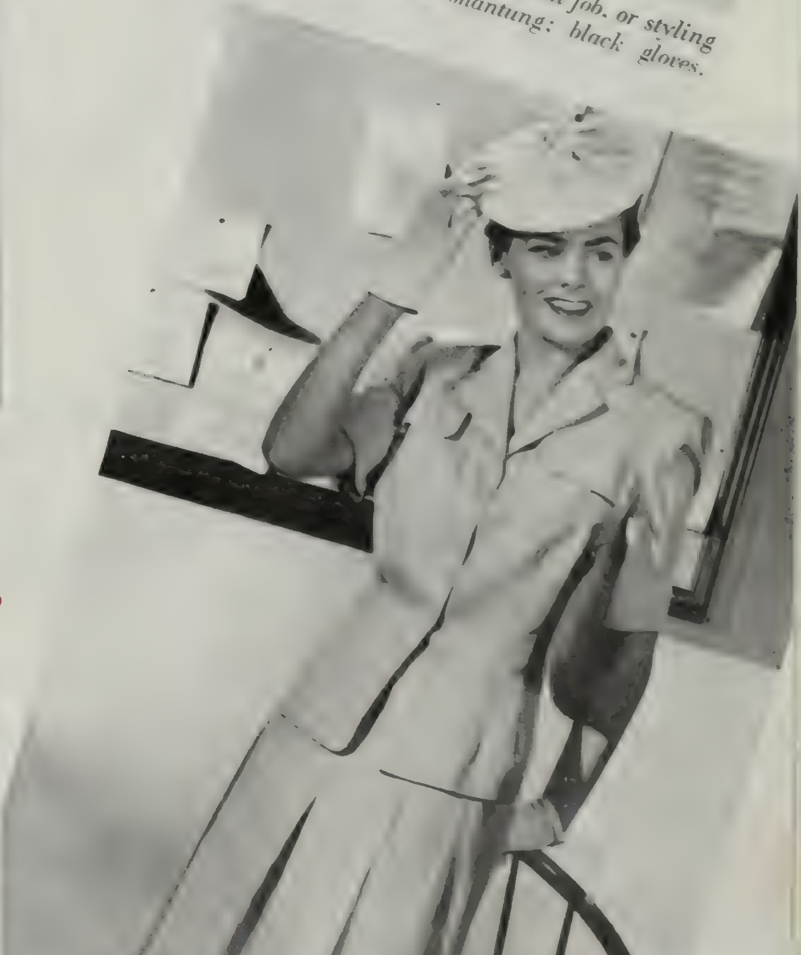
PHOTOS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN



This is the way to look—for a fashion job, or styling or merchandising; black shantung; black gloves.



Ruth Faulds is looking for a job in a chemical laboratory, wears green checked gingham suit, right for Florida or any part of the nation.



This is the way to look—crisp, efficient—for a business office or secretarial job: striped cotton twill, white beret.

This is the Way I Look for a Job . . .

I must look cool and collected . . . neat as a pin . . . strictly businesslike . . . no ruffles or frou-frous. . . . I must change from a casual collegiate to a trim town girl.

Ruth Faulds, just out of college, is looking for her first job. Thousands of girls like her are doing the same . . . making impressions that may last a lifetime. An interview is usually short—every minute counts; clothes count tremendously. These crisply tailored summer suits in gingham, cotton twill, linen-weave rayon answer all the above requirements . . . are young, becoming, inexpensive. Their freshness will last through a strenuous day, and they're easily laundered or pressed—at home if necessary. The black shantung dress is a perfect choice, too, correct from 9 to 5, and then goes on to dinner. Keep your curls short, or your long hair smooth . . . and wear a simple hat—a beret, a Dutch cap, a half-hat. Short cotton gloves are right with your cottons, black with your black shantung.

BY RUTH MARY PACKARD

PRIVACY FOR PARENTS

BY HENRIETTA MURDOCK

Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal

"We like our upstairs privacy."

THE Faulds' bed-sitting room is important news because it offers the solution to one of today's most urgent family problems—the need for more personal privacy in the average home. Smaller houses often mean crowded living, and even the most devoted families become overconscious of habits, personalities and mannerisms when they have no respite from them day after day.

An upstairs living room-bedroom, like the one Norval Faulds built over his porch, would make an excellent "escape" room for parents whose children need to use the family living room for dates and frequent get-togethers with friends. Almost any size bedroom can be rearranged to make space for just such a comfortable grouping where one can read, study or rest, undisturbed by the clamor of family activities below. Or, maybe you have an old-style sleeping porch which you could do over into an upstairs living room.

Wherever your retreat is located, here are some suggestions to help you get things under way quickly. If you plan to use a small bedroom, condense your personal belongings and perhaps eliminate a piece or two.

If there just isn't space in your own bedroom for the easy chairs and the magazine table, or the man of the house objects to new arrangements—which the nicest men quite often do—then consider the idea of taking over the guest room. Perhaps things need doing over in there anyway, for guest rooms date quickly and you can use tailored decorations as we did in the Faulds' bedroom. Any guest would love this new kind of room, as well as the legitimate excuse to sit upstairs while the hostess is occupied with housekeeping duties below.

Of course if you have an unoccupied room, such as an old sleeping porch or a maid's room, your space problem is simpler, but the procedure for getting either in shape is exactly the same. It is easy and it can be done for next to nothing. Here's how to do it: You will need one or two comfortable chairs, secondhand ones will do, and a table large enough to hold your lamp and reading materials. These are basic, and you may add to them a radio or anything else you like.

The chances are that these pieces will be odd and not match any part of your established scheme. This means you will need to relate all the pieces in the new group by painting them the same color and upholstering or slip-covering the chairs in matching material. Don't try to make them look like your regular bedroom pieces. Though the colors in your new grouping should be harmonious with your bedroom scheme, matching them is not at all necessary.

To do the job with style keep these points in mind when planning your decorations. Your room will look better if the sitting-room theme predominates. This means more tailored spreads and hangings, fewer strictly feminine touches and a color scheme which is halfway between light and dark. Here is your chance to try out some tricky color schemes of the kind you secretly yearn for but haven't the courage to use downstairs, such as flax blue, dahlia or chartreuse with touches of deeper blue.

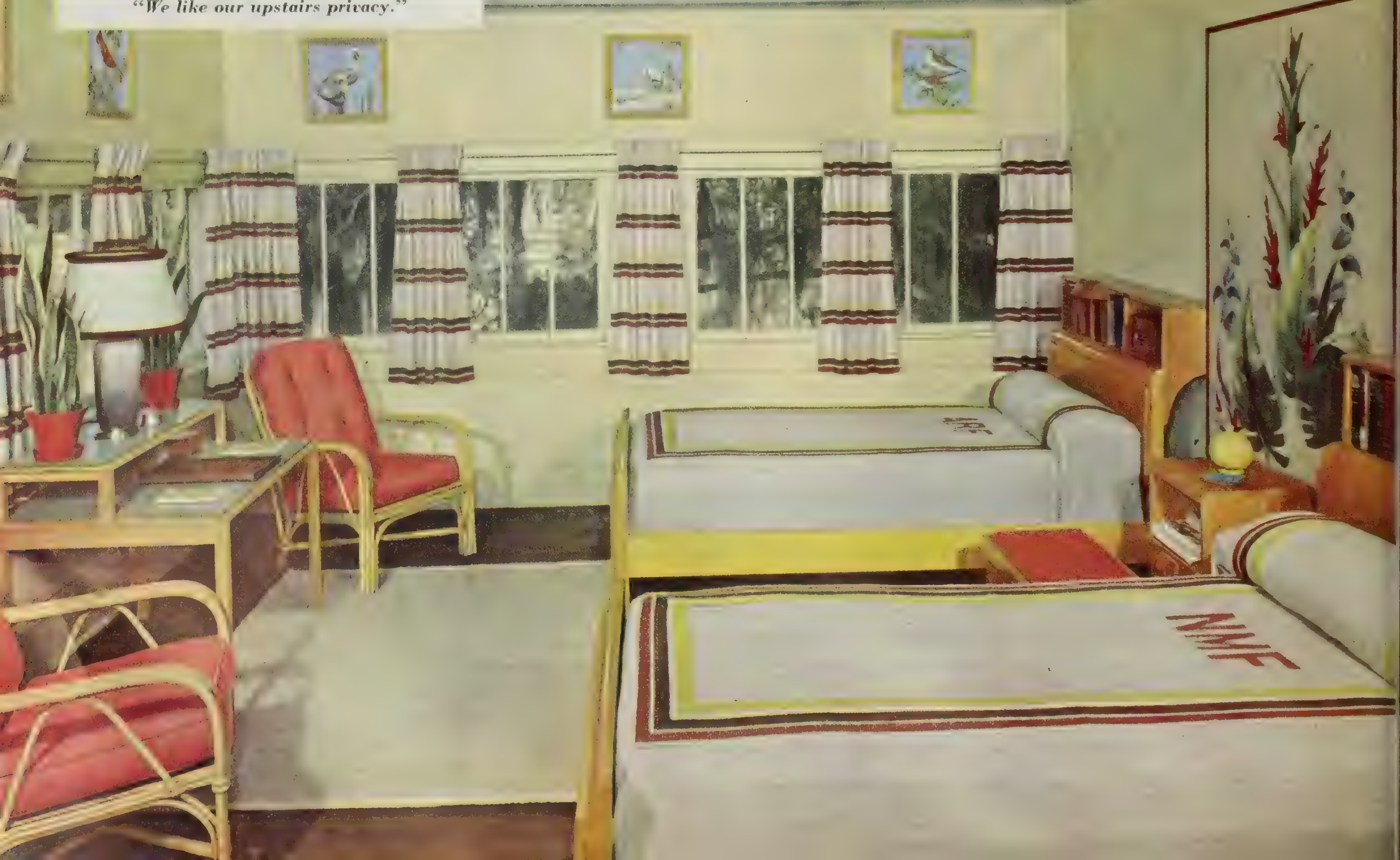
Most men feel easy with this scheme: Primrose-yellow walls, brown upholstery and hangings, off-white spreads and accessories. Halfway feminine, and one you can work in with used things, is a scheme using rose-flowered print in plentiful amounts, with all furniture painted leaf green. If your furniture is mahogany or walnut, slip-cover your chairs in the gayest cottons for summer freshness, using cottons also for spreads and hangings. Have a darker set, too, for winter.

WINS ORDERS FROM HEADQUARTERS

Washington, D. C.

With labor the short commodity, the chances are you will have to be your own handy man this spring. Don't be afraid to try your skill at the simpler jobs of painting and paper hanging. Color is your ally, manufacturers' directions your help with the technicalities. Freshen up the surfaces, rearrange your rooms for seasonal comfort.

This bedroom-sitting room revives an old idea, streamlines it to today's need for personal privacy. It is furnished with pieces made by Norval Faulds, has linen rugs, washable fabrics.



Learning a new respect for rest? Most of us are. We're putting more into our regular jobs. We're contributing (or should be) after-hours to war work. Every hour left for sleep must *count!* If you own a Beautyrest, you're lucky. This dream mattress will turn every minute of your rest into *complete relaxation.* Take good care of it because we don't know when you can buy another. BUT, if you *really* need a *new* mattress, investigate WHITE KNIGHT. It's the "mattress-within-a-mattress" with an enduring buoyancy usually unheard of in a cotton felt mattress. You'll find it tops in wartime mattresses! It's only $39.50. White Knight Box Spring to match, also $39.50. Made by Simmons Company, makers of

BEAUTYREST—**THE WORLD'S MOST COMFORTABLE MATTRESS!**

Shefford
FROM WISCONSIN

Say "Shefford Chevelle" to rhyme with "swell"

A hearty home-coming for a hard-working husband

CHEVELLE Potato and Pork SCALLOP

Shefford Chevelle has a full-bodied cheese flavor. Yet it's mild enough to let foods it's used with keep their individuality. Easy to slice or spread. Melts faster, is smooth and rich. A fine protein food. Here at Shefford, we're working "on the double" to supply the needs of our fighting men and increasing demands at home. If your grocer is temporarily out of Chevelle, we know you'll understand.

SHEFFORD CHEESE CO., INC., Green Bay, Wis.

FREE! New booklet, "40 Wartime Cheese Dishes," delicious new main dish ideas. Send for it today!

Look to Shefford for fine cheese food

CHEVELLE POTATO AND PORK SCALLOP

1 tablespoon chopped onion	Pepper, to suit
3 tablespoons pork drippings	3 cups sliced raw potatoes
3 tablespoons flour	1 cup chopped celery
2 cups pork gravy and milk	8 slices cooked pork
1 teaspoon salt	4 ounces Shefford Chevelle

Cook onion slowly in hot shortening for 5 minutes. Blend in the flour and gradually add the liquid, stirring until mixture boils and is smooth and thickened. Add seasonings, potatoes, and celery. Cover; cook slowly for 15 minutes, stirring frequently to prevent sticking. Pour one-half of mixture into a 6-cup casserole. Arrange meat slices over mixture and add remaining potatoes and celery. Place Chevelle slices to cover top. Bake in moderately slow oven (325° F.) about 45 minutes to heat mixture thoroughly and brown Chevelle. Serves 4 or 5.

Today many girls, like Dorothy and Mary Alice, are doing a good job with the responsibilities of the home. Often they help each other prepare meals.

Homemakers in the Making

By Marcelene Cox

Future mothers-in-law take note! The food problem having been mastered, marriage has a better chance of success.

IN PIONEER days women worked together, neighbor with neighbor, relative with relative, mother with daughter. Together they tied the quilts, preserved the fruits, made the bread. *"Together" was a wonderful factor.* It still is. Together the mother and daughter, teacher and daughter, teacher and mother, home and school can again put a circle around the word "home." Here is one way to put down roots in these shaky times. There are no two ways about it. If our daughters lose the desire to become homemakers, we shall lose our homes.

Many mothers in the past decade have practiced the false idea that they were increasing their daughters' opportunities for happiness by not asking them to help with the work of the home. Today, large numbers of girls, if they were not receiving help at school, would now be turned loose in kitchens completely at sea without an oar or a rolling pin to cling to.

Too often a girl is invited into the kitchen *only at dishwashing time.* Mothers deny daughters their natural birthrights when they won't allow them to let out their souls in cooking experience. Although the thought of a child up to her elbows in dough and the kitchen "all messed up" is more than some women seem able to endure, it can do much for the mother and daughter relationship.

HOME VERSUS SCHOOL

There's one rub in all home training. A great deal of what a child learns at home is frequently of the trial-and-error variety. Mother takes a pinch of this, a handful of that. She uses her soul for a measuring cup and her eye for a yardstick. But the beginner must learn exactitude. Here the home-economics teacher plays a strong role. She teaches cooking by strict recipe, sewing by pattern, budgeting with a pencil, and the nutritive value of foods by vitamin and calorie. Once mastered, these things never have to be learned again.

But learning at school may bring about a problem. Many homes lack the facilities for carrying out what is taught in class, because the schools often have better appliances and apparatus than the home. The school training, instead of bringing mother and daughter closer together, may alienate them. This can be remedied. Mother should keep in step. There are classes in home making for adults, too; and often home-economics teachers, like Almira Faulds, give such courses as a community service. Mrs. Faulds also represents the spirit of present-day service by the way she keeps in touch with her pupils' home problems.

TEACHER'S TESTAMENT

I asked Mrs. Faulds in what ways home-economics training had made her a better mother. She pointed with pride to their six healthy grown-ups.

"We have always paid the grocer more than the doctor. Much of the family health is based on good food habits. Citrus fruits, sea foods, milk, butter, eggs, chickens and vegetables in abundance have been the foundation of our diet. These surely embrace the Basic 7. Until the girls were old enough to sew for themselves, I made most of the clothing for them and myself. This included many tailored woolen garments as well as wash

WINS! ORDERS FROM HEADQUARTERS

Washington, D. C.

You can remove those carbon black marks left on floors by wartime rubber heels with liquid wax, turpentine, or cleaning fluid. Carbon black makes rubber last much longer, but it is hard on floors.

its. Table linens, bed linens, curtains id draperies were made at home.

"But material accomplishment is only ılf the story. The joy of doing for one's vn, the feeling of the closely knit family iit, give even greater satisfaction. For ildren who have experienced a happy ome life, home becomes the center of an er-widening family circle, to which all rn, in the flesh or in the spirit, in the ises of living, as well as on family holays and happy vacations."

AS THE GIRLS SEE IT

Junior-high girls who have volunteered baby sitters have already acquired a tter knowledge of child rearing than me of the mothers whose babies they nd. They have emphatic ideas on what ey will not do when they are mothers. hey will not give in. There is the Achil-s' heel in parental discipline. Children not respect weak-kneed parents.

In general they are opposed to bribing. 'hat a challenge for us! If all mothers oserved strict honesty in dealing with ildren, we might eventually reform at ast one of the major political evils.

About discipline in general, privately e girls feel they themselves need more ther than less. Most of the girls enorse spankings, but think too many are eaningless. With all the country accusg their generation of delinquency, it is ite heartening to know that they beve in strong methods. Apparently it es not matter if the child regards his ırent in the light of a traffic cop. Remember that we *do* respect the people ho take care of us.

Going far enough in the wrong direction esn't hold with training children as it d in discovering America. You can't ake too many mistakes with children d expect to come out right.

With a wisdom beyond their years, ese girls classify the mother who takes job in a war plant, and leaves the chilen to run free, as "playing hooky."

Those who are taking full responsibility r the home have reached some practical onclusions. They have found it saves me to keep supplies always in advance demand; that disorder is a slow worker; at leisure is enjoyed more when dishes e washed promptly; that mornings go noother if clothes are hung up and oms straightened at night.

Shrewd buyers from junior high select vegetables for dinner from a classmate whose stock is always clean and fresh.

LET THEM HELP

After my visit to the Clearwater school, I am more than ever sure that our girls have the ability to assume a share in today's program. They can help with the extra work that war has brought to our homes, as many of the girls are doing. They can carry on while the mother assumes work outside the home, as Dorothy does. They can, if need be, take the mother's place, as I saw Mary Alice doing. And at the same time they can be gay and lighthearted about it. No one wants them to be smothered under a heavy sense of duty. Neither should we want our girls to be clinging vines.

Here is a list of what these girls do to help. Any girl who carries out this program faithfully bids fair to be a wonderful homemaker.

1. Take care of own things—hang up, put away, keep room in order.
2. Make beds.
3. Help with ironing.
4. Set table, clear off and wash dishes.
5. Polish silver.
6. Help with younger children.
7. Keep paint clean from finger marks.
8. Dust and polish furniture.
9. Simple meals—begin with making something for each meal.
10. Some marketing—more as they learn.

frs. Faulds makes a classroom exercise of a home problem. These girls are lanning menus and marketing lists for meals they will prepare at home.

Here's a bran muffin that tastes like CAKE!
NABISCO 100% BRAN DOUBLE MILLED
NABISCO 100% BRAN
ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN

These muffins are not only *delicious*, but they have a wonderfully light texture you never thought *possible* in bran muffins. That's because Nabisco 100% Bran is Double-Milled—hence the bran fibers are smaller . . . your muffins are *fluffier!* Here's the recipe:

NABISCO UPSIDE-DOWN MUFFINS

1 cup Nabisco Bran
1 cup milk
2 tbs. shortening
¼ cup sugar
1 egg, well beaten
1 cup sifted flour
½ tsp. salt
3 tsp. baking powder
5 tbs. honey
1½ cups pitted cherries

Soak bran in milk 5 minutes. Cream shortening and sugar; add egg and beat until smooth. Add to bran mixture. Sift flour, salt and baking powder. Add to first mixture and stir only until well mixed. In the bottom of each greased muffin pan place 1 tsp. honey and 6 cherries (or any other fruit or berries). Fill pans ⅔ full of muffin batter. Bake in moderate oven (400° F.) about 25 minutes. Turn out of pans upside down. Makes 15 medium-sized muffins that taste *simply divine!* Try 'em tomorrow—and remember you *must have* Nabisco 100% Bran.

MORE GOOD NEWS!

You'll appreciate the *mild, gentle* way Nabisco 100% Bran helps relieve constipation due to insufficient bulk. Double-Milling makes the bran fibers smaller . . . less likely to be irritating. Eat Nabisco 100% Bran regularly as a delicious cereal, or in muffins. If your constipation is not helped in this simple manner—consult a competent physician.

BAKED BY NABISCO
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Fresh is Best!

Ever taste the difference between fresh fruit gelatine desserts and products made with artificial flavoring? Try it once! Try this tangy-sweet Orange Dessert made with fresh orange juice and pure, plain Knox Gelatine.

Just taste its tempting true-flavor goodness! (And, remember, you get those good vitamins present only in fresh fruit!)

Knox contains no artificial flavoring—use it with fresh fruits for more delicious desserts and salads.

RECIPE

FRESH ORANGE DESSERT

1 envelope Knox Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
1 cup hot water
¼ cup sugar
[illegible] cup orange juice
[illegible] teaspoon salt
[illegible] tablespoon lemon juice
Orange sections

Soften gelatine in cold water. Add sugar, salt, and hot water; stir until dissolved. Add orange and lemon juice; mix well. Pour 1 cup mixture in mold that has been rinsed in cold water. When it begins to thicken arrange orange slices in it. Chill remaining gelatine until it begins to thicken; whip until frothy and thick and pour on clear gelatine. Chill until firm. Serves 6.

KNOX pure, unflavored gelatine

FREE! Mrs. Knox's new 40-page Recipe Book containing 12 beautiful color photographs of delicious dishes and more than 90 recipes for salads, main dishes, puddings, pies and frozen desserts. For your copy, write Knox Gelatine, Box 25, Johnstown, New York.

Name ....

Street .... State ....

City ....

LAST year thousands of women pooled their resources at community food-preservation centers, such as the one Mrs. Faulds conducted in Clearwater. Centers make possible the sharing of equipment and produce, give beginners in canning a chance to see how it's done. "Many hands make light work," and much surplus from home gardens may be saved for school lunches. If your community has no center, you might start one.*

But if you can follow directions carefully, you can be a successful canner on your own. There's a reason for every rule—for every caution. Stick to the rules and go ahead confidently.

CANNING CONFIDENCE

By Louella G. Shouer

● **PLAN A "THOUGHT THROUGH" SCHEDULE** for yourself before canning day. You are less apt to make mistakes if you know just what you are going to do, and how. Canning has a certain rhythm, and everything moves along smoothly if you study it out beforehand.

● **FOLLOW DIRECTIONS** faithfully. Processes and timetables have been worked out by experts. There is a "right way" which produces the best product and prevents spoilage. Be sure you have "up to the minute" directions.

● **NEVER LET FOOD STAND** while you wash jars, for instance. Have your equipment organized and ready. To preserve vitamins and prevent spoilage, food must be canned quickly.

● **USE ONLY JARS AND CLOSURES** free from cracks and nicks. Pay close attention to edges of jars when using two-piece metal or the glass-top seal closures. A high seam or a low spot, a sharp narrow edge or a crack will prevent a good seal. If you use old caps, be sure they fit and are not bent.

● **SELECT YOUNG, FRESH** fruits and vegetables. Pick, prepare and can. If you purchase food, try to get local produce that has been picked and brought in that day. Overripe, bruised, wilted or too mature fruits and vegetables are harder to can so they'll "keep."

● **WASH FOODS THOROUGHLY.** Remove every bit of dirt. Wash small batches at a time. Don't let them soak in water. Handle soft fruits gently. Lift fruits and vegetables *out* of water so dirt can't drain back on them. The most dangerous bacteria, and those that are hardest to kill, are in the soil.

● **CAN IN SMALL QUANTITIES**—only what you can handle easily for one cannerful. "Flat sour" may develop when food stands in a warm place.

● **PREHEAT OR PRECOOK** all foods before processing. Use only the hot-pack method. The cold-pack method is out. Air must be driven out sooner or later and preheating does it first, so you can get more food into the jars. Foods shrink some in precooking. It is better to have them shrink beforehand than in the jar.

● **BE SURE YOU KNOW HOW** to use your pressure canner. Get from the manufacturer the original booklet that explains its use in detail. Pressure canners vary slightly. General directions help as a guide, but each canner should be used according to the directions for it.

● **HAVE THE PRESSURE GAUGE CHECKED** for accuracy, if yours is the dial-type gauge. Get this job done, locally if possible, as manufacturers cannot promise quick service during canning season. The pressure gauge is a delicate instrument. If it is not accurate, you run the risk of under or over processing.

● **PROCESS ALL NONACID VEGETABLES** (this means all of them except tomatoes), meats, fish and poultry in a steam-pressure canner. A temperature high enough to insure safety against spoilage can *not* be secured in the boiling-water-bath canner.

● **HAVE TWO TO THREE INCHES** of water in bottom of your pressure canner.

● **BEFORE CLOSING THE PET COCK** on your pressure canner, let steam escape at least ten minutes or more to allow time for all air to be driven out of canner. You must have *steam* pressure, not *air* pressure, for accurate canning.

● **WATCH THE PRESSURE GAUGE** during processing time. Keep it as even as possible by regulating the heat under

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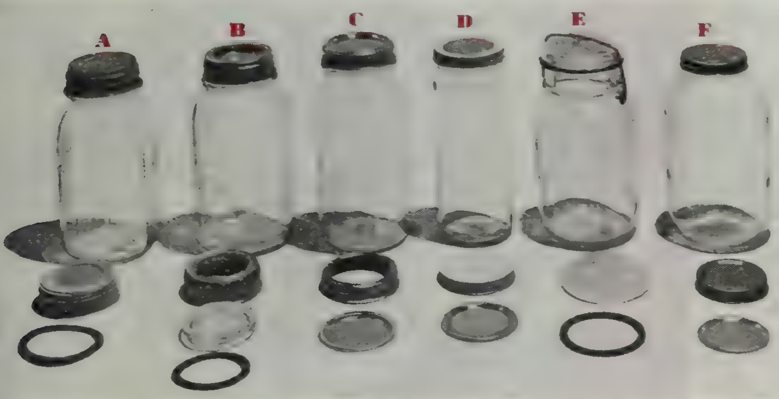
**Write to the Office of Distribution, War Food Administration, Washington, D. C., for information on how to organize and equip a community food-preservation center.*

the canner. Uneven pressure may cause liquid to cook out of jars.

- **DON'T OPEN PET COCK** on your pressure canner, when using glass jars, until pressure gauge has reached zero. Opening pet cock too soon may cause serious accidents from exploding jars and bad steam burns.
- **DON'T STRETCH JAR RUBBERS** to test them or when fitting. Boil rubber rings 10 minutes, adding 1–3 tablespoon baking soda for each quart of water.
- **PLACE RUBBERS ON JARS** before filling. Use a funnel to avoid spilling food on rubber ring or edge of jar. Wipe clean with a clean cloth. There is less chance of burning your fingers. Bits of food left on rubber or shoulder of jar may prevent a perfect seal.
- **DON'T PACK JARS TOO TIGHTLY**—especially corn and greens. Tightly packed jars heat through too slowly. There is danger of underprocessing.
- **RUN KNIFE BLADE** down through jar after filling. This removes air bubbles. All air must be forced out.
- **HAVE THE WATER BOILING BRISKLY** in water-bath canner. Put jars in as soon as filled. Add boiling water, if needed, to cover jars. Work fast. When water comes to a rolling boil again, start counting time.
- **REMOVE JARS** from boiling-water bath as soon as the clock says "time's up." Allowing jars to stay in the bath longer may mean an overcooked product.
- **DON'T LOSE TRACK OF TIME** no matter what method of canning you are using. Better have pad and pencil handy.
- **DON'T PLACE HOT JARS**, removed from the canner, on a cold surface or in a draft. Jars may crack or even explode.
- **DON'T CROWD JARS** when you put them to cool. Don't cover with a towel. "Flat sour" may develop when jars cool too slowly. Arrange them several inches apart, for air circulation.
- **DON'T STAND JARS** on their heads. You may break the seal.
- **TILT AND TURN JARS TO TEST SEAL** before storing away. If left for several weeks, it may be too late to salvage the food.
- **BETTER NOT CAN IN OVEN.** The heat transferred to jars from the hot air in the oven is slow and uncertain. There is possibility of underprocessing. Jars sometimes explode. You may ruin your oven and are in danger of being cut by flying glass.
- **IT ISN'T SAFE** to can vegetables other than tomatoes in the boiling-water bath by adding small amounts of lemon juice or vinegar. Lemon juice or vinegar does not make these foods acid enough for safe canning this way, unless you add enough to "pickle."
- **DON'T USE THE OPEN-KETTLE** method of canning—even for fruits and tomatoes. It is pure chance! Bacteria may get in when food is transferred from the kettle to the jar.
- **PLAY SAFE**—canning authorities say not to taste any home-canned non-acid foods, even though they have been canned in a steam-pressure canner, before they have been boiled fifteen minutes in an open vessel; boil spinach and cream-style corn 20 minutes. With some products, there may be no signs of spoilage when you open jars. Heating may bring out odors not noticed. Boiling and stirring, while it may destroy vitamins, is safety first!
- **DON'T TASTE ANY FOOD** you suspect to be spoiled. Burn it or boil it in strong lye water and bury it. This is so no animal will get at it and soil will not be polluted. [Remember to keep lye out of reach of children and pets. Handle with care.]
- **HEED THE WARNINGS**, then go ahead and can to your heart's content.

KNOW YOUR JARS AND CLOSURES



BUREAU OF HUMAN NUTRITION AND HOME ECONOMICS, U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

A. *Porcelain-lined zinc cap or white-lacquer-lined metal cap. Fits jar with shoulder. Partly "fasten" before processing—screw cap tight but gently—then turn back a quarter inch. Screw tight after processing.*

B. *Three-piece cap: rubber goes on glass disk. Fits deep-thread jar. Before processing, screw cap tight—turn back a quarter turn. Screw tight after processing. Remove bands after twenty-four hours, unless they stick.*

C. *Two-piece cap: screw band (shallower than in B), metal disk with "made on" rubber. Fits jar with deep thread. Completely seal—don't turn back—before processing. Remove bands after twenty-four hours, unless they stick.*

D. *Screw cap, metal disk with "made on" rubber. Fits shallow-thread jar. Similar cap with deeper screw fits deep-thread jar. Some reusable commercial jars fit this cap. Completely seal before processing as in C.*

E. *Glass cap, shoulder rubber. For lightning-type jar—one of the easiest to handle. Before processing, snap top wire clamp into place. Leave side clamp up. Don't forget to snap side clamp down after processing.*

F. *Metal screw cap and metal disk with "made on" rubber. Some brands of coffee come in jars to fit this closure. Treat as C and D—completely sealing before processing. (Never boil metal disks with "made on" rubber, just dip.)*

WINS ORDERS FROM HEADQUARTERS
Washington, D. C.

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THESE FREE GOVERNMENT BOOKLETS WILL HELP YOU CAN SAFELY:
Take Care of Pressure Canners—65 AWI. Home Canning of
Fruits and Vegetables—93 AWI. Order by number and title
from the Office of Information, U. S. Dept. of Agriculture,
Washington 25, D. C. Print your name and address.
Bulletins are free.
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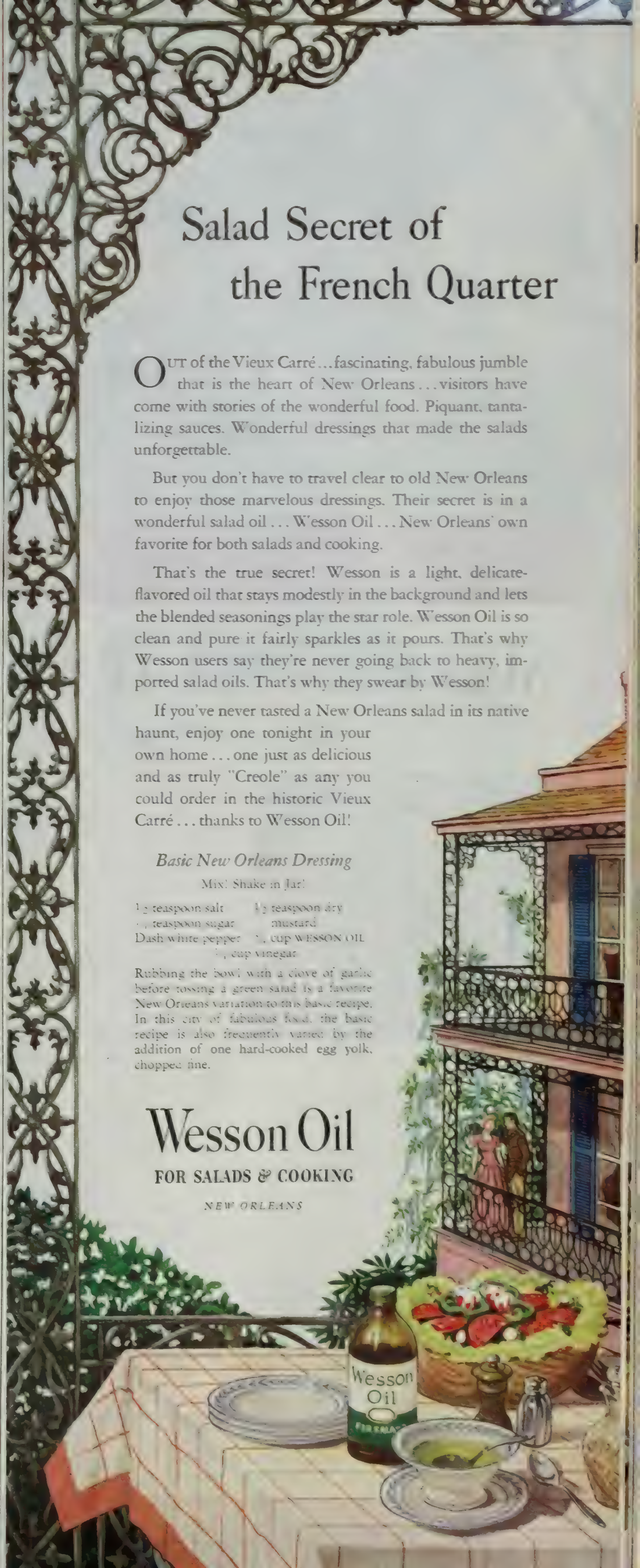

Salad Secret of the French Quarter

OUT of the Vieux Carré . . . fascinating, fabulous jumble that is the heart of New Orleans . . . visitors have come with stories of the wonderful food. Piquant, tantalizing sauces. Wonderful dressings that made the salads unforgettable.

But you don't have to travel clear to old New Orleans to enjoy those marvelous dressings. Their secret is in a wonderful salad oil . . . Wesson Oil . . . New Orleans' own favorite for both salads and cooking.

That's the true secret! Wesson is a light, delicate-flavored oil that stays modestly in the background and lets the blended seasonings play the star role. Wesson Oil is so clean and pure it fairly sparkles as it pours. That's why Wesson users say they're never going back to heavy, imported salad oils. That's why they swear by Wesson!

If you've never tasted a New Orleans salad in its native haunt, enjoy one tonight in your own home . . . one just as delicious and as truly "Creole" as any you could order in the historic Vieux Carré . . . thanks to Wesson Oil!

Basic New Orleans Dressing

Mix! Shake in Jar!

½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon sugar
Dash white pepper
½ teaspoon dry mustard
¾ cup WESSON OIL
¼ cup vinegar

Rubbing the bowl with a clove of garlic before tossing a green salad is a favorite New Orleans variation to this basic recipe. In this city of fabulous food, the basic recipe is also frequently varied by the addition of one hard-cooked egg yolk, chopped fine.

Wesson Oil
FOR SALADS & COOKING
NEW ORLEANS

CHICAGO PARK DISTRICT

Early-spring activity in a school garden is a lesson in good community living.

Mr. Faulds and Vocational Agricultural Instructor Howell show Clearwater locality children how to set out cabbage plants.

Tight around the stake, loose around the stem, was her proper instruction; and there's a technique for cultivating too.

SCHOOLS DOWN TO EARTH

By Richard Pratt

Two experts instruct in soil preparation.

THOUSANDS of school grounds and empty lots and many hundred thousands of home back yards have been turned into open-air classrooms all over the country, and are filled now with a million or more children learning how to multiply our war-winning food production. Their instruction begins in the classroom itself, where they are taught how to select and start the seeds and how to plan the plot. Then it continues outside to marking off the beds, turning up the soil, fining the surface, lining out the rows, sowing the seeds and setting out the plants. Going on, of course, from there through cultivation and care to the harvesting and preservation. And from what these children have produced and from what they are learning, which will endure long after peace has been declared, it would look as though making gardencraft a permanent part of all elementary education might be one of the most everlasting victories of the whole Victory Garden program.

Down in Florida, for instance, where Principal Faulds, of Clearwater Junior High, took us to see the school-gardening activities of the locality, all the vegetables, fresh and canned, for the school-lunch requirements of the section were provided by pupil-operated garden plots. From one project alone last year the children delivered 75 bushels of produce, plus enough for one school kitchen to can almost 700 quarts. Which is typical of reports from all parts of the country, making the national school-garden production amount to an estimated full 10 per cent of the 1943 Victory Garden total. Yet only a fraction of the nation's 230,000 schools were engaged in the gardening problem, and only a fraction of the 15,000,000 pupils in the elementary grades, where it has been found best to concentrate garden instruction.

Except in densely populated and built-up metropolitan areas, most schools should have a small plot of suitable ground that can be developed into a demonstration garden, which is desirable if not absolutely necessary. Lacking even that, a near-by empty lot may be utilized, or pupils may practice, if possible, on a small garden space at home. But the instruction should be school instruction, as carefully organized as any other study, and be given by someone with training and experience and time to devote to personal supervision. Pre-garden-season classwork indoors not only acquaints the pupils with seeds, tools, sprays, with purposes and planning, but gives them a chance, under supervision, to start early seeds in flats and pots, learn transplanting technique and the handling of soils and seedlings. Then, with their little gardens laid out on paper, seeds and equipment in hand, tomato plants, peppers and petunias ready to set out, spring finds them fully prepared—which can't be said for most adult amateurs.

The principal points in school garden training are to set a definite year-round program and to provide good supervision, either paid or volunteer. Information and help on both these points can be obtained from local Victory Garden committees; and two excellent and very inexpensive booklets have been specially prepared for the purpose, one for the pupil and one for the teacher, both written by Paul R. Young, Supervisor of School Gardening at Cleveland, Ohio, where garden education under him has been outstandingly successful.

As a war emergency measure, the school garden idea has done an enormous production job; it has turned a large part of our young population into producers. The thing to do now is to make it a permanent factor in our future national welfare.

"...and I'll live like a princess in a house that runs like magic..."

"I have a wonderful post-war dream . . .

"I'm always fresh as a daisy, pretty as a picture . . . and housekeeping — in my new all-Gas home of the future — seems like play!

"I work in a kitchen that's cool, clean, free from cooking odors . . . where, with no trouble at all, I turn out dishes that make my family want to hug me. For my new Certified Performance Gas range is amazingly efficient — with heat controls so accurate they cut out all sorts of work and watching . . . save food values and cooking time!

"I open my magic Gas refrigerator . . . my silent storeroom . . . and what do I see? . . . All kinds of foods, meats, vegetables, even frozen foods . . . Yes, special cooling units keep them fresh longer, save hours of marketing time.

"I turn on my permanent 'hot springs' . . . and an automatic Gas water-heating system gives me oceans of hot water whenever I want it.

"Why, even the weather is mine for the asking . . . for my new Gas air-conditioning system gives me luxurious warmth in January, mountain coolness in July!"

Dream on, lady . . . For tomorrow these and other miracles of comfort will be brought to you by the tiny blue Gas flame . . . *the flame that cools as well as heats.* You can speed that day by using Gas wisely . . . and by saving for your home of the future with every War Bond you can buy.

THE MAGIC FLAME THAT WILL BRIGHTEN YOUR FUTURE **GAS**

AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION

AMERICAN WOMEN DESERVE A SPECIAL FREEDOM –

Freedom from Trudgery

Trudgery isn't a pretty word, but, it is descriptive of a large part of the housewife's kitchen day, if she is working in an inconvenient, poorly arranged kitchen where she must walk endlessly, carrying things from the place in which they are kept to the place where they are to be used.

Trudgery implies the fatigue and frustration that begins early in her kitchen day and increases with every step until, at the end, she is too tired to do the things she really enjoys doing. Freedom from this trudgery would give her the extra hours and energy she needs for better and happier living.

This freedom from trudgery, which housewives so richly deserve, can be had in a YOUNGSTOWN pressed steel kitchen—for these kitchens are planned to give plenty of storage space within arm's reach of the work surface.

YOUNGSTOWN pressed steel kitchens will be available very soon after the war is over—and they will be worth waiting for. Buy War Bonds, today—Youngstown Kitchens, tomorrow.

YOUNGSTOWN PRESSED STEEL DIVISION, MULLINS MANUFACTURING CORPORATION

Warren, Ohio

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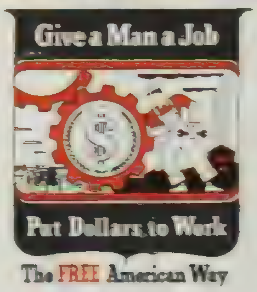

In the meantime send for the new YOUNGSTOWN catalog "Get Acquainted With Your Kitchen" which shows how to plan for freedom from trudgery in your peacetime kitchen.

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Mullins Mfg. Corp., Dept. L544, Warren, Ohio

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I plan to modernize .... ☐

I plan to build .... ☐

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PRACTICAL PLANS FOR THE POSTWAR HOUSE

By Richard Pratt

Architectural Editor of the Journal

Millions of Americans, including the Faulds, who here walk over the plot on which they plan to build, are thinking about the new house they can have when home construction starts again. In this discussion of the possibilities, Mr. Faulds is made the test tube in which you can see one American's reactions to those possibilities as they appear at this time.

WHAT will the postwar house look like? Will windows all be big, and will you be able to open them? How will houses be heated? Will they be mostly one story, or two? Will there be basements? Will living in them really be easier, pleasanter and less expensive, as promised—more comfortable and convenient? How much will they cost? And when shall we get them? . . . With all the answers offered here, Mr. Faulds was in full agreement. And if you have read about him and his family, it may seem to you, too, that his opinions on the house to come should have a special value in removing doubts and giving reassurance. For he is that one layman in a thousand who is thoroughly familiar with all building operations—many of which he has mastered. He has the craftsman's skill, the engineer's knowledge and the inventor's vision; yet in his tastes and living and family requirements, he could be almost any neighbor up or down the street. In other words, if you want a good practical check on expectations, here is your chance.

HOW WILL THEY LOOK? Mr. Faulds' house will be long, low, white, large-windowed, with wide overhanging eaves, which for reasons to follow is likely to be the preponderant postwar type. In fact, right now its popularity is apparent. Houses that, without reason, look too radically different, odd or strange will certainly not suddenly appear, for the simple reason that they wouldn't sell. Period styles, as we know them, will give way to simple attractive designs in which modern building methods and materials will be the determining factor, due to practicality and cost. Mannered architecture will be custom-tailored for those who can afford romantic tastes. Roofs will run from a gentle pitch to flat; many more than now will be white (Mr. Faulds' included) to increase interior coolness in hot weather; and exterior walls will be finished not only in white but in a variety of permanent pastel colors.

WHAT ABOUT WINDOWS? Glass will play a far more important part than ever before, and the way Mr. Faulds plans to use it in his own house indicates the trend. With few exceptions, all his windows and glass areas will be fixed in place, immovable, with ventilation amply provided and controlled by means of screened adjustable louvers. No need for window screens or weather stripping or for storm sash, either, in colder climates, where triple glass with air spaces in between will do insulating duty. Wide eaves above, and blinds, will shade the glass when necessary, and sliding curtains will close it off when required. Large windows or glass walls on the southerly side will let the winter sun do most of the daytime heating, and houses will be designed to take advantage of this free fuel. Larger window areas will make the postwar house far more cheerful than its ancestor, and overall daylight illumination indoors will do wonders in lessening eyestrain.

HOW WILL THEY BE HEATED? Heating in Florida for Mr. Faulds will not be the problem that colder climates create; but the use of solar heat through larger windows, plus the elimination of air leaks by minimizing movable sash, plus really adequate, scientifically installed insulation, will greatly lessen the heating problem everywhere. And larger windows, tighter walls and fully effective insulation are not dreamy features of the future—they'll be ready and waiting. So will more efficient heating equipment, if engineers can get their plans into production—fully automatic, clean, compact and economical. Floors, and possibly walls, will be the radiators, with embedded ducts or pipes through which the heat is forced to warm those surfaces and thus the rooms, and no need for visible heating devices.

WILL THERE BE BASEMENTS? Why should there be climbing up and down between the living floor and a costly excavation? The modern forced-circulation heating plant operates perfectly at floor level—is clean and compact. The laundry is lighter and more conveniently located at floor level. So is a recreation room, and so is storage space. Except on a very sloping site, where a basement becomes another livable floor, the house will be built on a foundationed concrete slab, never cold or damp. In fact, as pointed out above, that floor can become the whole house radiator, with any surfacing you wish, from wood to linoleum. Why should there be a basement?

ONE STORY, OR TWO? The great majority of postwar houses will be one story, except on steeply sloping sites, where two stories are a natural, or in closely built-up sections, where two stories, taking up less lot room, are a necessity. Even before the war, the one-story trend was unmistakable. Modern building methods and mechanical improvements will simply accelerate it.

WILL THEY BE MORE LIVABLE? We have shown that with larger windows the postwar house will be lighter, more cheerful and easier on the eyes; that with tighter walls, fully effective insulation and concealed radiation aided by winter-sun warmth, it will be more comfortable. There need be no stairs to climb; there will at last be adequate accessible storage space, and plenty of closets, each planned for its special purpose. The average medium-priced postwar house will have two baths or the equivalent. It will have three bedrooms or room for a third. It will have a living room with another as an optional dining room, recreation room or study. And on its work space it will really go to town. Kitchen and laundry will be connected, with a deep-freeze unit most likely in the latter. The large windowed kitchen will be a bright and cheerful place in which to work and eat. The postwar house will be planned from the inside out. Instead of trying to force adequate living quarters into a Cape Cod or so-called Colonial shell, the living quarters, in their best arrangement, will determine the outward form of the house. Houses will be built and bought on the basis of livability—and it is about time.

HOW WILL THEY BE BUILT AND BOUGHT? All the planning, features and equipment mentioned so far can be incorporated into the first postwar houses built. And as most of the first houses after the war will be built to sell in finished form, you will have a chance to see that you are getting what you can really have. Prefabrication methods, of one kind or another, will undoubtedly quicken construction, and mass production of more and more prefabricated parts will likewise lessen the cost. Standardizing the dimensions of these prefabricated parts, such as completely factory assembled windows, doors, bathroom units, kitchen units, wall, floor and roof sections, will also play a large part in lowering the cost of the postwar house. Add these all together, and the answer should be more house for less money—certainly a better, more livable house than you could buy for the same money before.

WHEN SHALL WE GET IT? When we win the war.

"Who said food rationing would help my figure?"

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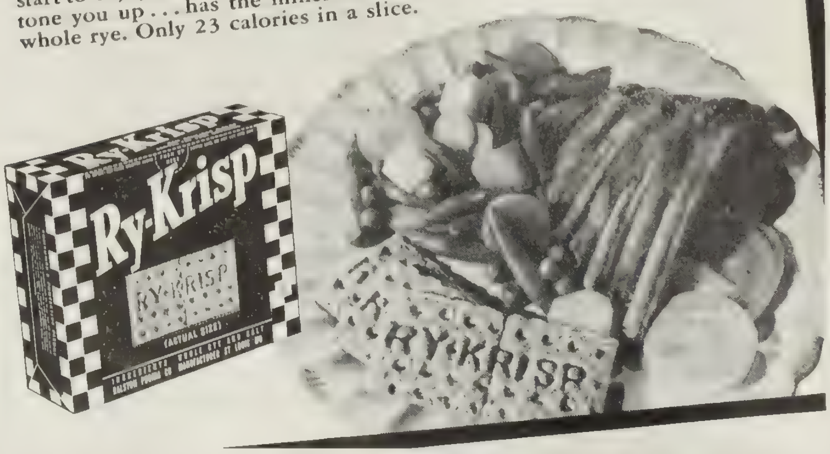

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THE FRANK TEA & SPICE CO., Cincinnati, Ohio

Do Parents Love Teachers?

Problem parents don't. Are you one of the five types of problem parents?

★ BY NELL GILES ★

JOHNNY'S father is not a bad boy. No one can say he doesn't pay his taxes, keep his house painted and his wife in War Bonds. No, he isn't bad—he's just afraid of Johnny's teacher.

Now take the time Johnny was about to fail in decimals. Johnny's father called it "having trouble with Miss Flinch" and blustered that she was a "pigheaded, hatchet-faced woman who had no business around children anyway." Or so she seemed from her treatment of Johnny. He had never seen the woman himself, but he knew from things Johnny had said. Parents are gullible that way.

"And gullible parents are a national menace," drawled Professor N. M. Faulds. Most of his twenty-two years in the Clearwater Junior High School have been spent working on parent trouble. "Parents wouldn't think of buying a house, a business or even a suit of clothes sight unseen. But they'll dump their children on the public-school system and never visit the school from one year's end to the next. The average parent thinks it's the teacher's job to educate the child. But no teacher has ever done a piece of educating. The child does that himself, and both parent and teacher have to help him in equal measures."

Problem parents, Professor Faulds has found, are divided into five general types: the gullible, the shielding, the too interested, the indifferent, and the parent who is still afraid of teacher.

The indifferent parent is a species indigenous to the very poor or the very rich. And since Clearwater is a play town, about 15 per cent of the junior-high children are in school there for only the few weeks of the winter season. This brings to light an occasional indifferent parent among what Mr. Faulds calls "the high-flown."

For example, there was the mother of dear little Daphne, who wanted to be excused for the day so that she could go shopping.

"What grade's Daphne in?" Professor Faulds asked the child's mother.

"Why, I don't know," she said. "I think it's the seventh or eighth grade."

The common excuse of the indifferent parent who shifts responsibility to teacher is that the child spends most of his life in school.

"But count it up," said Miss Marguerite Morse, assistant to Professor Faulds. "Actually the child is in school only six hours of the twenty-four and only a hundred and eighty days out of the three hundred and sixty-five."

BUT the too interested parent is equally dangerous. This is usually the mother centering her entire life on the child to the exclusion of all other outlets. This overambitious lady prods little Henry beyond his capacity. She isn't satisfied to have him a normal child. She wants him to be President. And some years later an interested teacher discovers that that impossible adolescent Henry can't do high-school mathematics because mother made a frazzled teacher skip him through elementary arithmetic.

The shielding parent is not always the overambitious. Quite often she's just unwilling to face her own troubles and won't let her child face his. She knows little Gertrude is not telling the truth, but she won't admit that little Gertrude could lie, so mamma writes a note to teacher saying "Please excuse my child for absence yesterday because she was very sick." And right there, says Professor Faulds, is where parent and teacher need to get together.

In Clearwater Junior High School, this can happen to the shielding parent: A boy who played hooky often (let's call him Jimmy) was thought to be absent again. Professor Faulds called his mother, who immediately said that little Jimmy was right upstairs just as sick as he could be. Later in the day, the professor discovered that Jimmy had been in school right along; and not being a man who hesitates to press a point home, he called the boy's mother to say, "You'd better take another look, ma'am. Jimmy, you'll find, has not been upstairs in bed."

Even good children will try to put things over on parents and teachers, the Clearwater principal and his assistant believe. And even educated parents, says Miss Morse, who is Florida's director of the National Education Association, are too gullible.

The gullible parent is just what Professor Faulds is not. He loves to tell the story of the time his son Vincent, then aged four, climbed the water tower after being told never to climb the water tower. Vincent stoutly denied he'd even been near it. But his nongullible father took him with a surprise attack. "How far up did you go, son?" he asked suddenly. "Halfway, dad," said Vincent and melted into tears. That's when Vincent learned to tell the truth.

ONE of the pet stories around Clearwater Junior High School concerns the time Professor Faulds was not gullible about sneeze powder. The school band came home from a trip and a mysterious epidemic of sneezing followed them. The professor didn't stop to think what dear little fellows the band boys were. He faced the fact, which was that there had been no sneezing before the band came home. Then he plunged out of his office, making pop calls outside the door of every classroom with a band boy in it. He called the boy out into the hall, stuck out his hand and said, "Let's have that sneeze powder out of your pocket." He got every grain of it before the band knew he was only guessing—but not gullible.

Professor Faulds never lets his sense of discipline get dull. He works enough drama into his cures so that the impact is keen and not forgotten.

The fifth type of problem parent which causes problem children is the parent who is afraid of teacher and so doesn't visit school. This may be a lack of education or poise which makes the parent "hang back from meeting people," as Mrs. Faulds says. Or it may be that the parent is afraid the child won't show up well. Or it may be, as Miss Morse suggests, the fault of the teacher who had developed an incisive way of speaking which would scare anybody to death. It's quite delightful to find a teacher so unhampered by her pedagogy as is Miss Morse. She believes teachers should prove that they are people. Let them mix and mingle; let them understand how other people make a living; let them even spend summers and holidays in other kinds of jobs.

So this brings us up sharp to the point of asking, "How can parents and teachers get together on the education of the child which belongs to all three of them?"

Clearwater Junior High School says there is only one way: the parents and teachers must meet and talk.

There is no formal association of parents and teachers in the Clearwater Junior High School, because it's been tried numbers of times and it just won't work. Teen-agers don't want their parents visiting school.

(Continued on Page 162)

Delicious "One-Dish" Meals

made with thrifty all-purpose MAZOLA

SIMPLE meals—just one main dish plus a green salad—are now the hurried housewife's order of the day. They save time and trouble in preparation, save cleaning up time, too. Mazola Salad Oil makes these dishes rich and tasty. Mazola itself is as good to eat as the golden corn kernels from which it comes. Mazola is an all-purpose oil, as fine for general cooking as it is for frying, "melted" shortening and fresh salad dressings.

All grocers sell Mazola in crystal-clear bottles—protected by sealed outer cartons.

★ CHICKEN *with* RICE

1 c. raw rice
6 tsp. salt
3 lb. chicken, cut up
2¼ c. milk
¾ c. flour
½ tsp. pepper
6 tbsp. Mazola
¼ c. minced onion
2 tbsp. minced celery
1 canned pimiento

Boil rice in 3 qts. water with 1 tbsp. salt—until tender. Wash chicken; dip into ¼ c. of the milk. Coat with mixture of ½ c. of the flour, 1½ tsp. salt, and ¼ tsp. pepper. Brown chicken in Mazola in skillet. Place rice in casserole; put chicken over it. Cook onion and celery in fat left in skillet. Blend in rest of flour, salt and pepper. Add minced pimiento; stir in rest of milk, stirring while cooking until mixture thickens. Pour over rice and chicken. Cover; bake in 375° oven for 30 mins. or until chicken is tender. Serves 4.

★ ★ BEEF STEW

2 lb. flank steak
2 tbsp. Mazola
4 med. carrots
4 med. onions
4 med. potatoes
3 c. boiling water
¾ tsp. Worcestershire
½ tsp. salt
Few grains pepper
8 whole cloves
Flour

Cut steak in cubes; brown in Mazola. Add carrots, onions, potatoes, water, Worcestershire, salt and pepper. Tie cloves in cheesecloth; add. Cover; simmer 1 hr. 30 mins. Drain off liquid; measure. Mix 1 tbsp. each flour and water for each cup liquid; blend into liquid. Cook slowly, stirring constantly, until thickened. Add to meat and vegetable mixture. Serves 4. A tossed green salad, with fresh Mazola French dressing, blends perfectly with this hearty dish, always a favorite with most men.

★ ★ ★ DINNER CHOWDER

2 c. diced raw white potatoes
¾ c. minced onion
½ c. diced celery
2½ tsp. salt
2½ c. boiling water
4 tbsp. Mazola
4 tbsp. flour
¼ tsp. pepper
½ tsp. pwd. mustard
1½ tsp. bottled thick meat sauce
2 c. milk
1 c. grated cheese
1 tbsp. minced parsley
1 c. canned tomatoes

Combine potatoes, onion, celery, 1 tsp. of the salt and water in deep kettle. Cover, and simmer until tender—about 15 mins. Meanwhile heat Mazola in top of double boiler. Stir in flour until smooth; add rest of salt and next 4 ingredients while stirring. Cook till thickened; add cheese, and stir until melted. Stir into potato mixture; add parsley and tomatoes; heat; serve. Serves 4. Fruit salad is delicious with this "one-dish" meal.

Always plus a salad

Fresh green salads, full of minerals and vitamins, deserve fresh Mazola dressings. Make your own mayonnaise or French dressing with Mazola. This pure all-vegetable oil gives added flavor and goodness to delicious healthful salads.

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That's why you'll want to choose a *brand* you can *trust* . . . and you *can* trust Poll-Parrot and Star Brand . . . with Built-in Fit.*

For even in wartime these familiar names mean sturdy *inner-construction* and rugged materials that *stand up* . . . that keep their proper shape . . . doubly important now that shoes must be re-soled.

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Poll-Parrot
AND
STAR BRAND SHOES
with BUILT-IN FIT for Boys and Girls

Poll-Parrot

(Continued from Page 160)

That's all right, says Miss Morse. That's normal. Besides that, say Professor and Mrs. Faulds, heartily echoed by Mrs. Johnson, who is faculty adviser for the student council; Mrs. Stephans, who is dean of girls; and Mr. Belcher, who is dean of boys—besides that, when parents visit school at a set time and in a body they don't get a true picture of what's going on.

So Clearwater does it this way: Every teacher is required to stay after school each day from four to four-thirty for conference period. Parents are free to come and talk, with or without appointment. Most often, they come in answer to a note written by the teacher and delivered by the pupil. Not when the behavior problem has become acute or when the trouble with decimals has become a complex, but while the trouble is still on the way, the Clearwater Junior High School teacher writes the parent to say a definite thing. Nine times out of ten this brings the parent to visit the teacher and talk it over. The pupil is there, too, unless it's a problem better discussed in private.

But almost as often, the notes are written to say the child is doing good work in such and such a subject, and the teacher has noticed an increase in his attention or in his ability to absorb. This brings the parent on the run, and a good working relationship is established.

The Clearwater teacher doesn't stop here. The junior high is divided into home-room groups of thirty to forty pupils. One teacher is responsible for each group. And by "responsible" we mean deeply. She visits the home of each of those pupils. She talks with parents in their own surroundings, which range from high to low. She takes back her impressions to the child's other teachers, and there is then more complete understanding of why Susie or Jimmy can't get along with fractions or fellow pupils, and the teacher is better able to help solve the problem.

Big-city schools haven't the advantages of few pupils and close contact between parent and teacher through home visits, nor have they the slow turnover among teachers. The Faulds, for instance, have been in the Clearwater schools twenty-two years; Miss Morse, twenty years; Mrs. Johnson, sixteen, and Mrs. Stephans, twelve years. In that time they've made an effort to know everybody. But big-city parents have the same responsibility as have the Clearwater parents: they must meet the teacher.

Perhaps a city parent would even like to hear Clearwater's Ten Commandments for Parents and Teachers:

1. Parents and teachers should know one another, each in his own background.
2. Parents and teachers are not enemies, but friends; they belong to the same child.
3. Parents should take for granted the teacher knows her business until proved otherwise, and vice versa.
4. Good parents, like good teachers, are not gullible, indifferent, shielding, too interested or afraid of one another.
5. More fathers should visit school and meet the teachers; teachers like fathers because they usually deal with the problem of Johnny as if it were business and not sentiment.
6. Teachers should have a conference time for parents which won't embarrass the child.
7. It is good for a child to know that he will find a parent home after school, if for only fifteen minutes. He wants to talk about "what happened today."
8. Every child needs definite home responsibilities.
9. If a child seems to have no schoolwork to do at home, there's something wrong, and the parent should check up.
10. By the time a boy or girl reaches junior high school, a career should at least have been planned. Every child needs vocational training in homemaking, manual training, typing or in some other work to be done with his hands.

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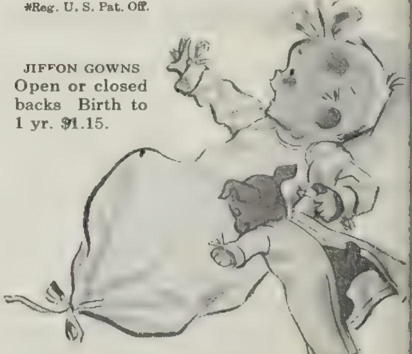

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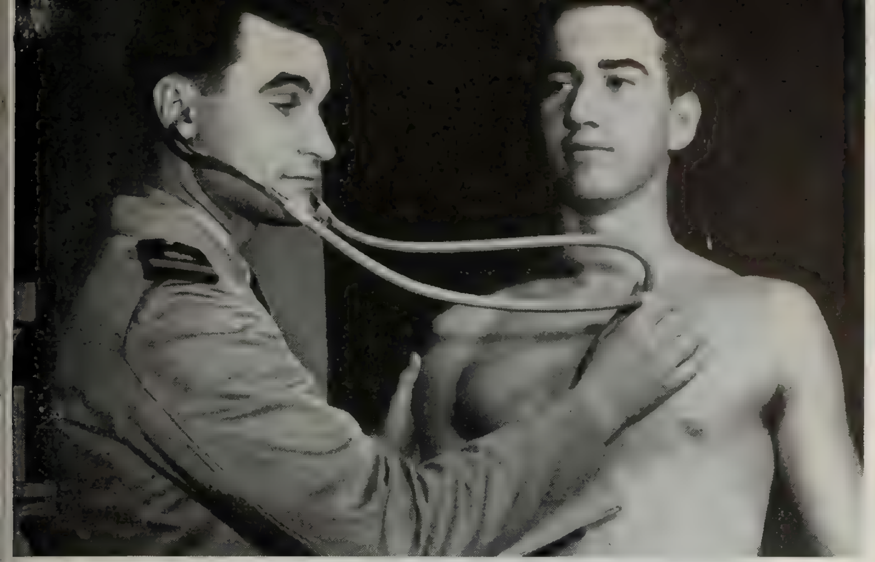

Stan Faulds, U. of Fla. student, about to follow his brother (now a prisoner of war) into the Army Air Force, is just eighteen, has always yearned to be a flier.

How the Faulds Spend Their Money

Food (including milk)	$900.00
Clothing	200.00
Electricity	160.00
Fuel (fireplace wood only)	20.00
Telephone	50.00
Laundry, cleaning and pressing	250.00
Doctors and dentists	100.00
Newspapers, magazines, books	40.00
Contributions	$200.00
Car upkeep, licenses, gas	325.00
Stanley's college expenses	300.00
Ruth's college expenses	600.00
Gifts and miscellaneous	231.35
Life insurance	150.95
Pension retirement	172.70
War Bonds	600.00
Taxes	750.00
	$5050.00*

*Mr. Faulds' salary: $2600, Mrs. Faulds': $1650, income from investments: $800.

MEET TWO BELOVED TEACHERS

(Continued from Page 143)

and show profit—but their combined salaries make a nice income and odd investments produce small additional sums. Their completed job of feeding and rearing a family was brought off as neatly as if Norval had blueprinted it at his drawing board thirty years ago.

Nor is there any doubt about Almira's having stayed flexible. It took months of persuasion to get her to try a voyage in the canvas kayak at the lake—a craft that looked to her illogically unsubstantial for anybody of her generous build. Nowadays they can hardly keep her out of it. She can't swim, but she feels about that frail shell of wood and cloth just as a small boy feels about his brand-new sled.

If the big house—it has six bedrooms and a huge living room to correspond—is too lonesome with all the youngsters gone, the Faulds may put their War Bonds into a slick little house on a good lot that Norval owns in Clearwater, overlooking the golf course. By doing his own contracting, he says, he can get a $6000 job for $4500, workshop-hobbyroom and all.

He is also planning a semi-co-operative machine shop in town, where he and local mechanics of his ilk can swap ideas and special jobs in developing their pet notions about postwar ideas.

Theoretically, he could retire in six years, on the pension that goes with his job. Eventually he and Almira will draw around $110 a month between them. But he probably will do nothing of the sort. He gets too big a kick out of his boys at the school. That is crystal clear in the proud ring in his voice as he says:

"Why, I'd put some of their mechanical drawing up against college work from any institution in the country any time!"

Almira has the same fire-horse quality. Those doctor's orders also precluded any outside nutrition-course work. But her bright brown eyes slant a little and her pretty mouth twitches a little as she says, "I think maybe I'll have time to work some of that in anyway; after all, why not?"

The $150-a-month allotment that Vince has sent home to Mom goes religiously into War Bonds and other investments for him, as arranged before he left. No twinge of apprehension comes into her casual voice as she speaks of Vincent. It was terrible before they knew. But now she and Norval are utterly convinced that, in due time, he will be home, long and lean and grinning as he ever was.

DOWN MEXICO WAY

HAVE you ever wanted to live in Mexico? If you did, what kind of next-door neighbors would you have? Next month, you'll meet a young, Mexico City lawyer, his attractive wife and family. You'll learn what they think about men and women, marriage, and the war. They'll tell you what they eat and drink, what it costs them to live, the innermost dreams and drives they cherish for their four youngsters.

More than we realize, Mexico has enriched our lives with its bold, colorful culture. How has the U. S. affected our "good neighbors'" lives, and what do they really think of us?

Come make this exciting trip south of the border and know intimately Señor and Señora Román Ramón Millán. In our How America Lives series in June.

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"WE'RE PUTTING UP row after row of delicious home-canned fruits and vegetables. Capturing each at its flavor peak—preparing it just the way our family prefers.

"Last year the Ball Blue Book was my 'bible' for many weeks and thanks to it, everything turned out splendidly. Your book is a God-send to home canners."

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Balanced diet the year 'round at a savings of points and money.

The thrill of filling your own pantry!

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JACKIE MARTIN

"I've got a little money put away," says Butch, drawing a bead on a bull's-eye, "and I'm not worrying." On his first furlough he went home without a leg, saw dad, who was wounded in last war. Two brothers are in South Pacific.

"I OWE MY CAREER TO LOSING A LEG"

(Continued from Page 22)

And my instinct was true in this respect. In the years that followed I came to relish a spin through the skies, a game of golf, a fox trot or rumba, a long swim, a game of badminton as no companion with all limbs at his disposal could possibly relish such things. Indeed, I am sure that the happiness of winning for a wife the loveliest girl produced by New Orleans was immeasurably greater for me than such triumphs are for other men.

It was several months before I could be fitted with an artificial leg. While I was still on crutches, however, I returned to war work, as Chief Naval Aircraft Inspector for the Petrograd District. Despite the dignity of the title for a very young man, I was depressed and unhappy. My duties involved many hours on the ramps of air stations and airdromes—watching others fly. They brought me into constant touch with airmen fresh from combat zones, and their exhilaration made me feel dismally out of it.

But work is the great healer. Physically earthbound by my condition, I found my creative imagination soaring. It was as if Nature, to compensate for limitations in one direction, were releasing new unsuspected forces in other directions.

More than ever before I became fascinated by the designing and engineering phase, and the production side, of aviation. Restrained by my injury, I quickly enlarged my acquaintance with the engineers, designers and builders of planes. Ideas for improvements that had been only nebulous in my consciousness, now "jelled." I began to add armament to planes in my charge and provided flexible installations for machine guns. I even fooled around with armor plate for flying boats, at that time a startling innovation.

As a direct result of my incapacity, in short, my mind was conquering a whole new world of interests. Until the crash, aviation had been for me a kind of superior sport. Now my bad luck made me excitingly aware of the wonders of aerodynamics and hydrodynamics. The brake on my natural exuberance imposed by a mishap taught me that aviation is more than flying—that it is a science and an art.

Everyone around me took it for granted that I was through with actual flying. There was no precedent for a one-legged pilot. When friends and superior officers consoled me on this score, I said nothing. Inside I was quite certain that I would again soar through the skies with my hand on the controls. Having succeeded in getting permission to fly as a passenger on several occasions, I persuaded friendly pilots to let me try experiments. Strapping my good left leg to the rudder bar so that I could pull on it, I found that I could, with considerable inconvenience, handle the machine. Thereafter I was sure that once I had an artificial limb, I would be able to fly.

When the leg was finally fitted, I thought I should never be able to manage it. I seemed to be dragging a thousand tons through life; it was hopelessly painful. This was before the truly impressive progress in this field made in the last generation. But miraculously, the new limb soon became an almost normal extension of my body. Slowly at first, and at a greater tempo later, I acquired such skill and became so habituated to it that I resumed nearly all the physical tasks and amusements of my earlier years.

More important than the physical adjustment was the psychological adjustment. More quickly than I had imagined possible, I ceased to feel the artificial leg as a handicap and began to feel it as a distinction. To others from the outset, and to myself, too, it became a species of decoration—more enduring, more real than any at the disposal of governments.

Though my desire to fly did not abate, my unhappiness over the interruption faded out. In inspecting airplanes, I found ample opportunities to sit in cockpits for hours. Often under the pretext of testing the action of the controls, or the strain that could be put on the rudder pedals, I was actually testing the ability of my artificial leg to overcome the forces that would be imposed upon the controls of the airplane in flight. In time I was convinced that I had in my artificial limb ample force and accuracy for flying.

Came the day when I was sent down to the Black Sea by rail to deliver a batch of heavy flying-boat bombers. On arrival I was put in charge of the assembly process. A demonstration before high-ranking army and navy officers was scheduled. Everyone knew that I was yearning to fly; some of my superior officers now believed that I could do it; but no one would take the responsibility of risking my life and the government's property.

On the morning of the big show, one of the airplanes gave the damnedest exhibition of stunting that the gold-braided dignitaries down below had ever seen. It spun, rolled and looped, dove and zoomed into *chandelles.* It whined in a breath-taking display

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of acrobatics. The commanding officer of the local naval air station swelled with pride—and inquired for the identity of the flier. A check of the test pilots and combat pilots accounted for all—except the one in the stunting plane. To the thrill of the exhibition was added a sauce of mystery.

Finally the craft landed. Its pilot stepped out. It was the one-legged stranger from St. Petersburg! The commanding officer's pride turned to anger. Even the officials who were more thrilled than angered pretended to be outraged. I had taken the airplane up without permission.

The details of my arrest and interrogation are of no interest here. Suffice that the story spread through all Russia and, through military channels, finally reached the ears of the Czar, Nicholas II. He asked the Minister of the Navy for a full report of the episode. After a short confinement to my quarters, I was restored to full flying duty by the Czar. Though he deplored the insubordination, I was told, the Czar appreciated the spirit of the exploit. Before the end of the war I was in charge of the entire Naval Fighter Command of the Baltic Sea, with the rank of commander—with thirteen German planes to my credit, every official decoration pinned to my chest, and a notoriety that echoed through the country.

The fact that I had made a record *despite* my handicap meant additional glory that I certainly didn't merit. Personally, I knew that much of my success in combat was achieved *because of* that handicap. It had forced me to take precautions, to develop technical improvements and to undertake training which, had I possessed both my limbs, I would certainly have overlooked.

The fact is that the man now back in the skies was not the same one who had been hurt that night of July 15, 1915. One might say that I had been "artificially matured" by the disaster. The boisterous youngster had been turned into a more earnest, more circumspect, more understanding aviator.

One of my first active assignments was participation in a squadron of planes to be flown from St. Petersburg to the front—the first mass flight and direct delivery of airplanes under their own power from factory to battle areas. In those days, when engines were more fragile, the general assumption was that new planes should be flown as little as possible to spare the engine. I broke away from this assumption. Because I was still apprehensive about my handicap, I took every opportunity to fly my machine. In the process, I discovered and eliminated "bugs" in the engine and the plane itself. Mine was therefore one of only two planes to make the flight nonstop without accident. My machine had been thoroughly tested and broken in. I had been forced by my physical condition to establish a routine of "service flight test" that has since then become a standard procedure.

BECAUSE flying was somewhat more difficult for me, I was constantly studying aerodynamic phenomena and experimenting with improvements of aviation gadgets. My various inventions therefore turned me into a sort of consultant engineer to the Admiralty. I was frequently called to headquarters to give my views on new designs and new military characteristics. Thus, amazingly, my handicap not only stimulated my own inventiveness but resulted in improvements in the whole aviation of my native country.

The need to adjust planes to my own comfort and limitations led me to tinker with them endlessly. That was how I happened to design skis for flying boats; those skis, retractable and droppable, were adopted by the Russian Navy, and subsequently the improved designs were used by Sir Hubert Wilkins in his Arctic flight. That was how I came to conceive a bomb sight which years later served as the basis for the first fully automatic bomb sight in the world which, with the help of General Billy Mitchell, I had the joy of making available to the American Government.

Precisely because I had come to be known as "the legless aviator," I was eager to fly

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Do you want to save up to 75% cooking time?	Can you cook peas in less than 2 minutes, spinach in 1 minute, potatoes in 8 to 10 minutes?
Do you want to save precious vitamins and minerals in the fresh foods you serve?	Can you cook a 4 pound pot roast to delicious tenderness within 40 minutes?
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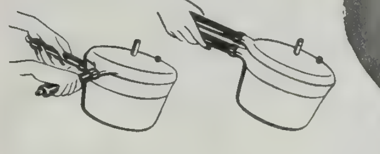

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more and to fly better. I piled up more hours than anyone else, in combat and outside of combat. In order to reduce the load on my wooden leg, I invented the balanced rudders which led to balanced ailerons, and these innovations in turn led to other inventions.

There were also tragicomic episodes.

For instance, in one combat experience I was shot through my artificial leg. I felt the blow—the leg was kicked off the pedal—but I regained the controls and kept on flying, and finally brought down the German plane. About the same time, a member of my flight was also shot through the leg. He got home but crashed in landing. Visiting him in the hospital, I was able to show him truthfully that my artificial limb was a distinct advantage.

"Look here," I said, "I'm exactly 25 per cent less vulnerable than you are. If mine had been a flesh-and-bone leg instead of wood, I'd be here in the hospital with you, or very dead."

After the Russian Revolution, my standing as top naval ace—a fame to which my lack of a right leg contributed no little—spared me most of the travail to which other officers were exposed. Soviet officials treated me with generous considerateness and gave me permission to go to the United States. My hollow leg, incidentally, enabled me to conceal a large sum of money and most of my decorations in my eventful and hazardous trip through Siberia.

While crossing Siberia on the long roundabout route to America, I was at one point taken out of the train and lined up with other "upper-class" passengers counted off for execution by the guerrilla revolutionaries. The time was chaotic, and my identification papers—signed by Lenin—made no impression in the middle of Siberia. The leader of the execution squad was a burly sailor. In the scuffle, my trouser leg was torn, exposing my wooden limb. As the squad was ready to fire, the sailor noted this and shouted to his men to stop. He rushed over and asked whether I was, perhaps, Commander Seversky. It turned out that he had been on a Russian destroyer in the Baltic under attack by a German bomber and that I had shot down that bomber. The sailor made a fiery speech and in a few minutes my would-be executioners were cheering me as the train got under way again.

In the United States, I offered my services to the U. S. Air Service, hoping to return to the front. But Maj. Gen. William L. Kenly, then Director of Military Aeronautics, urged me to serve in an engineering capacity instead. My first assignment, in 1918, was in Buffalo, helping the War Department to put SE-5 fighter planes into production. Had it not been for my artificial leg, I would have succeeded in getting to the fighting front in France. Because of it, I remained here and obtained a wider opportunity, one that brought me into ever closer contact with the key figures in Uncle Sam's new air forces, destined to become the world's greatest.

I need not conceal the fact that my physical disability—by this time hardly a disability at all—opened doors and opportunities to me after the war that I might have missed otherwise. It surrounded my war record, my inventions, my designs with a peculiar aura of drama.

Through Horace Hickam, then a major and head of the Information Group of the Air Corps, I met General Mitchell in 1921. The general obtained my appointment as consulting engineer for the War Department and aided me in the development of my automatic bomb sight.

Space does not permit me to detail my progress from this time forward. I organized a company for marketing my inventions. I broke long-distance speed records with airplanes of my own design. I carried off prizes from the Cleveland Air Races; in one of these I gained some notoriety by "waltzing" in the air to the tune of a band below—transmitted to me by radio. Ultimately I organized the Seversky Aircraft Corporation (now the Republic Aviation Corporation) and built fighter planes for the United States Army.

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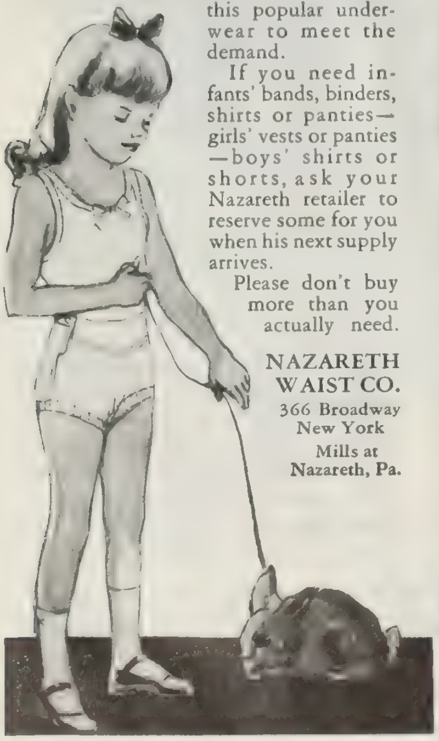

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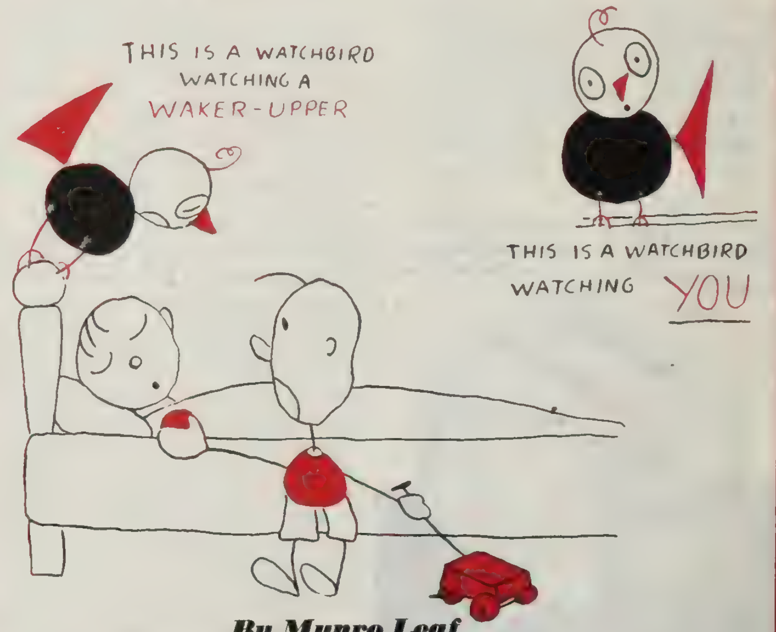
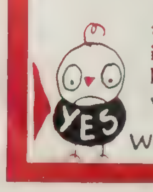
THIS IS A WAKER-UPPER

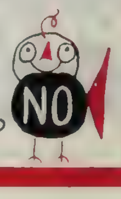


By Munro Leaf

One of the worst creatures around a house is a Waker-Upper. It never thinks of anyone but itself. When it wants to get up, it wakes up everybody else whether they want it to or not. This Waker-Upper is waking its father when he needs to sleep. It wants him to fix the wagon and it won't wait. The father is going to be awfully mad.



WERE YOU A WAKER-UPPER THIS MONTH?



All of which is really another story. What I want to make clear at this time is that my artificial leg did not in the slightest interfere with my progress. On the contrary, at every stage it served as a useful balance wheel. It held my physical and intellectual enthusiasm in check.

Unlike the average pilot, I could not rely on mere agility to extricate me from trouble in case of mishap. Consequently I thought and designed not only in terms of performance but also of safety and ease in piloting.

On account of my artificial leg, I needed a somewhat longer distance between the seat and pedals than the ordinary person. I therefore pioneered in developing adjustable rudder pedals, now in general use. To make up for the reduced strength in the artificial limb, I developed hydraulic brakes for planes, and was able to patent a series of hydraulic, retractable and braking mechanisms. For the same reason I was stimulated to adapt ball bearings of a special type to all the airplane controls, which resulted in exceptionally light stick loads and eliminated one of the sources of flutter. The latter influenced its general acceptance by the aeronautical industry.

In time of distress, even a whole-bodied flier may find it difficult to jump clear of a spinning plane. I was conscious of how much more difficult that would be for a man burdened with an artificial leg. That line of thought led me to the invention of an automatic "spin chute" for arresting a flat spin. I have never had to use the device myself, but it has saved many a life in these years.

I could go on with example after example of how my physical disability enriched my own accomplishments in my chosen field of work and incidentally benefited all aviation. I have the supreme satisfaction today, as an American, of knowing that a fighter plane born in my mind is fighting brilliantly for our country "over there" in the skillful hands of our gallant airmen.

I have sketched my professional career in no vainglorious spirit, but only to clarify the strange and true fact that my accident worked *for* rather than against me. It is the key fact which others who have written pieces about my work have failed to understand. They have shied away from my lost leg, or mentioned it casually, failing to grasp that it has been central in my story. It has been, so to speak, my secret ally.

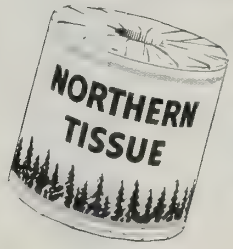
Over and above my professional life, of course, there was my personal life. I discovered early that the hardest thing to overcome is not the physical disability, but the mental condition which it induces. Once the mind is at rest, everything else falls into a normal and easy relationship.

The world, I discovered, has a way of taking a man pretty much at his own rating. If he permits his loss to make him shy, embarrassed and apologetic, he will draw shyness and embarrassment out of others. But if he gains his own respect, if he learns to regard his condition as a badge of honor, the respect of those around him comes naturally and easily. Self-pity calls forth pity from others—and that is a heavier cross to bear than the loss of a limb.

I should be less than candid if I pretended that the years of adjustment, physical and psychological, were easy. They weren't. Again and again, in their honest eagerness to put me at ease, friends and hostesses merely succeeded in accomplishing the opposite results. More often, I sensed pity and strain and resented them when these things were only in my own mind. The problem, in general, was not in others but in myself. As soon as I became casual and natural about my condition, there was really no problem at all.

After a while I was able to talk about my disability with as little self-consciousness as men do about encroaching baldness or any other unpleasant but not unnatural physical fact. The basic piece of advice to the sound of limb, in dealing with those who are not, is to ignore the matter—not to avoid it or pretend not to notice, but to treat it as a circumstance of minor importance. In the final checkup, it *is* minor. In the sum total of a man's abilities and essential character, a leg more or less is quite incidental.

A fawn's big eyes are shy as dawn
and softly sentimental:
No wonder that a little fawn
is just about as gentle...
as soft, safe



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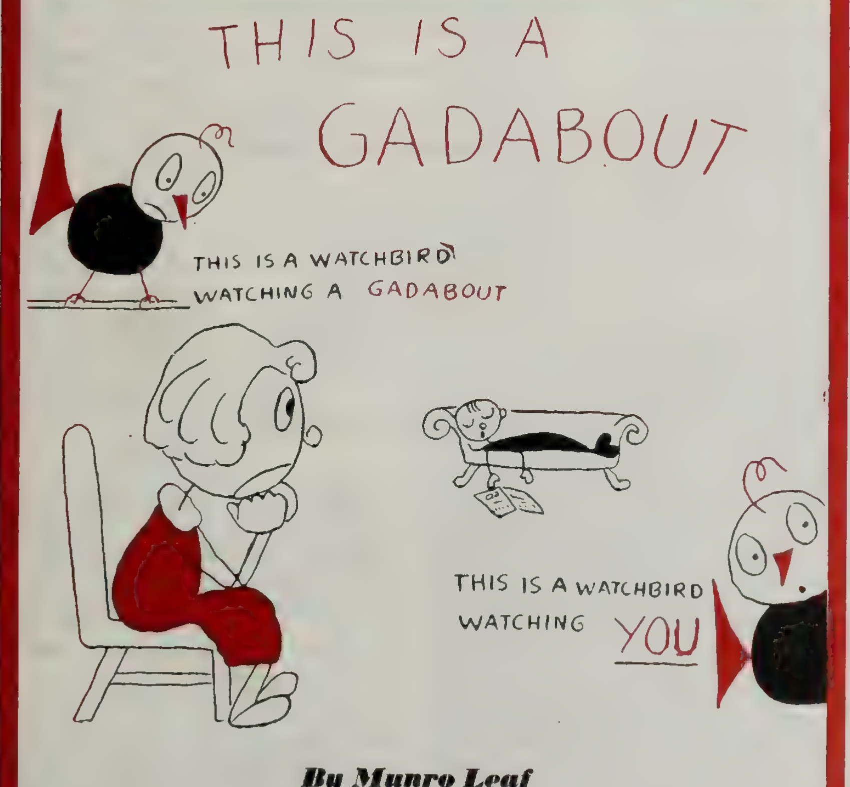
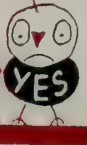
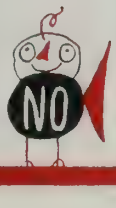


By Munro Leaf

GADABOUTS are never contented to spend a quiet evening in their own homes. They want to go somewhere and do something different every night. This Gadabout is mad at its husband because he was so tired he fell asleep while he was reading the paper. When he wakes up the Gadabout will be cross and they will go to bed unhappy.



WERE YOU A GADABOUT THIS MONTH ?



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DIVISION OF THE GLIDDEN COMPANY

I was more fortunate than some in the good sense of my immediate family in those far-off days when I was first learning to use my artificial limb. Whatever my mother, father and brother thought and felt, they did not indulge in melodrama. They neither emphasized my accident nor ignored it. My own sense of humor, I flatter myself, helped a lot. Before long we had invented a nickname for my stump. We referred to it joshingly, and a bit affectionately, in the third person, as if it were a new and rather temperamental member of the family. Instead of warning me to be careful, to remember that I'm handicapped, my mother would say smilingly, "Now, Sasha, you mustn't hurt *him*," or "I've ordered some new woolen socks for *him*." A good-natured family joke thus helped bridge a difficult period, without injury to my pride.

Year by year I regained physical skills which I thought had been lost forever. Recent advances in the technology of artificial limbs have contributed to this "unfreezing" of my bodily agility. I adjusted myself to the knowledge that I could not move as quickly as others and that this put me at a disadvantage in some sports—tennis, for instance. But in others, wherecontrol, balance and co-ordination are more important than speed, I realized that I could match other people. Golf, which I learned after I lost my leg, is in this category. Swimming, curiously, is the easiest of physical exercises for a legless person. What I lost in speed I made up in greater endurance. For a swimmer minus one leg, weight is reduced more than total displacement in the water and buoyancy is increased. Diving, too, came easily, once I acquired the trick of poising on one leg. Right down the line, indeed, the loss of one limb or function tends to be compensated by more skill and strength for other limbs and functions. Greater agility and power with one's hands and arms, I know as a fact, is one of Nature's rewards for the loss of a leg.

A Prayer in Wartime

For Prisoners of War

By the Reverend Dr. George Stewart

Lord, Thou Who didst come
To heal the brokenhearted,
To preach deliverance to the captives,
And to set at liberty them that are
bruised,
Forget not our loved ones
Wherever they may languish.

If they be under hard hands,
Temper their pain;
If they be in kindly circumstance,
Enable them to help their fellows;
If they be ill,
Support them with Thy grace;
If they be sore wounded,
Bless all who heal their bodies
And establish their spirit.

Remember especially
Those of sensitive nature
Who suffer under tedium, separation
and loneliness.

Help them lay the specters of the
night,
Endure the torture of hopeless days,
Bear the reluctant hours of wasted
time,
The corrosion of workless years.

When memory of home grows dim,
When reason totters
And faith grows threadbare,
Come in sharp awareness
With the plenitude of Thy grace.
Through Jesus Christ, our Lord.

The awareness that others were noticing my physical condition, on the beach or on the diving board, ceased to bother me. On the contrary—and that, too, is one of the marvels of human nature—I developed a kind of inner pride about it. It was as if I had with me always the symbol of my victory over difficulties.

Children are the most curious and the most frank in dealing with physical handicaps in others. But there is a kind of wholesome admiration mixed with their curiosity. In swimming pools and other places where my amputated leg is in evidence, young children do not hesitate to come up and ask questions. They are deeply interested when I tell them how and why I am as I am. This is something that has happened in these last twenty-five years and may be the result of new, more honest methods of education. A quarter of a century ago children were a little alarmed by life in the raw; today they seem to be more stimulated than scared.

Let no one suppose that the crippled man hates to talk about his condition. Provided the discussion is on a mature level, without any futile layers of sympathy, he rather relishes it. The things he can do despite his handicap—whether it's a hot rumba or a turn on the ice rink—become matters of self-satisfaction. He is likely to exhibit them conversationally in the way that other people exhibit their favorite card tricks.

The job of relearning how to skate on ice and do fancy figures was not easy; but the pride in achievement once the job was done more than made up for the effort. I recal padding my knees, elbows and other tender spots with regulation football accouterment for my early skating efforts. Encumbered by an artificial leg, my efforts to do gracefu spins meant plenty of spills. I have a vivid memory of Mrs. Seversky arriving at the skating rink to meet me, and finding an excited knot of people gathered at the far end. When she came close enough, she was amazed to find her husband the center o attention. "Are you all watching this man perform?" she asked someone, with a feel ing of possessive pride "No," the stranger answered, "we wan to see how long it wil take this fellow to kil himself." But in the end I came to feel at home again on ice Since then, modest as my efforts on the rink may be, I have some times stolen the show from professionals, a soon as onlookers be came aware of my impediment.

Does that sound like exhibitionism? suppose there is a trace of it, and no one grudges it to me. One tends to get spoiled to expect and to re ceive just that extra touch of consideration. One expects and usually receives a bit more applause, leeway, appreciation This can be a source of annoyance before a complete menta adjustment has been made, but thereafter it has advantages that in the aggregate are considerable. The human mind is so constituted, luckily, that what begins as an in feriority complex ends up as a superiority complex.

There is a kind of freemasonry of the legless. Bring two of us together, and instantly there is a sense of kinship. I was told by a friend once that when Laurence Stallings and Walter Duranty met for the first time, at a railroad station in Moscow, they immediately retired to a compartment in the waiting train, drew up their trouser legs and com pared artificial legs.

I could well believe it, because that is, in effect, what happened when I first met that fine actor, Herbert Marshall. It was at a large cocktail party. We went off into a corner and compared notes on recent improvements in our respective artificial limbs. A vivacious guest, spotting us, exclaimed:

"Marshall and Seversky talking shop What is it, movies or airplanes?"

"Wrong on both counts. Wooden legs!" I said.

That freemasonry extends to all who are wounded and face the ordeal which we have already passed and conquered. I feel it as a solemn obligation to help those who are

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newly handicapped in any way I can. And the best that I can do, usually, is to make them understand that life remains rich and exciting and fruitful despite a physical disability. That is why I like to visit hospitals and to chat with convalescents, as I did recently at Halloran Hospital at Staten Island and at the Convalescent Center at Coral Gables.

When I notice that anyone in my presence, at a party, at my home, anywhere else, shows symptoms of embarrassment, I quickly demolish the barrier with a joke or two at the expense of my missing leg. One soon learns little tricks of that sort. One becomes adroit in putting the well at ease in the presence of the handicapped.

I first met Evelyn Olliphant, of New Orleans, who was to become Mrs. Seversky, on a "blind date" to which I was taken by a friend, an officer in the Air Corps. I fell in love with her virtually at first sight. But her attentions were monopolized by my personable friend. Finally I asked her for a dance. As we walked to the floor I told her timidly not to hesitate to drop me if I were awkward as a dancer, because—well, I had an artificial leg. I knew well enough that the beautiful and tenderhearted girl would rather die on her feet, after that, than admit that I was anything less than a genius as a dancer. I had her to myself for hours and proceeded to "sell" myself, apparently with some success.

In the year that I wooed and won her I took her flying, driving, swimming. Any shyness either of us might have felt about my condition was thoroughly dissipated in the growing sense of comradeship; and, I might add, I gathered an additional quota of feminine admiration for my physical prowess and worldly success despite the handicap. Strange though it may sound, I am convinced that the absent limb, if it affected Mrs. Seversky's attitude at all, served only to enhance the tenderness she learned to feel for me.

And perhaps that is symbolic of the whole story that I am trying to tell. I can say truthfully that my artificial leg, all things taken together, has been an asset rather than a burden. The margin of physical disadvantage has been made up a hundredfold by an accretion of psychological, spiritual and mental advantages.

It is no part of my purpose to preach to those who today are risking life and limb. Yet I cannot resist the urge to reassure them that life has a wonderful, inscrutable way of "paying off" in other things for any physical limitations. I cannot resist the temptation to tell the fathers and mothers and sweethearts of our boys in the services that my own mother, who was in despair when I was wounded, lived long enough to recognize that it was in many respects a blessing in disguise.

BEN ROTH

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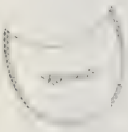

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WANT A JOB? WATCH YOUR STEP!

(Continued from Page 144)

expects to make work a part of the pattern of her life for an indefinite period. She must look past the temptations of easy money and unusually exciting environment and decide where she would like to be in five years.

Here are several questions that every business newcomer would do well to ask herself in considering her first position: "Is this opening with a company that stands well in its field? Is it a company with a *past*—or a *future?* Is there in it a possibility for the kind of job I would like to have in time?"

For the sake of advancement, it is more important to get a foothold in a good organization with future possibilities than to start off with airs in a position that can lead to nothing. If, however, you are the kind of person who is happiest where the pace is unhurried, where competition is not too keen, then the all-important point to bear in mind is satisfactory environment.

Nor should this matter of environment ever be skipped over too lightly. More waking hours are likely to be spent in the place you work than in any other single spot. If the setting and personalities with which you are surrounded are definitely disagreeable to you, the job itself will have to be remarkably engrossing for you not to develop an inner resentment which will sooner or later leave its physical and emotional mark on you. It is important to like the place you work and the people you work with—and for them to like you!

If the proffered job has neither future nor environment to recommend it, it may still be worth considering. If, for instance, it offers an opportunity of getting some specialized experience, which will have future resale value elsewhere, it might be well to take it for a limited period, as one takes an extra course of study or seizes an opportunity to serve a short-term apprenticeship in a chosen field to get practical experience. Try not to take any job simply as a stopgap, however, when by looking farther you may find one that contributes something to your future value. Keep in mind that you and your services are like a piece of merchandise to be marketed. Your potential employer is out to buy the very best merchandise he can for his money and needs. The more you can improve what you have to offer, the greater your eventual value will be. Ability does not remain constant. You are either extending and fortifying the talents which you already have, or you are going stale.

In another respect you are also exactly like any other merchandise, and that is in the matter of the first impression you make. Your prospective employer will eye you carefully to see if you look to him like a good investment. You may be touched with genius, but if you have an unpromising look and an unresponsive personality, it will be difficult for him to think of you as a winner, any more than you would be tempted to buy a delicacy wrapped in messy paper and tied with an old shoelace!

Unfortunately in this present-day rush for employees when the supply of jobs is greater than the demand for them, standards become relaxed. It is easy to be less exacting about good grooming and good behavior than in normal times. Carelessness creeps in.

But the day of reckoning will surely come. There is bound to be a tremendous weeding out, when business wheels are turning steadily again. The all-around girl, with ability backed up by good grooming and a pleasant manner, will be the survivor.

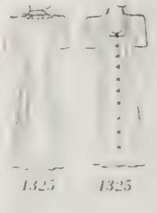
Is that *you?*

SOLUTIONS

One of the most happy married men of my acquaintance explained: "The day I got married, a friend came to me and said, 'Now, Al, you're going to be asked to do a lot of little chores around the house. My advice is to do them, and do them promptly, *but do them so badly that you'll never be asked to do them again.*'" He paused, then continued brightly, "So when I was asked to fix a leaky kitchen faucet, I did it ever so willingly, but I managed to flood the kitchen floor while I was fixing it. When I was asked to hang a picture, I did it gladly, but I managed to smash a hole in the plaster. And so," he finished with a smile, "for twenty years my married life has been a joy. I am never asked to lift a hand around the house."

—FRED C. KELLY:
Quoted in Let Yourself Go. F. B. Barton.
(Hillman-Curl, Inc.)

Flower Girl's Dress and Other Views of Patterns on Pages 34 and 35.



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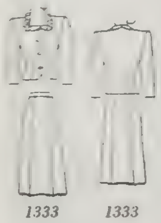

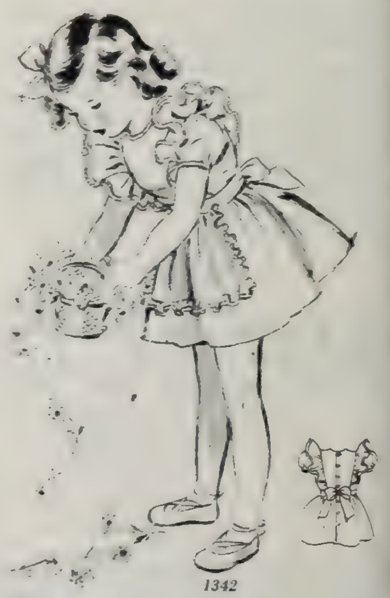

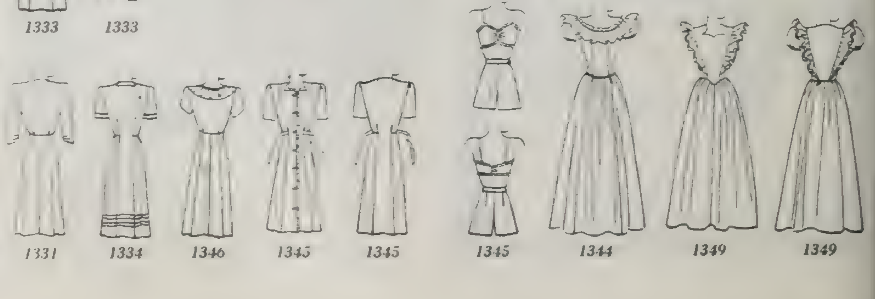

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H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

Diet, not cathartics, should regulate baby's system.

Constipation Can be Corrected

BY DR. HERMAN N. BUNDESEN

President, Chicago Board of Health

CONSTIPATION in children is rarely a serious disorder. But this fact should not be interpreted to mean that the condition should be ignored when it does occur.

Constipation is one of the most frequent complaints in children that mothers worry about, and may be considered from the standpoint of (1) importance, and (2) control.

Not so many years ago, if we looked at medical textbooks, dizziness, headache, convulsions, insomnia, poor appetite, skin trouble, fever and many other symptoms were suggested as being due to constipation. It is true that these conditions may be present at the same time that constipation occurs, but it is not likely that the latter is the cause of them. More likely, constipation is an incidental disorder.

How do we know? We know that constipation itself is not a serious disease, because of careful experimentation and observation of children. In one experiment, in which constipation was induced in thirty-two children, very careful measurement of the children's health showed practically no difference from that of children having normal bowel movements. In another experiment with sixteen children, in which constipation was artificially induced, no changes in their health picture was observed, as measured by temperature charts, urinalyses and blood studies.

A common error that needs correction is that a cathartic is the first step in treatment of fever or any other disorder. For some reason, it is assumed by many mothers that first aid for the sick child, no matter what the illness, is castor oil, calomel or an enema. This assumption is incorrect.

To the mother whose child misses a bowel movement one day, I would suggest she do nothing about it except perhaps to increase the fluid supply to the child and give more of the roughage type of foods. Cabbage, carrots and whole grains are examples of such foods. If chronic constipation develops, that presents another problem.

It is important for mothers to realize that the intestine is a sensitive, complex mechanism. It is part of the important factory in the body that absorbs the nutrients the child needs, and rejects the waste he must discard.

Cathartics, abnormal to the body, often disturb the normal balance of this chemical and microbiological activity. But what shall be done about it if constipation does develop in the child?

When the young nursing baby does not get enough milk for his age and weight, he may be constipated. However, constipation rarely, if ever, occurs in the baby who is entirely breast fed and is getting enough milk, because breast milk does not form a hard or dry stool even though the baby may not have a bowel movement for several days. Constipation in a bottle-fed baby may be

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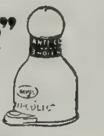

FREE: If you'd like to know more about this, send for our helpful, informative booklet, "Baby Feeding Made Easy." Address Department L5, Davol Rubber Company, Providence 2, Rhode Island.

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due to a milk mixture which has too little sugar or not enough water in it. In such cases, the doctor will usually advise what corrections should be made in the milk mixture to overcome the constipation. Giving the baby from one to two tablespoonfuls of prune juice, daily, after the baby is a month or two old, will often help to overcome constipation. Babies over six months old may also be given two or three tablespoonfuls of prune pulp. Brown sugar, malt and honey are also helpful.

The control of constipation is largely a matter of proper diet. Bulk is important, but that is only part of the story. The B vitamins and the minerals from natural sources are also important, as are whole grains for older children and scientifically prepared baby cereals for the younger ones. Many studies have been made over the past fifteen years to prove that cereals containing the germ of the grain help young children have normal stools.

The bulk of vegetables, known as hemicellulose, plays its part; much of it is found in carrots, cabbage, turnips, beets and other common vegetables. Thus, children need to be trained to eat a balanced diet which includes vegetables in the cooked and raw forms.

The importance of habit needs emphasis. Habit of bowel movement must be taught in a manner which will associate proper time and place with this important function. Such a beginning in early childhood is almost certain to be helpful to the child as he grows older.

It is not unusual for constipation to occur because of improper training. In the second year a child may learn that by refusing to have a bowel movement he will get a great deal of attention, so he does not make the necessary effort to have one. And this kind of behavior may be carried over into later childhood.

Of course, it must be kept in mind that stubborn constipation demands prompt medical attention. There are occasional instances of conditions, which need immediate correction, which cause difficulty in bowel movement.

It is safe to say that the average child who eats enough food, and the right kind of food, will not be constipated. If the child tends to be constipated, make the correction through diet, not by cathartics, suppositories or enemas.

Of course, if the baby is uncomfortable because he has not had a bowel movement, the doctor may advise that he be given a suppository or an enema, but the use of suppositories should not become a habit. In an older child some doctors advise mineral oil, which does not act as a laxative but merely softens the bowel movement. As the constipation grows less, the amount of mineral oil may be gradually reduced and finally stopped altogether.

FOOD RATIONING AFTER THE WAR

(Continued from Page 6)

torn away from their families and deported to labor camps. Their education is disrupted, their constant state of hunger, poverty and physical misery demoralizing to mind and spirit. Eventually all standards of behavior become meaningless to them.

Yet these boys and girls should be the leaders of tomorrow. These are the ones who will need every last ounce of human energy and vision possible if another war, more terrible than this, is to be prevented.

What miracle can save them? Only the ancient miracle of the loaves and the fishes, with each nation sharing and dividing with the rest. It has been widely suggested that we extend food rationing for a period of time after the war and reduce present rations, if necessary, to feed Hitler's victims. As the most richly privileged nation in the world, we should provide the lion's share. In terms of Europe's misery, this can't be called sacrifice.

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The Duncan & Miller Glass Co., Washington, Pa.

PHOTO BY STUART-FOWLER

A corner of our drawing room all set for coffee and gossip by the fireplace.

SUPPER AT LOW BRIDGE

(Continued from Page 42)

and, since it is time now, of trout and strawberries and those homely things that make the best of dishes, not too elaborate, just dishes that anyone can have, and no great fuss either.

Let's Begin. Frankly, the soup, as hot and savory as anyone could ask, comes in a tin. It's green turtle; and if that shouldn't make a hit with you, why not fill the tureen with a fine tomato or pea soup, with little crisp croutons? Soup is a pretty personal matter, and I'm as broad-minded as they come. So choose your own and I'll do the same. This time it's turtle, and that's all about that.

The Best is Yet to Be. One of the great dishes in the world is brook trout. Now that May is here and the fishing season has begun, trout comes to mind as easily as apple blossoms in the orchard. (We have an orchard, too, apples and cherries and peaches. But I'll tell you about that when I get my ladder and my picker—sometime—maybe later when cherries are in the pie.) Well, I have written reams about trout, as who should know better than you? How you clean them and wash them. That comes first. Then cook, then eat and never, no matter what, have any sauce but lemon. Lemon butter, maybe. Just lemon is best.

Cooking the Trout. You may broil them, but oil them first, for the skin is thin and it sticks closer than a brother to a broiler; give it half a chance. Turn them once, browning on each side. Lift as carefully as a crown jewel from the broiler and serve them on a hot platter, with cress (or, if it sticks its neck out and you can't avoid it, parsley), with lemon and with whatever you fancy for the rest of the meal. But there's another way, and one I like better, and that is to fry them.

The Salt-Pork Business. First "try out" thin slices of salt pork. Soak the piece of pork in cold water and maybe parboil it. Some do, I don't. Notch the edges of each slice so it will curl a little but not fold up on you, and fry it in a heavy frying pan until it's crisp but not very brown. Drain on paper towels and set it aside in a warm place.

Now, in the frying pan, lay the trout side by side carefully and cook slowly, turning with a wide spatula, until they are brown and done. Trout is delicate—don't cook too fast or too long. If you wish, you may dip them in flour or even in corn meal. I used to, bu I don't any more. It isn't any advantag that I can see, and it may, and most alway does, succeed in hiding the spots of gold an crimson that are part of the beauty of high-class trout.

Bacon is a second to salt pork, but to m mind it is second. Only sometimes you can' get a first-rate piece of real old-fashione salt pork, then it's bacon—and fine it is too

Best Supper in the World. I shall neve forget a supper I had years ago at Lakot Lake, up in the high hills of Vermont. Ou of that crystal lake—and I mean crystal— those trout were taken less than an hour before the call to supper. What a cook wa there! The trout were fried. In all thei spectacular beauty they came on a grea platter, completely surrounded with sal pork such as I have described, with a bowl o water cress from the brook near by (I know, for I gathered it myself) and with the pork a yellow bowl and a ladle. In the bowl was gravy—cream gravy flavored with pork fat, the texture of heavy cream, the taste like nothing else on earth. No, you had no truck with *trout* and gravy; that was reserved for the salt pork and the great baked potatoes bursting from their scrubbed skins, with a huge square of buttercup-yellow butter in each brown depth. No fripperies here, no masterpiece of garnishes and decorations. Only a supper for epicures. And of such is the kingdom composed.

I won't go into the mysteries of that great woman's deep-dish apple pie. Such things are not for me to fathom. Nor will I try to enchant you with what she did to cottage cheese and what her secret of coffee could have been. But I *will* tell you, once again, what I do to creamed potatoes and to strawberry shortcake, and let you take your own course. For now we are at Low Bridge, not at Lake Lakota, that enchanted eyrie in the mountains. That is a tale that is told.

Creamed Potatoes. Sounds prosaic? Well, it isn't so. I never held with chopping up a bunch of cold potatoes, baked or boiled, heaving them into that abomination known as "white sauce" and calling them, with what a paucity of truth, "creamed potatoes."

But no. Peel and cut into thin dice as many good, firm raw potatoes as you need. Don't use baking potatoes. They are too mealy.

(Continued on Page 176)

BACK HOME FOR KEEPS

Coronation Design*

In the space of a heartbeat . . . some glad day . . . the lump in your throat will melt away—and the man in your life will be home! Home to collect the kisses you've been hoarding. Home to laugh away that tight, lonesome knot that's become a part of you. Home to wrap you tight . . . for always and always . . . in the warmth of your togetherness.

It's the day you dream of . . . and Community* is dreaming, too. Dreaming of silverware as radiant as that joyous morning, as sparkling as the twinkle in the eyes that feast on you. Dreaming . . . with you . . . that we may trade the tools of war for the pleasant crafts of peace. Hoping . . . *for* you . . . it won't be long now—*the day will come!*

If its Community . . . its correct

ARMY E NAVY

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*TRADEMARK

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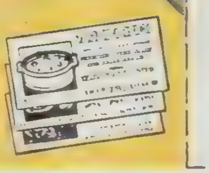

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(Continued from Page 174)

Cut them into a bowl of ice water so they won't discolor. Why a potato acts that way I don't know. But they do.

Put on the fire a deep, heavy frying pan (be sure it is deep) and a quart of whole, rich, creamy milk to cook. Drain the diced potatoes and put them right in the milk. Season with salt, pepper and quite a bit of paprika, and let this cook slowly until the sauce is like cream. If you can spare real cream, make up the milk with as much as you can of cream—half and half is wonderful. Anyway, have plenty of milk; and as for cream, don't skimp. The potatoes provide all the thickening you need. Don't add any flour or cornstarch. Season well. A few minced chives are good but not very necessary. And these are creamed potatoes. Cook slowly, stir carefully. Don't overcook. Each piece should be firm and separate. They are absolutely perfect. They are perfect with trout.

Asparagus—Queen of Vegetables. You all know, and have for ages, that asparagus is queen of the garden—and oh, how short her reign. But however short, this lovely thing repays in a thousand ways, and in memories from spring to spring, all the tender care you can bestow. Such is the appeal.

Break the stalks where they join, about where the under stem begins. Don't cut them, just break. I never scrape the stalks; I can't see what it does for asparagus, or me either, to take off the tender leaf-shaped scales on the stalks. But I see a lot of scraping done, so if you must you will. Wash thoroughly.

Cook it until tender in hard-boiling salted water, tying in bunches first and standing up in the kettle so the tips steam more than boil. Serve on toast with melted butter or margarine or hollandaise. And if you've forgotten or mislaid or anything, here's a hollandaise receipt, with a comment or tw that you may recognize—or not.

Hollandaise Sauce. Many a hollandais begun with hope and expectation has resulted in a sadly divorced mass of egg an butter. Mock hollandaise, by its mere invention, is indicative of defeat and doesn help the lame dog over the stile. There isn any substitute for a real hollandaise sauce and if you make it this way it will never le you down, as the old corset ads used to say Beat 4 egg yolks until they are very thick—just as you do for spongecake. It's the forehanded beating that turns the trick. Mel ½ cup of butter (or margarine) in the top o the double boiler. Remove it from the heat add the well-beaten yolks all at one time stirring swiftly until the egg completely absorbs the butter. Blend in the juice of one lemon, ¼ teaspoon of salt and a dash o cayenne. Place the double boiler over very low heat or you are likely to have scrambled eggs. Water should not boil. Keep up the stirring until the sauce is the consistency o whipped cream. Turn off the heat and the sauce will hold its own for quite some time

Strawberry Shortcake. The glory o strawberry shortcakes is a theme that neve bores. But be sure they are short. I mean on the short side, you know, speaking o tenderness and—well, shortness. You know what I mean.

A real shortcake results if you sift 2 cups of flour with 3 teaspoons of baking powder 1 tablespoon of sugar and ½ teaspoon of salt. Work into this with the tips of the fingers 5 tablespoons of shortening. Add gradually enough milk to make a soft dough that ca be handled without sticking. I would say from ⅔ cup to ¾ cup, but flour varies, so it is hard to be too definite. Roll the dough out to about one-half inch thick. Bake in a hot oven—430° F.—until brown. It takes twelve

Knit for Brother

AND for sister and the little baby too! Make bonnets and bootees for the newcomer—or perhaps a lacy carriage robe. For the older tots you can make cardigans and slip-overs and dresses and suits. Just a few of these delightful patterns are listed below. Many others will be found on our LIST OF KNITTED AND CROCHETED ARTICLES (No.1571), which will be sent free on request.

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to fifteen minutes. While hot, split the biscuit—for that's what it is, one big biscuit—butter well, put together with well-sugared, icy-cold strawberries, crushed or cut very fine, and send to the table right off quick. Hot crust, cold berries. Serve with cream, or not—but not whipped; that is, not for me. Of all desserts devised by man or woman, this is tops. Never forget that I said this and I shall never go back on it. Unless—in the case of ice cream!

Talk by the Fire. I should like to show you all my collections—some of the best you see here. But up in our library there are more homely treasures. The old stereoscopes, the hand organ which discourses sweet tunes if anyone turns the crank, the lovely eighteenth-century child's dinner set—all the possessions that grow little by little around one who loves what is old and rare and beautiful. And drawn up to the ancient brick fireplace with its curious iron stove, we may pop corn or listen to the rain on the terrace or just sit and rock. Whatever you like, for there's a lot of liberty loose around here, in our suburban but so strangely country home—Low Bridge, where you've just had supper. And real welcome too!

Feeler of the Night

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

He was old enough a man to do
The final country thing when he was through
His evening. He went out into starry light
Or into the dark, and he felt of the night.

He felt of it with knowing skin and hair;
It was more than feeling flowing air,
A thousand subtler fingers touched each string
Of the harp his body was and made it sing.

His body told of frost before the frost,
His marrow knew the rain before it crossed
The mountains miles away, his muscles knew
The coming wind before the new wind blew.

He surprised the secret giant powers,
Which mold the planet, in their sleepy hours;
He went out keyed up, alert and taut
When those massive influences were not.

He looked around the corners of old time,
Mounted over space without a climb,
Moved above the clouds, below the sea,
And found out what the coming day would be.

He knew that he was doing the right thing,
For he was of the old days when a wing
Of wind could break the farmer like a flower
And life and death were separated by a shower.

He had to do this or he could not sleep,
Night after night he had his watch to keep
On the way the weather signals ran,
On the ancient enemies of man.

A Heavenly Cake with a Dreamy Frosting

BOTH NEW—and Grandma gives you the secret of their wonderful flavor.

"The secret of my new cake an' frostin' is Grandma's Molasses. It's a sweeter, mellower molasses because it's made the old fashioned way without the use of preservatives *and does not contain sulphur dioxide.* Use Grandma's Molasses in all your molasses recipes—an' see if it doesn't give them a finer, more delicate flavor."

Grandma's Molasses Sponge Layer Cake

1¼ c. sifted cake flour
1 tsp. baking powder
⅛ tsp. baking soda
¼ tsp. salt
4 eggs, separated
½ c. Grandma's Molasses
1 tsp. vanilla
½ c. sugar

Mix and sift flour, baking powder, baking soda and salt. Beat egg yolks until thick and lemon colored; add molasses a little at a time, beating after each addition; add vanilla. Beat egg whites stiff; add sugar a little at a time, while beating. Fold egg yolk mixture gently into egg white mixture. Sift a little flour mixture on top; fold in. Continue until all flour mixture is added. Pour into 2 *lightly* greased and floured 8" or 9" layer cake pans. Bake in a slow oven (300° F.) 40-45 minutes. Invert on cake rack; let stand until cool before removing cake from pans.

MOLASSES PEPPERMINT FROSTING

1 c. sugar
2 egg whites
2 tbs. Grandma's Molasses
4-5 drops essence of peppermint
¼ c. water

Boil sugar, molasses and water to 240° F. or soft ball stage. Pour slowly on stiffly beaten egg whites, beating constantly. Continue to beat until frosting holds its shape. Add essence of peppermint to taste. Fills and frosts 2-layer cake.

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The Bulletin Board

Less Soap—More Suds

Scrape dishes—remove grease—soak pans before washing them and you'll need less soap. Soaking linens and cottons for a short time before washing is another soap saver.

A slimy bar of soap means waste. That's where the draining-type soap dish takes deserving credit for keeping the bar dry.

Soap jelly of melted scraps is handy for shampoos, painted walls and woodwork. Shave soap scraps into chips.

Extra water wastes soap. Don't scrimp on hot water—but don't drown the dishes either! More soap is needed if you do. There's a water line on washing machines. Don't overfill the mark, be sure not to overload the machine.

HOUSEHOLD PERIL

Beware of scatter rugs. Fasten down with tacks if you don't have nonskid underliners. Don't use near head or foot of stairs.

Be sure your floors are thoroughly polished after waxing. Unpolished wax will send you skidding and slipping.

Old cleaning rags that you can't turn over to the junk man should be destroyed. Keep oiled rags in a covered jar.

DON'T TAKE CHANCES

Spring means taking down curtains and draperies. Use that step stool and be sure it's safely and steadily balanced.

Go over storage items. Give those "things-I-never-even-use" to rummage sales, salvage, or the children next door. Neatly store the rest. Clutter is a fall and fire hazard. Waste is unpatriotic.

Make sure screens are fastened securely. Prevent disastrous falls from windows and unexpected smacks on the head.

A blow in the face by a hoe handle, a nasty meeting with an upturned rake need never happen to you. Have convenient place for tool storage near the garden and use it.

"Never leave a smoldering ember," say the Boy Scouts. Make it your motto when burning rubbish this spring. Watch your fire until it disappears completely. An incinerator made from old chicken wire will help too.

Look at the Statistics! In 1943 over four million people were disabled by home accidents, and 33,000 were fatally injured—a 5% increase over 1942. Instead of domestic safety improving the way it should—it has slumped soberly downward. Spring sets the scene for hard work indoors and out. Hop on that spring-cleaning bandwagon with care and common sense tuned to *safety!*

For Long Shelf Life

Preserving will soon begin with strawberry preserves or jam. Jelly glasses are all right for jellies and most marmalades, but tests prove that your jams, preserves and fruit butters will keep better if put up in sterilized fruit jars.

Like canned foods, all spreads keep best in a cool, dark, dry place. This doesn't mean the top shelf of a cupboard in a warm, steamy kitchen.

The heat softens the paraffin and the warm, moist air arising from the range while you're cooking makes a good atmosphere for fermentation and the growth of mold.

Instead of heating milk and butter in separate pan for mashed potatoes, add to cooked potatoes and let stand for ten minutes over low heat. Mash and whip just before serving. Cut potatoes in eighths, cook in little water, so none is left.

Easy way to "roll" cracker crumbs for casseroles and croquettes is not to roll them at all, says the maid in the JOURNAL kitchen. Crush them in your wooden chopping bowl with a wooden potato masher instead. Less muss—no fuss.

How to Tackle a Coconut

Fresh coconuts are now in fairly regular supply. To get fresh grated coconut easily, poke a hole through one of the "eyes" with an ice pick. Drain out the milk. Heat the coconut in a moderate oven, 350° for about ten minutes. Cool. Shell will crack easily with a hammer and meat lifts out smoothly with a knife. Pare the skin off, store in refrigerator and grate as needed. If you are coconut hungry you'll use it for coconut layer cake.

THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN ★ FIFTEEN CENTS ★ JUNE, 1944

Journal

BEGINNING A NEW SERIAL

Cluny Brown

BY MARGERY SHARP

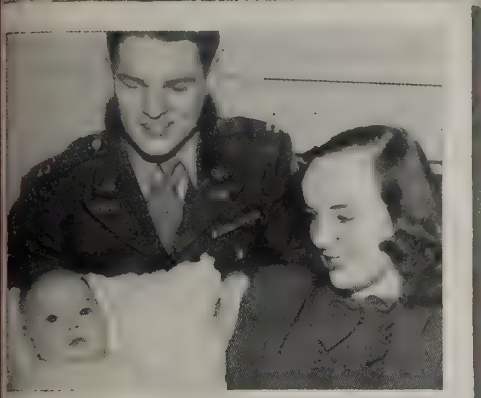
★

Illegitimate

A COMPLETE NOVEL

By Nelia Gardner White

MAR 10



ACME

CAPT. WILLIAM E. PETERS, JR., always wanted to be a doctor. But after two years of premedical study, the author of *Ten Men Over Germany* enlisted in January, 1942, in the Air Forces and was eventually assigned to the 8th Air Force in England. A week after his crash he went on the air for C.B.S. in London, and at the completion of the broadcast was stunned with joy to hear the announcer in New York tell the world that Captain Peters' wife had just had a baby girl. "I didn't expect the news for weeks," said the young officer, "and it almost knocked me silly." Now in the U. S., he is helping train our crews who fly Catalinas on rescue missions.

MARGERY SHARP, whose new novel, *Cluny Brown*, begins in this issue, has written many books. Among the best known is The Nutmeg Tree, which was dramatized under the title of Lady In Waiting and produced in New York in 1939 with Gladys George playing Julia. Miss Sharp was a delighted prewar visitor to America, and a very observant one. Now in London while her husband is active as an officer in the British Army, she writes: "I talk as an army civilian lecturer to ATS and troops and hospitals (all British) about American people—just the American people I know and love. Half an hour's talk, and then half an hour answering questions. The ATS girls want to know all about your homes and your cooking, your clothes and your children—and love descriptions of the South because of Gone With the Wind. But I have also had to get up on your Constitution and history as a backbone. I receive many of your magazines pretty regularly, sent to me by thoughtful American friends, and the Chase Bank around the corner near me has United States newspapers. While I was standing in the doorway of the bank the other day I reheard that very charming American phrase: 'You're welcome.'"

LT. COMDR. ALLAN R. BOSWORTH writes: "Most of the last two years has been spent trying to keep a swivel chair on an even keel. I did grab off a few choice trips, the latest being an air jaunt to Alaska and the Aleutians—in all kinds of bad weather. And it was during maneuvers in an LCI that I got the idea for *The Girl They Left Behind*. Now, at last, I have my orders for sea duty again as troop commander on a transport of troops going out—casualties and prisoners coming back. I expect to be very busy outward bound, but that pal of all writers, Sheer Ennui, will drive me to my typewriter on the homeward trip, so I hope to step up production of stories soon."

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—*Leo*

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WHICH WOMAN IS HAPPIER

The Millans' niece listens to her serenaders behind drawn curtains except on her birthday or saint's day, when she may reward them with a shy smile.

By Betty Kirk

"Women should co-operate with men, never compete," believes the dynamic, charming director of Mexico's new women's university, Señora Adela Formosa de Obregon Santacilia.

"THE house does not rest upon the ground, but upon a woman," a Mexican proverb says; and to understand Mexican women it is necessary to look at the houses of which they are the bulwarks. The house of the old regime, for both the middle and upper classes, was enormous by our standards, for it numbered from twenty to forty rooms and had at least half as many servants to staff it. Within its thick walls and along its sunny patios lived many generations of the same clan, grandmothers and grandfathers, husbands and wives and their children, brothers, sisters, invariably many maiden aunts, sometimes a bachelor uncle.

Two centers of authority ruled in this home. The reigning one was the grandmother and matriarch, who seemed always to outlive her husband. The second was the oldest son, head of the house. Only the men of the family went beyond the walls on the everyday business of life. The wife, sisters and daughters were considered much too fragile to share in such things and they emerged from their seclusion only for marriages and deaths or a church celebration.

So a little Mexican girl grew up in a world of women, seeing only the men of her own family. She played indoors, went to a convent school, and never entered competitive sports or became a tomboy. At fifteen her education, consisting of a smattering of literature and the arts and a great deal of music and needlework, ended and she was ready to make her debut. There followed a series of sedate parties where for the first time she met and talked with men not of her own family.

Marriage itself was a family affair, discussed and arranged by the parents and following a strictly traditional pattern. After the honeymoon the bride went either to the groom's ancestral home, or to a house he had arranged for her. Even in her home furnishings she had no choice.

The young girl became a wife between the ages of seventeen and twenty and started her family at once. In the next ten or fifteen years her children numbered from six to twelve, but she often had the bad fortune to lose several of them. During this time she preserved her extraordinary facial beauty, though she might lose her figure. And her social life was almost entirely made up of daily exchanges with the family.

Money problems were solely her husband's concern. All household chores and even management were performed by the host of servants. No civic or club responsibilities occupied her time, though she contributed generously to charities, usually through the church. Her chief preoccupation was keeping her husband comfortable and enjoying her children.

She may have suffered; even have suffered grievously, if her husband were unfaithful or cruel. At times she even had to tolerate a *casa chica*—a "little house"—where her husband kept his mistress and her children. Yet never, even in the most extreme cases, did divorce enter her or her husband's head. And this was her solace: whatever might happen, the family was permanent and protected.

When she became a grandmother this dependency disappeared. Authority was thrust upon her and the full weight of power, the management of estates, the directing of children and grandchildren converted her into a governing matriarch. The fact that she was usually highly successful in this role showed the innate strength she had always possessed but could not exercise.

ACROSS the border Jane Doe went to college, took part in sports, politics and business, shoulder to shoulder with John. She drove her own car, went to bars and restaurants unaccompanied, voted and ran for office. Jane could "run her own business," but she had to pay the bills and often the piper too. But worst of all, for the married woman, the Damoclean sword of divorce hung over her head, threatening to pierce her heart and sever the ties that bound the family together. That, to the Latin American woman, was the worst of all, that the family should be dissolved, often for as little a thing as the inconstancy of man!

Yet there were advantages to Jane's way of life too. The first of these was that Jane was her husband's companion. Jane also had a voice in the destiny of her children and did not have to wait until she was old and spent before that voice was heard. Moreover, if Jane didn't marry she could make a life of her own, she didn't have to turn into a dependent aunt.

Wisely watching Jane's life unfold, the Mexican woman knew that she liked the companionship it held but she disliked its strenuous competition with men. Obviously, what put the strained look around Jane Doe's eyes was that effort to beat the men at their own game in the rugged world beyond the garden walls.

THIS ignorance and fear of the world outside began to disappear as the Mexican woman faced the social upheaval beginning in her country before the First World War. This earthquake—"the revolution," it is called—cracked the thick-walled houses, unhinged the shutters, often even toppled roofs to the sun-baked earth.

Uneducated, unprepared by any dealings with practical problems, the women of Mexico did in this crisis the only things they knew how to do. They made those dashing hats for which they are famous, they became dressmakers, sold their fine needlework. Only those with exceptional education could find work outside, where better money could be earned.

When the first shock of the upheaval passed, the next step was to lay the foundations of a new home. The wife and mother remains its keystone; parents still chaperon their daughters and supervise a marriage when it takes place. Babies come as often as before, and divorce and a broken home are as remote as they always were.

Yet the new home is different in many ways. Whether it is a house or apartment, it is a single-family unit. The bride and groom of today have their own place. Simple modern furniture, streamlined kitchen and bathroom equipment have displaced family heirlooms or uncomfortable antiques.

But the most important change in today's Mexican home is that the narrow, shuttered windows, opening from dark rooms onto garden walls, have disappeared. In their place are great squares of glass through which a woman can see a wide horizon filled with problems much greater than her own. For example, she can watch through her new, wide window an Indian woman padding past on bare feet with a baby cupped in a *rebozo* to her back. The mother is young, but she looks old. The baby is listless and pale, plainly undernourished, as are its brothers and sisters walking alongside. Worst of all, they have left behind them in the village cemetery too many graves filled with the child victims of ignorance and poverty. Walking beside the mother is the father, a man shrunk from overwork and undereating. His clothes are tattered and too often he is either blind or crippled.

Mexican men have made great progress in relieving these conditions in recent years. Infant mortality has been reduced from 16.5 per cent in 1922 to an estimated 10 per cent for this year. Correspondingly, the birth rate has gone up an estimated 18 per cent in the same period. Magnificent work has been done by the public-health and educational programs, yet the average life of the Mexican is from forty-five to fifty years, and the 10 per cent infant mortality and 40 per cent illiteracy rates, according to Mexican government figures, show the tremendous work yet to be done.

It was lack of education that held the Mexican woman back before and it is only with education that she now feels she can cope with some of these tragic problems.

Enough of the traditional opposition to education for women remained so that when a college for women was proposed to the Ministry of Education two years ago it was rejected on the old theme that "woman's place is in the home." But the women would not be shoved back into the old era, for they had a new ideal for which to fight: that women's education should prepare them to co-operate *but never to compete with men.*

The women carried their crusade to a group of bankers, and in March, 1943, the Universidad Femenina, the first women's college in Mexico, opened its doors. Its success was instantaneous, for it has enrolled over 1000 students in its first year and assembled a faculty of some of the most distinguished educators in Mexico. Moreover, it has now some government support and is incorporated in the National University of Mexico, the oldest university on the North American continent.

Today the daughters of unprepared women of the old regime are equipping themselves to act as allies to their men. In the sunny new building facing Chapultepec Park they are studying to be librarians, teachers, journalists, social-service workers, nurses, chemists, pharmacists and laboratory assistants. Others are at work on some of the five languages offered to prepare them for the diplomatic service. Many concentrate on the decoration of the home or theater, on dancing and ballet.

AS THEY work they pay grateful homage to Señora Adela Formosa de Obregon Santacilia, Director of the Universidad Femenina. Dynamic, eager, pert and brunet, Señora Formosa de Obregon Santacilia has won her place in Mexican women's hearts because she insisted on sharing with them the fruits of her own victorious struggle. Though formal education was denied her by a conservative father, she has traveled and studied with her brilliant husband, president of the Society of Mexican Architects, and made a name for herself as one of the most cultivated women in Mexico. She is an energetic supporter of music and the ballet, has written plays, and has been for seven years president of the Association for the Prevention of Blindness in Mexico. Yet the accomplishment of which she is proudest is her successful struggle to establish the Universidad Femenina. It is within this framework of co-operation between an educated husband and his wife that the Mexican women of today see their destiny fulfilled.

"Pobrecitas—the poor little things," Mexican women say when they hear of the strenuous life led by U. S. women. "That is no way to hold a man!" Divorce is almost unknown in Mexico. Alicia Millán, 19, wants to marry "a good man" more than a handsome one, hopes to have six children.

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Out of School, Into Trouble

BILLY, aged ten, can't remember when he wasn't overjoyed when school was out. This summer, however, his sixteen-year-old brother has a job at the corner grocery store. His father is so rushed with war work that he scarcely ever sees him. Billy won't get to camp—that money is needed for War Bonds. He can't even look forward to trips to the shore in the family car because of the gas shortage.

There are eighteen million youngsters like Billy in the United States, kids between seven and fourteen who will be on the loose this summer—too young to work, restless with war restrictions and the monotony of hot, idle days.

In suburban Chappaqua, New York, two mothers decided that out-of-school kids could have all the fun they wanted right at home, if only someone would help them get started. There stood the schoolhouse, locked up for the summer, with its unused playground and woodshop. Many of the teaching staff lived right in town, salaryless from June to September. By raising some funds from the P. T. A. and other groups, these mothers hired two of these inactive teachers to run a summer play program. Since there was no place to swim in Chappaqua, they also rented a public pool in the next town for one day a week.

Parents who claimed they were "too busy" to help were asked to give but a few hours' time each week and to direct whatever activity they wanted to. The town author gave a storytelling hour. The school principal kept the boys busy with jigsaws and carpentry, a long-time hobby of his. High-school students assisted in a day-long program of sports, crafts, games and swimming—all absolutely free to the children.

Other towns have found different solutions. Across the lake from Madison, Wisconsin, there was a vacant private camp. Last summer this was turned into a day camp for the city's children. In Piedmont, California, another day camp was held at the city playground. Early in the morning the children arrived, loaded down with food, frying pans and blankets, and stayed until campfire time at night, when, dusty and happy, they returned to their own beds a few blocks away.

How many of your town's children will be on the loose this summer? This year, more than ever, they need adult guidance and help. For more help on how to set up a summer play program in your particular community, write to the Division of Recreation, Federal Security Agency, Washington, D. C.

THE LONG-SUFFERING MIDDLE CLASSES

By Dorothy Thompson

IT HAS lately become a fashion even in America to declaim against the middle classes, and for that we have imported a foreign word, first made popular by Karl Marx, the *bourgeoisie*. The middle classes are accused of being bent on materialistic gain, devoid of patriotism that lifts them above the level of self-interest, careless of the wants and interests of the workers, complacent in bland ignorance, and are, in the minds of many New Orderers, the source of all evil. Marx and Engels, in the Communist Manifesto, put them below the feudal aristocrats of the epoch preceding the great middle-class revolutions of the eighteenth century. For these aristocrats, Marx admitted, had a sense of obligation to society, whereas the new lords of creation, the middle classes, were wholly driven by self-interest. But, of course, Marx did not mean by *bourgeoisie* exactly what some followers think he did.

In this they differ radically from a man whose wisdom has survived many more centuries than Marx and has had a far greater influence on western civilization. Aristotle regarded two classes as real menaces to society: the poor, landless, propertyless and unfree—the proletariat—and the rich, organized into oligarchies to maintain themselves in power. The only hope for stability and progress lay, he said, "in the middle," where there was not sufficient wealth to exercise economic control over society, and not the grinding poverty which agitates blind revolt under demagogues.

Who is right—Marx or Aristotle?

It is my contention that the much maligned middle classes are not only the greatest stabilizing force in all societies, but that they have been almost the sole creators of this world. Out of them have come most great statesmen, and almost all the inventors, scientists, artists, poets, musicians and even revolutionists of the world! Marx and Engels themselves were middle-class men, as bourgeois in their actual way of life as any of the *bourgeoisie* they denounced. Lenin and Trotsky were men of the middle class. I know that Lenin belonged to the so-called "petty nobility," but that is nothing but a European term for "upper middle class." Stalin is the son of a poor peasant, but not a "proletarian," and his family's very unproletarian aspiration was that he should be educated for the church.

Today the entire tendency of the Soviet Union, despite state capitalism—which is what they have, not communism—is economically directed toward the creation of a middle-class society, under middle-class direction. Actually, the proletariat do less dictation in Russia than they do in the United States.

OF THE American names listed in Who's Who as having attained some degree of distinction over their fellows, approximately 90 per cent were born in middle-class homes. Studied by occupations, the largest proportional number come from the homes of clergymen, probably because in those homes obtained that balance between plain living, high thinking, social acceptance, economic security and emphasis on ethical values which gives a child the most favorable start in life.

This is not a modern phenomenon, existing only since the French Revolution which put the middle class in the saddle. The greatest artists of the Renaissance, who have outlived in fame all their princes, came from the middle classes; even the subsequent artists who died in extreme penury—Rembrandt and Van Gogh, for instance—came from middle-class environments. Neither the proletariat nor the aristocracy of England brought forth her poets. From the former, we can count only Burns; from the latter, only Byron. Shakespeare was of the middle classes; so were his great contemporaries, with the exception of Bacon, and his successors—Keats, Shelley, Blake, to pick a few of the greatest. From the same humdrum world have

(Continued on Page 165)

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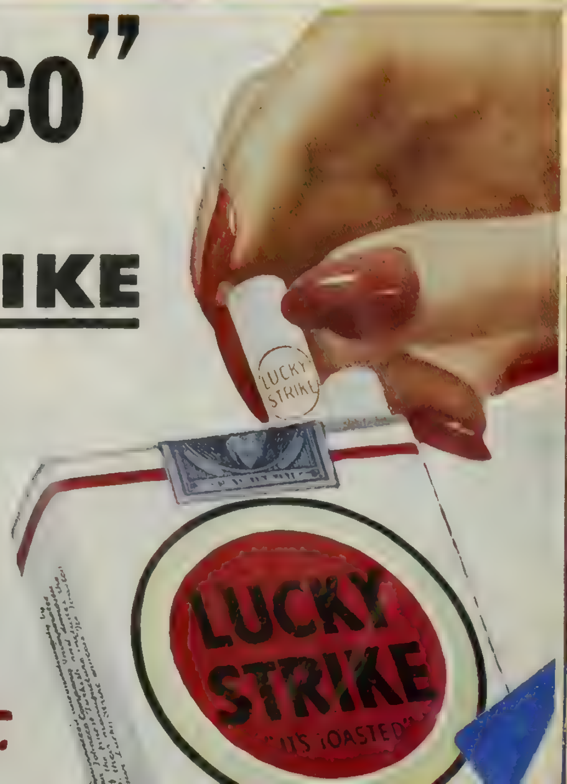

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Are You Busy, Miss Busby?

THE SUB-DEB ★ BY ELIZABETH WOODWARD

"MISS BUSBY, get me the T. F. Jones folder." . . . "Miss Busby, memo the shipping department." . . . "Miss Busby, did you check this new merchandise off the stock list?" . . . "Busby, these No. 33's don't fit, go get me another set." . . . "Hey, Buzz, are you using your screw driver?"

Miss B. are you busy? Already? Or are you about to go out, lasso and hold down your first job this summer?

Perhaps you've already had odd jobs, done some baby-sitting, addressed flocks of envelopes for the local hospital, clerked at the corner drug, waited on table. Maybe taking orders—for pay—isn't new to you. But if it is, here are a few angles to make you worth whatever they pay you!

Demerits—or docked? You're not Bitsy Busby, '44, any more. You're Miss B., the choice of Personnel. So don't look or act like a schoolgirl. Leave your baggy sweaters and droopy moccasins home, and deck yourself out like a girl with a job. Your clanking jewelry may have amused everybody in Math 2B, but it has no place in a file case. Your ankle socks and curl posies will look kid stuff among these older girls. If you want to be treated as grown up, look the part.

And act it too. Company rules are made to be kept. There's a reason for most of them, so fall in line. You won't get demerits if you're caught saying "Oh, pooh!" You'll just get fired. It took discipline and co-operation to make your hockey team win. That's what gets work done too. The people you work with are a team, and each one has a share to do. So heave your shoulder to your particular part of the job—and heave hard.

Don't pass the buck and slither out of doing your own work. Someone else will have to carry on for you—and should get your pay too. Be honest if you make mistakes. No alibis to cover up carelessness, work never quite finished or put off until later. It's your job—and your responsibility. You'll be forgiven much while you're getting on your feet. But when it's time you knew better—see that you do.

Be gracious about doing chores. Be eager to help. Be willing to learn. Be dependable. Then your boss will crown Personnel with flowers for having found him something precious—*you.*

Your private life. Wage your personal affairs out of hours. Have your mail addressed home. A warm letter burning holes in your pocket will throw your fingers off key and freeze dictation notes into chicken tracks. Don't interrupt your business business with some private love. Insist that your friends phone you at home. Nothing will so make your boss seethe as to have his wire held up with your prattlings about "Yes, I'd adore to. What time?" Don't break up Miss Wilson's train of thought by a fashion show of the new hat and gloves you bought on your lunch hour. Dress rehearsals are out of place on a job. Keep your personal friends and your work as far apart as the poles. If you've a date for lunch, meet in a neutral lobby.

Keep your very personal emotions like jealousy, temper, tears and feuds out of your business. Indulge in them only on your time. You may have your own ideas about the clothes Miss Bender wears, and the tone of Mr. C.'s voice, and the way the foreman looks down his nose and orders you around. But don't put them into said words. Nor broadcast accounts of your fascinating social and love lives. An unhinged tongue is a sure sign of a rattletrap brain—neither of which your company is buying from you. And remember that too much outside play makes a very dull working girl. If you can dance all night, you can rub the sleep out of your eyes and get to work on time!

You choose. You may find a job that is convenient, congenial and cozy. It may lead straight to nowhere fast. But maybe you have a plan. Maybe there's one thing more than any other that you'd like to do. Then pick yourself out a job that will give you a boost in that direction. If it means getting tired and dirty, get tired and dirty. If it means starting at the very bottom, start there, and keep looking up. Get a business part now, Miss Busby, get started getting busy!

★ It's how you look, and how you act, and the tone of your voice, and the strength of your smile that help you put yourself over—be it a job or a man you're after. The Sub-Deb booklets are designed to give you a dose of boost. Send to the Journal Reference Library for the free list, No. 1695.

Time alone is the measure...

LEEUWENHOEK, the crotchety genius who first saw germs through the crudest of microscopes, found the world indifferent to his thrilling revelation. Today his name is deathless.

Tireless Pasteur, devoting his life to the study of the "little beasties" that swam before Leeuwenhoek's eyes, fought an uphill battle against ignorance and skepticism to prove that they were a living source of disease and death. Now he is immortal.

The great and good Lister, using antiseptic to control the deadly germs that Leeuwenhoek saw and Pasteur defined, performed his life-saving miracles in surgery before a hopeful few and a doubting many. "An instrument in the hands of God," he is enshrined in Westminster Abbey.

As with man so with medicine; the endless tides of Time write the verdict to guide the world. The mediocre are forgotten and fail; the meritorious survive and succeed.

It is a matter of pride to us, that Listerine Antiseptic, named for the great Lister, today serves humanity's needs as ably as it did more than half a century ago when it was acclaimed an outstanding *non-poisonous*, non-irritating antiseptic.

Listerine Antiseptic stands ready to aid you in a thousand little emergencies calling for quick germ-killing action with complete safety . . . a delightful, effective solution. Make this a "must" for your family medicine cabinet.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

GOOD NEWS!

Most stores have received recent shipments of Listerine Antiseptic for civilian use. You should now be able to obtain Listerine Antiseptic in some size at your favorite drug counter.

In service more than 60 years

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

A-1 in her heart

① Shell treasure sterling

② For a cheery breakfast

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, weddings are certainly "the thing"! And for the special bride—a super-special shower! In place of the usual smaller gifts, a couple of friends might group together for an important present she'll treasure always.

1 Start her off with a place setting. Here is the "Stratfield" pattern, simple enough for her present life, handsome enough for the future.

2 Even a 6 A.M. breakfast will appeal when it appears in this gay pottery. Fat, red strawberries make it altogether irresistible (and it's "open stock").

3 She may live in one room, but she'll entertain. And imagine the thrill of a casserole-and-salad supper, with this casserole set on hand!

4 She'll adore a pair of matched sterling silver dishes like these. It would be fun to offer them piled high with Whitman's Chocolates. And do be sure to have an opened Sampler handy, for all your shower guests' enjoyment. Whitman's, you know, is the choice of everyone who appreciates quality —so smooth, so rich, so creamy-luscious—so always *just right!*

ACCESSORIES FROM STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER, PHILADELPHIA

③ Swank for suppertime

It's not your dealer's fault if occasionally he's out of the Sampler or other Whitman's Candy. Millions of pounds of Whitman's Chocolates go to our men overseas.

④ Also—

Whitman's
CHOCOLATES

Copr. 1944, Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Inc., Phila.

Our Readers Write Us

Somebody Wants Her Now

Glencoe, New Mexico.

Dear Editor: In the November, 1942, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, you published a letter of mine—Nurse With a Sore Spot. Months later I received a letter from an ex-marine, living on a ranch in Texas. My letter attracted his attention because he had just had a letter from the Marine Corps telling him he too was too old for service now; he was a "marine with a sore spot."

Many letters followed the first one. Then the ex-marine came to call and, as usual with marines, took the situation well in hand. So, on February 19, 1944, Edna C. Schierenberg King, American Red Cross Nurse, and Charles Leroy Nicholson, one-time gunnery sergeant, were married.

Who said G.I. romances were limited to those of the present war?

MRS. EDNA NICHOLSON.

Why Wives Go Gray

Fairview, Oklahoma.

Dear Editors: Could a husband be permitted to disagree with Mrs. Ann Murray's statement that men wouldn't pay any attention to articles on being better husbands?

By far the greater majority of men start out with the idea that being a good husband only means being industrious, bringing home the pay check, and not straying off the reservation. After twenty-five or thirty years of this it may dawn on them that there is more to it than that.

By all means let us have articles on being a good husband, and at least some on being a father. Even if a husband does respond to suggestions from the wife, nine tenths of the good is lost just because she had to remind him of it.

GEORGE V. WINCHELL.

Not-So-Frantic Housewife

Carmi, Illinois.

God bless Mrs. Hahn. She and her kind are the very backbone of this country.

MRS. C. H. JAMES.

Miami, Florida.

Your editors would understand Mrs. Hahn's problems better if they put themselves in her position. That article on being tired, for instance. Even a person with a perfectly serene mind would be physically exhausted on Mrs. Hahn's schedule.

Why not send somebody there like Mrs. Benjamin or Lieutenant Commander Hohman to carry out the exact amount of work done by Mrs. Hahn? At the end of a fourteen-hour day, during which they have run up a few slip covers and conducted a special choir rehearsal, they could sit down with her and give her some heart-to-heart advice on speeding up her schedule.

ANITA SCHUCK.

➧ It was Mrs. Hahn's own idea to write the JOURNAL for advice, and also her notion that her jumpy nerves might be the underlying cause of her fatigue. Like our readers, the JOURNAL was impressed and agog at Mrs. Hahn's day, but concerned, too, about suggesting some ways to relax before this ninety-five pound whirlwind reached the vanishing point. ED.

You Can Lead a Hen to the Nest —

Galion, Ohio.

Dear Editor: Dorothy Thompson, writing in her column on inflation, advised women to refuse to buy "eggs, for instance," when they sold for over fifty cents per dozen, on the theory that would bring the price down. Maybe it would—and it would bring many poultrymen down too. Dorothy doesn't understand that the reason eggs are high at certain seasons is that it isn't natural for hens to lay then and hard to make them do it.

Most of us farmers understand city folks' problems so well we are afraid to attempt to live in the city, but I'm positive city folks have no idea of our problems, or how much work and brains it requires to make a living at farming.

ETHEL PALMER.

They Can Still Laugh

(This letter was written by a pediatrician in a small town near Paris. She is the mother of three small children.)

From Occupied France.

Dear Editor: We country doctors are more fortunate than those in the city. I use a little motor bike and manage to get to thirty health centers each week. None of them is very crowded. The poor mothers either have to be in a food queue when the clinic is open, or they haven't the strength to walk there.

Although it seems to help the mothers to come and talk with me, there isn't much I can do for their babies. What good to prescribe baby formulas when there is nothing but the bluest skim milk available, and that not often, no cereals of any kind, or meat or eggs or fat? For even so simple a thing as a diaper rash, how can I tell them to be careful about their washing? There is no soap, and hot water is a rare luxury.

The women are wonderful, though. With all their troubles, they never come to the clinic without bringing some little thing like old yarn for my collection of wool for baby blankets. We need every warm thing we can get, since most of the babies are premature. Very few of them live, and most of those who do are rachitic. The decalcification of them all is pronounced, even among the older children. You would scarcely believe the number of spontaneous fractures we see today. The incidence of tuberculosis in the adult group has increased to such an extent that it has become a horror. We can see no way to keep the children from being exposed to it.

Robert tells me that teaching gets steadily more difficult. The little ones fall asleep in his classroom and all of them seem to be living in a kind of hypnotic state, confusing the real and the dream. They can scarcely remember who they are, let alone remembering their lessons.

Attendance at Robert's school is very irregular, especially in the cold weather when the children need something on their feet. Grim as it is, we have to laugh over the shoe situation. Our baby has a pair of too big, high-laced boots that date back to around 1919. She loves to wear them and struts about admiring her feet in the fancy boots.

Little George stands in the food lines. Sometimes he takes my place at five in the morning. He always feels so proud when he manages to bring home a little bread or milk for the baby.

➧ The American Friends' Service Committee (Quakers), 20 S. Twelfth St., Philadelphia, has been getting milk and food to the babies of France in limited quantities. This work is entirely supported by private donations. ED.

The Price of Surrender

(Written by Hendrika van Staveren, who escaped with her young husband and three other men in a rowboat across the English Channel.)

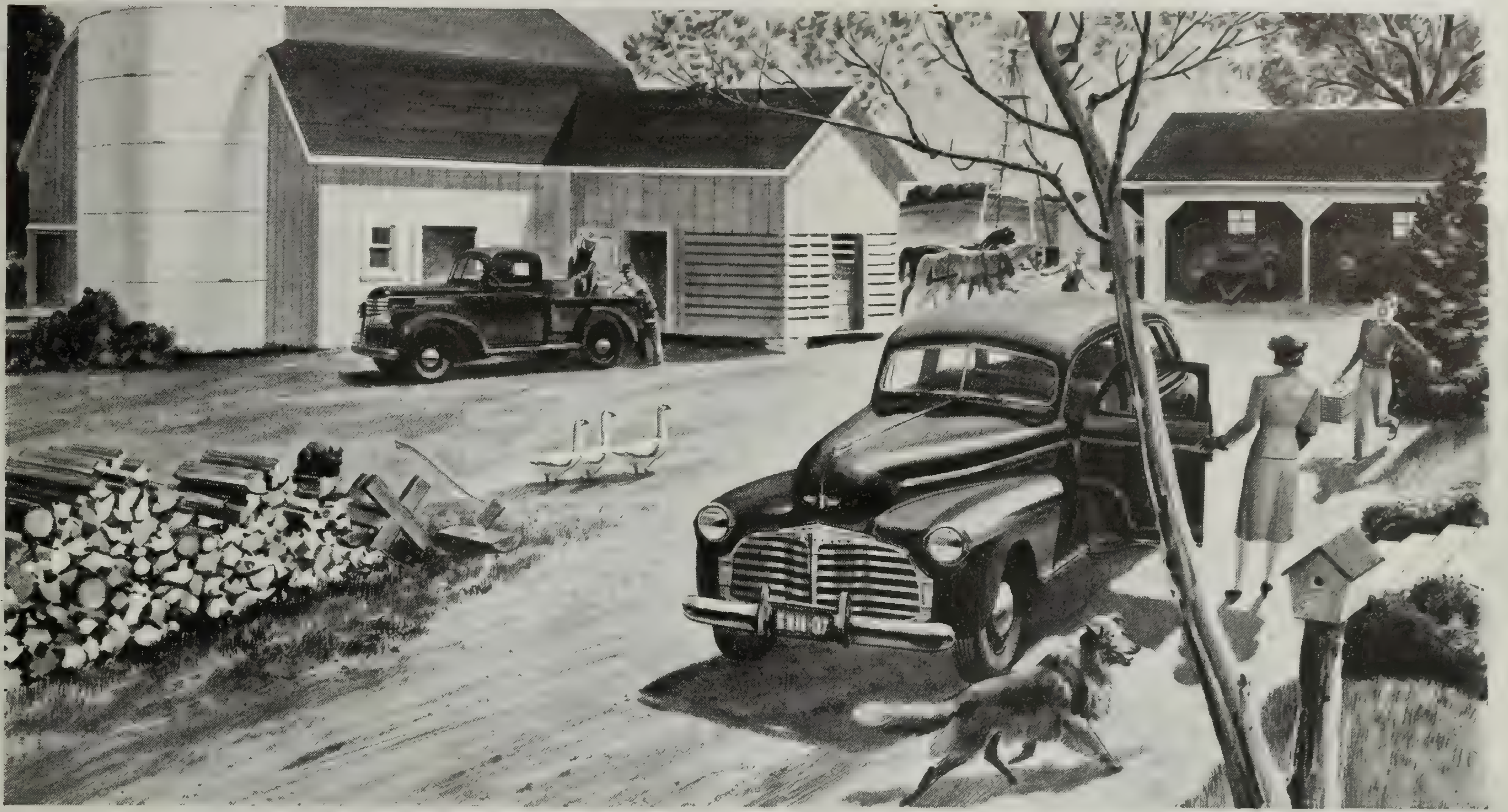
From Occupied Holland.

Dear Editor: The people of occupied Holland had not a single ounce of meat during last September, yet considerable amounts of cattle were shipped to Germany during that period. The fruit season was excellent. No fruit, however, found its way to the population. As a result of the continuous flux of edibles to Germany, the black market is spreading its roots. In this market, fat costs $27 a pound, coffee $65 a pound, tea balls $160 a pound, bread $1.45 a loaf.

Breakfast consists of a sort of cereal of rye flour without milk or cream, but occasionally made more tasty by adding a small saccharine tablet or powdered chalk. For lunch, four slices of dark bread made from rye flour and ground tulip bulbs, or possibly a vegetable hash made from leftovers. As an alternative to the potato-and-cabbage diet for supper, there may be carrots or an occasional cauliflower or a

(Continued on Page 12)

IT TAKES MANY KINDS OF "GOOD SOLDIERS" TO WIN THIS WAR FOR FREEDOM



AMERICA'S FARMERS ARE FIGHTING THE GOOD FIGHT

. . . and Chevrolet cars and trucks are helping them to win the battle of food production

ALL of America's pride, admiration—and thanks—go out to the gallant members of our armed forces who are fighting America's war for freedom in all parts of the world.

But our armed forces want more than thanks. . . . They want wholehearted support from all of us here at home. . . . And they would be the first to admit they are getting that support in full measure from America's farmers.

Last year America's farmers produced the greatest volume of food *ever* produced in the entire history of this nation—to take care of the hungry millions here at home, to feed our fighting men and to supply lend-lease.

This year they are exerting every effort to *produce even more food* for this warring world, despite all the difficulties and discouragements attendant upon inadequate farm labor—worn-out equipment—long hours of back-breaking toil—and the unpredictable whims of nature herself.

Transportation is, of course, one of the farmer's main needs. . . . His car and truck are among the most *essential* items of equipment he has. . . . In thousands upon thousands of cases, they form his *sole* means of transportation to market.

We of Chevrolet are proud to be helping America's farmers to win the battle of food production and distribution . . . by supplying dependable, economical transportation for *more farmers* than does any other manufacturer of cars and trucks . . . and by assisting them to keep their vital motor vehicles alive and running, through the medium of Chevrolet dealer service.

It is a privilege to serve all of America's leaders who serve for Victory; and, most certainly, America's farmers rank high on that list.

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Corporation*, DETROIT 2, MICHIGAN

CHEVROLET

TODAY — THE LEADER SERVES ALL LEADERS WHO SERVE FOR VICTORY

"Sure, he's fussy—and am I *glad!*"

"What's the use of getting a new hair-do or manicure if your husband never notices it? But mine does—every time!

"Specially, he notices my hands! Tells me now and then how much he loves them, how pretty they are!

"But he tells me when he doesn't like things, too! Like when I was using strong washday soap for dishes! Were my hands rough and red!!! But now I've learned no soap can beat gentle Ivory's 'velvet suds' for SPEED!

"And it took only 12 days for my hands to get softer, smoother, whiter after I switched to Ivory Soap. The very soap doctors advise for baby's tender skin!

"COSTS SO LITTLE, TOO—I do ALL my dishes for only about a penny a day with pure, mild Ivory ...Talk about inexpensive beauty habits!

"If you've been ruining your hands with strong washday soap—see for yourself what a big difference Ivory can make when you really stick to it! Yes, you, too, can get that lovely 'Ivory look' ...in just 12 *days!*"

P. S. for U. S.: Soaps use vital war materials—Save soap to help win the war! Use every sliver in a wire shaker. 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀% pure...It floats.

(Continued from Page 10)

few small fish (the big ones are taken to Germany). Mothers with babies are very lucky if they get two oranges every three months.

▶Since this letter was written, all clothing ration stamps in Holland have been canceled. Clothing is now absolutely unobtainable. ED.

Dorothy Almost Goes to Jail

The Duke's Cottage,
Rudgwick, England.

My dears: We have had quite a rush of air raids the last week, on a larger scale than usual, though not as large as Goebbels tries to make out. Ornamental air raids, too, they have been, because they have thoughtfully trimmed the countryside up with streamers of silver paper, and dropped on it a shower of metal coins bearing the heads of the King and Queen! This is by far the silliest war that I have ever been in.

During the worst of the raids I was in the room with people playing bridge. It was unworthy of anyone to take any notice. The house shivered and shook; a bomb falling nearer than some sent the lamp shades crooked. But all anyone said was "Two no trump." The silent, silent general who is staying here went out later and watched a series of dogfights all tangled up with searchlights, for a little while. And said nothing whatever.

Later. How I laughed at the query received in this mail: "What is a drying-up cloth?" It is that thing which comes into action after the dishes have been washed and have to be wiped, and what the heck do *you* call it!

Later. The fitful spring sun is just beginning to shine, and showing up with shocking clarity the cobwebs we cannot get anyone to remove. Why is the spider so unspeakably industrious! Without, the winds do moan, full of that peck of dust we are told is worth a king's ransom, but not in one's eyes.

And in the kitchen I have a housekeeper! As she talks incessantly to herself, it gives one the feeling of a large staff on the premises again.

Daughter Mary's baby is due in September, and she sits around knitting things that look to me like woolen Wellington or gum boots. We are still scouring the countryside for a secondhand pram. True, there is a utility model to be had if you can get it, but there goes around a nasty rumor that if the baby so much as sneezes all the screws fall out and you have to search for your offspring in a heap of driftwood.

Daughter Mary and another girl with the same ambitions plan to go into Bruce Cottage together. I gave it to Mary as a wedding present, fully equipped. The other girl's husband is an airman. Sometimes, going here, or coming there, he zooms over the village in his bomber, and it has become our habit, looking up on hearing quaint noises when there is no air-raid warning, to say, "That must be Harry."

It seems to me an excellent plan for the two young wives to practice their housekeeping together, near enough to get our help if required, far enough away to escape that spate of ready advice I find *will* flow from my lips quite automatically. Because to me Mary will always be rather a naughty little girl, aged about five, and it seems very presumptuous of her to think of having a baby at all.

Daughter June dropped a bombshell in the house last week, when she announced she is being sent overseas. I don't like it much. I already have one of them in Egypt forever. But I have learned, now, to say, "For what I have received, may the Lord make me thankful," and not ask for any second helpings.

Later. My Christmas hankies from you all have had one comic result. The other day I was visited by a charming man with a kind and tactful manner and a large wallet, sent down by the Board of Trade to investigate me. They couldn't believe that any woman could acquire so many handkerchiefs with any righteous motive! They thought I must be if not a black, at least a pearl gray, market and suspected me, I fancy, of hawking them around back streets on a barrow!

I had to sign a long statement vowing I had not evilly covenanted to get these things, nor asked for them, and I was glad to be able to say, without a single French knot on my conscience, that I did not personally know a single one of the kind donors. It was *toute une histoire.* But he was a very nice man.

Later. Daughter Mary and her Nigel came back here for a week end, after which loving hearts were cruelly severed, for he has been posted to a remote part of the British Isles where she can't go with him. I did so hope they would be able to be together, the little while he is in England, before all this invasion cuffuffle begins. But no.

They are so good, these young things. So patient and brave. They make the best of it and carry on, and I feel lost in admiration and very humble before them.

Love to you both,
DOROTHY BLACK.

My dear Bruce and Beatrice: I have had a wonderful letter from a kind lady your way, who is sending me a cake she has baked. She says if I will *rub it with brandy each week* it will keep till next Christmas! People who *do* have brandy build a special safe for it. They keep it to cheer a deathbed, or cure a colic. Or to sell for a colossal sum that will keep them in their declining years. Rub it on a cake! How nice to know there is still a land where people do these airy splendid things! The minute the war is over, am I going to do it!

The course of true love is not running smooth, alack. No sooner did Mary's Nigel get to Ireland, and she packing her little bag to join him, than whump, down came the travel ban! So loving hearts are separated by yet more sea, which, if not as large, is just as wet.

Later. We are all rather a-tiptoe for the second front. Vague and curious things happen, and we are warned not to be surprised if stranger things happen still. At any moment and apparently without any kind of warning, civilian travel will be clamped down on, and the train you happen to be returning in from London after a hard day's work will be shot up a siding, there to grow ivy over itself and become static. This lends a certain excitement to going up to town, though I hate the thought of having to live forever with strangers in a railway siding, or walk home forty miles carrying the shopping on my head. It is considerations like this that make a girl wear her second-best shoes for the day trip!

It's really very difficult to know what to do about birthdays nowadays, when you can't get birthday cakes, or the wherewithal for any kind of banquet. All I can think to do for Mary's birthday, which is next week, is give her a boiled egg for breakfast with a cheerful face painted on it.

Later. Last night Mr. Churchill spoke to us in robust accents. It must be pleasant to talk and know that half the world is listening to you. There is some talk of Mr. Bevin having to "direct" girls into kitchens, just as he has directed boys into coal mines, so desperate is the domestic situation. Hospitals and nursing homes are having to close down for lack of cooks and ward maids. Heigh-ho, it is pleasant to know that I was once in Arcady! I remember going to a registry office in Aberdeenshire to get a parlormaid for a shooting lodge we had. And the woman in the office asked me, quite seriously, if I wanted a blonde or a brunette.

Later. Three years ago at this time, we were being advised to keep a suitcase packed ready, just in case the church bells rang. As I write, the church bells are ringing the old ding-dong chant across the fields, but it is only to call the good girls of the village to Holy Week prayers! And here we still are, faint but pursuing, as it were.

People still keep on sending me hankies in ones and twos in envelopes. I got two this morning, all ready-scented for a party. But Mrs. Leslie Orra Starn, who sent them, never put in her address. So I can't say thank you. So many people are doing this, and I find it so shattering to think how ungracious they must consider me. You see, if people write their address *outside* the letters, the censor as often as not

(Continued on Page 161)

Sound of wind and limb . . . now the doctor turns him over to you. It's your wartime job to keep him well, keep him from needing medical care he may not be able to get.

BORN HEALTHY—KEEPING HIM HEALTHY IS YOUR WARTIME JOB

YOUR DOCTOR is three times more busy now than he was in normal times—he may be unavailable except for serious emergencies. You can be his right arm—by keeping your baby strong and well.

His greatest danger—the "*other fellow's cold*"

What would only bring on "sniffles" in an older child can be the start of dread illness for your new baby. Respiratory infections and their complications account for the great majority of fatal illnesses of infants and very young children.

The *surest way* to guard your baby from the "other fellow's cold" is to make sure that *no one* with any kind of cold or nasal irritation is allowed anywhere near him—even in his room.

But you're his mother—what if YOU have a cold? What if a close relative, or a friendly neighbor wants to help—and *she* has a cold?

Protective mask is a "must"

In hospitals, when nurses handle a new baby, respiratory germs are blocked by protective masks. You can insist on this same idea in your home.

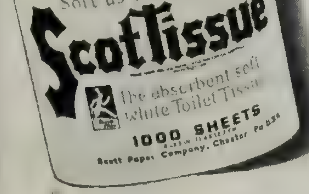
If you have a cold, wear a mask whenever you do anything for your baby. *Insist* that the father, visitors, take the same precaution you do.

Make masks of tissue easily

If a cold catches you without a supply of standard hospital masks on hand—you can quickly make emergency masks yourself. Just take two thicknesses of ScotTissue, cover the nose and mouth and fasten at the back of the head with a common pin.

Clinical tests show that two thicknesses of ScotTissue effectively trap germs and lessen greatly the danger of contagion.

One of your first duties as a mother is to guard your child from respiratory infection.


Soft as old Linen
ScotTissue
The absorbent soft white Toilet Tissue
1000 SHEETS
Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa U.S.A.

Soft, Strong Bathroom Tissue for Baby and Family

The correct choice of a toilet tissue for your child is important, too. It should be soft enough for comfort yet strong enough for thorough cleansing. ScotTissue has both these qualities . . . you will find it is soft and "nice" to use even against the face as an emergency mask. And with 1000 sheets to every roll, it is also an economical tissue for the whole family.

A ScotTissue emergency mask—shown in the picture above—has two practical merits. It is used only once, and is instantly disposable.

Free Important leaflet "*A Helping Hand for Mother*" tells in detail how the Visiting or Public Health Nurse in your community can help you before and after your baby is born, or if any member of your family is ill. Especially timely because of the present nursing shortage. ALSO—32-page booklet "Helpful Wartime Suggestions on Mother & Baby Care."

For your free copies of these booklets address the Scott Paper Co., Dept. 85, Chester, Pa.

Buy U. S. War Bonds and Stamps

Armour ideas make the most of meat

New Summer Meals with

America's Most Delicious Ham

Buy the best . . . buy Armour's Star Ham, then cook it right and use it all in these grand hot and cold dinners

There's less meat these days . . . but that's a very *good* reason for serving Armour's Star Ham often!

For even when servings are small, Armour's Star Ham provides the best in hearty satisfaction . . . rich flavor and luscious tenderness.

That's because every Star Ham is sugar-cured to accent its marvelous flavor . . . then slowly smoked over fragrant hickory and hardwood fires to mellow every morsel, until it's taste-perfection! And this most delicious ham is really tender . . . *extra* tender . . . all the way through!

And note this: For a family of four you can prepare all *three* of the inviting dinners on this page with just *half* a Star Ham! Each is so different in taste not one will be recognized as a "leftover."

The recipes were carefully worked out in the Armour kitchens . . . planned to bring you the fullest measure of rich, delightful Star Ham flavor in every portion!

To make the most of your meat ration—*buy the best!* Enjoy Armour's Star Ham often this summer. Watch for more Armour recipes next month.

Baked Armour's Star Ham — Spiced Fruit Glaze

½ Armour's Star Ham (6-8 lbs.)

Glaze:

1 cup brown sugar
1 cup fruit juice (use syrup from any canned fruit or fresh orange juice)
⅛ tsp. cloves
⅛ tsp. cinnamon or allspice
¼ tsp. dry mustard

Wrap ham in waxed paper or the glassine paper in which it comes. Place on rack in uncovered roasting pan, *cut* side down. Bake in 325° F. oven for 25 to 30 minutes per lb. During last half hour of cooking time, remove paper and rind, score fat. Cover with glaze made by cooking all glaze ingredients together for 10 minutes. Decorate top with sections of orange if desired.

Serve with halves of orange which have been topped with brown sugar and bits of butter and broiled for 10-12 minutes or until heated through.

Armour's Star Ham Roll

2 cups cooked Armour's Star Ham, ground
2 Cloverbloom Eggs, beaten
1 cup cooked or canned tomatoes
1 cup diced celery
2 tsps. minced onion
¼ cup chopped green pepper
½ tsp. salt
Pepper
¾ cup ground cracker crumbs

Make pastry as follows: Sift 1¾ cups flour, ¼ cup cornmeal and ½ tsp. salt. Add ½ cup Star Lard. Blend as for pastry. Add ⅓ cup water and blend. Roll out immediately into 10 x 14 inch rectangle.

To make filling, mix listed ingredients together. Place loaf mixture down center of pastry rectangle. Fold the two ends up over loaf; press down firmly. Fold the two sides up over loaf and press the edges together. Place seam side down on baking pan. Bake 25 minutes in 425° F. oven. Make three slits in top of loaf. Turn the temperature to 350° F. and bake 50 minutes more. Serves 4-5 generously.

Armour's Star Ham and Macaroni Salad

2 cups cubed, cooked Armour's Star Ham
1½ cups uncooked macaroni
½ cup diced celery
¼ cup diced green pepper
1 tbsp. minced onion
1 tbsp. vinegar
1½ tsps. salt
½ tsp. dry mustard
¾ cup mayonnaise or cooked salad dressing
Tomatoes

Cook macaroni in boiling, salted water for 20 minutes or until tender. Drain, rinse thoroughly with cold water and chill. Cut into 1-inch lengths. Combine with ham, celery, green pepper, onion; seasonings and salad dressing. Let stand in refrigerator for an hour, if possible, to blend flavors. Serve in a shallow bowl edged with tomato slices. 5-6 generous servings. This is a cool, easy-to-fix dinner salad. Really a whole meal in itself. Because it uses macaroni, one of the "no-point" foods, it's an excellent ration stretcher.

© ARMOUR AND COMPANY

For finest quality and flavor ask for Armour's

Star Ham and Bacon
Star Beef
Star Lamb and Veal
Star Sausages
Star Canned Meats
Cloverbloom Poultry and Dairy Products

Armour and Company

Fifty Years Ago in the Journal

IN JUNE, 1894, while the countryside blossomed with circuses and strawberry festivals, Sousa wrote El Capitán, the President of France was assassinated, and Japan invaded Korea. Guests at a Fifth Avenue social function received cigarettes wrapped in hundred-dollar bills, and gasped over Jacob Riis' exposé of tenement conditions, How the Other Half Lives. Julian Hawthorne bought a farm in Jamaica; and in Russia, Alexander P. de Seversky was born.

In the June, 1894, JOURNAL, John Gilmore Speed approves of women taking up the new game of golf because, he says, "it will restrain men's language on the links and also keep them from cheating."

"I want my girls to be *girls*—sweet, pure, feminine girls," explains Ruth Ashmore. "And it is just as easy, and there is just as much pleasure in having out-of-door fun quietly and coolly, as to have it in a way which will make you look hot, untidy and unladylike."

"Doubtful: It is impossible to tell you now what the dress styles will be a year hence."

"A. J.: I do not think it is in good taste to permit oneself to get in the habit of calling men friends by their Christian names. You must remember, my dear girl, that when you show familiarity, you invite it in return."

"In New York City, unless a fashionable woman attends the opera three times a week, dines out seven days a week, lunches daily at one home or another, and goes nightly to a ball or dance, she feels she is losing out."

"Charles Dana Gibson resembles the best looking of his models," the JOURNAL says of this famous illustrator. "His straight, broad-shouldered, rather athletic figure is always well, never foppishly, dressed. His smoothly shaved face is lighted by a pair of blue-gray eyes, very dark and expressive. His hair is dark brown, his voice low. Despite these many charms, Mr. Gibson is still unmarried."

"Mary: Have a four-yard-wide skirt of tan, large leg-o'-mutton sleeves, and a basque with pointed front and full, umbrella back. Add a narrow crush collar and short, wide revers of black moire."

"Lately there has been a great deal of fretful, impatient writing about the degrading and depressing influence of housework. Women who have this idea ought never to have become wives, and they ought never, never, never to have become mothers."

JOURNAL ABOUT TOWN

MAX PETER HAAS

The peace and quiet of a country lane, right square in the heart of Manhattan.

GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE YOU KNOW, EDITORS YOU LIKE AND WHAT GOES ON IN NEW YORK

PEOPLE who think of this as absolutely solid city should look out the north windows of the Editorial Workshop now. For up past a few tall palatial hotels stretches a wide expanse of tree-covered landscape as far as the eye can see, or something like two and a half miles. Nine hundred acres of woods, hills, valleys, grass, cliffs and lakes—or enough for a dozen or more adults to get lost among, as happens every day. Wild animals galore, though mostly twenty thousand squirrels, and more wild birds than many country counties contain. And on a Sunday afternoon in June you can scatter half a million people in Central Park and never think it was crowded, though you get the feeling that half of them are sailors, and half are the sailors' girls.

When ***Mrs. Walter E. Edge,*** wife of New Jersey's governor, and State Chairman of the JOURNAL'S Women in National Service, put on her WINS cap and apron the other day and took her place, paring knife in hand, at the long carrot table of a big South Jersey canning plant, she showed what 700,000 others have been asked to do this summer by the War Manpower Commission. Governors' wives, or whatever; full-time or part-time workers—WMC urges standing by in your community to help the local processing plants prepare the foods that will go largely to our fighting forces. By putting your everyday kitchen skills into mass production for this emergency, you'll be doing the next best thing to fixing a home-cooked meal for the soldiers and sailors who are on our side all over the world.

ACME

New Jersey's governor's wife sets an example for all WINS.

If you think you have shoe-ration trouble, listen to what theatrical producers with hits on their hands have to cope with. We can't feel sorry for the Life With Father people, but *Dorothy Stickney,* who plays the mother, has worn out sixteen pairs of shoes on the stage since the show opened, and *Howard Lindsay,* as Father, ten. OPA is pretty particular, too—makes the stage managers get all shoes resoled or mended twice at least. Child actors are the worst—not only wear them out faster, but if the play has any kind of run, they outgrow them.

Women Marines are not required to wear lipstick, but if they do, it must match the red of the cap cord and chevron of their uniforms; so when the question of color came up, ***Capt. Louise Stewart,*** who left the JOURNAL editorial staff to go on active duty with the corps, worked it out over here in collaboration with ***Elizabeth Arden,*** producing a red called Montezuma. Regulations say it must be neatly and thinly applied; also that nail polish, if worn, must likewise harmonize with the cap cord—and the lipstick. Which brings up a little trick the Women Marines have of shaking on a few drops of perfume when shining their shoes—not for the smell, but to produce a higher polish. And while we're on the subject, they can wear any kind of underwear they want.

The Marines now have the (lipstick) situation well in hand.

*Birthday greetings are due in June to **Judy Garland,** on the 10th; **Pearl Buck,** on the 26th; **Lt. Gen. Carl A. Spaatz,** who commands our Air Forces in Europe, on the 28th; **Nelson Eddy,** on the 29th.*

As for books: LOST ISLAND, by ***James Norman Hall,*** is a novel about one of those South Sea atolls that have to be devastated to make room for an American air base—a lovely book. . . . MIRACLE OF AMERICA is ***André Maurois'*** anecdotal, yet brief, history of our country. . . . Not to be missed is ***Noel Busch's*** highly diverting MY UNCONSIDERED JUDGMENT, an account of world travel that took him from General Smuts to Ibn Saud. . . . TOM BONE, by ***Charles B. Judah,*** will rival Anthony Adverse, for excitement if not in length. . . . And ***J. B. Sidgwick's*** INTRODUCTORY ASTRONOMY, clear as crystal from the North Star out and around, is the very best of its kind.

At the two big terminals here in town—Penn Station and Grand Central—the railroads and Travelers' Aid have tried their best to make things comfortable for servicemen waiting for trains, especially at night, with steamer chairs and settees and many public donations of blankets. Men and women volunteer workers do bellboy service all through the night, taking care of money and papers and pinning on each serviceman a card telling what time he's to be called. When we asked *Henry Schnakenberg,* the well-known artist, who's on duty at Penn Station three mornings a week from one to five, what was the hardest part of his job, he asked right back, "Did you ever try to wake up a soldier who is really sound asleep?"

EUROPEAN

Reveille at Grand Central.

"This war effort could not have been achieved had women not marched forward in millions to undertake all kinds of work."

—WINSTON CHURCHILL.

Down on My Auntie Belle's Farm...

IVORY SNOW FOR DISHWASHING WORKS LIKE A CHARM!

1 After last year's experience in my Victory garden, I decided to "do my bit" this year by helping on Auntie Belle's farm. But, oh my! . . . folks on a farm eat big meals, make stacks of dishes! And that slow bar soap Aunt used was safe for hands, but a sudsin' slow-poke!

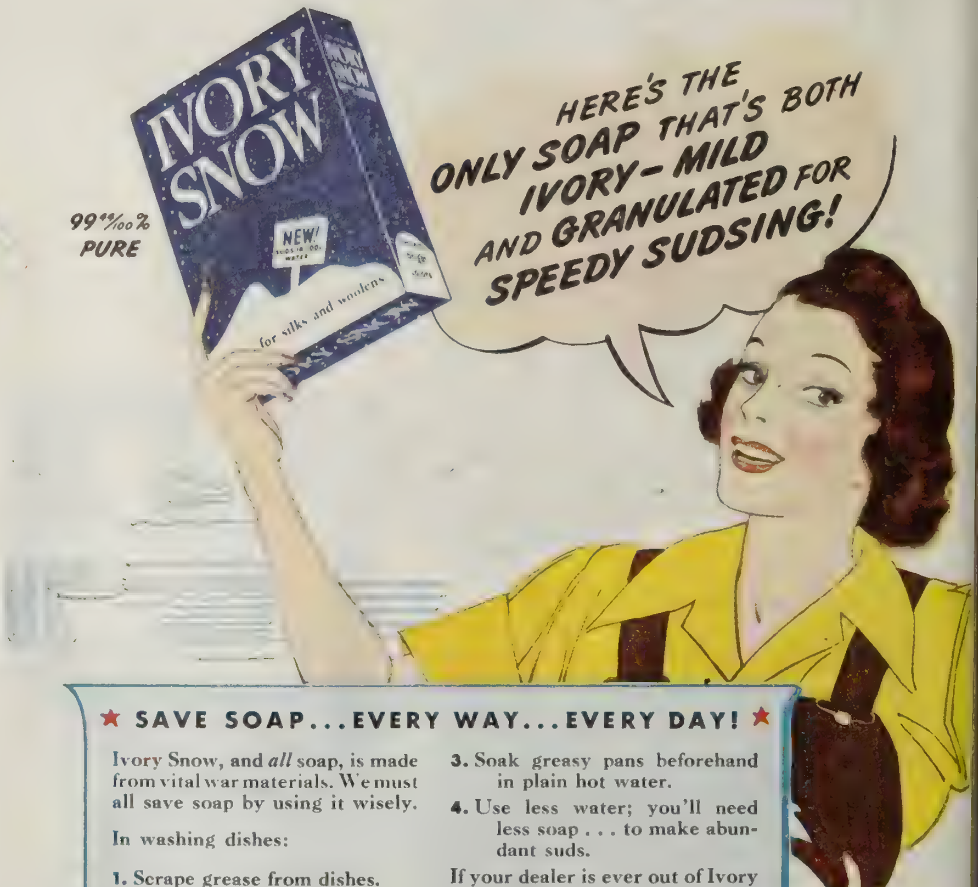
S-L-O-W bar soaps . . . go 'way!

2 "Listen," I said to Auntie, "let's try that soap you use in the washing machine." So we did! Well, that strong granulated soap was quick to make suds. But oh . . . *never again!* "Heavens t'Betsy, child," said Auntie. "Just look at your pretty hands . . . all red and rough!"

S-T-R-O-N-G granulated soaps . . . go 'way!

3 Next day, Auntie said: "I've been thinking . . . the Ivory Snow you use for your stockings would be just fine as silk for hands in the dishpan. And it comes in granulated 'snowdrop' form, for speed, too!"

So of course we tried it . . . and of course it worked! Yes . . . we discovered that Ivory Snow . . . is both *safe and fast* for dishwashing!


99 44/100 % PURE
IVORY SNOW
NEW!
for silks and woolens
HERE'S THE ONLY SOAP THAT'S BOTH IVORY-MILD AND GRANULATED FOR SPEEDY SUDSING!

WONDERFUL IVORY SNOW is safe for hands as the mildest bar soap, but far faster . . . and it's fast as the strongest granulated soap, but far safer!

★ SAVE SOAP...EVERY WAY...EVERY DAY! ★

Ivory Snow, and *all* soap, is made from vital war materials. We must all save soap by using it wisely.

In washing dishes:

1. Scrape grease from dishes.
2. Wash glasses first; then silverware; then dishes.
3. Soak greasy pans beforehand in plain hot water.
4. Use less water; you'll need less soap . . . to make abundant suds.

If your dealer is ever out of Ivory Snow, don't blame him. We're making it as fast as we can, and he'll have it again, soon.

IVORY SNOW

For Speedier Dishwashing

For Snow-White Hands

Beginning the story of an *Unforgettable Girl*

Cluny Brown

BY MARGERY SHARP

THINKING of Cluny Brown, Mr. Porritt, a successful plumber, allowed himself to be carried past his bus stop, and in consequence missed the Sunday dinner awaiting him at his sister's. It was not much loss. The food would be all right, for Addie had her virtues, but she was too much of a harper. At the moment she was harping on Cluny Brown.

Paying an extra penny, Mr. Porritt got off the bus at Notting Hill Gate. There was still ample time to return to Marble Arch and proceed as usual down the Edgware Road, but a spirit of independence moved him to turn instead into Kensington Gardens. He hadn't been inside the gardens for more than a year—not, in fact, since the day of his wife's funeral, when he went on a long, dogged tramp through all the London parks getting his mind used to the fact that Mrs. Porritt was no more. It took some doing—they had been married twenty-six years, and never a hard word—but somewhere along the road Arnold Porritt came to an interim agreement with Providence. He would go on as before, doing his duty as a plumber, and his duty by Cluny Brown, and if at the last he and his Floss were not reunited, he would make trouble. Mr. Porritt was a man with a strong sense of justice.

The day, for February, was uncommonly mild. Hardy persons sat on seats outside the Orangery, their faces to the sun. After circling the lawn Mr. Porritt, too, set his foot upon this terrace; since no bench was entirely vacant, he chose one accommodating a solitary lady. The lady had a book on her knee, *Cluny was the kind of girl who looked back when men whistled—and they always did. . . . Take it from there.*

"Come up, you black cat,"

but Mr. Porritt had left his paper in the bus, and was thus defenseless against the well-known effects of proximity in a public park. Within five minutes the desire to confide in a stranger became irresistible. He uttered a preliminary cough, and remarked that it was uncommon mild for the time of year.

"Deliciously," said the lady. Her voice and that one word assured Mr. Porritt that she *was* a lady, a fact which her hat and make-up had caused him to doubt.

"Makes me wish my niece was here," said Mr. Porritt.

"Yes, children love the gardens," agreed the lady.

"She's no child," said Mr. Porritt.

The lady gave him an encouraging look. She was waiting for a young man who she intended should become her lover, and thought it would be rather piquant to be discovered in conversation with anyone so quaint, so unexpected, so altogether out of her picture as Mr. Porritt. Even as she smiled fragments of dialogue were forming in her mind: "*But people always talk to me!*" she would say.

"She's twenty," pursued Mr. Porritt. "An orphan. My wife's sister's. Sometimes I don't rightly know how to handle her."

"Twenty is a difficult age."

"She ain't exactly difficult. It's more ——" Mr. Porritt frowned, groping, as he had so often done before, after the root of the trouble. Cluny Brown was good-tempered, willing, as much sense as most girls ——

"Is she pretty?"

"Plain as a boot."

"Attractive?"

Mr. Porritt, who thought he had answered this question already, merely shook his head; and the lady smiled. She was plain herself, but no one could call her unattractive.

"Then perhaps she has an inferiority complex?"

Adam shouted at her. Cluny shook her head. "Why not? Are you afraid of me?" Cluny asked interestedly, "Ought I to be?"

"Not her," said Mr. Porritt. He knew nothing about complexes, but any idea of inferiority was so wide of the mark that it suddenly showed up, by contrast, the very thing he had been after. "The trouble with young Cluny," said Mr. Porritt, "is she don't seem to know her place."

At last it was out: Cluny Brown's crime; and her uncle could never have put into words the uneasiness it caused him. To know one's place was, to Arnold Porritt, the basis of all civilized, all rational life: keep to your class, and you couldn't go wrong. A good plumber, backed by his union, could look a duke in the eye. Dukes, of course, had no union, and it was Mr. Porritt's impression that they were lying pretty low.

"But what is her place?" asked the lady, looking amused.

Mr. Porritt thought this a remarkably foolish question. "I'll tell you where it ain't: it ain't the Ritz," said Mr. Porritt. For that was what young Cluny had done, only a day or two before: she had gone and had tea at the Ritz, all on her own, to see what it was like. Two-and-a-tanner it cost her. Told him herself; no idea, it seemed, she'd done anything out of the way. Mr. Porritt was pleased to see that his new acquaintance looked properly taken aback. "And that's Cluny all over," he finished. "Just no idea what's what."

"Cluny?" repeated the lady.

"Cluny Brown. Short for Clover." He paused, to see whether a tall young man approaching meant to sit down on their seat.

But the lady—who had observed the newcomer a moment in advance—leaned forward with increasing animation. "Do you know," she said rapidly, "I think your niece sounds exceptionally charming. You mustn't suppress her, you must help her to develop. She may be a really special personality." Then she turned with a start, and saw the young man smiling down on them, and Mr. Porritt at once realized it was time to take himself off.

"Who was that?" asked the young man, sitting down.

The lady made a comical face. "I haven't the faintest idea. People always talk to me in parks."

"One of these days you'll find yourself assaulted."

"My dear, you know I only attract the respectable," she told him.

They both laughed.

The young man looked after the diminishing figure of Mr. Porritt. "Did he tell you his wife doesn't understand him?"

"Not at all. I've been hearing all about his niece, a young person named Cluny Brown, short for Clover, who went to tea at the Ritz."

"Darling, you're wonderful!" said the young man. "What a line! But why the Ritz!"

"Because she doesn't know her place."

"How shocking. Shocking Cluny Brown! I'd like to meet her."

This being out of the question, the lady was able to say that she would, too; and then, feeling that Cluny had been talked of long enough, demanded to be taken to lunch.

It was half past two when Mr. Porritt walked into his brother-in-law Trumper's house in Portobello Road. The open front door, and a trowel stuck in a border, showed that Trumper had started a bit of gardening and given it up. Mr. Porritt hung up his cap and went into the front room, and there sat Trumper, shirt-sleeved, reading The News of the World.

"Got here," said Mr. Porritt.

"Thought you'd bin run over," said Trumper.

"Wrong bus," explained Mr. Porritt.

Trumper nodded. "Had your dinner?" he asked.

"Snack," said Mr. Porritt. He sat down and removed his boots, placing them neatly on the lower shelf of a bamboo whatnot. "You left a trowel outside."

"Aye," agreed Trumper. "Where's young Cluny?"

"In bed."

"What, ill?"

"No, she read a piece in the paper," said Mr. Porritt; and remembered his own paper, left in the bus. He now wanted it.

It was wonderful how nothing annoyed people more than taking their Sunday paper. Mr. Porritt remembered a very striking illustration of this from his own experience. It was when his wife's sister turned up with the infant Cluny, and her husband dead, poor chap, and nothing for it but to take them in and give them a home; both he and Floss agreed on it, glad and willing, and Cluny's mother behaved just as she ought, except for one thing: she would take the Sunday paper before Mr. Porritt had done with it. He never said a word, but just that one habit so irritated him that he gradually took a dislike to her. And yet she was a nice woman in her way, and when she died of pneumonia Mr. Porritt felt sorrier than he expected.

"I see Eden's gone and resigned," observed Trumper. "I spose he knows what he's at."

"If you ask me, we'll have trouble with Mussolini yet," said Mr. Porritt, "and that Hitler. I don't trust 'em."

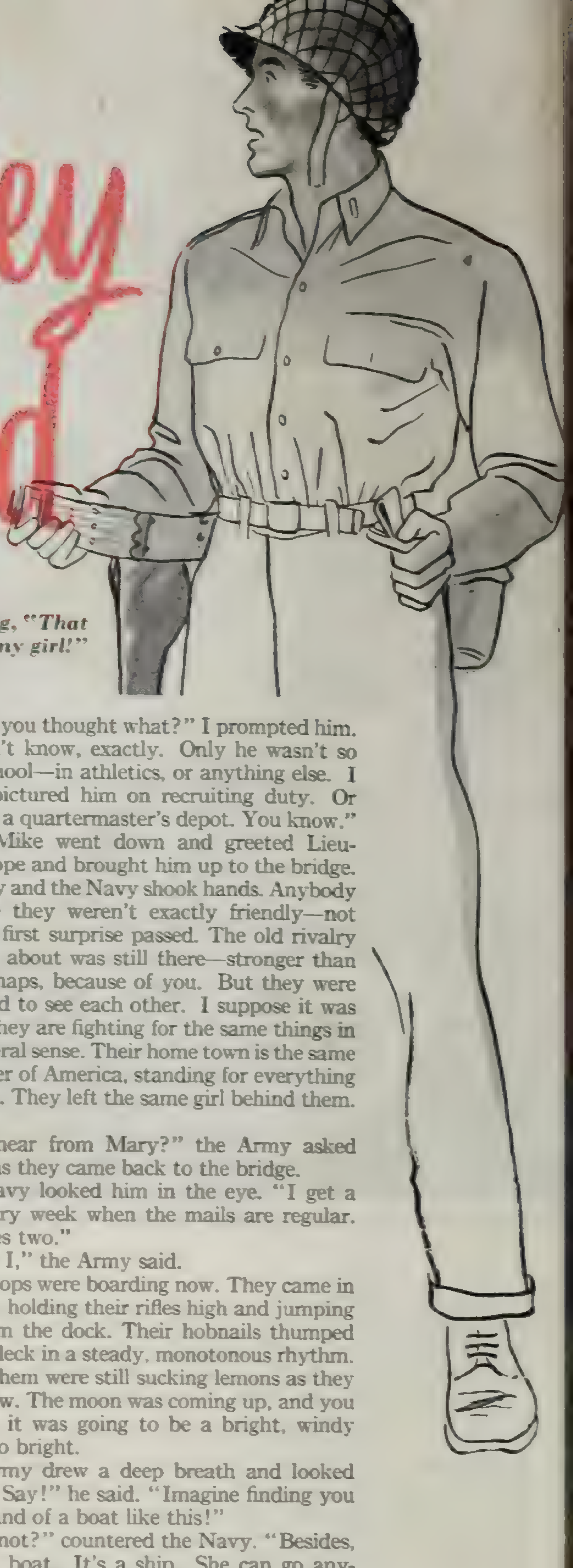
"Nor me," Trumper agreed. "What this country ought to ha' done ——"

In another moment they would have been embarked on a good, meaty, masculine conversation; but the door opened, and in bounced Addie. She was four years junior to her husband, but one would never have guessed it, because she didn't hold with making yourself look young. She held with looking neat and clean and

(Continued on Page 73)

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT C. HARRIS

The Girl they left Behind



The Navy looked him in the eye. "I get a letter from her every week. Maybe two."

"So do I," the Army said, thinking, "That swab jockey, making a play for my girl!"

MY DEAR MARY: I must first explain this communication from a total stranger. By now you will have received two letters, equally vague because of the censorship restrictions, which probably left you somewhat bewildered. Both were variations on an old theme that was first played in this country, with surprisingly successful results, by a young man named John Alden.

I am no John Alden. Merely a newspaperman—sometimes dignified by the title of "war correspondent"—who happened to be in the South Pacific when the two letters were written. From what I gathered, you have the fair maid Priscilla topped by three hundred years and at least forty million miles—but that doesn't change the picture. Personally, I'm married. Besides, from where I sit the field already looks overcrowded.

I also learned that prior to receiving the two letters mentioned above, you have received numerous epistles stating recurrently and flatly that (*a*) the Navy stinks, and (*b*) the Army can't fight its way out of a paper bag. These opinions, of course, were the writers' own and do not constitute the views of the War and Navy Departments. Furthermore, the words "Army" and "Navy" were not used in the generic sense; you know as well as I that they meant, specifically, First Lt. Jack Pope, of the Army, and Lt. (j.g.) Mike Bradley, of the Navy.

The following report started out to be a Sunday feature, but became too intimate to be published. I'm sorry that I am neither a Solomon nor a Beatrice Fairfax. I can only report, as objectively as possible, what happened on a night last month, off and on an island somewhere in the South Pacific near Rabaul.

The Army marched down to the dock just before sundown, when the breeze was freshening. Mike Bradley was on the bridge of his LCI (Landing Craft, Infantry) dreamily smoking his pipe and remembering the way your hair blew when you and he used to go riding with the top down. He hadn't been in contact with the Army before, and his first impressions weren't good. Nearly all the hundred and fifty odd soldiers ran small to medium in size; many of them looked like stringy-necked kids. He remarked on this.

"Little guys can slip through the jungle easier," I told him. "They're better for Commando work."

MIKE shook his head, as if he wouldn't have liked Commando work. There was one thing about the Navy, he said: you always knew where you were going to eat and sleep at night. The soldiers on the dock carried light packs, and most of them had sandwiches in paper bags to eat on the way up and were sucking lemons. If it hadn't been for the rifles and tommy guns and tin hats with camouflage nettings, they might have been Boy Scouts starting an overnight hike.

"What's the idea of the lemons?" Mike asked.

I told him they were supposed to prevent seasickness, and he laughed. Out beyond the reef the sea was running in long, easy swells. The LCI was better than a hundred and fifty feet long, and a sailor had nothing to worry about.

"That's the Army for you," Mike said, a little disdainfully. "It's like that guy I was telling you about. He ——"

"No smoking on the dock, you guys!" a sergeant yelled. "Fall in, and face the shed. 'Tenshun to the briefing!"

The sun was dropping behind the jungled island, and the first stars began to blaze. There was still a jagged hole in the roof of the pier shed, where a dud Jap bomb had fallen a week before. The Army officer in charge mounted a packing case and told the men to stand easy.

At that point Mike Bradley dropped his pipe. "Jack Pope!" he exclaimed. "Look—that's Jack Pope, from my home town! He used to jerk soda at Herzog's drugstore! Why, that's the guy I was telling you about—the one who's been making a play for my girl!"

The wind was coming up stronger. I said yes, I knew. I didn't tell Mike I had spent a couple of weeks with this very Army outfit, down the line on the American-held end of the island. I didn't tell him that Lt. Jack Pope had mentioned a certain Navy man—a swab jockey, Jack called him—who used to work at the big filling station at Fourth and Main. According to Jack, this guy Mike was making a play for *his* girl.

"You mean to say *he's* taking those dogfaces up the island to land behind the enemy's lines?" Mike asked incredulously.

"That's your job," I told him. "It's just up to Pope to bring them on back through the Jap lines after they've done all the damage they can. That is, all of them he can."

Mike whistled. "What do you know about that?" he asked very softly. "Jack Pope! Well, what do you know?" Then he bit down on his pipe and listened.

Lieutenant Pope—the Army to you, Mary—was talking. Telling his men little things, like the way he wanted them to use the grease paint on their faces. Not solid, after the fashion of a mammy singer, but in splotches and streaks. He didn't want them to think about getting seasick, because seasickness is in the mind. He wanted them to lie down on the bunks below deck and get some rest.

Lieutenant Pope's voice was calm and friendly, and full of confidence. You could see what was going on in Mike Bradley's mind—you see it a lot when the Army and the Navy come together for a job. It is a growing and mutual respect for the way the other man plays on the big team. It's the assurance you feel when you board a train, knowing the engineer can handle his job.

"It's funny," Mike said, half to himself. "I never figured him in a spot anything like this. I thought ——" And then he fell silent.

"Well, you thought what?" I prompted him.

"I don't know, exactly. Only he wasn't so hot in school—in athletics, or anything else. I guess I pictured him on recruiting duty. Or maybe in a quartermaster's depot. You know."

Then Mike went down and greeted Lieutenant Pope and brought him up to the bridge. The Army and the Navy shook hands. Anybody could see they weren't exactly friendly—not after the first surprise passed. The old rivalry I'd heard about was still there—stronger than ever, perhaps, because of you. But they were really glad to see each other. I suppose it was because they are fighting for the same things in a very literal sense. Their home town is the same tiny corner of America, standing for everything American. They left the same girl behind them.

"EVER hear from Mary?" the Army asked casually as they came back to the bridge.

The Navy looked him in the eye. "I get a letter every week when the mails are regular. Sometimes two."

"So do I," the Army said.

The troops were boarding now. They came in single file, holding their rifles high and jumping down from the dock. Their hobnails thumped the steel deck in a steady, monotonous rhythm. Some of them were still sucking lemons as they went below. The moon was coming up, and you could see it was going to be a bright, windy night. Too bright.

The Army drew a deep breath and looked around. "Say!" he said. "Imagine finding you in command of a boat like this!"

"Why not?" countered the Navy. "Besides, it's not a boat. It's a ship. She can go anywhere. We sailed her down the East Coast and through the canal. We brought her out here."

The Army regarded the bridge on which he stood. It had a circular shield breast high, but there was no cover. "This is worse than a foxhole!" said the Army. "What happens if you're attacked? What if it's raining?"

Mike Bradley said the bridge was his battle station, and he navigated his ship from there, fair weather or foul. Jack Pope said not for him—give him the infantry any old time.

An LCI has a shallow draft, and its beam is nothing to write home about. It rolls on occasion, and this was one of them. The executive officer took over when we reached the open sea, and the Army and the Navy laid below to the tiny wardroom to discuss the operational plan and have a cup of coffee.

Halfway through his, the Army, what with all that rolling, decided he didn't care for the Navy's G.I. jamoke. And just then the klaxons sounded general quarters.

This part of the job, Mary, belonged to the Navy. Jack Pope stayed below, not because he was afraid, but because Mike Bradley told him to stay there, and aboard ship the word of the captain is law. The troops put on life jackets

(Continued on Page 102)

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HUGHES

The soldier and the bluejacket were fighting for the same blueberry pie, the same home-town … and the same girl.

BY ALLAN R. BOSWORTH

"My postwar plan is to go home—unless, of course, my man comes back wounded. He's overseas right now. He wants me home and I want to be there. And we want some kids too."

—MRS. CLIFFORD FERGUSON,
New Hyde Park, Long Island.

What about the Women?

DO THEY WANT TO KEEP THEIR FACTORY JOBS WHEN THE WAR IS OVER? OR IS THEIR POSTWAR PLAN A HOME?

"Most women in this country

By Nell Giles

This country-wide cross section of opinion among women war workers was secured by the same careful, statistical method used in the JOURNAL'S former series, What the Women of America Think.

THIRTY-NINE-YEAR-OLD Mrs. Irma Stewart, mother of four, sanding hand guards for carbines on the night shift of a New Haven factory, stopped her machine long enough to repeat the question, "Am I planning to stop work after the war? I'll say I am! It will be grand to get back to normal living again!"

Mrs. Stewart, gray-haired and still self-conscious about how she looks in slacks, was speaking for millions of her sisters. She was speaking for America's army of new women workers—for the housewives, mothers, sisters and soldiers' brides who have marched into factory and office since December, 1941. More than 3,000,000 women "replacement troops" have filled the gaps in industry since Pearl Harbor. Like any army, they've had their share of criticism; they've been called "hot-money mammas," adult delinquents, home wreckers, good workers, bad workers. But they can truly be called an army because they are like all armies: they want to go home. They are restlessly eager, once the fighting is over, to get back to normal life again.

This is the striking fact, sharply outlined and dramatic, revealed by results of the JOURNAL'S coast-to-coast survey of women workers.

It is the answer to the question being asked everywhere in America today: "What about the women—the new women workers who have taken soldiers' jobs, had a pay check for the first time, tasted freedom and independence: will they be willing, when the war is over, to return quietly to the dishpan, handing back to the returning hero his job and his pay envelope?"

It is a question of tremendous social significance, affecting, as it does, not only the jobs but also the lives and the families of millions of men.

And by and large, the answer is YES.

New women in industry—those who have trooped into war plants since Pearl Harbor—want, in the main, to go home.

Women who were working before, women who must support themselves because they are single, widowed or divorced, intend, in the main, to keep their jobs.

"Do you plan to stop working after the war?" was the question asked in this huge cross-country cross section of women war workers.

"Yes," said 44%. Yes, they plan to stop work when the emergency is over.

"No," said 47%. Three quarters of these women who do not plan to stop work are solely self-supporting. And 87% had worked before 1941.

"I don't know," said only 9%. War uncertainty may enter here. Will their husbands, their sons, their lovers return to them safe, strong and able?

A picture of American womanhood, clear and strikingly significant, emerges from this important JOURNAL survey.

If the American woman can find a man she wants to marry, who can support her, a job fades into insignificance beside the vital business of staying at home and raising a family—three children is the ideal number, she thinks.

However, if she doesn't marry, or the man she marries cannot support her and her children adequately, then she intends to fall into no position of helpless feminine dependency. She intends to use her new-found skills, her hard-won position, to earn money. She sees no reason to give up her job to a man, if she needs it equally. And she is strongly convinced that if she does a man's work she should have a man's pay.

So 44% of America's working women intend to stop work when the war is over.

A combination of many factors has, it is evident, kept these women at their jobs. Patriotism has been important, the desire to help out when they're needed, to be busy when others are hard pressed. Money, too: larger income to offset higher living costs or to replace a breadwinner in the Army; very often money in the hand to save till the war is over, for education or a dream house or some sort of better living.

For these two potent reasons, many women have accepted "for the duration" certain disagreeable factors—overwork, discomfort, scamping of family and social obligations. But this has been a duration compromise. When the boys come back, they mean to go back, too—home, where they belong.

The new women workers—there are more than 3,000,000 of them since December, 1941—want to go home for several reasons. The younger married women, with husbands away in the services, plan to stop working after the war to have families. Older married women are going home because they like it better than an office or factory—and because they have made money in these war years and saved it for this purpose. Others—both married and unmarried—who sought jobs because they wanted to help win the war will give them up thankfully when Berlin and Tokyo surrender.

"Immediately!" said a forty-seven-year-old housewife-turned-factory-inspector of La Grange, Illinois, who in 1942 put behind her club activities, volunteer Red Cross work and a pleasant household routine, to learn the use of precision instruments. "I have a father and two brothers in France. I am working only to get the war over as fast as possible."

"I've got a home to keep," said a blind woman in Salt Lake City. "I'm only working because of the war."

The twenty-five-year-old wife of a sailor who, while her mate is at sea, is painting airplane-instrument panels in Chicago, added, "I don't think women should be in industry after the war. There are better jobs for women."

Most of these women who expect to give up their jobs as soon as the war is over are married, have reached their middle thirties, have weekly family income of $60 or more. (68% are married, 49% are thirty-five or older, 55% have $60 or more weekly family income.)

But among those who expect to continue working, most are unmarried, young and have a weekly family income of less than $60. (Only 23% are married, 50% are thirty-four or younger, 54% have less than $60 weekly family income.)

Clearly reflecting a postwar world in which more and more women will, of necessity, be self-supporting, were the answers to a second question:

"If there aren't enough jobs to go around after the war, should men be given job preference over women who have no other means of support?"

To this only a third of the women altruistically answered "Yes," while a realistic, pocketbook-minded majority said "No." One of them, a San Diego worker, commented, "A single woman is just as disabled as a soldier."

Yes—32%; No—60%; Didn't know—8%

It is the unmarried, logically enough, who show a starry-eyed pro-man leaning; the matrons feel more strongly that men and women have an equal right to jobs when need calls. (Unmarried: 38% Yes, 54% No. Married: 29% Yes, 62% No.)

One fascinating fact emerges with crystal clarity. Women think having a job is more fun than staying at home. Asked if they enjoyed working more than they enjoyed staying at home, 79% said "Yes." And, of these, 70% were married women with children!

Having a job is more fun than staying at home. Sociologists could play around with that answer. Is it that small houses with laborsaving devices make the role of housekeeper less creative, hence less interesting? Is it that small families and fewer children make the home less a social center than it used to be and women are bored and craving social contacts? Or is this a result of the barrage of publicity urging women to "escape from the *drudgery* of housework—do something *interesting?*" And yet, in spite of the fact that 79% think jobs are more enjoyable than staying at home, 44% intend to go home when the war is over—and 70% (an overwhelming majority) said they would give up their jobs *willingly* if they had to, in order to get married. What explains this seeming inconsistency? Jobs are more enjoyable, but homes are more important. Is it duty, is it a deep biological urge; is it the knowledge that

(Continued on Page 157)

"For ten years I have been a college professor, but as a factory worker I am making the top salary of my life."

—MISS MARION A. GREENE,
Richmond, Virginia.

"I have a father and two brothers in France. I am only working to get the war over as fast as possible."

—MRS. GEORGE F. KOLAR,
La Grange, Illinois.

"After the war I plan to go home and keep house. My husband wouldn't like me to work if it weren't for the war."

—MRS. JULIA PLAKE,
Oakland, California.

still prefer keeping a home to keeping a job—their ideal is three children.

ILLEGITIMATE
The world put a thorny barrier around Jenny —
but a spirit cannot be bound.

The Journal's complete-in-one-issue novel ★ **BY NELIA GARDNER WHITE**

DOCTOR BRADY came in from East Linfield late one night through a blinding snowstorm. He got the car into the old barn that had always served him as garage, made his way up the path to the back door and let himself into the kitchen. He didn't like the moment of entering the empty house, and hadn't become used to it even after six years of being alone. His Cousin Minnie "did" for him, and she always left everything in apple-pie order and left the coffeepot sitting on the back of the old coal stove—and even somehow, always miraculously, even in the time of strictest rationing, managed to have coffee in it. The doctor noted the miracle of the never-vanishing coffee, but he put it down in his own thoughts as an act of God and said nothing of it. He was not unpatriotic, but he was doing the work of three men, he was fifty-six years old and he was always dog-tired.

He was not only tired tonight, he was low in spirits. He had just seen Ellie Howe die in childbirth. He had had a long talk with Ellie after the last baby and had warned her, but it hadn't done any good. He drank his coffee, black and steaming hot. But his anger at Fred Howe did not die down. Ellie had been only thirty-two, but she'd looked forty-five. This had been her eighth baby. Fred was as hard as nails, as lusty as old Peabody's bull; he'd probably be married again within six months.

The doctor drained the coffeepot. Then he fixed the fire, went in through the living room and across the hall to the bedroom in the other wing. He slept in a big double bed where once he and his wife, Letty, had slept. The telephone stood on a table by the bed, and he put his case down on the floor near by. Once Letty had always answered the telephone in the middle of the night. Now he had to hear the ring himself.

Everybody in town thought he ought to marry again, but he knew he never would. He had had Letty; he wanted no one else. Once an old woman had told him, with tears, that she had forgotten how her daughter, dead a year, looked. But he had not forgotten how Letty looked. She had had a round, merry face and brown eyes, and he thought of her most often as she looked in the middle of the night, with the old red-flannel robe on and her hair in two braids down her back, as she brought him coffee before his starting out on a trip. He had been so used to having her there; he was never used to having her gone. He never got over regretting that he hadn't said more about what he felt for her.

The doctor got into bed and reached for a mystery story. No matter if it was two o'clock in the morning, he always read for half an hour before he slept. It took the edge off his consciousness of world troubles and town troubles, and these troubles were often very heavy in his middle-aged heart.

But tonight the print on the page did not make sense, did not draw him into the world of the author's imagination as it usually did. He kept thinking of Ellie, who had died too soon and yet had perhaps been glad to slip away from the burden of her living.

He dropped the book on the floor beside the bed. "There's no meat in it!" he said aloud.

THEN he lay there thinking of books he had read that had had meat. There were some, but they seemed fewer tonight than common. *The trouble is, I know too much about people,* he told himself. He felt discouraged about people tonight. There were too many Fred Howes, too many overburdened Ellies, too many selfish mothers-in-law, too many frustrated spinsters. And with the young doctors gone, it all fell on him, and he was not a young man any more. *I ought to write a book myself,* he thought grimly. *I could tell 'em a few tales with meat in 'em!*

He let his mind run over the people of his town. It was a little town, but things had happened there. There was Henry Donnell, who had risen from the boy who swept the sidewalk in front of the bank to the presidency of the bank itself and then had committed suicide. That was a story, now, more real and exciting than most. Henry hadn't robbed the bank or anything. It went deeper than that. It was his stepbrother Charlie. Charlie'd never made any money, but he'd been liked by everybody; and it got under Henry's skin that with all his effort and with all the money he'd made no one liked him—and when Charlie, down and out and just clerking in the hardware store, had been made president of the town board, Henry'd killed himself.

Then take Maud Ebers. Taught in the high school for almost forty years, an old martinet if there ever was one. She'd scared American history and biology into the town youngsters for all that time, and they'd hated her and respected her. Certainly Maud was the last person on earth you'd think would write to one of these matrimonial bureaus that advertised in farm papers, but she had. She certainly had, and married the man, too, and acted as proud of him as if he'd been courting her for years. He wasn't anything much. He did odd jobs around town, nothing steady. But he was Maud's man. Now there was a story too.

Then suddenly the doctor seemed to see Letty sitting there in the old rocker with the roses carved on the headpiece. She had on a blue gingham dress and she looked quiet and sad, with no sparkle in her brown eyes at all. There was a coal fire in the little grate below the funny old narrow marble mantel, and the green tiles of the hearth and the brass coal scuttle were shining. He hadn't bothered much with a fire in here since Letty'd died, but he could see it very clearly as it was that night. He could see Jenny Petrie, too, sitting on the green carpet, her head against Letty, her dark hair all wild, could hear Letty's voice saying clearly and firmly, "If I'd ever had a daughter, Jenny, I'd have liked her just like you."

That's got meat, the doctor said to himself, and some of the tiredness seemed to smooth out of his face. He reached over and turned out the light.

The next night he was in by ten. He went out to the coal shed, got a scuttle of coal, built a fire in the little grate, though the room was warm enough. He went to the old chest of drawers in the corner, opened the bottom drawer and took out a little pile of small red books. They were the diaries of his wife, Letty. After that he went to his office, took a sheaf of paper from the cupboard, came back and sat down by the old sewing table near the fire, took out his fountain pen and began to write the story of Jenny Petrie. He wrote with no grace of style, but as starkly as if he were writing a case history. In the morning he put a Do Not Disturb sign on the sewing table for Minnie. At night he went at it again, and all the rest of that winter he kept at it and found a certain peace and strength coming to him out of the task.

This is the story, unembellished, that he wrote.

I was called into Mary Penfield's house at eleven o'clock, November eleventh, the night of the Armistice. I had never attended her before, and my wife had seen her at the church in the afternoon and said she seemed all right then. When I got to the house, Mary let me in.

"It's not you that's sick, then?" I said.

"No," she said. "Come with me, doctor."

She led me through the living room and the kitchen, up the back stairs to the third floor, and there I found Kitty Petrie, Mary's hired girl, about to have a baby. The room was stony cold and as bare as a barn. Mary was known as stingy and hard to her help, so I should not have been surprised. Kitty was in great pain with labor, but she was making almost no noise. I had arrived just in time and delivered the baby almost immediately. There was no hot water and I sent Mary to bring some. There were no clothes for the baby, but Mary brought an old flannel sheet and we wrapped the baby up. All through it Kitty never talked at all.

ILLUSTRATED BY ANDREW LOOMIS

The children danced around her, chanting "Jenny's only half."

I came downstairs and Mary asked me into the parlor. The Penfield house is old and big and full of heavy, respectable furniture and oil paintings. John Penfield was and is our leading lawyer. He had not been a congressman then, however.

"Well, how did all this happen, Mary?" I said. "With all the gossip I hear, I'm surprised this escaped me."

"Kitty's been away for three months," Mary said. "She just came back tonight and was taken sick before she could get home."

"But who's the father?" I said.

"I haven't the faintest idea," Mary said. "She never had any 'followers' here—I don't allow it. I think I'll keep her on, though. She's a good worker."

I would never have put Mary Penfield down as one to do a kindness to hired help. I decided Kitty must have been a very good worker indeed.

"I'd rather you didn't say anything about Kitty's having her baby here," Mary said. "I wouldn't want people to think I'd connived at that sort of thing."

"I guess no one would think that of you," I told her. "I'm glad she's not going to lose her place."

"No, she won't lose her place," Mary said. There seemed no reason to wait, so I gave her a few directions about Kitty and went home.

I TOLD my wife, "It looks as if Mary's more Christian than I've given her credit for being."

My wife said, "Did you say there was no heat up there?"

"None."

It was a very chill night.

"She can't be more than eighteen," my wife said.

"No. She took it like a major, too, as if she'd had a dozen. I suppose one of those Dugan boys from up the run's responsible—or one of that lot that's in France."

My wife lay there very quiet for a long time. Then she said, "Kitty's very pretty."

I told no one about the baby. I recorded the birth, but I didn't hear anyone talking about the event—which was strange, considering the way news gets around in our town.

My wife said once, "I wonder how Kitty is. Mary seems to be doing all her own work."

"It'll do her good," I said.

"Yes, but it isn't like her."

Winter came early. Before November was over we had heavy snows. Some of our boys came home from France. Some never would come. I wondered sometimes about who was responsible for Kitty's baby, but I didn't find out.

One day I met Mary Penfield on the street. She is a handsome woman, but cold. Her father made his money in lumber back around the turn of the century, and Mary has hung onto the fortune. Mary considers herself the leading social light in the town, and I suppose she is.

"Good morning, Mary," I said. It was snowing and she looked very striking with her red cheeks and black hair and the snow falling on her fur coat. Like the Snow Queen.

"Good morning, doctor," she said. It was plain she didn't want to stop.

But I stopped and said, "How's Kitty?"

"Kitty isn't with me now."

"Oh! I thought you were going to keep her with you."

"She decided she'd rather go home. I dare say it's all for the best," Mary said.

"Is she all right?"

"Yes," Mary said. "Good day, doctor."

Near Christmastime I had to go up the run to see Mrs. Frank Dugan. My wife said she would come with me. Mrs. Dugan was having a gall-bladder attack. My wife brought a jar of beef broth and barley for her, and while I looked at Mrs. Dugan my wife washed the dishes and swept up the kitchen floor and got some dinner started for Frank.

When we had started back my wife said, "You couldn't get stuck near Petries', could you?"

It wasn't difficult to do this. We plodded up the drive for help and Jack Petrie came to the door. His wife was dead and he lived there with his three girls.

"Couldn't give me a hand with the car, could you?" I said. "And let my wife get warmed up a minute?"

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"I love You, Johnny"

BY NEWLIN B. WILDES

WE WERE having breakfast when the postman rang. "I'll get it," Debby said, upsetting her chair. She always runs everywhere. She never walks. She is ten and blond and tans golden with long hair. I am almost twelve and my hair is dark.

Debby came back panting. "No new bills," she said, "just the old ones." She put the pile of letters beside my father.

Something made me ask, although I knew it was no use. "Is there one from him?" I said.

My father shook his head. He is quite thin and has less hair and more forehead all the time.

Debby ate her corn flakes. Her eyes got very big, the way they do when she is worried about something. She has blue eyes. "It has been eight months since we had a letter from him," she said. "Not since he was wounded."

It had been in the paper about his being wounded. "Sergeant John Sundra, Kitasset," it had said, "wounded in action in the Pacific." And the next of kin, who was an aunt in Pennsylvania. We had cried all that night, Debby and I. It was because he was our friend, and because we did not know how badly he was wounded, or where he was, or anything.

Our mother had come into our room very late that night, and she had talked to us in the dark. "You mustn't worry," she had said. "They will take the very best care of him. You mustn't cry." She has a very quiet voice, our mother has, and she is right about things, mostly. Only we didn't know. We didn't know now. Even Mary didn't know. Mary was Johnny Sundra's girl, Mary Main. Our father couldn't find out anything for her even.

I ate my breakfast now, and it was lumps in my throat. It didn't taste good. After a while we went on down to our stable.

For a lot of minutes we didn't talk. And then Debby said, "Let's ride down to the village and see Mary."

I nodded. Maybe Mary would have heard from him. Only somehow I didn't like getting the ponies out that morning. The ponies made it seem that, in just a minute, there would be a call from the lane and Johnny Sundra would be there on his big horse, on The Buckler, and Mary would be with him on her mare and Johnny would say, "Come on, punks, let's have a go around one of the runs," and we would scramble in our hurry and it would be marvelous, the four of us, and thrilling and so much fun. So often it had been that way.

BECAUSE Johnny had loved horses, just as we did. For three years he had been in charge of our little hunt club, the Kitasset Hunt. He had taught us to ride, really, and how to jump and that we must get up and on again when we fell, which we did a lot at first.

But, more than that, he had been glad to see us, really glad, every day, and, although he was so old—almost twenty he was then—he had talked to us as if we were his age and could understand things. He had told us all about the plans he had for starting his own stable someday, and being a trainer, making hunters, and going on and up in the world, so that Mary would be proud of him. All those things he had told us first, and he was our pal. And then he had gone away.

I can remember the day that he went away. So well. Late January it had been, and ever since that December—December seventh—Johnny had not been the same. And then, that day, he had seemed brighter and his old smile was there and he was whistling when we came to the club.

"Hiya, punks," Johnny had said, and that grin had flashed his white even teeth, and crinkled around his eyes, the way it did. He was very handsome, to us, Johnny was. He was wiry slim, with wide shoulders, and his boots were old and trim and good, and he had an easy, gentle way about him. He finished haying his big horse, The Buckler, and then he had said, "Come on in. There's something I want to tell you."

And we had gone into the clubhouse. It was just a little clubhouse, with the curtains warm and snug, and the leather chairs deep and worn before the fire. Johnny had looked at us.

"I want you to do me a favor, kids, will you?" and we had said, "Sure, Johnny." Debby had on her stocking cap, and it made her face small and her cheeks had been very red. Johnny had grinned at us. "I want you to keep The Buckler exercised for me, will you?" he had said, and we had looked at him, frightened somehow, and not quite understanding. And he had come down on his heels, so that his face was level to ours, and he had said, "I'm leaving here for a while, punks. Leaving tomorrow. I'm in the Army now." And we had just looked at him, and the fire had crackled slow and deep in the ashes.

And then I said, "You—you're going to war, Johnny?" and he had nodded.

"Yep," he said. "There's a thing or two to get done over there. Just a thing or two. But"—and the smile had gone away and he had been serious, so very serious—"but I'll be back. And I want you to be all ready for me, sure, and I want The Buckler to be ready too. There are a lot of things we've got to do, a lot of riding, a lot of fun. So you take care of him, you two and Mary. Will you do that now?"

And we had just nodded, our eyes on his face. We couldn't say anything. I guess he knew, Johnny did, because he was our friend and had been for so long a time, and he said quickly, "Now, no crying. None of that, ever. Remember." And we had not cried.

We had gone out, after a while, with Johnny's arms tight over our shoulders. We had gone home. The wind had been cold and dark and unhappy that night. And, in the morning, Johnny had been gone. And now, today, we didn't know where he was or how he was.

We got the ponies out now, and rode on down to the village, bareback, to see Mary. Two ponies we have. Debby's is named Gray Mist, and she is about fourteen hands high, almost a horse, and she is gray, of course, and has a fat little rump and a brand. She is a Western horse. She is wise, and takes care of Debby. And Debby takes care of her, too, all she can reach.

My pony is named Spring Folly. She is slate gray and loose and easy and part Arab. She can jump beautifully. Johnny helped us teach her how to jump.

We went through the woods and over a stone wall, and I thought, *They would be starting the fall hunts pretty soon; in September, other years.* And I remembered how keen Johnny had been about hunting. How he had loved it. And a thing that he had said kept coming back to me.

"When it comes the day," he had said, "that I can't hunt any more, or ride the country—then I don't want to live. Then I'll be through." He had meant that. It had been that much to him. All his life.

We came on in to the village green. Mary would be there. In the store.

IT IS just a little town, Kitasset, down on the shore and quiet, with big trees, and the countryside open with farms, and rolling right to ride over. We have lived there all our lives. We love it. There are only five stores. There is Mr. Hodgkin's meat market, and there is Mr. Lovelin's drugstore where the sodas are, and there is the grocery store and the post office.

And then there is Mary's store. Mary's father owns it, but she runs it. It is the best. It has papers and magazines and work gloves and candy, and if they haven't got what you want they can get it for you. Mary can. Mary is wonderful.

"It is your turn to hold the ponies, Debby," I said. "I will get Mary." So I went in.

At first I did not see her in the store. It was dark in there, at the back, and I called "Mary." For a minute nobody answered. Then I heard the noise. It came from the little cubbyhole of an office, and it was a low kind of muffled sound. I went back there. It was Mary. And she was crying.

Mary should never cry. Mary is all smiles and laughter. She is a small girl and she has black hair and her cheeks have the color deep and quick in them, and her mouth and nose have lines that Johnny Sundra says are thoroughbred. And she is slim, and can she ride! The biggest jumps on her mare, and she just laughs and it is all bubbles and happiness. Mary should never cry.

For a minute, almost, I just stood there. I did not know what to do. "What's the matter, Mary?" I said, getting it finally out.

It was a little while before she turned to me. The tears made her eyes darker even. She looked at me as if she were trying to decide whether she could talk to me, whether I would understand. And then I guess she must have decided. Because I was in her arms, close, and she was saying:

"He's come home, honey. Johnny's come home."

And it went through me like a shock of gladness at first, and I wanted to yell and jump, and then I knew that I shouldn't. There was something wrong. Mary was crying. I said, "Is—is he all right, Mary?" And the tears came out over the lashes of her eyes and she shook her head.

"No, honey," she said, "he isn't all right. He's been hurt. Hurt badly. He—he isn't the same at all." And the words just banged against me, sort of, rattling, not sinking in. I could think of only one thing. Johnny had been hurt. I had to see Johnny.

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"I want you to do me a favor, kids, will you?" He came down on his heels so his face would be level with ours, and he told us, man to man.

ILLUSTRATION BY ROY SPRETER

It was the postman—and it might be a letter from Johnny. Debby upset her chair and almost flew.

A split second and Katy was off! This was going to be it. She knew that this decided everything.

"Yes, sir!" Her hand came up in a little salute and Johnny could not take his eyes from her face.

BEST MAN FOR MILLY

THERE were thirteen of the Ellison children. The ninth was Milly. She was different, from the day she opened her eyes. She even looked different. They were all towheaded, the Ellisons, with blue or gray eyes, except Milly.

The county nurse came into my office in the Township Grade School and told me about her. "I've just helped doc deliver a new baby out at Ellison's," she said. "A girl, small and perfect, with a little dark fuzz on her head—and a very beautiful head, too, by the way. I haven't seen such a perfect baby in years. I want you to go out there and look at her. She's a little jewel."

I went out to Ellison's with the nurse a few days later and saw the new baby lying in the crib, which was a homemade contraption that could be rocked from the bed. The baby wore a diaper and a ragged old nightgown that was gray and stiff from being washed with harsh soap. She was sleeping soundly with her small rosebud hands wadded up under her chin, and even then she was something to look at, and look at, and never tire.

"She's that good," said Mrs. Ellison from the bed where she was stringing green beans for the children to cook. "You never hear a peep out of her. She looks like my Grandmother Bailey. I remember well how she looked. She was born a Darnier, and she came from North Carolina. They said she had French blood in her."

The Ellison children were all gathered around looking at the baby. Two-year-old Billy put his fat dirty hand lovingly on her cheek. They would all love her, all right. They were great on love, the Ellisons. She might go dirty and she might go hungry, but she would have plenty of affection, and I guess that's what babies need.

"Have you named her yet, Miz Ellison?" asked the nurse.

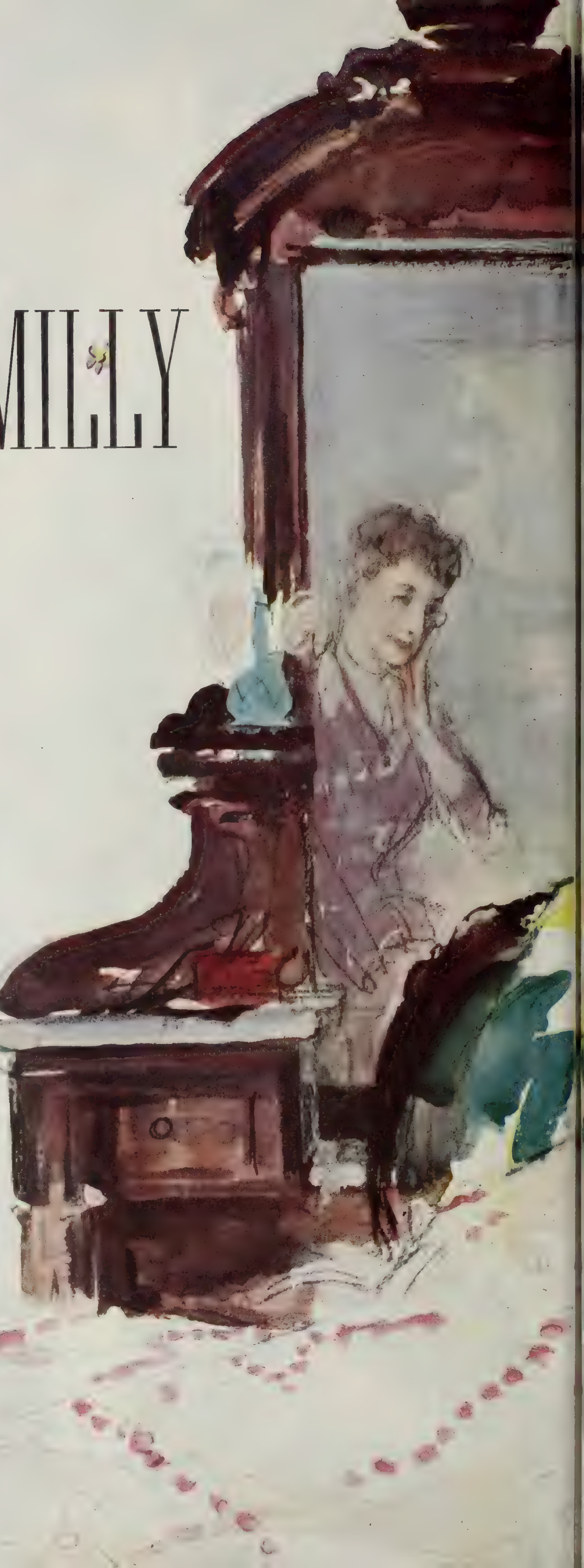
"Annabelle, hand me my book," and Annabelle handed over a small book like an album which the minister had given to Mrs. Ellison when she was married. She opened the book and showed us where she had made neat lines with pen and ink for the records of her children's births.

Each child was there—and there were spaces marked out and numbered for sixteen entrants. I was a little startled at this. And the last name in the book at that time was number nine. Mildred Irene Ellison. It was a pretty name. Mrs. Ellison was good on names. The oldest boy was named Morted Arthur Ellison. She got that out of a poetry book, and I'll let you figure it out yourself.

"Do you think you'll have sixteen children?" I asked her with honest curiosity.

Mrs. Ellison, sitting there in the old bed in a faded cotton-flannel nightgown, with her brown hair already streaked with gray and some of her teeth gone forever, smiled and looked a little coy. "You never can tell," she said modestly. "And I do think I have awful nice children. Always room for one more, I tell pa. We always love the last one best."

I looked around the room. The house was an old square house built a century



"This is it." I thought. "She has to love someone." But I looked at her and wondered why some great producer didn't take her away and make an actress of her.

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER BIGGS

It hit you like thunder . . . like drums rolling over you . . . like a silk moth flying straight to his mate. That's how it hit Milly—for good.

BY MARGARET WEYMOUTH JACKSON

before of rough-hewn logs and chinked so well that it still stood firmly. The floor was rough and had wide cracks in it. Wallpaper had been pasted over the board walls at different times, and different layers were now exposed. The old deal table was bare of cloth and the plates and spoons on it were old and much abused. This one big room was kitchen, dining room, living room and Mr. and Mrs. Ellison's bedroom. A door opened to the west on a leaning narrow gallery and to the east to a sloping back porch. There were two rooms above, one for the boys and one for the girls.

I hated to leave the baby, but it was time to go.

"Come back, Miss Roberts," Mrs. Ellison called after me politely, and three of the little girls took us to the edge of the hill.

We climbed down the hill. It was so eroded that the path had to wind in and out. There in the bottom was the cornfield, and the corn looked spindling, for the creek overlaid the field with gravel every spring. Pa Ellison and Morted and the ten-year-old twins were hoeing the potato patch. The four were so much alike it was almost comical. These potatoes would be the main source of winter food. There were a couple of thin old hogs in a pigpen, and a sow with her shotes in a small field with a split-rail fence around it. The house, the barn—half of which was now collapsed—the split-rail fence all had come down to the Ellisons from some hard-working pioneer ancestor. But he had made a fatal mistake. He had not chosen good land. And what fertility the land had once had was now exhausted. I'm afraid he had chosen the spot for its scenic value and built his house on the hill so that he could look across the valley at sundown. And there his descendants clung. And there was Milly. I felt a sudden rush of blood to my face.

"What chance will she have?" I demanded. "What care will she have? I never saw a lovelier baby. I'd just like to take her home and raise her—right!"

"Oh, she'll get along," said the nurse, but she was thinking of something else. We got into her car and backed down through the creek and onto the old road and the nurse said suddenly, "Huguenot!"

It took me a minute or two to follow her. She was thinking of Mrs. Ellison's grandmother who was said to be French. I was cross. "I suppose you have to account for her," I said. "I suppose you've got to find an ancestor for her to throw back to—as though anything isn't possible in the human family. Don't you think God can make a perfect baby if He likes—without you running down a Huguenot great-great-grandmother who came to the Carolinas for religious freedom? The Ellisons," I reminded her, "are first family of Sugar County. They are pioneer stock."

The nurse giggled a little. "Yep," she said. "But honestly, Maggie—that baby! That Milly baby! I tell you, you can just dream about her. Did you ever see a baby sleep so firmly? Her eyes are dark blue. They'll turn brown, most likely."

It was the truth. And we weren't the only ones who thought a lot of Milly Ellison. The preacher, it seemed, who baptized her when she was big enough to be taken to church offered to adopt her. And the doctor had several chances to place her in good homes. But the Ellisons had no more thought of giving Milly for adoption than any of the others. They, too, loved her.

And here was a strange thing. The only person who never knew that Milly was different was Mrs. Ellison. She was proud of Milly and she loved her and taught her to say little pieces, and when she was quite small Milly would stand up and sing

"Engine, engine, Number Nine
Running on Chicago Line ——"

while Morted played the banjo. But Mrs. Ellison always took Milly calmly enough and didn't worry about her or ever know what a changeling she was. She was soon replaced in the cradle and pushed out into the family in the most casual manner. The other children knew Milly's quality. When Milly was only five, before she started to school, the sisters who were six and eight and Billy, who was seven, would let her tell them what to do, and the two younger than herself depended on her to look after them all day long. The children knew!

Milly's eyes didn't change to brown, but stayed a very soft dark blue—prettiest eyes I ever saw in any face. Her hair was a silky dark brown and it just curled without any effort. You could wrap it around your finger and it would stay that way all day. Her body was small and flawless, and so were her features. She just couldn't help being beautiful. She couldn't hide it. She couldn't cover it with old handed-down clothes or with overalls or poverty or anything. Her beauty shone clear and flamelike and undimmed.

But it wasn't really that so much, for with the heart that was in Milly she couldn't help but shine. It was that she was so intelligent—and she was good. It was almost too much to watch her. She was a mother to the little ones, a prop to her parents, a guide and friend to her brothers and sisters. She was the most loving little thing and I, who had been sarcastic about the loving Ellisons, was put to shame, for Milly's feelings were not sentimental or mawkish or soft.

I used to worry about her. It wasn't smart of me, for why would anyone worry about a child born with such gifts? She was endowed above any other child I knew. But I did worry.

They closed the Creek schoolhouse when the depression was bad. Milly was ten and in the sixth grade then. She rode in to my school on the school bus, her dark curls brushed back from her face. She had a few small freckles on her nose and she laughed out at the slightest joke. Pole beans and potatoes had not undermined her health. She was round and firm and energetic—and happy! That was the wonderful part of it. When I said everyone knew she was different except Mrs. Ellison, I

(Continued on Page 65)

Home is the Sailor

COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE BY **JOHN WELLS**

CAHILL stood in the subway car, head and broad shoulders above most of the crowd packed tight around him. He knew he looked all right. He had a good sailor's pride in his appearance, and his blues were freshly washed and pressed, his pea coat was clean and brushed, his flat hat slanted at the correct angle over his right eye. His face was weather-brown and clean, unmarred save for the fairly new scar that pulled at one corner of his thin mouth, lending him a sardonic smile without effort. His eyes were cold gray, at their corners tiny white creases that came of staring into the sun. His nose was small and regular, and his good jaw owned a hardness that was not structural, but came from something within himself.

He took the jostling of the crowd without resentment, without inward comment. He was anxious to get home. He had been gone for six months, and after six months a man is anxious to see his family. It would take him an hour to get uptown. An hour was not a long time. He could take a little shoving around for an hour. He could stand that.

A girl sitting in front of him glanced up from her paper. Her eyes rested on him for a moment, returned to her paper, then came back to him with a slightly startled interest. Cahill grinned at her, and she smiled in a restrained fashion and went back to her paper for a minute.

Cahill gazed at the car ads. He had never given them much attention before, but today they seemed interesting, exciting. They were positive and familiar evidences of the nearness of home. He liked them.

An hour's ride and he'd see the family again. It was a nice thought. He had a little bag at his feet, and in it were a few souvenirs the family would like. He knew they would be pleased.

He looked at the girl again. She was really pretty. She seemed to feel his eyes on her and looked up. There was no restraint in her smile now. Cahill grinned again, then glanced away. If he had more time ——

An hour in the subway, to look at pretty girls and car ads. It would pass quickly. An hour was not long.

But he had known an hour to last forever. A few hours he had known had seemed endless. Like the hour the plane attack on the carrier had lasted. It had been in the morning. The Japs had come over early, a lucky patrol, and a bomb had fouled up the flight deck so that no planes could get off. They had been forced to take it, then, while the repair party righted the damage. They had been at the guns for an hour while the Jap planes came in endlessly.

Cahill had a 20mm. on the balcony just below the flight deck. Johnny Carter loaded for him, and Adams worked the training gear. It was just a matter of how fast they could get the magazines on. They had changed hot barrels four times in that hour. The planes kept coming in, coming in, and you led them, led them—keeping them away. Cahill knew he got two that day, and there were two others he hadn't been sure of.

There had been a pause during that hour. The Zeros and the torpedo planes had pulled off a bit to take a breath. Cahill had turned and looked about him, and he had grunted when he saw Johnny Carter and Adams sprawled in the gun tub beside him. Their postures were grotesque and somehow final, and two new men had loaded and trained for him from then on. That had been one terribly long hour. That was the hour when the scar had become part of his mouth.

There had been other hours too, that had seemed interminable. Hours when you looked into the sky until your eyes seemed like two agates that had been hotly riveted into your head. Endless hours.

But this one was ending. He glanced at a station sign and saw that his was the next stop. And as he absented himself from his memories, the girl in front of him got up. She smiled at him in a very friendly fashion, and got off. He started to follow her, then stopped. Heck, it was the first time in six months that he had been home.

He got off at his station and walked to the house. It would take him five minutes to reach the apartment. He glanced at a clock in a store window. Eight o'clock of a Tuesday night. The whole bunch would be home.

The house was the same house that had been in his mind's eye for all this time. He had never seen anything so lovely. He ran up the short stoop and went into the vestibule. He thought of ringing the bell over the cubicle marked Cahill in the row of mailboxes, but changed his mind. He'd go right up to the third floor and ring the apartment bell. It would startle the dickens out of them when they opened the door.

He went into the hall and started up the stairs. He took them two at a time, thinking of what they would say, what he would say.

And at the second landing he stopped, suddenly, his face paling. His hand went to the blouse pocket over his heart, and he cursed softly in mingled fear and relief. He withdrew the package of cigarettes from the pocket and, making sure that there was no one in the hall, threw them down on the landing he had just passed. They hit the tile and slid into a shadow, out of view.

He went up the stairs again, slower, this time, and he could feel the increased beat of his heart. That had been close! If mom had ever caught him with those cigarettes!

Some time ago, mom had told him, "Tommy, you can smoke when you're eighteen. Not before." And she had meant it. He still had three months to go.

Her eyes rested on him a moment with a slightly startled interest.

The story of a bomber's crew that slept, ate, fought and finally crashed together. ★ **BY CAPT. WILLIAM E. PETERS, JR.**

Ten Men Over Germany

A B-17 circled low over the icy blue of the North Sea. It was evident that it was circling something which floated below on the moderately rough water. Another look, and you could see two yellow rubber dinghies. In, on and around the dinghies the pilot counted nine heads. He called his radio operator on interphone. "Get a fix on our present position, and report, 'Dinghies sighted; nine survivors.'" A minute later the Fortress turned toward England. Below in the dinghies nine men knew that their chances of being rescued were much improved. I was one of those nine.

A little over six months before, on New Year's Day, 1943, these same eight men, plus one more, had stood in front of me at our first introduction. The day was warm and clear in the California desert. The hills were hazy with a purple that looked dark against the brilliance of the sky. Low Army buildings hugged the earth, and the large, curved stabilizers of a brood of B-17's broke the horizon here and there.

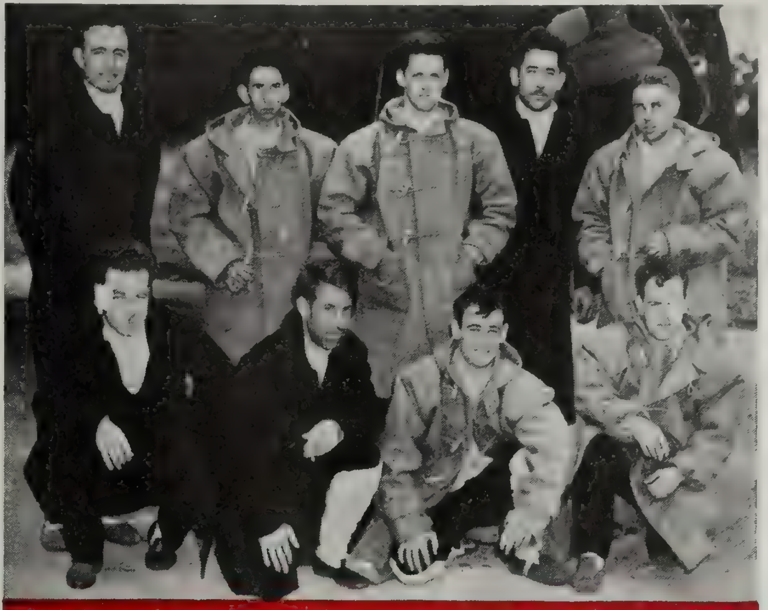
Here, then, facing me, was my crew; the crew that would be with me when we went out to bomb the Nazi or the Jap. These were the men who would eat, sleep and fight beside me. Here was my navigator, dark-haired, slim Ted Wattles. Here my copilot, Ed Eastlund, blond, with a bit of foliage decorating his upper lip. Making the introductions was a second lieutenant whom I had met a few minutes before, Joe Shames. "I'm your bombardier," he had said. Now was the beginning of the task of forming a team from ten individuals: four officers, six enlisted men. About three months later we had accomplished that task, and it had not been easy.

Looking back, I remembered the hours spent on the bombing range with "Little Joe" bent over his bomb sight, and Ed and me flying the ship on alternate bombing runs. Night bombing and day bombing; low, medium and high altitude bombing; bombing a moving target; hundreds of dry runs—simulated bombings in which no bombs are actually dropped. Little Joe was a perfectionist. The bombardier is the boy behind every bombing mission ever run. The only excuse for the nine other men in a Fortress crew is to enable this one man to drop his load on the target. When our group left for overseas, Joe had the best bombing score of all the bombardiers in the group.

Then I remembered all our long cross-country trips, and the precision with which Ted had brought us to our destination. Also, I remembered the hours that the gunners had spent sighting on clouds, airplanes, anything that could be made to simulate an attacking enemy plane.

It was on one of these trips that Sergeant Dye, theretofore our radio operator, had developed a strong taste for the ball turret. At his request I gave him that job. When Dye switched to the turret, a Texas boy, named Robert Martin, became our radio operator.

The thing we all looked to was the day when we would finally receive a brand-new B-17 of our own, the ship we would take with us to combat. This came toward the end of those three months. It was a beautiful plane, and in no time we all came to love her with the reverence of an old ship's captain for his ship.



"With a thud that turned my stomach, we were hit. Below us lay the cold blue North Sea. We started down." The pilot (center, rear) with eight of the B-17's crew who survived their thirteenth combat mission

Elliott Atwood, our engineer, was delighted to have his own airplane to tinker with, and immediately went to work teaching each man all the engineering that he knew. He worked especially hard with Jesse McGee, our right-waist gunner, who was also the assistant engineer. McGee was tall, well built and good-looking. He was perhaps the best flexible gunner I have ever known, and under his tutelage, mainly, the gunnery side of our education soared.

Arturo Chacon, our tail gunner, with McGee, taught "Little Joe" and Ted their important job of firing a .50-caliber at a moving target. In those days, bombardiers and navigators got no gunnery school.

The left-waist gun spot was filled by a man named Hunter. A large, quiet fellow, he gave an impression of dependability, which was later to be borne out in combat.

Our bomb group came across the Atlantic one ship at a time, and it took the greater part of a week or two before the entire flying echelon was settled on our station in England. The ground personnel, that little-lauded bunch of men who keep the planes going, hadn't arrived. They were coming on a much longer route than the twelve-hour flight we had made. They were coming over by boat, dodging subs, blacked out by night. We expected them in about three weeks, and when they arrived we would begin our combat activities. Three weeks! Three short weeks to learn the multitude of things you must know to be a good combat man. And you have to be a good combat man on your first mission. There are no second chances over enemy territory!

Those three weeks went by more quickly than any I have ever known. The ground crew arrived, and we knew that we stood on the eve of combat. When the order would come, we didn't know. We went on with our ground school, with our practice missions, trying to crowd as much knowledge into each day as was possible.

Then, it came!

One morning, before we had been in England four weeks, I was awakened at about three in the morning. One of our operations clerks knocked at the door, stepped in and turned on the light. I opened one eye cautiously.

"Breakfast right away, lieutenant. Briefing at four o'clock in the main briefing room." He started to turn to go out the door.

"Wait a minute, sergeant," I grumbled. "What is this? Another practice mission?"

He turned back. "No, sir. This is the real thing."

I still wasn't sure what it was all about, but the thought that this might be my first stab at action set my stomach to whirring and grinding. I rolled out of bed and started dressing like a hurricane, partly because of the cold, but mostly because of an intense, sudden desire to talk to some of the other boys. In the latrine I met a long row of surprised but sleepy men, desperately trying to wash away the sleep with cold water.

"**What's** it all about? Where are we going?" Questions none of us could answer were batted back and forth. All of us rushed over to the mess hall. Here we met more men with more questions. Nobody knew what we had for breakfast that morning. They could have served us rat poison, and we would have bolted it like ice cream.

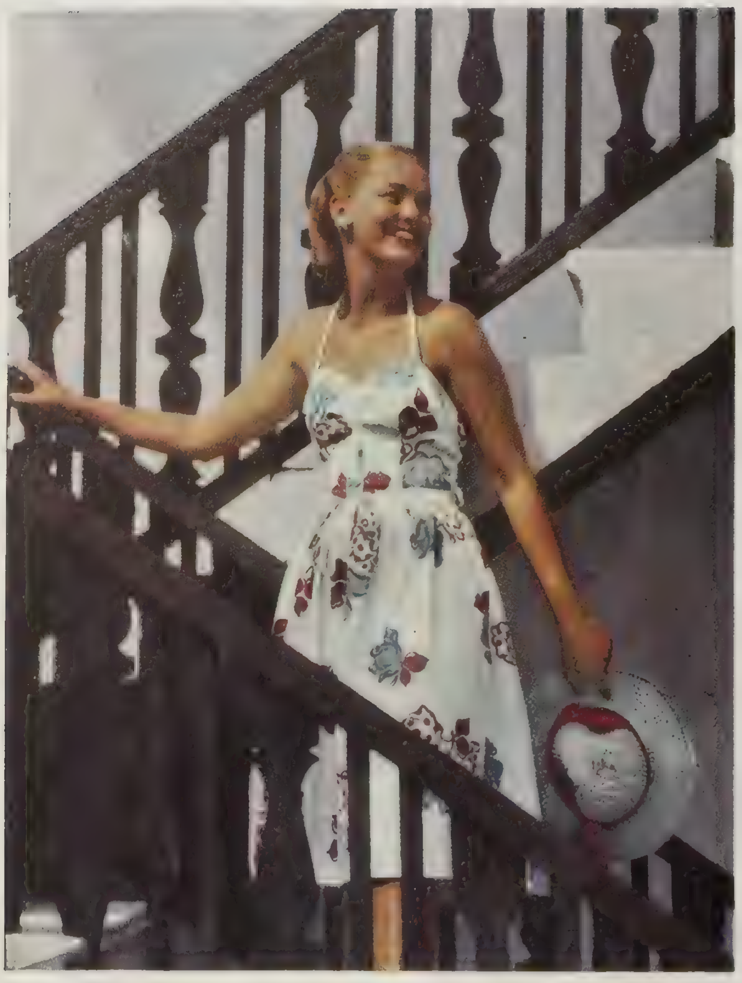
At about a quarter of four we walked through the pitch blackness of the night over to the briefing room. An MP stood guard outside the locked door. At five minutes to four he opened the door and combat crews poured into the long, round-topped structure. We sat as we had for the practice missions—by crews: the four officers in a row to the left of the aisle; the six enlisted men completing the row on the other side of the aisle. Cards suspended from a string which ran from wall to wall across the width of the room dangled above our heads, listing the proper seating arrangement: pilot, copilot, navigator, bombardier; engineer, radio operator, ball turret, right waist, left waist, tail gunner.

At the front of the room was a raised platform with a long table standing on it. The front wall was covered with a large-scale map that included all of England and the vast expanses of Europe. The map was covered now with a large white sheet. We sat there, still questioning, still wondering.

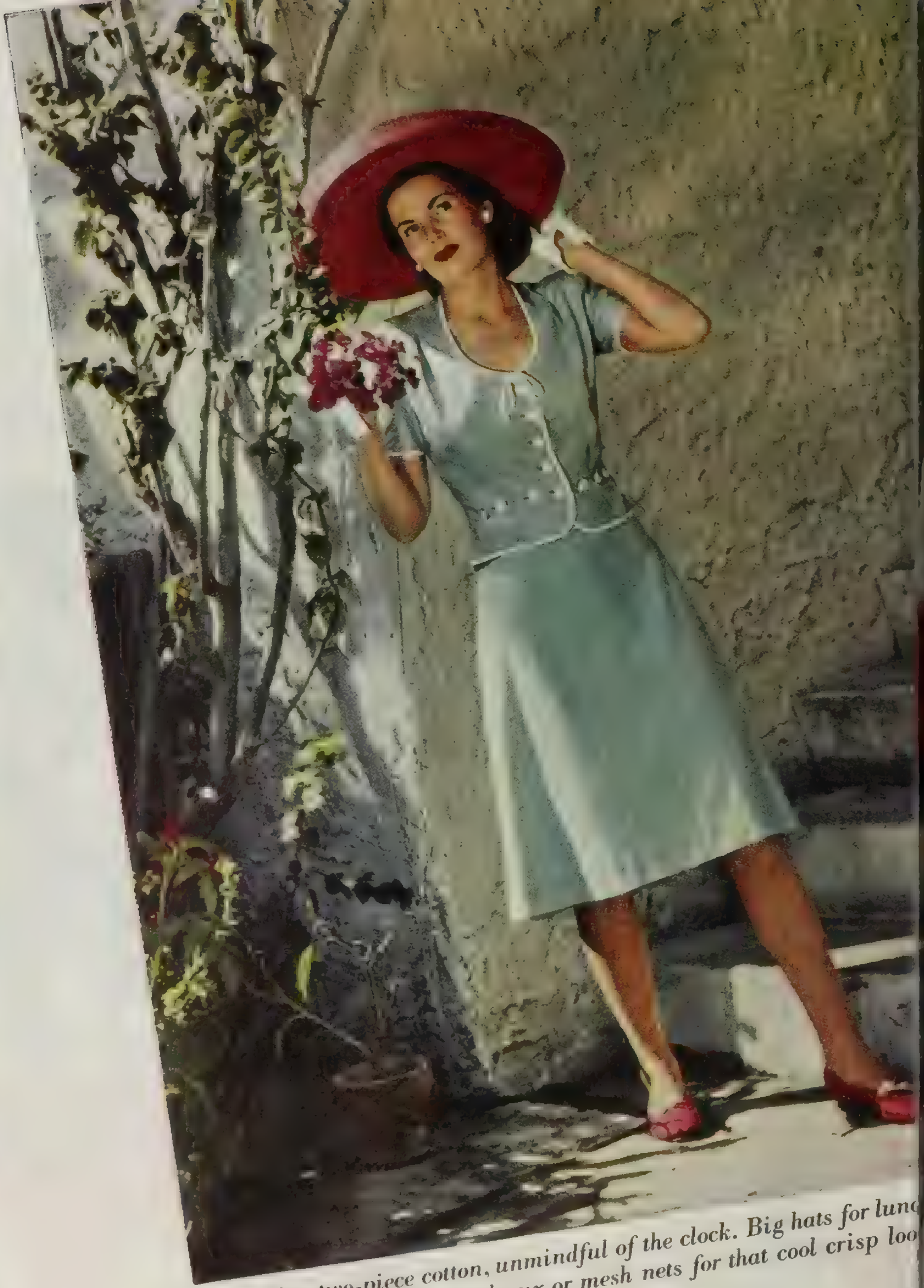
Someone called "Attention!" and we rose and stood stiffly while the colonel, our commanding officer, entered. He gave us "At ease" as he came down the aisle. The operations officer rose, and the large white sheet was lifted.

Our first mission was a diversion for a larger bunch of Forts that were going into Germany. We were to carry bombs, and we had a target to hit, but our target was only a short way in from the Belgian coast. The various briefing officers got up, said their pieces and sat down again. We were advised of the strength of the flak batteries and the probable number of enemy fighters that would meet us. It seemed an amazing number. We were told of the Spitfires that would escort us on the entire trip. That sounded good. Pictures of the target and the surrounding country were flashed on the screen.

After briefing, we went out to our ships. As *(Continued on Page 140)*



Time off for sunshine: the sun-back, printed waffle-piqué dress is adored from shore to shore; for beaches, gardens, rooftops in town.



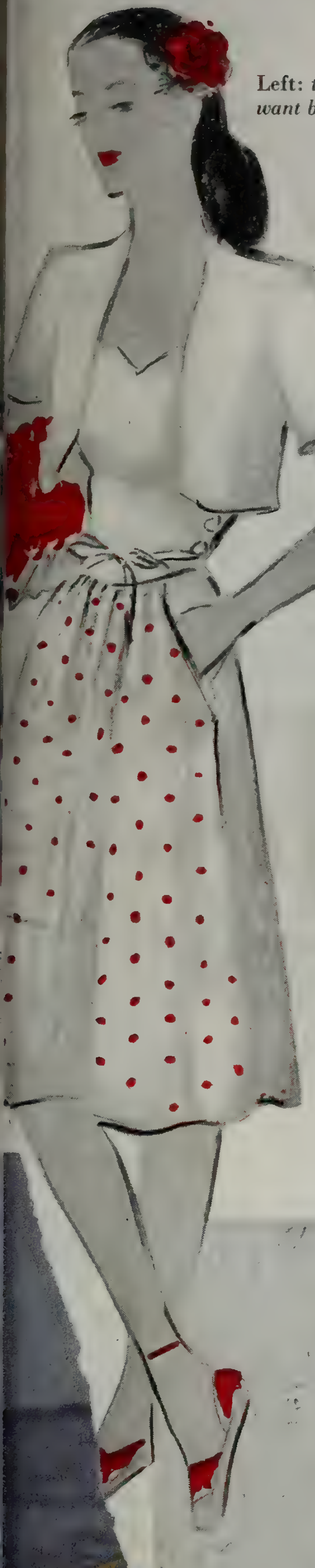
Turquoise, two-piece cotton, unmindful of the clock. Big hats for lunc or the afternoon; little bandeaux or mesh nets for that cool crisp loo

FEMININE FURLOUGH

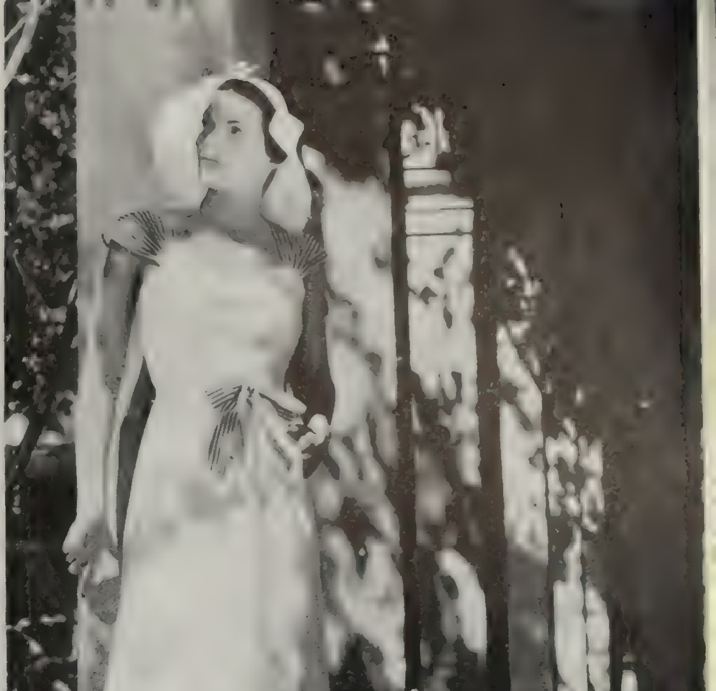
By Wilhela Cushman

Fashion Editor of the Journal

TIME off from work, from worry. Time off for a lovely leisurely day in the sun; sudden time off—to meet a man on leave, at any hour, anyplace. Take a furlough from your stricter personality; be younger and gayer in cottons, pretty prints, colors you love. Sun-worshiping, bare-shouldered dresses look and feel like a holiday. Above-the-knee overalls, cap-sleeve tennis dresses and two-piece bathing suits are short cuts to sunshine. The most sophisticated fashion of the season is sleeveless plaid cotton in Mexican colors—an afternoon or dinner dress that might have been made from a kitchen tablecloth. A two-piece turquoise cotton changes with accessories, from morning to afternoon; a slim black skirt with vivid printed jacket is ready for an important moment. Only summertime allows such carefree kind of charm—a woman's privilege to indulge.

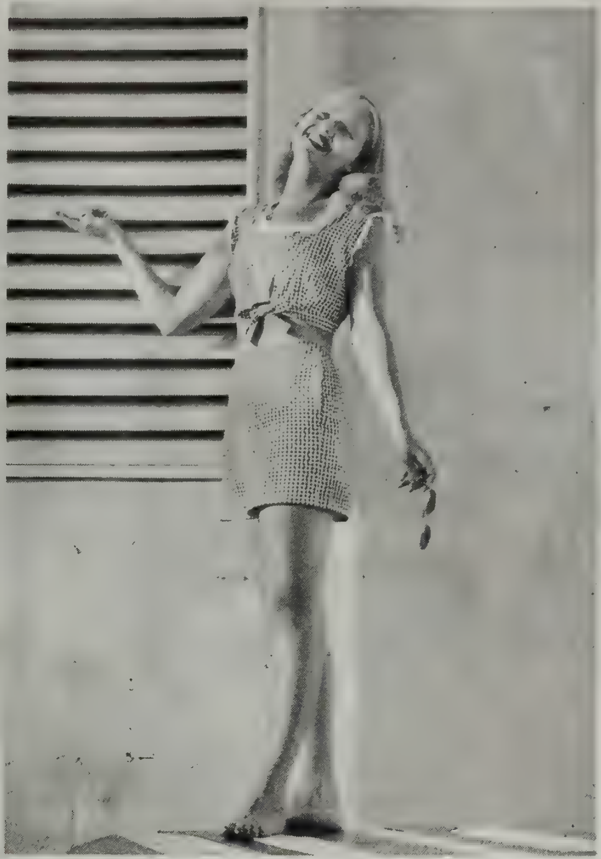


Left: *the bolero is a quick cover-up when you don't want bare shoulders: same pattern as photographed.*

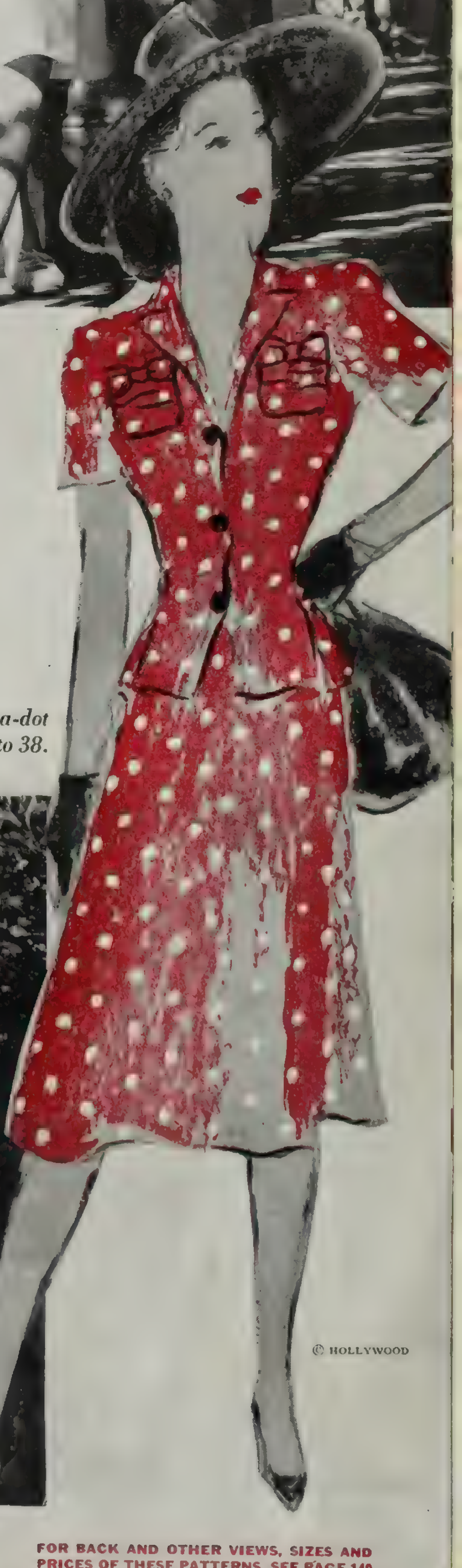


Right: *white piqué with striped sash and cap shoulders and wrap-around skirt. 1353: 10 to 18; 28 to 36.*

PHOTOS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN

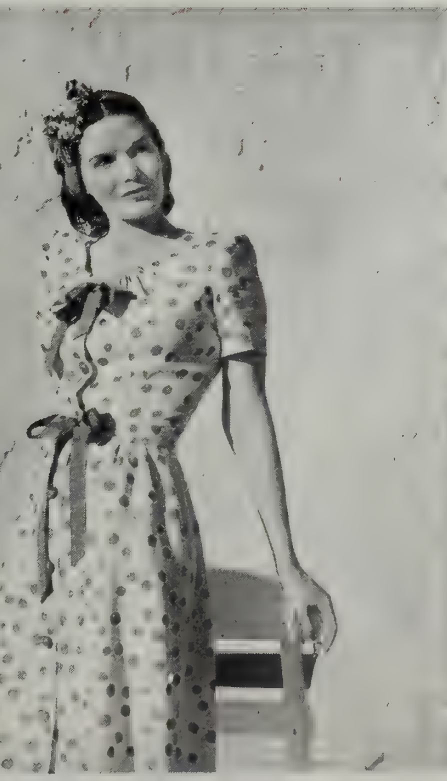


Checked cotton two-piece play suit for swimming or sunning; pattern includes skirt. 1354: 10 to 36.

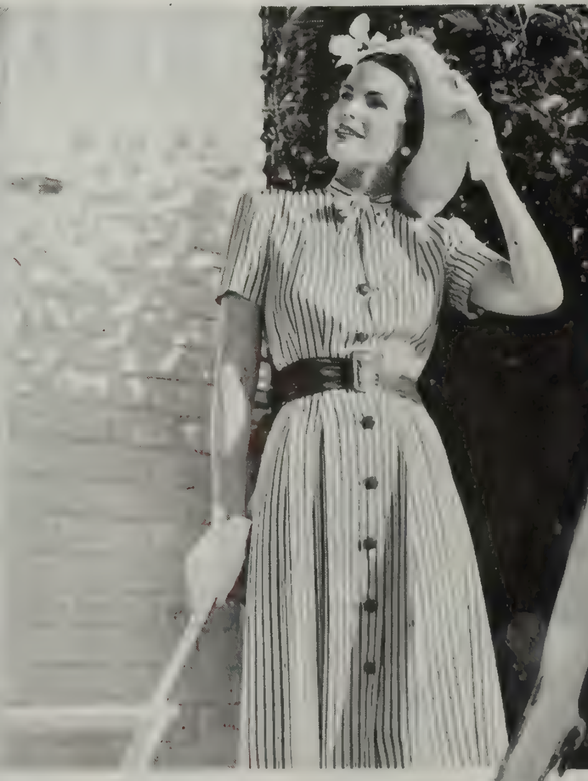


Summer suit dress can be made in plain or polka-dot cotton or shantung for town. 1370: 12 to 20; 30 to 38.

© HOLLYWOOD



Short-cut blue cotton overalls ss, bow dress, pretty-as-a-picture dress; gay
anned; are newer, cooler, yon-weave rayon. 1369: 12 to 18; 30 to 36.



Striped classic in rayon crepe; make it in your favorite color. 1335: 12 to 38.

FOR BACK AND OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF THESE PATTERNS, SEE PAGE 140

Buy Hollywood Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order them by mail, postage prepaid, from **Hollywood Pattern Service, Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Connecticut,** or 2 Duke Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

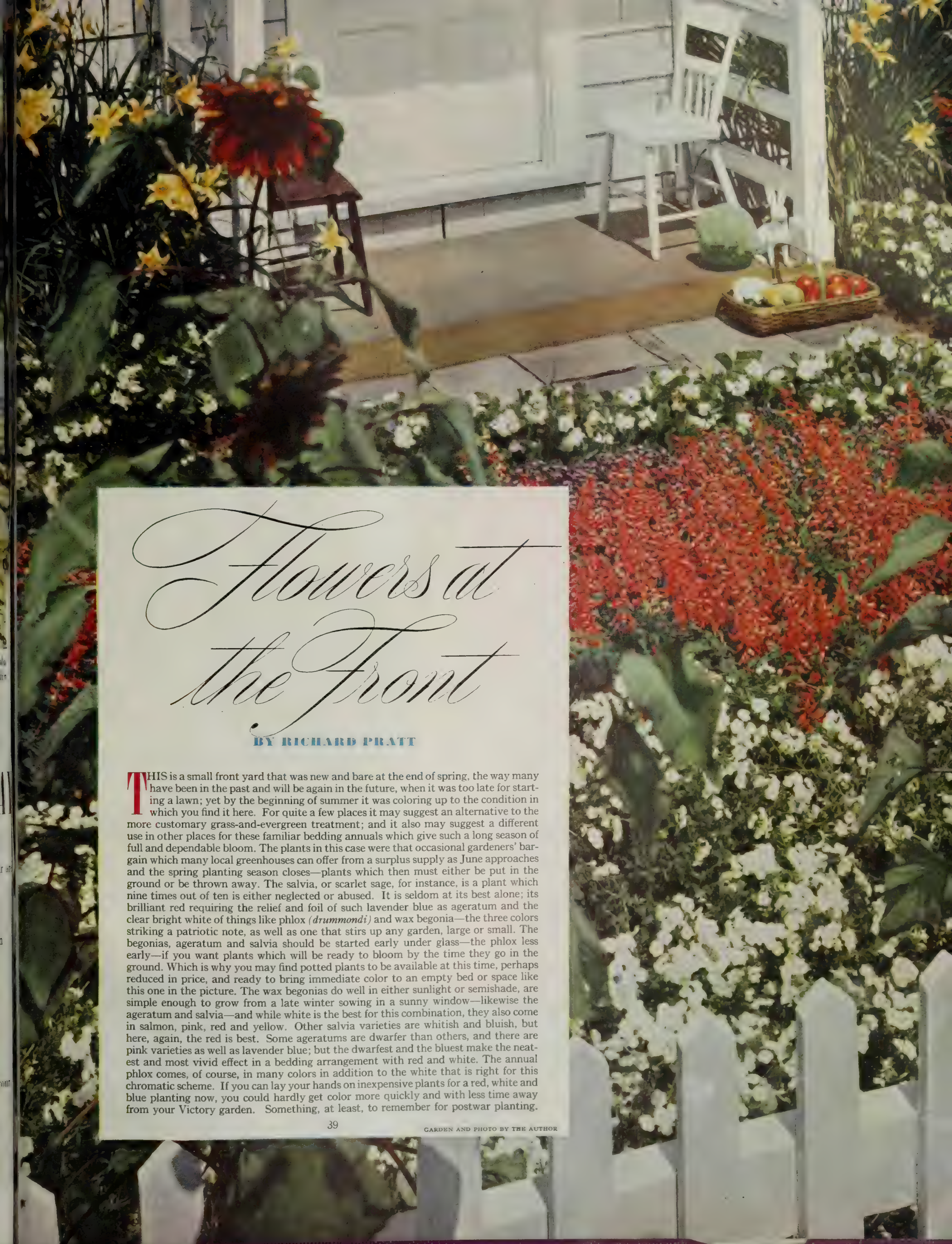
Ballerina play dress: pink-and-white cotton; crocheted shoulder straps.

Romantic and new: crisp white eyelet embroidered cotton afternoon dress with bla velvet ribbon drawn through at neck and pockets; wear fresh flowers at waistlin

Moonlight and music for a summer evening gown: flowered chintz, organdy-trimmed top.

TWO WEEKS' VACATION WITH PLA

Two weeks when the sun shines with a very special brilliance, when the clothes you wear are as much fun as the places you go. Time for quick changes—from bathing suits and play dresses to evening gowns all in one day. Your wardrobe has no time to spend a week at the cleaners; and you can keep it on your own camping grounds by choosing carefully. Sun-back cottons are new in fashion, easy to keep fresh for each day. Add your own ideas; sweetheart roses at the waistline of a crisp white eyelet afternoon dress are romantic—for you and for *him!* Fresh white gloves and sandals go well with your ruffled lawn for church on Sunday mornings; bright flowers add the extra gaiety to your summer dancing dress. These are the dresses that put the holiday into your vacation—and take the burden away from your budget. **BY DAWN CROWELL**



Flowers at the Front

BY RICHARD PRATT

THIS is a small front yard that was new and bare at the end of spring, the way many have been in the past and will be again in the future, when it was too late for starting a lawn; yet by the beginning of summer it was coloring up to the condition in which you find it here. For quite a few places it may suggest an alternative to the more customary grass-and-evergreen treatment; and it also may suggest a different use in other places for these familiar bedding annuals which give such a long season of full and dependable bloom. The plants in this case were that occasional gardeners' bargain which many local greenhouses can offer from a surplus supply as June approaches and the spring planting season closes—plants which then must either be put in the ground or be thrown away. The salvia, or scarlet sage, for instance, is a plant which nine times out of ten is either neglected or abused. It is seldom at its best alone; its brilliant red requiring the relief and foil of such lavender blue as ageratum and the clear bright white of things like phlox *(drummondi)* and wax begonia—the three colors striking a patriotic note, as well as one that stirs up any garden, large or small. The begonias, ageratum and salvia should be started early under glass—the phlox less early—if you want plants which will be ready to bloom by the time they go in the ground. Which is why you may find potted plants to be available at this time, perhaps reduced in price, and ready to bring immediate color to an empty bed or space like this one in the picture. The wax begonias do well in either sunlight or semishade, are simple enough to grow from a late winter sowing in a sunny window—likewise the ageratum and salvia—and while white is the best for this combination, they also come in salmon, pink, red and yellow. Other salvia varieties are whitish and bluish, but here, again, the red is best. Some ageratums are dwarfer than others, and there are pink varieties as well as lavender blue; but the dwarfest and the bluest make the neatest and most vivid effect in a bedding arrangement with red and white. The annual phlox comes, of course, in many colors in addition to the white that is right for this chromatic scheme. If you can lay your hands on inexpensive plants for a red, white and blue planting now, you could hardly get color more quickly and with less time away from your Victory garden. Something, at least, to remember for postwar planting.

GARDEN AND PHOTO BY THE AUTHOR

Beauty across

LATIN GIRLS HAVE THAT CERTAIN SOME-

BY LOUISE PAINE BENJAMIN

Beauty Editor of the Journal

WHEN a Latin girl lifts a provocative eyebrow, favors her swain with a half smile or drops her lids modestly, she may be doing more emotional damage than if she said a single word. She is behaving in the best tradition of her romantic grandmothers. It is as natural for her to surround herself with an air of mystery and coquetry as it is for an American lass to pride herself on being a good pal.

This pal relationship between men and women is completely foreign to the girl south of the border. As far back as she can remember, all her training has been for the purpose of making her completely feminine. She usually goes to convent school, where as part of her education she learns fine sewing. Music and modern languages have a more important place in her curriculum than algebra or political economy. Her social life is carefully restricted. She plays with girls, or possibly her brothers or boy cousins. As she grows older her attendance at mixed gatherings is carefully chaperoned. Her mother would be shocked at the idea of having her, at six, play tag with the neighborhood boys or, at sixteen, go with the gang for a soda at the corner store!

By the time she reaches marriageable age she is a mature bit of femininity, well versed in the art of presenting her vivacious personality to tantalizing advantage. She *hints* where an American girl makes a forthright statement, capitalizes her need of male protection and indulgence where northern girls boast of their independence. Her deep-rooted determination to fascinate men to her side is no less sure because of her indirect method. She is adept at stirring the imagination of the opposite sex with her suggestion of mystery, her half promises, her ability to convey her *need of a strong man to fight her battles*. There, probably, is her greatest weapon of all, for never was there a truly male heart that did not beat faster at the thought of defending a loved woman.

Against these assets our Yankee girl offers a fine, straightforward companionship with a desire for partnership rather than protection. She has also a lively sense of humor and a tremendous ability for good sportsmanship. Her coeducational schooling and her natural association with boys throughout her growing-up days do not tend to make her a siren in their eyes. At eighteen she is still "Peggy, that girl I grew up with." She herself would be slightly embarrassed if she were described as "exotic."

Who comes out ahead in this romantic game: the South American orchid (and remember, orchids are sturdier than they look!) or the wind-swept bluebell of the North?

Marriage statistics indicate that the ladies of both continents are doing admirably. Furthermore, the fact that Latin girls are envying northern freedom, and adopting more of it every day, proves they do not believe that increased liberty will necessarily make them lose their legendary charm.

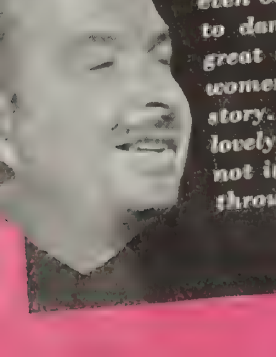
The answer would seem to be that each group can afford to learn something from the other. Or perhaps they already have, for in talking to delightful men and women from both the Americas, and asking dozens of questions of girls of marriageable age, we found that their romantic ideas make sense—in both hemispheres.

Would you like to know what the thinking is, both north and south of the border, on this important subject of love and marriage? Here are our findings:

Which of the following do you consider the most important to a happy marriage? ***Romantic love; financial security; same religion;***

IF YOU ARE A SEÑORITA

Like sparkling Eva Garza, popular Mexican singer, you might have: a serenade beneath your window; a priceless inherited lace mantilla or a fan, whispering of flirtation; a taste for late hours and late dining; a knowledge of fine sewing, and a talent for fairylike stitches, taught you in a convent; a poem written for you; a gallant cavalier to kiss your hand!

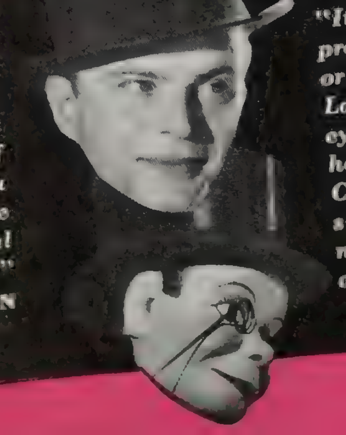


"North American girls dance to Latin tunes as well as any señorita—perhaps even better, because they are trained to dance from childhood and have great sense of rhythm. That is, the women; but the men—that is another story. Yes, I have sung serenades to lovely ladies, many of them. But not in New York, or someone would throw pennies at me!"

XAVIER CUGAT

"As an incurable romanticist, the Latin girls would seem to win my charm vote. But come to think of it, what could you take to a ball game except a beautiful strapping blonde?"

JOSEPH COTTEN



"It's like asking whether you prefer a million dollars in silve or a million dollars in gold. Th Latins say everything with thei eyes. The Yankee girl says wit her voice—her manner. I ask Charlie whom he preferred. I said, 'Listen, Bergen, m name's McCarthy—not So omon!'"

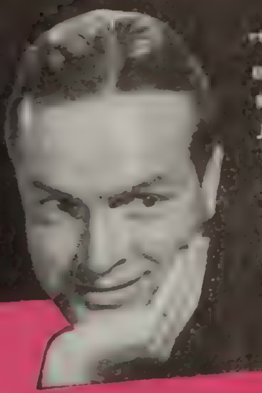
EDGAR BERG

the Border

THING. HOW ABOUT YANKEE GIRLS?

"I'm all for having the motion-picture talent scouts discover more Latin girls. They are natural leading ladies. Wherever they lead, men follow."

BING CROSBY



"When I think of Latin women, I would just as soon not be listed among gentlemen—who are supposed to prefer blondes!"

BOB HOPE

***sound health; similarity of family background; same ideals of home life* (about children, type of home, environment); *strong mutual interests* (such as great love of music, sports or travel).**

First choice for a happy Latin marriage is *similarity of family background.* Northerners are not so concerned with the past as with the future, and their first consideration is agreement on plans for children, home and a way of life. *Romance* and *religion* receive an equal Latin vote, but in the U. S. A. it is two to one in favor of *romance. Financial security* receives only middling attention in both countries. Other factors get a scattering of votes.

What characteristics do you consider most attractive in a young woman?

"A good figure!" chorus the girls south of the border, giving this item more than twice as many votes as do their northern competitors. A reason for this however, might lie in the fact that there has been more emphasis on physical education, sports and weight control in our hemisphere, so that most of our twenty-year-olds take a slim, firm figure for granted. *Social grace* and *healthy vitality* rank high as assets in both groups. *Love of children* was next in importance with Latins. Yankee girls would like to have *pleasant speaking voices* and a *sense of humor.* This last was not checked by any South American of either sex as a necessary feminine trait!

Do you consider the chaperon a desirable institution?

The duenna is doomed, if we are to believe our findings. Only at dances is she internationally acceptable, and the Latins make a further concession in approving her for evening movies, "depending on the age and responsibility of the movie-goers." These girls of Spanish background admit, however, that this viewpoint is a far cry from the cloistered era of their grandmothers, when no properly brought up young lady appeared on the streets, even in daytime, unless accompanied by an older woman.

What gifts do you consider appropriate for a young man to give a girl he admires but is not engaged to?

The old favorites, *books, candy* and *flowers,* are well up in front for everyone. A modern addition is *phonograph records,* equally popular with both groups and taking a slight precedence over *perfume*—perhaps out of kindness to a young man's pocketbook. No *handbags, lace handkerchiefs* or *jewelry*—even imitation. No gold diggers!

What studies do you consider most desirable for a girl who has finished her formal education but who wishes to equip herself for richer living?

Music, modern languages and *art* win in Latin America, in that order. In the north, *music* and *current events* tie for first place. In both groups there is a scattering of votes for *money management, child care, nursing* and *home decoration.* A marginal notation on a Cuban questionnaire explains that nursing and child care are so thoroughly instilled in the average young woman in her country, in her own home, there is no need of special courses. A doctor who has been giving first-aid instruction to hundreds of girls of all nationalities agrees that most South American girls know

(Continued on Page 156)

IF YOU ARE A YANKEE GIRL

You are probably brown-haired, gray or hazel eyed, and *laughing,* and you have special privileges not dreamed of by Latin girls. You have been to coeducational school; men are your "pals"; you love juke-box parties, are not afraid of "blind dates," consider the telephone indispensable in your dating, adore cutting in at dances, and impromptu midnight excursions with the gang to "diners" for hot dogs!

"It isn't the nationality but the character that counts with me. I like sweetness in a girl and, above all, I want her to be 100 per cent woman."

MANUEL AVILA

Mexican Sports Announcer

"Naturally, I'm prejudiced, but I've learned that working in pictures with Latin ladies doesn't come under the heading of work."

ARTURO DE CORDOVA

They're only Young once

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

CHARLOTTE WILSON was so young-looking that her children called her "Charlie," and some people said she looked more like the big sister than the mother of the family.

Charlie didn't like to hear unhappy things, especially about her own children, and when she met her friend, Mimi Cutting, for shopping and lunch she just didn't believe what Mimi told her. Mimi said that Cora Gordon said that Charlotte's fourteen-year-old daughter, Bitsy, and her other-side-of-the-tracks friend, Annabee, had been seen at a roadhouse out on Valley Boulevard.

Charlie asked Bitsy about it that night when she went bowling with Bitsy's crowd. Bitsy just laughed it off. You couldn't let dear little Charlie get crazy ideas. Those ideas were too big for little Charlie to handle, and she was such a good pal. At the bowling alley Bitsy had her eye on a good-looking blond sailor named Bill Shane, who was home on furlough from the South Pacific.

Charlotte made a quick trip to Kansas City to see her husband, John, and got home just in time for an air-raid drill. Good old Bert Cutting, their friend and neighbor, took her home and tried to kiss her. She was embarrassed that the door opened just then and Bitsy's friend, Annabee, a marine and that sailor, Bill Shane, saw her, but they all made a joke of it and Bitsy even seemed to take pride in it as a proof of her mother's youthfulness. But later, when Charlotte made her nightly round of the children's rooms, something suddenly made her afraid for them. Perhaps that was because Junior, her twelve-year-old son, looked as if he'd been crying, rubbing his eyes with grubby fists.

Junior had been crying, after he was in bed where nobody could see him. Junior couldn't stand the idea of Bitsy's being like the other girls who went down to Fourth Street every night. When he had found her down there, tonight, just about to go on a party with Bill Shane, he'd made her bring the crowd home with her by threatening to tell Bill how old she was.

"Oh, God," Charlotte prayed, "don't let anything happen to them!"

IN THE morning she had stopped being frightened. But in the evening Clare, leaving the house to spend the night with another girl, felt she must assert her independence by refusing to say where she was going. And when Charlotte forbade her to go she said coolly, "I can't imagine what you can do to stop me," and went out. For a little while Charlotte was afraid again. Then guessing rightly that Clare's defiance had been nothing but a youthfully insolent gesture, she was only angry. *I'll see about her in the morning*, Charlie thought.

But the morning only frightened her again. For weeks she had known that Clare was spending most of her free time with Joe McCarey, the young superintendent at the war plant. But until Mimi Cutting happened to mention it at the Red Cross this morning, Charlotte hadn't known that Clare was taking Joe away from a wife and two small children. And when, without finishing her work, Charlotte went home, she found Joe's wife there, waiting for Clare. Dazed, she listened while Elsie McCarey said that she'd given up the idea of killing Clare. Instead, when she divorced Joe, Elsie was going to name Clare as corespondent "and show her up in court for the rotten little cheating tramp she is."

Charlotte tried to telephone to John, three thousand miles away. But all the Washington wires were busy with the war.

III

HOURS. She couldn't talk to Washington for hours. There was always the possibility that John wouldn't be there anyhow. The way he traveled around, he might be in Corpus Christi, Texas, or Willow Run, Detroit; it might be days before she caught up with him.

Charlotte Wilson sat staring at the telephone, not seeing it. Bitsy came in. The queer vicarious excitement in her face startled Charlotte. Women looked like that, she thought, gossiping over a bridge table, reading about a sex murder. The look was gone before she could be sure that she had seen it. But she felt a dull accusing anger against Bitsy's elder sister.

"Letter from dad," Bitsy said.

Panic receded. After all, John was somewhere, somewhere not too far away; even a letter was something to cling to. Her hands were not quite steady as she tore it open:

> *Sweetheart:* I'm all in and about to hit the hay. Been at the State Department all day, and you know how long it takes to get anything done there—or maybe you don't; anyhow, it does. I may have some mighty big news for you soon, mighty big. This is just to say I love you and you'd be surprised how much I miss the kids. When I look back, I'm not sure I always appreciated my family. Now I keep telling myself what a lucky guy I am, with the best wife and the finest children on earth. If this big thing breaks, you'll hear from me; I might even get home for a few days, but don't count on it. Keep the home fires burning—remember how we used to sing that after the last war? All my love, your
>
> JOHN.

The letter wasn't what she wanted, it wasn't an answer to her wild cry for help—it couldn't be. John didn't even know yet about Clare. The mighty big news didn't mean anything to her just then, except for a faint protest inside her somewhere, as though it might be one more thing to take him away from her when she needed him. Might get home for a few days? He had to come home, he had to.

To Clare. To Bitsy, sitting before the dressing table combing her golden hair like the Lorelei. Bitsy was staring at herself in the mirror with that careful, examining look familiar to all women, as though she was trying to see how she looked to someone else—trying to see herself with the eyes of that young sailor, Bill Shane, with his ribbons and decorations. She kept turning her head from side to side, following every angle of her face in the three-leaved mirror, weighing it coldly, critically, almost as though she were her own worst enemy looking for her own worst points.

Only women in love looked at themselves like that, and Bitsy—why, Bitsy was a baby. Yet her mother saw how the young breasts swelled exquisitely under the tight blouse, how her skin had that luminous, earthy quality of dreamy expectation and acceptance. Charlotte dragged her thoughts from the knowledge that soon—too soon—Bitsy would be a woman. Her own love had been tender and unfrightening, but she recoiled from the vivid poignancy of Bitsy—ah, Bitsy was too young, years too young. But Clare ——

"I saw the guy once," Bitsy said indistinctly, smearing lipstick too heavily with her little finger.

ABSENTLY, Charlotte opened the other letters. Bills, mostly, for Clare's new clothes. A circular from the P.T.A. A meeting to discuss the growing problem of juvenile delinquency in the high schools. Notice of an overdue book called The Battle of Jutland—that must be Junior; he always forgot to take back library books.

"You've got on about eight times too much lipstick," she said. "Wipe some of it off. What guy?"

"Clare's guy," Bitsy said. "He's something. In a uniform he'd be a knockout."

Charlotte's eyes were reading the circular. It was queer, she thought, the way in a crisis you went on doing ordinary things, covering up from yourself, pretending nothing had happened.

> We have recently discovered that a certain sorority demands stolen articles from three prominent stores as an initiation fee. . . . The possibility of a curfew law to keep high-school girls off the streets after ten o'clock . . . shocking number of . . . principal of high school at Westview testifies that eight girls . . . unless the mothers are willing to co-operate to the fullest extent . . . discipline in the homes ——

Impatiently Charlotte crumpled the paper. Teachers. Old maids. Trying to make a crime out of a harmless, high-spirited prank. What did they know about children?

"He's something," Bitsy said again, still regarding her reflection in the mirror with childish satisfaction. "Clare's lucky, if you ask me. No real competition, either. That wife of his is just a drip."

"Don't talk that way," Charlotte said sharply. "As if it were true! You know it isn't. You know it's nothing but that poor woman's crazy jealousy. Of course Clare had no business to go around with a married man, and she's put herself in a very unpleasant position by her foolishness, but if I ever hear you talking like that about her again ——"

Bitsy came and put a caressing cheek against Charlotte's. "You're wonderful, Charlie, and I love you. I'd like to smack Clare for worrying my little wiener."

The feel of the fresh young cheek and the strong young arm, the tenderness in the young voice were balm to Charlotte's troubled spirit. Bitsy loved her. And she was too tired and too confused to recognize that Bitsy had spoken to her with the same soothing sympathy one might give a frightened child.

Outside, a horn honked imperiously. A swift breath shook Bitsy and

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ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER

To his amazement, when he bent down to her, he found she was crying. "Why, you silly little dope, don't you know I love you better than everything on this earth put together?"

MENU

FRIED CHICKEN WITH MOLE SAUCE

RICE PEAS

CORN STICKS

TOMATO-AVOCADO SALAD
MEXICAN SALAD DRESSING

PINEAPPLE CREAM

ICED COFFEE

SOUTH OF THE BORDER

BY ANN BATCHELDER

NOT long ago I received a card from Mexico. It came from Mr. Gould, who was down there finding out, I think, the secrets of that siesta-loving land where the lotus flowers bloom. Or do they? Can it be some other flower of forgetfulness that I'm thinking of—poppies, perhaps, or balm?

Anyway, this post card has a picture on it of a mysterious-looking stairway, leading up to a vine-hung balcony and door in the stone wall of an inn. When I write the words "vine-hung" they give little idea of the way it is. These are more than flowering climbers; they are the extreme luxuriance and abandon of vines, the leaves and flowers all intertwined in a magnificence strange to northern eyes, even to the eyes of as enthusiastic a gardener as the one who writes this piece.

The Best Description of All. Shadows lurk here in this paved courtyard, and the half-open doors invite to a promise of coolness within. The perfume of strange flowers comes on the evening wind. You know that somewhere in the cool recesses of that ancient inn a table is set for you, as if waiting for you many a long day, until, your travels completed, you can rest by the fountain in the patio and wait for the call to supper. There you will drink strong, iced, fragrant coffee, eat the chicken fried crisp and brown outside, tender and sweet within. You'll eat your fill of rice, each kernel separate and dry, and, to your complete satisfaction, of one of the wonderful sauces. This time it will be *mole* sauce, liberally bestowed on chicken and rice, as hot as a breath from Hades, and as beguiling as a Mexican beauty leaning from her balcony.

All This on a Little Card! All these things a single picture post card brought to my eyes and mind. It is only a single flight of old stone steps clinging to the side of a lovely wayside inn. Just a balcony and a door, a great jar of flowers on the stone post, a little courtyard of worn old stone. That's the picture. But the best description of this place that I could possibly dream of is the one Mr. Gould wrote: "If you want to stay at an utterly enchanting place, try this. It is a place where tomorrow never comes." They ought to put that on some of their post cards, those people across the Rio Grande. That would bring the tired folks in and make them stay awhile: "A place where tomorrow never comes."

Is it Hot, is it Spiced? It is, or it isn't Mexican. That's one thing about Mexican cooking: it's got to be hot or it doesn't make a hit with these sun-struck people or the stranger inside the gate. We want what we bargain for in this world. And we know that peppers

(Continued on Page 71)

* * *

WINS ORDERS FROM HEADQUARTERS
Washington, D. C.

Join the "Clean Plate Drive" to save food and see that the family does too. Serve no more than you think they will eat. Cut down on "firsts," then serve "seconds" when actually wanted.

PHOTO BY STUART-FOWLER

Line a Day

BY ANN BATCHELDER

1 Well, here's an old cliche: "June is the month of roses." Also beetles, apis (appis? Where's that speller?). But oh, those Paul's scarlets! Right over the wall.

2 There are little parties, big parties and parties that just come about. Now a canapé that's filling as well as stylish is crab meat mixed with grated cheese put together with a good cream sauce, heaped on rounds of toast and broiled. Put in your files.

3 A dash of lemon juice in clear veal or chicken broth is like the unexpected crocus. Where did it come from? From imagination, plus a lemon.

4 Veal brings up the subject of cutlets. Bread, spread with fat and broil. Surround with boiled noodles and mushrooms. Cream sauce with onions and tiny cubes of fried salt pork—what a dish!

5 Water cress is at its best. In a soup it is one of the best. Potato and water cress is perfect. And this asks for onions too.

6 Never forget to put a sprinkle of sugar in the water when you cook broccoli. Don't ask me why, but do it.

7 Maybe I've said it before; if so, quote: "Serve broiled or fried chicken on squares of fried hominy." Unquote.

8 Salted whipped cream stirred into mayonnaise is a delicious and unusual sauce for broccoli or even asparagus. Although I'm not one for sauce on asparagus.

9 *Tell-it-not-in-Gath dept.:* To keep cherries fresh all the year, a layer of cherries, then one of hay, and so on to fill a crock. Make airtight and set in the chimney corner.

10 Corned-beef puff for Sunday breakfast. Interested? Take one part shredded corned beef to two parts creamy mashed potatoes. Season and add a little marjoram. Cover with grated cheese and broil. Don't be late to church.

11 Why not vary that custard pie with frosted applesauce in the custard? Cover with a meringue and dust with cinnamon. You have something here.

12 Scrambled eggs with kippered herring for a breakfast or supper dish is only a reminder. Just another hands-across-the-sea idea. Not many so good—at least to me. (Broil the herring. Split or don't split.)

13 *Herb note:* Fried potatoes are what they are *until* you add a touch of rosemary. For deep-fat frying, put the rosemary in the fat. May sound wild, but so does a lark.

14 Are you longing for a new soup? Take four cups of chicken broth, add a cup of cut sautéed mushrooms. Season and add a dash of curry. Polish off with a cup of scalded thin cream. Then serve with toasted crackers or fried croutons of bread. A wonder in a tureen or out.

15 Oysters may be out, but strawberries and melons are in. Limes with melons—lemons too. And if you don't know what to do with strawberries, where've I been all my life!

16 Grated cheese and a little nutmeg make string beans as exotic as Hedy Lamarr in a jungle, and that's some exotic.

17 With roast lamb (I trust it is still around), go right ahead with scalloped or broiled tomatoes, braised scallions and curried rice. Pride doesn't *always* go falling down, and it won't now.

18 Scrambling for scrapple was an old Philadelphia custom. The rest of us got onto it. Wonderful fried with a cheese omelet or scrambled eggs.

19 Boiled mustard dressing must be on your must list for a potato salad with diced tongue. Little pickles and sliced tomatoes are prescribed here too.

FROM AN OLD CURRIER & IVES PRINT

20 *From an old cookbook:* "Beefsteak is at its best when fried, with tomatoes, letting all stew. Add hot water and sugar. Cook for one hour." Must have had water buffalo in mind.

21 Never mistake spaghetti for excelsior. That has to be boiled longer, but spaghetti is a ten-minute job. With creamed chipped beef, it sets up a good platter.

22 Of course you go for Welsh rarebit. Spread the toast with chutney, serve in shallow casseroles with the rarebit. Need I say more?

23 A peacock'll have nothing on you when you dash out with a bowl of waffle mix (mixed, naturally) and old faithful, otherwise known as the waffle iron. Some good broiled bacon softeneth the heart, whetteth the appetite.

24 Plain cream with cinnamon or nutmeg and shaved maple sugar, passed with hot apple pie, will get you a blue ribbon at *anybody's* country fair. Don't forget it.

25 When you make that favorite chocolate cake, cut it in slices and put a scoop of mint sherbet on each slice. Pass it quick; it will go faster than that.

26 Wonderful indeed are English muffins, torn—not cut—in half, spread with butter or margarine, and over all shaved maple sugar and done in the broiler. With tea, coffee, hot chocolate.

27 Never be fooled by a caper. Let them be confined to the rumpus room. To my notion, few dishes are improved by these deceptive buds. They survive on propaganda.

28 These New England products are supreme: the lobster, the speckled trout and the buckwheat cake. The codfish cake is, like the sundial, secure on its pedestal.

29 When "all's said and all's done," what could be better than a slice of broiled ham well glazed with molasses and walled in with poached peaches stuffed with burnt almonds? Don't answer. The answer is nothing!

30 The flower beds are trimmed, the roses are in bloom, the last, lingering spring blossoms are looking to retirement, and along the brick-paved walks the lilies cast a fragrant shadow. Now let us watch for the evening star.

THE FOUNTAIN

Here we will linger long
In the twilight of the day,
Hear the soft, faltering song
That the waters play.

Only the leaves are left
To fill the broken urn;
Soon is the garden bereft—
Waiting her lovers' return.

Only the whispering trees
Speak of these—talk of these.

..*Now you can get cream of mushroom soup again!*

Campbell's new pack is at your grocer's

GOOD NEWS about food is an event these days . . . and the good news that Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup is back, will be welcomed with cheers by soup-lovers all across the country. This out-of-the-ordinary soup was a great favorite of young and old alike and families everywhere asked for it again and again.

Now it's back in all its glory . . . the same smooth, rich creamy mushroom flavor . . . the same enjoyable, appetizing soup that's such satisfying eating. And you'll find it's made with that same Campbell skill from farm-fresh cream and delicate, tender young hothouse mushrooms that fairly melt in your mouth.

If you've a hankering for something really good to eat, get a few cans from your grocer today. Your old favorite couldn't be coming back at a better time. Just now when meals need every bit of nourishment you can give them, and you're at wit's end to devise tempting dishes, you'll give an extra cheer for the best food news of the year . . . Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup is back!

Campbell's CREAM of MUSHROOM SOUP

I dig and hoe
With all my might.
The food I grow
Will help the fight.

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL ON ALL THESE KINDS:

Asparagus · Bean with Bacon · Beef · Black Bean · Bouillon · Chicken · Chicken Gumbo · Chicken Noodle · Clam Chowder · Consommé · Green Pea · Mock Turtle · Cream of Mushroom · Ox Tail · Pepper Pot · Scotch Broth · Tomato · Vegetable · Vegetarian Vegetable · Vegetable-Beef.

Stomach-ache or Appendicitis?

–it's not for you to say

DON'T DO THIS: **If you have an unusual abdominal pain—don't take laxatives or home remedies; take no food or liquids, except water.**

Forego your usual daily business. Don't rub the spot that hurts, or apply an ice bag or hot-water bag.

WHY NOT? Your appendix may be inflamed. Food or laxatives might rupture the appendix and spread infection—the cause of most deaths in appendicitis. These complications are four times as frequent among those who have taken laxatives.

Moreover, physical exertion or massaging may be dangerous if the appendix is inflamed. Complete rest may help prevent serious complications. Heat or cold might kill the pain and give you the mistaken idea that the attack has passed.

DO THIS: **If the pain is a puzzling and persistent one, if it's accompanied by nausea or vomiting, call a doctor and rest in bed until he comes.**

WHY? Only a doctor is qualified to say whether you have appendicitis. He may want to take one or more blood-cell counts, watch your temperature, and wait for pain to localize. Chances are it *isn't* appendicitis. If it is, and the doctor advises an operation, quick action may save life, time, and money.

Prompt attention, together with the recent advances in medical science, have reduced by half the deaths from appendicitis in the past few years.

You'll find Metropolitan's free booklet on appendicitis helpful. Send for it.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(*A MUTUAL COMPANY*)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD *Leroy A. Lincoln*, PRESIDENT

1 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
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Please send me a copy of your free booklet, 64-J, on appendicitis.

Name____________________

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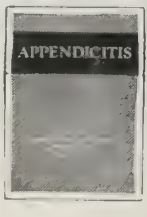


THEY'RE ONLY YOUNG ONCE

(*Continued from Page 43*)

a flood of color transfigured her face. She said, "Take it easy, wiener," and was gone.

When she flew down the steps, tiptoe like a dancer, the wind catching her curls, Bill Shane went hot and then cold. Only a couple of days more. Well, you could pack a lot of living into a couple of days.

As the car started it flung Bitsy against him and he looked at her with his strangely expressionless eyes, set so widely and beautifully in his young face. The way her mouth turned up at the corners made deep, rosy pockets, like flowers. He hadn't kissed her yet. When he got ready to kiss her, he'd do a job, he'd know where they were heading. The Navy had taught him not to waste ammunition.

"Have we been having a time," Bitsy said. "There's a man out at the war plant who's crazy about my sister and just now his wife dropped in—to do some hair pulling, I guess. Charlie's in a dither about it."

"Why?" Bill said. "I wouldn't think a little thing like that would bother Charlie."

Bitsy said nothing, her eyes upon his profile. His nose turned up just a little and the crest of his hair was defiant. In her mind, she pictured him on the deck of a destroyer, cold and unconcerned in the midst of battles like the ones in the movies—Midway, and In Which We Serve. If he got killed—she didn't flinch from imagining that, because death had no reality for her; it was something that happened in the movies to an actor whom you'd see in another picture next week—if it happened to Bill he'd be calmly heroic about it. Maybe his last thought would be about Bitsy. He'd lie on the deck, smiling, and murmur: "Kiss me, Bitsy," just as he died. *But he hasn't kissed me yet*, she thought.

FREE FOR ALL

Two Chinese coolies were arguing heatedly in the midst of a crowd. An onlooker who witnessed the wordy altercation was told the coolies were fighting. When he expressed surprise that no blows were struck, his Chinese friend informed him: "The man who strikes first admits that his ideas have given out."

THEY TELL A STORY:
Edited by Martha Lupton (Maxwell Droke.)

Her mind came back to what he'd said about Charlie. She didn't quite like the way it had sounded.

"You wouldn't say that if you knew Charlie," she said. "She's awfully good-natured and she likes to have everything go along nice and easy. But when anybody does anything to one of her pups she's a tigress, all right. She stands by us with everything she's got, no matter what we do."

Bill wasn't much interested. He didn't want to talk about anybody except Bitsy herself, and maybe Bill Shane. He only nodded and started humming Pistol Packin' Mama. Maybe it was in his head because of what Bitsy had said about the hair-pulling dame, but it didn't seem to remind Bitsy of her. She said:

"Where we going, sailor?"

"Feels kind of good to drive the ole bus again," Bill said. "I thought we might just ride around awhile. Okay?"

"Anything you want to do is okay by me," Bitsy said.

Junior had a smudge of black enamel on his nose. He said, "I been listening, I heard her. That Bitsy's sure got a system."

"What do you mean—a system?" Charlotte said.

"Feeding you that malarkey and then while she's got you purring—p-s-sst, she's gone," Junior said.

"You better take that Jutland book back to the library," Charlotte said severely. "It's overdue, and you'll have to pay for it out of your allowance."

"I got to finish about Jellicoe," Junior said. "He was almost as good as Nelson."

Charlotte didn't hear him; she had gone to the window again, peering anxiously. The day was overcast with a gentle, gray mist. The street was still prosperous and peaceful, though the river of events ran now so swiftly between its charming houses. Why did she keep going to the window all the time? For whom was she looking? Not John, not yet. Since John had been away so much there were times when she couldn't actually remember his face, though she knew it by heart. Now, in a different way, she couldn't remember Clare.

Down the confused corridors of her mind her thoughts scurried like rabbits in a warren, trying to find Clare. Before Clare came she had to find the right way to talk to her, to keep from antagonizing her, to keep her from thinking she was being unjustly accused of having *meant* this thing to happen. For she *hadn't* meant it to happen. Charlotte was passionately sure of that. She had to be sure of it. She forced herself, with a kind of violence, to be sure of it, shutting her mind against everything that might make her doubt it. There was almost relief in turning from the larger anxiety to the lesser one, in escaping from her worry about Clare, for a moment, by letting Junior worry her about Bitsy.

"Do you mean Bitsy isn't sincere with me, Junior; is that what you mean?" she said.

"You always get things cockeyed," Junior said. "I guess she's sincere. I just said that was her system of getting what she wants." He didn't want to talk about this—it wasn't any good with Charlie. "I guess all kids have systems," he said sullenly.

"But that sounds as though I were your enemy," Charlotte said.

"There you go," Junior said, "imagining things. Kids want things I guess their folks ought not to give them, but they'll keep on trying to get 'em—the kids, I mean. Look, Charlie, can I have a buck? I got to get some more black enamel for my boat."

Charlotte laughed. "Your system's direct, anyway," she said.

"There's nothing wrong in me having black enamel," Junior said. "I don't need a system for that. I'm doing a model of that destroyer Bill Shane was on, the one he got the Navy Cross for—I thought maybe sometime he'd like to come over and see it." No reason she shouldn't give him a buck to buy black enamel except maybe the money ought to go for War Stamps; still, it was a good way to keep him out of mischief and the Navy would be lucky when they got a boy who already knew as much as John Wilson, Jr. No, he didn't need a system for that.

Alone, Charlotte felt a pressing need for somebody—somebody to lean on, to turn to. Somebody to talk it all over with. On her desk was that picture of John, the one he'd had taken last year when the plant announced his new job. She turned to it, but she found, to her horror, that she wasn't looking at John's picture at all. That terrible old photograph of Grandma Halloran, in a high-boned collar, wearing her hair in a fringe, kept drawing her gaze. Ridiculous, it was, too, all but the eyes. Not even a cheap photographer had been able to spoil Grandma Halloran's eyes. They looked out steadily, facing life fearlessly, prepared to do battle for the things in which they believed. The last person in the world, Charlotte thought wildly, whom she wanted for a confidante was Grandma Halloran. Yet she had to yield to the compulsion of those eyes.

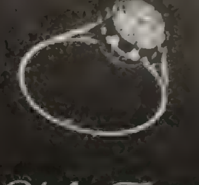
"It's no use staring at me like that," she said aloud. "You're a back number. In your day they didn't even admit there was such a thing as sex. You don't know anything about it."

But as she took off her drooping Red Cross uniform—it seemed to Charlotte she had been wearing it for years—it occurred to her that Grandma Halloran had borne seven

(*Continued on Page 50*)

She's Engaged!

CARLYN'S LUMINOUS copper-gold hair intensifies the creamy-white look of her fine, smooth skin. This adorable Pond's bride-to-be met her fiancé on the way to South America—where she was going to visit friends, and he to join his parents who live part of the year in Rio, part in New York.



Carlyn Phelps Truax OF CHICAGO

Her engagement to Corporal James H. Drumm, Jr. of New York was announced on Thanksgiving Day, when he was home on furlough.

AT U.S.O. CANTEEN SHOWS Carlyn, who leads in dramatics and dancing at her college, entertains the boys at the Great Lakes Training Base. "U.S.O. Clubs need volunteers for all kinds of work," she says, "Maybe *you* could help, too."

She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

YOU can't quite capture Carlyn's charm in words, but you know she has stolen your heart *completely*—with her incredibly lovely hair, and the little-girl naturalness of her enchanting smile.

You know, too, that her complexion is *especially* pretty—smooth, fresh and soft as can be. "Pond's Cold Cream," Carlyn says, "is *my* beauty cream. It's such a fine, smooth cream you feel it's bound to do nice things for your face."

THIS IS THE WAY CARLYN LOVES TO USE IT:

She smooths soft, snowy-white Pond's over her face and throat. Pats it with brisk finger tips to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off.

She rinses with a second satin-soft Pond's creaming, working the cream round and round her face with little spiral whirls of her fingers. Tissues off again. "*Two creamings* this way give my face the loveliest, *immaculate* feeling," she says.

Give *your* complexion this soft-smooth beauty care. Use your Pond's Cold Cream faithfully—every night, every morning and for daytime clean-ups. You'll soon see why it's no accident engaged girls like Carlyn, well-known society leaders like beautiful Geraldine Spreckels and Britain's Lady Kinross love Pond's so well. Ask for a *big* jar of Pond's Cold Cream today.

ASK FOR A BIG LUXURIOUS JAR! *Large sizes save glass and manpower. And it's so much quicker to dip finger tips of both hands in the lovely, wide Pond's jar.*

Today many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price

Stomach-ache or Appendicitis?

–it's not for you to say

DON'T DO THIS: If you have an unusual abdominal pain—don't take laxatives or home remedies; take no food or liquids, except water.

Forego your usual daily business. Don't rub the spot that hurts, or apply an ice bag or hot-water bag.

WHY NOT? Your appendix may be inflamed. Food or laxatives might rupture the appendix and spread infection—the cause of most deaths in appendicitis. These complications are four times as frequent among those who have taken laxatives.

Moreover, physical exertion or massaging may be dangerous if the appendix is inflamed. Complete rest may help prevent serious complications. Heat or cold might kill the pain and give you the mistaken idea that the attack has passed.

DO THIS: If the pain is a puzzling and persistent one, if it's accompanied by nausea or vomiting, call a doctor and rest in bed until he comes.

WHY? Only a doctor is qualified to say whether you have appendicitis. He may want to take one or more blood-cell counts, watch your temperature, and wait for pain to localize. Chances are it *isn't* appendicitis. If it is, and the doctor advises an operation, quick action may save life, time, and money.

Prompt attention, together with the recent advances in medical science, have reduced by half the deaths from appendicitis in the past few years.

You'll find Metropolitan's free booklet on appendicitis helpful. Send for it.

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Please send me a copy of your free booklet, 64-J, on appendicitis.

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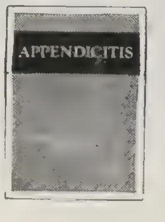

(Continued from Page 48)

children; she must have known something about sex, even if it was considered polite not to talk about it. Perhaps Grandma Halloran might have been able to talk about it, if she'd had to, even to a girl like Clare. It struck Charlotte Wilson that grandma wouldn't have been doing much wondering, while she was waiting for such an interview, about what she was going to say.

"But you'd be wrong," she told the photograph. "Scolding would only make things worse. If I tried to talk to her the way you would I'd only make her think I don't know anything about life."

There was no question now of the stern demand in Grandma Halloran's eyes, no ducking the direct accusation, and a grown-up Charlotte Wilson, standing before her in her beautifully fitted slip, was somehow transformed by them back into the little girl she had once been.

Grandma Halloran had made her recite the Ten Commandments for the Ladies' Aid. Little Charlotte Halloran, in stiff gingham, her curls squeezed into tight braids. "Thou shalt have no other gods before me. . . . Honor thy father and thy mother. . . . Thou shalt not commit adultery. . . . Thou shalt not steal. . . . Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife. . . ." When the ladies all complimented grandma on how smart she was, grandma had got red in the face, but all she said was, "Oh, she's well enough when she's clean." And to Charlotte she'd said, "Now you know them. Don't ever forget them, that's all."

The night when she had the measles and Grandma Halloran told her stories about the old pioneer days. Her hand had been firm and cool to hold on to, and after a while Charlotte had gone to sleep. When she woke up Grandma Halloran was holding her, all wrapped up in a blanket. "Aren't you afraid you'll catch the measles, grandma?" Charlotte had said sleepily, and Grandma Halloran had chuckled. "I'm too old," she said. "That's one good thing about getting old—you can't catch children's diseases any more."

Her voice had been rich and sweet the night before Charlotte Halloran was to marry John Wilson. "She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. She seeketh wool, and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain: but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised. Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates. Her children arise up, and call her blessed." It seemed ludicrous now, as advice to a young girl on her wedding night, but Grandma Halloran had never heard of Freud. She had to do the best she could with the Book of Proverbs.

WITH one foot hooked around her ankle, the way she always used to stand when Grandma Halloran scolded her, Charlotte Wilson was still facing the picture when the telephone bell broke the spell. Her heart leaped. It might be John.

But it was Mimi Cutting's voice saying, "Lotte? I'm sorry about—of course I thought you knew—I didn't mean to spill the beans ——"

"Of course I knew," Charlotte Wilson said sweetly. "Actually, there isn't a thing to it, just a silly, jealous woman; I was only upset because I'd loathe it being gossiped about."

"If you feel that way ——" Mimi said slowly.

"Of course I feel that way," Charlotte said. "I know you mean well, Mimi—you always do—but I do hope you won't talk about it. Just deny it flatly, will you? That's safest."

A footstep startled her as she put down the receiver. "Oh—come in, Annabee," she said. The child always crept in like a scared kitten. She looked like a ghost today.

"I was looking for Bitsy," Annabee said, her odd eyes roaming about the pretty bedroom, admiring it.

"She went for a ride with that sailor—Bill Whatever-his-name-is," Charlotte said. Then, woman to woman, "Does Bitsy like him a lot, Annabee? Is he a nice boy?" After all, Annabee was supposed to have a regular crush on her, Bitsy said. If Bitsy was keeping anything from her—not that she believed it, Bitsy was too frank and confiding—she might as well find out about it. That remark of Junior's still hurt.

"I don't know whether Bitsy likes him much or not," Annabee said flatly. "He's all right, I guess." Her voice sharpened with an odd, unchildlike bitterness. "As all right as boys ever are. Men have all the best of it, don't they, Mrs. Wilson?"

CHARLOTTE'S mind and eyes were upon her fingernails—carefully and delicately, she was applying polish with a little brush—but her lips quirked. "Oh, I wouldn't say that," Charlotte said, smiling. "I think myself—especially in America—an attractive woman has all the best of it. I think she can get about anything she wants out of a man, if she goes about it right."

"Do you?" Annabee said. The strange eyes fastened upon Charlotte; they made her uncomfortable—they were old and hungry like the eyes of slum children staring at toys in a shopwindow, toys they know they can never have. "That's lovely nail polish, Mrs. Wilson," Annabee said. "I wish I had some like it. What's the name of it?"

Charlotte fished in a drawer with the hand she hadn't started to do yet. "Here," she said, "I've an extra supply. I have it made especially for me. I can't bear that violent red. I'm glad you like this, dear."

"Thanks a lot," Annabee said, but she looked as though the strong smell of the polish had made her a little sick, the way it did some people. "Well—tell Bitsy I was here, tell her to come over tonight, will you, Mrs. Wilson?" She lingered, as though there was something more she wanted to say, and then bolted as swiftly if not as gracefully as Bitsy herself.

CONDUCT METTLE

The men who try to do something and fail are infinitely better than those who try to do nothing and succeed. —LLOYD JONES.

If it wasn't for faith, there would be no living in this world. We couldn't even eat hash with any safety if it wasn't for faith. —JOSH BILLINGS.

When you are right you can afford to keep your temper; when you are wrong you can't afford to lose it. —E. M. STATLER.

A funny girl. The smell of some perfume much too old for a child of Annabee's age fought in the room with the odor of nail polish. Charlotte felt vaguely uncomfortable. The idea was absurd. She was getting as bad as a high-school principal. Annabee had always had a bad color, pale and greenish; it went with that kind of hair. Just the same, it might be a good idea if Bitsy weren't quite so friendly with her. She'd put her foot down on Bitsy's going over there every evening.

"I'll drive you home," Joe McCarey said. "I've got time before I go to work."

The afternoon had turned hot; he felt sticky, exhausted. That was because he wasn't sleeping very well. And losing sleep wasn't doing him any good, physically or mentally. Only last night the graveyard-shift superintendent, taking over, had said, "Look, Joe, I've worked here quite a while myself. I know what I'm doing; how about not snapping at me like that?" And on a job like his a man couldn't afford to make any more enemies than he had to.

Yet Clare looked cool and immaculate and undisturbed. A clean fragrance that was almost medicinal—no, it was like herbs, or sage in the desert—came from her; it was the way those steel gears that looked like flowers ought to smell.

I'm going nuts, Joe thought. *Gears, smelling like flowers!*

COTTON for comfort!
APPLICATORS for daintiness!
SAFETY-WELL for security!

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MEDS

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FOR 10 IN APPLICATORS

Because of this dainty, carefully designed applicator, Meds insorbers are easy-to-use!

"Clare," he said, and was furious becaus his voice shook.

"Yes, darling," Clare said. When she sai "darling" it sounded crisp and vivid.

"I can't stand much more of this," Jo said. "I've got to get some sleep. I can' work unless I do."

"But you must see there isn't anything can do about it," Clare said.

Sometimes when she talked like that Jo McCarey wondered if she knew what sh was talking about or if she got it out of book. With a short, barking laugh, he saic "I think you're a mermaid or a devil. Yo haven't got human feelings."

In her lap, Clare's fingers curled into tigh little fists. "I have human feelings," sh said, "but I thought we both believed in no letting emotions control our lives. It's a simple, really."

"Is it? What's so simple about it?"

"All you have to do is tell Elsie you wan a divorce," Clare said coldly. "I don' imagine she'll mind much. She'll find some body else that's more suited to her, that jus wants to go along in a rut the rest of hi life. Or perhaps you'd rather just call th whole thing off."

"You know I can't call it off. Only I can' go on this way much longer either."

"Don't you think any more we'd b happy together?" Clare said. "Don't yo believe in all we've talked about?"

"Of course I do. Only—only it's all so-so complicated. If I'd met you before I ——"

"You don't have to live with your mis takes the rest of your life, do you?"

"No, but it's not as easy to erase them a you think. I wish I could wipe out the past but wishing won't do it. It isn't such a simple thing for a man with a wife and two kid to go home and—and just brush them off."

"But Elsie knows you don't love her," Clare said. "I think she'll be big enough t let you go. I would. I—I will, if that wi help. If that's what you want, I'll let you go. I'll never see you again. Is it?"

JOE MCCAREY began to laugh. "You'r wonderful," he said. "I guess I'm acting lik a baby. I'm so much in love with you nothing else matters. Or anybody."

Clare said, "Joe ——"

To his amazement, when he bent down t her, he found that she was crying. "Don't," he said, "for heaven's sake, don't do that. didn't know you could cry. Why, you sill little dope, don't you know I love you bette than everything on this earth put together Don't you?"

His lips, when they found hers, were we with her tears. His heart pounded so that scared him and with one hand he pulled ove to the curb and stopped. When she was i his arms, he couldn't speak.

"There's nothing I can do about it," h said, "this is it."

Desire grew with their kisses, but ther was no happiness in them for him any mor

Still watching from her upstairs windov Charlotte Wilson saw the car draw up. Th man got out and helped Clare to the sid walk and they stood saying good-by. The made a stunning picture. Bitsy was righ the man was remarkably good-lookin Charlotte ran downstairs, but by the tir she got to the door Clare came in alone.

"I thought you might bring him in," Ch lotte said. "I wanted to meet him." would be easier to talk to Clare if she h met Elsie McCarey's husband.

"He has to be at work by three," Cl said.

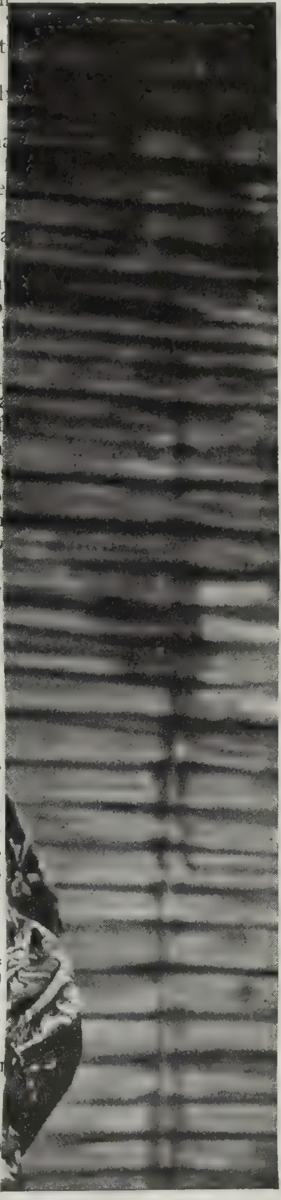
"Well, that's too bad. I think it's ab time I met him. Come help me with stew or there won't be any dinner."

She had determined upon her method. scenes. The thing to do was to take it ligh to make fun of it in a way that would w Clare what a lot of trouble she was get into, make her see for herself how stupid whole thing would be.

"Peel the carrots and potatoes, will yo she said, when Clare came into the kitc "I've got a little meat left; I thought make washday stew—that's what Granc

(Continued on Page 53)

ngaged!



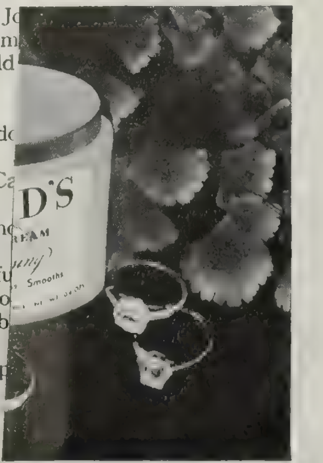
Carlyn Phelps Truax OF CHICAGO

Her engagement to Corporal James H. Drumm, Jr. of New York was announced on Thanksgiving Day, when he was home on furlough.

skin.
going
York.

AT U.S.O. CANTEEN SHOWS Carlyn, who leads in dramatics and dancing at her college, entertains the boys at the Great Lakes Training Base. "U.S.O. Clubs need volunteers for all kinds of work," she says, "Maybe *you* could help, too."

She uses Pond's!



ing, working the cream round and round her face with little spiral whirls of her fingers. Tissues off again. "*Two creamings* this way give my face the loveliest, *immaculate* feeling," she says.

Give *your* complexion this soft-smooth beauty care. Use your Pond's Cold Cream faithfully—every night, every morning and for daytime clean-ups. You'll soon see why it's no accident engaged girls like Carlyn, well-known society leaders like beautiful Geraldine Spreckels and Britain's Lady Kinross love Pond's so well. Ask for a *big* jar of Pond's Cold Cream today.

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PUT FRESH, THE NEW DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM, UNDER THIS ARM! SEE WHICH STOPS PERSPIRATION-PREVENTS ODOR BETTER!

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ll be in clover
ou'll sure adore
nderful soap that
es just like four!

2 **You're lucky!**
Swan gives creamy, baby-gentle lather, even in hard water. Makes you feel like a million after a war-busy day.

4 **Duds are lucky!**
Gentle Swan helps keep precious things like new! Yes, you're in clover with Swan *one* pure soap that does the work of *four*.

Swan is 4 swell oaps in 1

UNCLE SAM SAYS: DON'T WASTE SOAP

Clip out these hints. Paste them on the bathroom mirror or over the kitchen sink. Keep a dish for soap ends handy.

1. Don't leave Swan in water. Don't make more lather than you need.

2. Beware of a wet soap dish! Keep it dry.

3. Wipe off grease and rinse all dishes *before* washing.

4. Save Swan slivers; dissolve in boiling water to make soap jelly for dishes, etc.

MADE BY LEVER BROS. CO., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

(Continued from Page 51)

Halloran used to call it." Her little laugh was intended to be light and gay and easy, but it didn't come off. The phony tinkle of it caught Clare's ear and she looked at her mother and at once her eyes were alert and wary. "And me on my feet all day at the Red Cross," Charlotte said. "Not that I'm not glad to have the chance. I think you could spare some time for it, too, Clare."

"Later I might," Clare said. "This math course is a tough one."

"Still," Charlotte said, "everybody's doing a lot more these days. Sometimes I get sorry for myself till I think how much more Grandma Halloran used to do. I don't know how she ever did it, doing all her own sewing and washing and ironing, and a wood stove to cook on. I can tell you one thing, she didn't do it by spending half her time in a beauty parlor."

Her own voice startled her, the words dumfounded her. She looked over her shoulder, because it was just as if Grandma Halloran had said them. She kept looking behind her as she went over to the vegetable bin.

"I ought to have more than two onions," she said, "but I'll have to make them do. Grandma Halloran said it was cheating if you didn't make a washday stew out of what you had in the house. I don't know can I make it taste the way she did." Then, casually, "I had an unexpected caller today." When Clare said nothing she had to go on. "I know you don't mean any harm, dear, but I'm afraid you've been unkind and—careless. It was Mrs. McCarey."

Out of the corner of her eye, she caught the girl's involuntary start, the quick turn of the head, then Clare settled back, a faint smile on her lips. Impatience goaded Charlotte.

"I know how grown-up you girls think you are," she said—humorously, she hoped. "I know you don't think it matters what other people think of the—the unconventional things you do, but sometimes it does matter. That poor woman's half out of her mind with jealousy—actually talking about getting a divorce and naming you as corespondent and ——"

"You didn't talk her out of that, did you?" Clare said quickly. "We've been hoping she'd do that for a long time."

The onion had got the better of Charlotte; she put it down, wiping her eyes with both wrists, and turned a streaked, astounded face, sagging with shock, upon Clare. "But," she said, "they have two babies."

"Lots of people have babies," Clare said. "They'll have their chance later on; a man can't sacrifice his life and his ambition to them. Of course Joe will take care of them."

"So it's all true!" Charlotte's voice had a queer, flat sound in her ears, as if something had mesmerized her. "You're really just what she said you were. You're deliberately trying to take her husband away from her, deliberately trying to break up her home!"

"Oh, charlie, darling," Clare said, "nobody ever broke up a happy home; it can't be done. Joe's outgrown her, that's all. I knew that the first time I met him. You haven't any objection to divorce, have you? Half the women you play bridge with are divorced. What difference does it make if Elsie names me? Nobody bothers about things like that any more."

Tonelessly, Charlotte said, "Clare—you haven't done anything ——"

Clare laughed. "If you mean am I a bad girl—no, as it happens, I'm not. An affair with Joe wouldn't interest me. I want to marry him. Everything he is and does suits me. Why should he and I and his future be sacrificed to a stupid woman and a couple of biological accidents? He loves me and he doesn't love his wife."

"How do you come to be so sure you can judge such things?" Charlotte said.

"They're obvious things," Clare said. "And anyway, they haven't anything to do with you, Charlie. You're to keep out of this, please. It's my life and I'm going to live it the way I like, with no interference. I've told you that before."

Charlotte said, "Well, now I've hea everything."

Motionless, she stood and watched Cla walk out of the kitchen. Mechanically sh moved to the sink. The potatoes had to into the stew just the same. Junior had done anything; warm, tenderhearted litt Bitsy, who wouldn't hurt a fly on purpose they had to be fed. Her eyes focused for th first time on the potatoes. Not much bigg than marbles. Her lower lip protruding, sh stared at the potato peelings, half an inc thick.

That does it, Charlotte Wilson though "That does it," she said aloud and picke up one of the thickest peelings. A perso could stand just so much.

Full length on her bed, Clare was vivi against the tufted yellow spread. At th sound of her mother's entrance she glance up coolly, then her eyes widened. Clare ha never seen her Great-grandmother Hallorans she had no way of knowing how much, a that moment, Charlotte Wilson looked lik her. Always Clare had thought of he mother as a frivolous, vain, easygoing, self-indulgent butterfly of a woman, making th best of herself with exquisitely done hai and chic, flattering outfits and the cutes hats and littlest shoes in town. This woman was still little and golden-haired, but ther was a grim reality about her that Clar had never seen before.

Clare said loftily, "Char—lotte, dear, if you're going to make a scene ——"

Charlotte held up th potato peeling. "You wit your grand airs!" she said "You think you kno everything—and you can' even peel a potato!"

She threw open the close door and Clare's charmin wardrobe, swaying on pad ded hangers, looked like garden. From its hange Charlotte took a dress emerald-green velve frogged from collar to he in gold, like a Russian coa

"Look," she said. "Look at the fi clothes you can dress up in, that your fath buys for you out of the sweat of his hone work. And all the use you've got for them to take another woman's husband awa from her and the two babies she's had f him! To make a double-crosser and adulter out of a man that might have stayed dece if it weren't for you!"

She dropped the dress on the floor.

"And you're not even ashamed of it, your cheating and stealing! All the u you've got for the fine education your fath pays for is to put fancy names to wh you're doing, so you can be proud of i Proud of robbing a woman that hasn't chance to keep what's hers—a woman wi a house to keep and babies to wash and fe and no money for nice clothes or even a d cent permanent, because it's all getti spent on you! A fine thing to be proud o A grand thing to ——"

"Oh, stop it," Clare said. "I suppose y can't help calling people names when th don't happen to agree with you, but do y have to do it in brogue? That's really ——"

Charlotte stared at her. Grandma H loran's tongue had had a touch of th country when she was really angry.

"It's all so silly," Clare said. "Trying get back into the past because you do happen to approve of the present. All th old ideas are so utterly dead, Charlie. T tyranny of the weak over the strong is ov finished, and talking about it as if it w holy isn't going to bring it back."

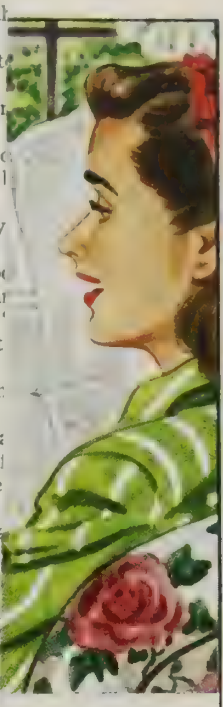
She threw back her head and the co moved in her slim young throat.

"I'll stand on what I believe," she sa "I can't do any worse than you've done,

Summary

By S. H. Dewhurst

To be one or the other
Is a cruel fate;
To be loved and lover
Is the perfect state.



E," decides Betty
ment appeal for
Not necessarily in
transportation,
r jobs, too. Betty
lps at the U.S.O.,
dle a job as well.

DAD'S A LITTLE DOUBTFUL, "Sure I want you to be patriotic, and sure I know women are needed. But I'm working hard myself. I need a good meal when I get home at night." "And you'll get it!" says Betty. "Betcha anything, even a shoe coupon, that my meals are going to be as good as ever!"

ty stops to shop
k in the neighbor-
u're late tonight,
n Frankfurts, my
quality as before
ooked, you know,
minutes."

THIS DINNER DOES IT Juicy, tender Swift's Premium Frankfurts; creamed new potatoes; peas; spiced apple. Dad admits Betty can keep house and swing a war job, too. "Um—*um!*" he says, "These franks are wonderful! Let's have them again. And, by the way, here's my ration book with that shoe coupon."

n Frankfurts

airft's Premium are
eaion, smoked over
tney're pre-cooked
waste, fuel.

Look for this label
on every 4th link

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Three sizes—50¢—25¢—10¢

NEW DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM • REALLY STOPS PERSPIRATION • PREVENTS ODOR

you. I say I have a right to take what I
nt if I can get it. And I'm going to get it.
e's wife's going to divorce him and I'm
ing to marry him, and if you and dad don't
ve us your consent ——"
“Never, if they hung me on a cross!”
arlotte said.
“That's so silly," Clare said. “This is
43. I'd get a job or I'd go live with Joe
d people would blame you for driving me
it. All this talk is just silly—calling me
mes, telling me I can't peel a potato!
hose fault is it if I can't? Isn't it pretty
e in the day to ——"
“Yes," said Charlotte, “it's pretty late. I
n't know if it's too late. But I won't let
u do it if I can help it, you can count on
at."
“You can't help it," Clare said.
“I can try," Charlotte said.

‘What's this?" Junior said.
‘It's washday stew, like my grandma
ed to make," Charlotte told him.
Junior opened his mouth to speak and
pt it open. Charlotte's head was bowed.
‘O Lord," she said, “for what we are
out to receive make us duly thankful and
Thy grace permit us to use the strength
ich cometh from Thy bounty in Thy
vice and to Thy glory."
After a moment Junior said, “But look,
arlie, do you believe in God?"
‘Of course I do," Charlotte said. “Bitsy,
by, eat your dinner."
‘No," Junior said, “I mean on the level,
you? I don't see how any intelligent per-
n can."
This is too much, Charlotte thought. The
ckwash of her anger had left her a little
k and she thought she was going to cry.
e washday stew wasn't what it ought to
; it was watery—or maybe, like other
ildhood memories if you met them face to
e, it had lost its flavor. Maybe believing
God was just a childhood memory too.

You can't fall for all that boloney about
lam and Eve," Junior said. “How can
u? We know about the Cro-Magnon man
d the Neanderthal man. You come over to
e Natural History Museum and I'll show
n to you. I mean you can see the skulls
d the skeletons and they've got low fore-
ads and long arms, like gorillas. They
ust have been long before Adam and Eve
ere supposed to be in that garden; and be-
les, Adam and Eve were like us, weren't
ey? So that proves it."
“Junior ——" Charlotte said.
“Look at the planetesimal hypothesis,"
nior said.
“I don't want to," Charlotte said crossly.
What is it?"
“It's sort of difficult to explain," Junior
id. “We had it in science; but, look, there
ere two suns, y'see, ours and another one,
d one of them got out of its orbit and, well,
course nobody knows if they bumped into
ch other because that was about a billion
lion years ago, but anyhow, their gravi-
tional forces knocked off chunks—I don't
ow if they were little ones or big ones, but
yhow they cooled after about a couple of
lion years and one of them is us."
“Junior," Charlotte said, “I'd rather be-
ve in God than in a hypothesis and I do.
course I believe in God. Everybody
es."
‘Not actually," Junior said. “They just
so. How can they?"
‘Because ——" Charlotte said, and
pped.
The bell saved her. The doorbell. Bitsy
y. *She never, never walks*, Charlotte
ught wearily, *she always runs, she's al-
s at the boiling point*. She took the tele-
m Bitsy brought back and had started to
n it when she saw the flying skirt of
sy's plaid dress vanishing through the
or.
‘Bitsy," she said, “where are you going?"
Bitsy's voice floated back from the hall:
ist over to Annabee's."
‘You come back here this minute," Char-
te called.
From the doorway, Bitsy stared at her
n hurt, innocent eyes. “I'm just going
a
s

"WRONG TIME OF MONTH"?

Enjoy Midol's 3-way comfort!

CRAMPS—Take Midol at the first twinge of functional spasmodic pain! See how quickly one of its ingredients, *exclusively* in these tablets, relaxes and relieves!

HEADACHE—At the same time, Midol acts against "menstrual" headache—easing discomfort, helping you carry-on as usual.

"BLUES"—One ingredient for cramps, one for headache, and a third—a mild stimulant—to help chase "dreaded days blues"! No wonder so many women and girls rely on Midol *regularly!*

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Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

If you have no organic disorder calling for special medical or surgical care, Midol should see you comfortably through every period. Use it confidently; it contains no opiates. All drugstores.

Midol

RELIEVES ALL 3 KINDS OF FUNCTIONAL MENSTRUAL SUFFERING

There's Nothing Like FOOT COMFORT

Smooth, sleek, beautiful legs without stockings are fashionable—but bare feet in shoes are uncomfortable and unsanitary. Wear FOOTLETS when you go barelegged and you'll enjoy real freedom, coolness, comfort and health. Be sure to get *genuine* FOOTLETS for fit, quality and greater choice of styles. At better stores everywhere.

Patented by the makers of
RANDOLPH KNIT Socks & Anklets

Wear Footlets
J. W. LANDENBERGER & CO.
Castor Avenue at Kensington
Philadelphia, Pa.
Also Makers of Randolph Knit Anklets

DIANA BARRYMORE

daughter of the great John Barrymore says:

"I am glad that people today realize it is as necessary to use a deodorant as it is to use toothpaste. I think Arrid is a wonderful product because it gives complete protection."

New *under-arm* Cream Deodorant *Safely helps* Stop Perspiration

1. Does not harm dresses, or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Prevents under-arm odor. Helps stop perspiration safely.
4. A pure white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Seal of Approval of the American Institute of Laundering, for being harmless to fabrics. Use Arrid regularly.

39¢ (Also in 10¢ and 59¢ jars)

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ARRID

THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT

"problem" hair

MADE LOVELY AGAIN

Dulled and dingy hair needn't cause despair. One refreshing shampoo with Admiracion makes a thrilling difference. It floats away dirt . . . loose dandruff . . . soap film. Lets *natural* loveliness of hair shine through. TWO TYPES—"foamy" in green carton or "no lather" in red carton. Ask your Hairdresser for Admiracion.

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

ADMIRACIÓN

OIL SHAMPOOS

over to Annabee's," she said. "What in th world are you shouting about, Charlie?"

"You're not going out of this house t night," Charlotte said. "You're going stay here and get some sleep, for once. An it's about time too."

"But—I think maybe Bill's going to dr by," Bitsy said. "I told him that I'd there."

"I don't care who's going to drop by Charlotte said. It was a terrible effort keep her voice steady, and she did not lo at Bitsy, she didn't dare, she went on stari blankly at the telegram in her hand. won't have you going out every night to t movies or Annabee's or somewhere."

"But, Charlie," Bitsy said, "all the oth girls do."

"The other girls aren't my girls," Cha lotte said, "and I'm not responsible them. Their mothers can look after the You're going to stay home tonight."

"Maybe it's Bill's last night," Bitsy sa in a voice choked with tears.

"You're too young to be having da with the same boy every night," Charlo said. "If he wants to spend his last eveni with you, let him come here."

Bitsy stood trembling and the tears ca softly, but her eyes were oddly observ and calculating under the long lashes. Af a moment she went out quietly, and Ch lotte could hear her going slowly upstair Bitsy, who always ran—and then her b room door closed. *Let her think it over*, Ch lotte thought, *she'll see it better in the mo ing*. But her heart ached and she had make herself sit still, to keep from follow her baby.

WOMANPOWER

➡ **It was said of the beautiful Helen of Mecklenburg: "I know of no other woman with whom I could converse without for an instant feeling weariness. I feel as if I had always something of interest to say to her, for *her interest never flags*. It is singular of the multitude who wish to enchain their friends—so few ever learn this deep secret."**

—CALLAWAY:
The Wit on the Staircase (Paul & Bro.)

When she finally got the telegram ope was from Detroit:

ARRIVING TOMORROW MORNING 7 DON'T BOTHER TO MEET ME WILL CO STRAIGHT HOME. JOHN.

"You see, that's why I believe in Go Charlotte said. "Your father's coming ho tomorrow. Isn't it wonderful? He's com home tomorrow."

"I always thought he was kind of m important around here than you wo figured," Junior said. "And don't you softy on Bitsy—it'll do her good."

In a glory of relief that left her we Charlotte put her head down on the ta She wanted to laugh and cry all at o There was a God. He was sending J home tomorrow morning. Only one m night to live through and John would home.

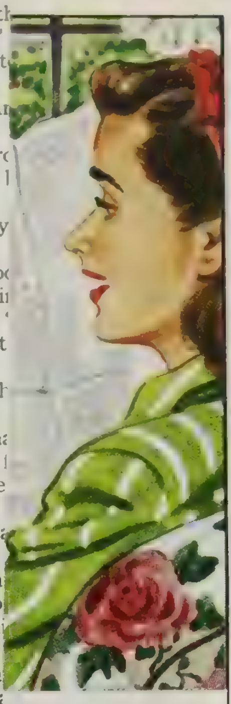
Elsie McCarey said, "What are you d here this time of day, Joe?"

"I took my dinnertime," Joe McCa said.

The living room of the McCarey h was small. Once upon a time Joe thought it cozy, with its overstuffed fu ture and its bright figured curtains. No was hot and stuffy. Heat had always b ered him; this year it seemed to get worse than ever. Some nights in the he thought he couldn't stand it.

"Kids in bed?" he said. "I want to a talk with you."

Elsie pushed back her brown hair looked at him with eyes that were mea be angry, but somehow were only str and reproachful. She said, "I gue better, Joe, but there isn't much to



IE," decides Betty
ment appeal for
Not necessarily in
transportation,
ar jobs, too. Betty
elps at the U.S.O.,
dle a job as well.

DAD'S A LITTLE DOUBTFUL, "Sure I want you to be patriotic, and sure I know women are needed. But I'm working hard myself. I need a good meal when I get home at night." "And you'll get it!" says Betty. "Betcha anything, even a shoe coupon, that my meals are going to be as good as ever!"

tty stops to shop
ook in the neighbor-
ou're late tonight,
m Frankfurts, my
n quality as before
ooked, you know,
e minutes."

THIS DINNER DOES IT Juicy, tender Swift's Premium Frankfurts; creamed new potatoes; peas; spiced apple. Dad admits Betty can keep house and swing a war job, too. "I'm—*um!*" he says, "These franks are wonderful! Let's have them again. And, by the way, here's my ration book with that shoe coupon."

n Frankfurts

ift's Premium are
ation, smoked over
hey're pre-cooked
, waste, fuel.

Look for this label on every 4th link

ARE YOU SURE OF YOUR PRESENT DEODORANT? TEST IT! PUT IT UNDER THIS ARM...
PUT FRESH, THE NEW DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM, UNDER THIS ARM! SEE WHICH STOPS PERSPIRATION-PREVENTS ODOR BETTER!

Use **FRESH** *and stay fresher!*

• See how effectively FRESH stops perspiration—prevents odor. See how gentle it is. Never gritty, greasy or sticky. Spreads smoothly—vanishes quickly. Won't rot even delicate fabrics!

Make your own test! If you don't agree that FRESH is the best underarm cream you've ever used, your dealer will gladly refund full price.

Three sizes—50¢—25¢—10¢

NEW DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM • REALLY STOPS PERSPIRATION • PREVENTS ODOR

ut. I know what you want and I'm go- to give it to you." She kept moving ind, straightening things, shoving the big ation-leather chair so that it made a ing noise that set Joe's teeth on edge.

e waited, but apparently she wasn't go- to say anything more. "*I know what you t and I'm going to give it to you.*" As easy hat. Clare had been right all the time. nerves didn't feel so tight.

hen from the doorway Elsie said, "But 'll never see the children again as long as live. You'll never see Joey again, not en he goes to school or when he grows up gets to be a pilot. I don't want him to w his dad threw him over for a little —— keep it from him—not for you, for him. oy's got a right to respect his dad. You 't ever see the children because then y'd find out what kind of a man you are."

You can't stop me seeing my children," said.

Yes," Elsie said, "I can. I'm their ther. I'm sticking to them first and all time, always. I hope she'll be worth it you, Joe."

Elsie," Joe said. Suddenly it seemed al that she should understand what had pened to him. The habit of telling Elsie ngs, of explaining himself to her, was still ong. "Elsie, I'm in love with her. I didn't to have it this way."

You didn't run very fast when you saw coming," Elsie said, and called up a ghost her old warm, wifely twinkle.

'What good would it do for me to stay w?" Joe said. "I don't see what you'd nt with me when you know how I feel."

"I don't want you if u don't want me," sie said sturdily, nd neither do the ildren. I said I'd give u a divorce. But you n't have it and the ildren too."

"You're making me y a big price," Joe id.

"That's why I said I ped she'd be worth to you," Elsie said. I think, knowing you, d almost rather be e than her when you gin to remember at she cost you. e's not your kind, not really. This is here you belong, Joe, here, with me. We ways got along all right, you and me and e children. You'll remember that, you ow."

She went into the bedroom and shut the or.

HE telegram was like a sleeping powder. arlotte Wilson put it under her cheek and uggled down in bed and fell into a glori- s, exhausted sleep. The telephone had to ag her from a velvet depth so happy and peful that she fought against leaving it. she picked up the receiver with one hand, e switched on the light with the other. The ock said ten minutes after one, and a chill fear struck through her.

"This is Mrs. Baker," the voice said. an I please speak to Annabee?"

"Annabee?" Charlotte Wilson said. Why, she's not here; Bitsy went to bed ly ——"

'I had a little accident at the plant," s. Baker said. "I'd kind of like to have nabee home. She said she was going to y all night with Bitsy."

'Wait a minute," Charlotte said.

nnabee wasn't in Bitsy's room. Neither Bitsy.

She's—not here," Charlotte said into the one.

She said she'd be," Mrs. Baker said an. "Well, when they do come, will you l her home? I got kind of a bad burn and l nervous here all by myself."

I'll come over myself," Charlotte said. out down the receiver and shut her eyes. h, *Bitsy, my baby, how could you do this to I trusted you. God, if You'll just let her home safe tonight. I'm so tired. I'll never do anything bad again as long as I live. . . . But isn't it pretty late to be asking for things?*

A car screamed in the street and Charlotte ran to the window, but it went on by at a reckless pace. Somehow, anyhow, she got into her clothes.

Mrs. Baker opened the door. Her right hand was wrapped in a bandage, but otherwise she looked just the same, placid and idiotically good-natured. She still wore her overalls and they gave her the look of a trick elephant in a circus. The untidy, cheerful, crowded room was garish with light and bright, primitive colors.

"I'm worried about the girls," Charlotte said. "Have you any idea where they might be? It's so late—I'd go and get them."

"I CAN'T say I have," Mrs. Baker said, "the little monkeys." Her big laugh rumbled. "Well, thank goodness, I can remember when I was young myself. They'll be along."

"Can I do anything for your hand?" Mrs. Wilson said sharply. She didn't want to hear about when Mrs. Baker was young.

"Oh, no," Mrs. Baker said comfortably. "I just thought Annabee'd make me some hot chocolate so's I could sleep—I'm not used to sleeping this time of night. I wouldn't worry about the girls, Mrs. Wilson. They're only young once, that's the way I look at it. They've got to have their fling. I know Annabee; she can take care of herself."

That was it. Mrs. Baker was a huge cartoon of herself. Mrs. Baker's words, in that jovial voice rich with chocolate and gravy, were caricatures of her own words booming back at her from some fiendish loud-speaker.

"You're sure you don't know where they might go?" Charlotte Wilson said.

"No more than you do," Mrs. Baker said, and Charlotte sent her a suspicious glance, but the big face was guileless and bland.

"Then I'll go home. They may come to my house."

"Oh, they'll be along, all right," Mrs. Baker repeated.

Charlotte opened the door and stopped quickly. A big, low-slung gray roadster had pulled up to the curb. The door swung open and a figure emerged. It wasn't Bitsy or Annabee. A tall boy, getting out backward, bending and straightening as though burdened. Under the street light, as he came slowly up the walk, Charlotte saw that he was carrying a girl in his arms. But the hair wasn't golden, it was ginger red. If he knew she was there, the boy gave no sign. He went on through the door which Charlotte held open; he stood in the middle of the garish, cheerful room, not moving, not saying anything, his face the color of putty.

"What's the matter with her?" Mrs. Baker said. "Is she drunk?"

"I think she's dead," the boy said.

Something had been worrying Charlotte all the time. The way the red head lolled against the boy's sweater. Like a flower with a broken stalk. Charlotte moved quickly. "Put her down," she said, "on the couch. You'd better call a doctor."

"I don't think it matters," the boy said. "She—jumped."

There was a peculiar smell now, like an anesthetic. But the boy was right. It didn't matter about a doctor. Charlotte Wilson knew enough about first aid to know that. Mrs. Baker just stood there, swaying back and forth, rocking like an elephant, gray like an elephant.

Getting up from her knees, Charlotte grabbed the boy's arm; she could feel the hard young muscles under her fingers and she dug in so he couldn't get away. "Where is Bitsy?" she said. "Wasn't she with you?"

(Continued on Page 58)

ABOUT WOMEN

No man can possibly realize how women are influenced by the clothes they wear. Put even the plainest woman into a beautiful dress and unconsciously she will try to live up to it. —LADY DUFF-GORDON.

A woman is as old as her dearest woman friends say she is. —ANON.

If you want an appreciative auditor for a funny story, tell it to a lady whose dentition is faultless. —C. H. GRANDGENT.

Betty Wins a Bet

"THEY CAN COUNT ON ME," decides Betty as she reads U. S. Government appeal for more women war workers. Not necessarily in factory; government says transportation, communications, etc., are war jobs, too. Betty keeps house for Dad and helps at the U.S.O., but she knows she can handle a job as well.

DAD'S A LITTLE DOUBTFUL, "Sure I want you to be patriotic, and sure I know women are needed. But I'm working hard myself. I need a good meal when I get home at night." "And you'll get it!" says Betty. "Betcha anything, even a shoe coupon, that my meals are going to be as good as ever!"

BETTY THE BUS DRIVER . . . thrilled with her new job and mighty proud that she can release a man to fight. Betty's had the job a week now and there's no let-down in her housekeeping. She gives special thought to meat dishes because Dad says the meat makes the meal. And Dad is right!

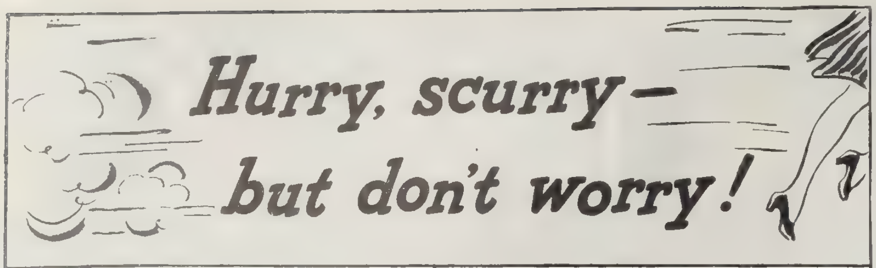
ON HER WAY HOME, Betty stops to shop for dinner. Mrs. D., best cook in the neighborhood, advises her: "Since you're late tonight, I'd suggest Swift's Premium Frankfurts, my dear. They're just as high in quality as before the war. And they're pre-cooked, you know, so they're ready in just five minutes."

THIS DINNER DOES IT Juicy, tender Swift's Premium Frankfurts; creamed new potatoes; peas; spiced apple. Dad admits Betty can keep house and swing a war job, too. "Um—*um!*" he says, "These franks are wonderful! Let's have them again. And, by the way, here's my ration book with that shoe coupon."

Swift's Premium Frankfurts

You get the nutritive values of both beef and pork in Swift's Premium Tender Frankfurts—high quality proteins, B vitamins, minerals. Superb flavor . . . Swift's Premium are seasoned to perfection, smoked over hardwood fires. They're pre-cooked . . . you save time, waste, fuel.

Look for this label on every 4th link


Hurry, scurry—
but don't worry!

1 Just look at our Mary
in straw hat and jeans
She's victory-planting
(it's carrots and beans)!

2 And here Mary's sewing
on last summer's clothes.
She's matching up these
and patching up those.

3 But keeping so busy
on war jobs this way
Means Mary must short-cut
on house-cleaning day!

4 So WINDEX she uses,
because it's so quick,
A spray and a wipe
and her windows look slick!

5 No trouble! No effort!
No energy lost!
Yet less than a penny
per window's the cost.

6 Try WINDEX yourself.
Now we don't mean to crow!
But WINDEX will save
lots of bother, we know!

WINDEX

Costs only a Fraction of a Cent Per Window

MAKE WINDEX a *must* for house cleaning! No streaking, no film when you insist on this noninflammable, oil-free cleaner that costs but a fraction of a cent per window. Don't trust cheap substitutes!

For Extra Economy, Buy the Big 20-ounce Size

Copr. 1944, The Drackett Co.

(Continued from Page 56)

"Sure," said the boy, "but they stayed. Annabee got—sort of crazy. She started yelling she was going to jump if I didn't—if I didn't marry her, right away, tonight. I thought she was just ginned up, even when she opened the door. I never thought ——"

"Where is Bitsy?" Charlotte said. She recognized him now, from a night long, long ago, in another existence, another world, remembered the roadster that had come swooping out at her that night when she and Junior were coming home from the airport. "Where were you? Where is Bitsy?"

"Out at the Silver Lake Auto Camp, I guess," the boy said.

"How do I get there?" Charlotte said.

He told her. Behind them Mrs. Baker had begun to sob at last, emptily, drearily, hopelessly.

"You'll have to notify the police," Charlotte told the boy. Dimly, as she ran out to her car, she was shocked at herself. The dead girl, the sobbing mother seemed almost not to matter to her. Nothing mattered to her except Bitsy.

The road narrowed and climbed a little through a grove of stately trees. A big sign with an arrow said "Silver Lake Auto Camp. Meals at All Hours. Cabins. Music and Dancing. Beer." The trees opened and before her Charlotte saw a sprawling building with orange windows. Cars were parked everywhere; there was a jarring sound of canned music. Scattered among the trees on the hillside, Charlotte could see little fake log cabins, and at the entrance to a path winding up to them a man was sitting in a canvas chair with a flashlight in his hand. On the tree over his head, in red neon lights, were the words "NO VACANCIES."

No vacancies.

At the doorway, she had to push past two soldiers and two girls. They didn't pay any attention to her. The main room was a sort of diner with a counter across the back and a big wing opened off to one side, and in it there was a dimly lit dance floor with booths all around it. Over the counter was a sign in gilt and black: "No Hard Liquor Sold Here." A man on one of the stools before the counter took a bottle out of his pocket, poured something in a glass and filled it up with beer. The juke box shrieked and a man in a white jacket behind the counter regarded Charlotte with eyes like a fish.

DEFINITIONS

Trouble: Something that many are looking for but no one wants. —ANON.

Sophistication: Knowing enough to keep your feet out of the crack of the theater seat in front of you. —DON HEROLD.

I have to find Bitsy, Charlotte said to herself, *but I must be careful. This is not like any place I ever saw before, but I've always been able to make men do what I wanted. I've got to do it now.*

"A cup of coffee, please," she said, and perched on a stool, smiling at him.

THE man behind the counter, whose name was Whitey, eyed her suspiciously. Of course nobody could touch him; he was outside the city limits and he stayed within the law, but the MP's and the county cops and the FBI were always trying to get something on him. The girls who came out to his place were strictly on their own. He wondered sometimes what their folks were thinking about, and when they came out in the afternoons with their schoolbooks under their arms, Whitey sent 'em home quick.

This dame might be looking for her husband or she might be working for the FBI. She didn't look like she was on the make, but it was hard to tell any more.

When she spoke in a high, sweet voice, Whitey jumped. But all she said was, "You've got a pretty place here. I've never been here before. The truth is, I lost my way, I must have taken a wrong turn. I—I'm a little embarrassed at being alone. Can I have another cup of coffee, please?"

Whitey said, "You haven't drunk the one you've got." His eyes narrowed. She wasn't FBI—she was an amateur. Amateurs always talked too much, giving phony explanations when nobody cared. Whitey knew nobody could miss a turn and wind up at his place he'd taken good care of that. So she'd cor looking for somebody. He said, "May you better go on home if you ain't used being out alone, lady." Her eyes met h He had never seen a woman's eyes like th before, like something inside her was cryin it made him uncomfortable. "If you're loo ing for trouble," he said, "you better home or you might find some you wasn looking for. I run a nice quiet ——"

"Take it easy, mister," a voice said.

In the mirror, Charlotte could see the m standing behind her. A man in the unifor of the United States Marines. His face h never been beautiful and somewhere som body—maybe the Japs—had messed it u but when he smiled something made Cha lotte smile back, quite naturally.

But the sergeant of marines had seen te ror in human eyes before. He said, "Ho about a dance, sister?"

A dance. With Annabee lying dead, ba there. And Bitsy —— But this might be way of finding Bitsy. Charlotte went smiling and slipped down from the stool.

THE music wasn't the kind she was us to and she stumbled.

"Take it easy," the sergeant said, and h arm tightened and she got some coura back. *Lay that pistol down, babe, lay th pistol down, pistol-packin' mama, lay th pistol down, lay that pistol down, babe, l that pistol down, pistol-packin' mama, lay-that—pistol—down.* After an eternity stopped and the sergeant said, "I guess v might go sit in a booth now." In the boot he said. "All right, now—what is it?"

"My daughter," Charlotte said. "She somewhere here and I've got to find her, ar I don't know how." Notl ing at all happened to th sergeant's face and sh told him, with a rus "She's only fourteen—sh doesn't know what she doing."

No vacancies. No vaca cies today. No vacanci tonight. No vacancies.

"She came with a sailo named Bill Shane," Cha lotte said.

"Sailor with curl hair?" the sergeant sai

Charlotte nodded, dumb with hope.

"I'll get you some hot coffee," the se geant said. "I'll be back. Just keep smiling.

Charlotte kept the smile nailed to he face; she stared and stared at the dancing— you could call it dancing. She was afraid t shut her eyes, because then, like a stereopt con picture, she saw Annabee. And then th picture would dissolve and it wasn't Anna bee any more, it was Bitsy.

A man, a little drunk, stopped in front c her, but just then the sergeant came back He removed the man with one hand, cas ually, and said, "Come on, sister."

He held the door open for her. And, stand ing under a tree with Bill Shane, she sa Bitsy.

She waited, but Bitsy didn't move, an slowly, on her shaking legs, Charlotte wen toward her.

"You let me alone," Bitsy said. "I'm no coming home."

Out of the night, the juke box jeered a Charlotte Wilson. *Come the dawn, I'll b gone . . . I want a girl in my arms tonight—tonight—tonight.* The light globes strun through the trees seemed to dance to th mocking measure. *Come the dawn, I'll b gone—I'll be gone—I'll be gone.*

The sailor named Bill stood motionless with Bitsy clinging to his arm. In the half light his wide eyes upon Charlotte wer hostile.

The sergeant said, "Come on, kid, thi isn't any place for you or your mother"; an when Bitsy didn't move, he looked at Bill

Bill's upper lip lifted, showing his teeth His whole young face brutalized in a flash "Mind your own business, you lousy ma rine," he said and his arm went back and h crouched for a swing.

(Continued on Page 60)

EXPOSED!

Read the True Tale of the Tortoise and the Hare...

● A long time ago, according to Aesop, there was a rabbit whose over-confidence lost him a race to a turtle. But the way *we* heard it—that dumb bunny bogged down because he'd gorged on a lunch as big as a banquet.

The story might have ended with *victory by a hare* if that stuffed bunny had known—as so many smart people today do—the secret of a light nourishing cereal lunch, a lunch built around delicious Grape-Nuts Flakes, for instance.

In Aesop's day there were no nutrition experts. Today, nutritionists agree that cereals like Grape-Nuts Flakes are perfect for any meal—one of the "Basic 7" foods you need daily—and that the whole-grain nourishment in Grape-Nuts Flakes provides precious vitamins, minerals and proteins, plus quick food-energy.

A big bowl of these crisp, malty-rich flakes teamed with fruit and whole milk provides no less than *three* of the "Basic 7" foods! All in the one delightful, taste-tantalizing dish! Ah joy—what flavor, what a happy way to get nourishment!

So try a tasty cereal lunch . . . nourishing and satisfying—yet light and easy to digest . . . it sends you back to work full of zip and bounce.

And you'll find Grape-Nuts Flakes wonderfully refreshing and cooling these logy hot days. You save work, time and fuss when you serve this favorite "ready cereal." Unrationed, too, and inexpensive.

So keep alert—keep going—with a crisp, delicious Grape-Nuts Flakes lunch *today!*

A Treat for Lunch

Grape-Nuts Flakes Waldorf

Grape-Nuts Flakes with Strawberries
Milk or Cream
Mixed Green Salad
Toasted Crackers & Orange Marmalade
Iced Tea

A GENERAL FOODS CEREAL

Grape-Nuts Flakes
A NOURISHING WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL FOOD
ECONOMY SIZE!
NOT TOO HEAVY . . . NOT TOO LIGHT . . .
THIS CEREAL LUNCH IS ALWAYS RIGHT!

Doctors report on PHILIP MORRIS:

PROVED FAR LESS IRRITATING TO THE NOSE AND THROAT!

WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, *EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION* OF NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER *CLEARED UP COMPLETELY*, OR *DEFINITELY IMPROVED!*

—Facts reported in medical journals on clinical tests made by distinguished doctors . . . *proving this finer cigarette is less irritating—safer—for the nose and throat!*

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

Finer flavor . . . less irritating . . . America's FINEST Cigarette

(Continued from Page 58)

The sergeant put a big hand on his arm. "I wouldn't do that if I was you," he said. "The kid goes home, huh?"

They stared at each other. Under the lights, their faces which were so different were suddenly alike, as though they had seen and known and learned the same things in the same school and belonged to a freemasonry that excluded all who hadn't got their learning in that school.

Suddenly Bill grinned. But when he looked around, his eyes were bitter. "Okay," he said. "Go on home, Bitsy."

"Bill, please ——" Bitsy said.

"Aw, go on home," Bill said.

When they were in the car, Bitsy and Charlotte, the sergeant said, "Take it easy, lady. They were just taking a little walk in the woods. It's a nice night." His back was toward the cabins; he was looking off to where the trees opened and the sky was full of a million million stars. He smiled at Charlotte. "Can you manage to drive all right?" he said.

"I can drive," Charlotte said. "I don't know how to thank you. If you hadn't come ——"

Bitsy was hanging out of the window as far as she could go. "Bill, aren't you coming with us?"

"Who, me?" Bill said. "Why should I?" He went toward the café with a rolling swagger, not looking back.

The car slid along the dirt road. Huddled in the corner, Bitsy pulled the golden curtain of her hair across her face to hide the tears. The leather seat stirred uneasily beneath her sobs. Slowing the car, Charlotte reached over and pulled her close and the girl yielded, helplessly, childishly seeking the old comfort, the old contact; the golden head rested on Charlotte's shoulder and she could feel her daughter's hot tears on her neck, and desperate, uneven breath.

"Oh, how could you?" Bitsy said between sobs. "How could you? His last night—I hate you. I'll always hate you. He won't ever speak to me again. I can't bear it. I wish I was dead."

MERE BABE

Some fathers were talking about the extraordinary qualities of their children. After hearing many opinions expressed, one of them said, "Now I have a perfect son. He never smokes, doesn't go to clubs, and never comes home late."

They all said what a splendid fellow! Then one inquired, "How old is he?"

The father replied, "Six months."

—C. W. KIMMINS: The Spring of Laughter (Methuen & Co., Ltd.)

Charlotte's arm tightened. She thought, *I've got to tell her. I can't wait till tomorrow. There'll never be a better time than now.*

"That's a terrible thing to say, Bitsy," she said quietly. "You don't know how terrible it is for you to have said it, tonight of all nights. When I'm trying to think of a way to tell you that Annabee is ——" She stopped. She couldn't say the word. Not after Bitsy had said it. "There was an accident tonight, Bitsy. And Annabee was killed."

Bitsy was perfectly still.

"She was coming home from that place," Charlotte went on, "that horrible place where I found you, Bitsy—and she jumped out of the car."

"Jumped?" Bitsy said. "Why would she?" She sat up quickly. "I don't believe she jumped. I think Vernon pushed her. He wanted to get rid of her. He ——"

"He didn't do it, Bitsy. I saw him when he—when he brought her home, and I know. Perhaps she didn't mean to do it. Perhaps she was only pretending she was going to, so as to frighten him into marrying her. But—it happened, Bitsy. She was in trouble; she was so desperate that she didn't know what she was doing. Not any more than you knew what you were doing, when you went out to that dreadful place tonight. When ——"

"Stop it!" Bitsy was sobbing again. "You're just trying to make me forget what you did to me! Taking me away from Bill, when it's his last night! Trying to make me think I might be killed, too, if I ——" She choked. "I'm not going to be killed. But Bill might be. This might be the last time I'll ever see him—and you had to take me away from him!"

She can't think; she can only feel. Annabee was her best friend for years and Annabee's dead, but all that matters to her is this boy she's only known for a few days. John and I and all we've been to her all her life don't mean anything to her. Nothing means anything to her except herself and her selfish sorrow. It isn't even selfish; it's savage—that's all children are, savages. That's what Shakespeare meant when he wrote Romeo and Juliet. They were only children—Juliet was only thirteen, younger than Bitsy, even—and they couldn't wait, they couldn't think, not about their families, not even about themselves. Like Annabee and that boy. Like Bitsy and Bill Shane. It isn't their fault. It's ours. Mine. I could have protected Bitsy against this. But I didn't. If Annabee's mother hadn't burned her hand I'd still be asleep, thinking Bitsy was safe in her bed.

John got home for breakfast. John, real and strong and calm, there at the head of the table upon which Charlotte had managed to lay out a gay welcome. All the time she was putting on the bright dishes and the flowered glasses and filling the pottery bowl with zinnias, all the time she was squeezing the orange juice and frying the precious bacon, Charlotte had been saying to herself, *I won't tell him until after breakfast. It's so long since he's had it with us. I won't spoil it for him. I'll let Bitsy stay asleep so he won't even have to know about Annabee.*

So now there he sat, his dark, lean face all alight with pride in Clare and Junior. His eyes went from Clare's black head to Junior's cowlick and then he smiled at Charlotte, a shy, embarrassed smile at his own pride.

It was going to be awful beyond what she had dreamed, telling him. Maybe he wouldn't believe her, maybe he wouldn't be able to believe her. For, to her astonishment, on the surface everything was as it had always been, like a bright morning after a storm. Clare's voice was just a little too loud; there was defiance under her ease, but except for these things there was no sign that anything had happened. Maybe it hadn't happened, Charlotte thought; maybe she was coming out of a nightmare like the ones she used to have as a child, maybe she'd dreamed it all, Joe McCarey and Elsie, and the tourist camp at Silver Lake. But she hadn't dreamed Annabee. When she shut her eyes, there against the eyelids was Annabee.

Junior was saying, "I built a new destroyer, dad. Bitsy knows a guy fought on it in the Battle of Midway."

"Let's go see it," John said.

They went out noisily and Charlotte began picking up the dishes. They ought to add dishes to death and taxes; someday she'd write a book herself and call it Death, Taxes and Dishes. All the time her mind was busy with the thought of telling John about the sailor who had put that excited reverence into Junior's voice, the sailor who'd fought on that destroyer at Midway, the same sailor who'd said, "Go on home, Bitsy."

John came back. "I just called the plant; I've got to go out there right away. I'll be back early, though."

"You can't go to the plant now," Charlotte said, "not today. You have to stay home. I've got to talk to you, John; believe me, I've just got to."

John stood looking at her soberly. "It's important," he said. "I talked to Mr. Holland himself. I'll come home early, darling; we can talk then. Is anything wrong?"

"Everything's wrong, John," Charlotte said.

He put his arm around her then, touching her cheek with his hand reassuringly.

(Continued on Page 62)

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Asleep in the deep with a jeep!

Some jeeps fly and some jeeps float — but this one was a deep-sea diver.

The crew of a U. S. submarine took it from a pier at Pearl Harbor. They stowed tires and engine inside the sub, lashed the rest to the deck, and rambled all over — and under — the Pacific. But with so little time ashore to enjoy the jeep, they finally swapped it to a destroyer *for three gallons of ice cream!*

Such a price for a prized possession shows how *much* service men like ice cream. Like the Marine who wrote from his jungle foxhole that he wanted ice cream three times a day *every day* after the war — or the report that Americans in Tunisia rate ice cream as next best to a date with a pretty girl!

Fighting men may eat ice cream just because it's good. But the nutrition experts regularly include it in service menus *because it's also a valuable food, rich in vitamins and calcium.*

Today, of course, the ice cream supply is limited by the world-wide need for milk, cream, butter and cheese. But if you'll be content with your fair share, you can still enjoy it.

For our part, we'll continue and enlarge the program of research that has constantly improved the quality of ice cream — and has developed so many other useful and satisfying products from milk — nature's most nearly perfect food.

Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.

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Only one soap gives your skin this exciting Bouquet

oday as for 75 romantic years popular girls bathe with Cashmere Bouquet Soap!

oung lady, if you long to have men ink you lovely, remember this secret . the haunting, flower like scent that ashmere Bouquet Soap leaves on your in, is the *fragrance men love!*

nd Cashmere Bouquet Soap alone rings you this fragrance—achieved a secret wedding of rare perfumes—erfumes far more costly than you'd pect to find in any soap.

o lady, bathe tonight with Cashmere ouquet Soap. Glory in the thrill of being utterly fresh, exquisitely dainty and desirable. Cashmere Bouquet Soap gently banishes staleness, leaving you radiantly clean, your skin sweetly scented with the fragrance men love.

And, of course, cream your face with the gentle, rich lather of Cashmere Bouquet Soap. It washes away dirt and make-up, leaves your complexion like "peaches and cream."

Let this lovely bouquet soap make *you* more exciting tonight.

Adorns your skin with the fragrance men love

Cashmere Bouquet Soap

LOVED BY MILLIONS
R ITS FRAGRANT BOUQUET

Cashmere Bouquet

ONLY 10¢
3 FOR 27¢

(Continued from Page 60)

But all the time she could feel him pulling away, anxious to be gone, his mind racing toward whatever was coming up at the plant. No use starting it now. Tonight, when his day's work was behind him and they were alone and quiet and she had time to explain everything. Maybe that was the right way to do it.

She lifted her mouth to his good-by kiss and even managed a smile and a hand wave from the window as he drove away.

She went back to her dishes. Now that John was no longer here, standing between her and the thought of Bitsy, she found herself dreading the moment when the merciful miracle of young, forgetting sleep would end and Bitsy would have to face realities again.

I have to be so careful. It can be a lesson to her. Or it can be a shock that will leave a scar forever. One way or the other, it can change her whole life. And it depends on me to make it the right way. And I don't know how—I don't know how!

Then her heart eased. John would be here. And John would know what to do. She wasn't alone. It wouldn't depend on her—not all of it, anyway. Her native optimism was coming back to life when the telephone rang. It was John's voice, hot and triumphant and ruthless, as she'd never heard it before.

"It's happened," he said. "I'm catching the Baltimore plane at three o'clock. I'm going to ——"

"No," Charlotte said, "not this time. I have to talk to you, John. I've *got* to. It's about the children and it's something terrible, John. It's—it's a matter of life and death. I mean that, John. Really life and death."

THERE was a terrifying silence. Then John Wilson said, "You'll have to come out here, then. I can't leave. I'm waiting to hear from the State Department. But we'll have time to talk."

The last place I want to be, Charlotte thought, walking into his office. Here he was John Wilson, the responsible head of great affairs. And it was to the father of Clare and Bitsy and Junior she must speak. And she was horribly unsure of herself. The mirror had told her, as she dressed to come here, that she looked her age. Oh, she had done her best with creams and lotions, with hot towels and ice, she had put all her artistry into her make-up and her selection of the dark suit and the blue hat that shaded her face but left the glory of her hair to shine. But it wasn't any use, not really. Nobody would ever take her to be Bitsy's sister again. So that in this vital moment she had altogether lost the bright self-confidence of her youth and beauty.

"You can't go away today," she said, not even trying to lead up to it because she was so nervous. "You listen to me, John, and you'll see that you can't go."

BEFORE she was half through he was pacing the floor, back and forth, with long, swift strides. Once or twice he looked at her, his eyes dark, and sometimes he went to the window, listening with his back to her, listening to Clare and Joe McCarey and the divorce, to Annabee and the boy who had said go ahead and jump, to Bitsy and the Silver Lake Auto Camp. She poured out everything that was in her heart, scrambling details and crises, big and little fears and problems, even the silly, boyish problem of Junior, who thought he believed in a hypothesis instead of God.

When she had finished, John Wilson said starkly, "Lotte, I'm going to go overseas—to Russia."

The room spun. Everything else vanished. She ran toward him, clutching at him, her face pressed against his chest.

"John," she said, "it's so far. They're fighting ——"

"That's why I have to go," John said. "I can speed things up a little."

Charlotte's hand relaxed, she tilted her head back to look at him. "Then it doesn't matter what happens to your own children?" she said icily. "They don't come first any more? You just walk off to Russia and leave them, when ——"

John's face was white and drawn, so that the bones stood out. He said, "The children are your job. You're their mother. Lots of men in this war aren't in uniform, Lotte. I'm in the war. I'm fighting—fighting for those children. If we don't win the war, whatever happens to them now won't matter."

The phone rang and while she listened to brief phrases—the clipper . . . Baltimore . . . stand by—she realized that something had happened between John Wilson and Charlotte, his wife. Often she had imagined scenes in which he told her he no longer loved her, had grown tired of her, wanted another woman. This was the old, old fear of losing him, but now its bigness overwhelmed her.

He came back to stand before her. "It's your job to look after the children when I go to war," he said savagely. "You have to be both father and mother to them; it's your job, it's every mother's job in wartime. It's

---

Ask Any Woman

BY MARCELENE COX

WE'VE discovered, since gasoline rationing, that some real nice people live on our side of the river.

Small boy's observation about a playmate: "He has such a wonderful mother; she's always home."

One good thing about having less clothes these days is that you always know without deliberating whether you can go or stay.

There are two times in a woman's life when clothes are important: when she is young and when she is old.

Fathers are like opera stars: they do not sing their roles every day, but when they do it's with all their might.

Modern version: A child should be able to handle any problem that may arise in managing his parents.

It is a good eye opener for a parent to sit down occasionally and list the number of rules that could be violated by the children.

Mothers frequently have their portraits painted with one swift stroke by a child. "I'll tell you all about the party, mamma," said a small girl, "if you'll stay still in one place."

It is easier to become a victim of the way of doing housework than of the amount of it.

Probably the woman who gets through her required homework with the least ruffle on her emotional surface is the one who does a certain thing *somewhere* around a certain time.

Small boy's explanation of what happened to his allowance: "You see, mother, some fellows invited me in to treat them."

There is only one way of bossing, but many ways of leading.

Narrow-mindedness: allowing one's prejudices to become convictions.

It takes more skill to lose a family argument than to win one.

3 ways to tell a Fib

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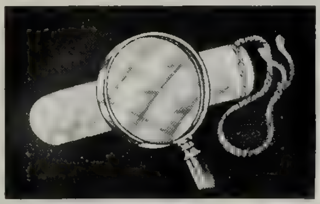

1. Fibs Are Quilted

. . . for more comfort, greater safety in *internal* protection—that's why, with Fibs, there's no danger of cotton particles clinging to any delicate membranes. And quilting *controls* expansion . . . so Fibs don't stretch out to an uncomfortable size which might cause pressure, irritation, difficult removal.

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. . . smooth, gently tapered ends . . . for *easy insertion!* Unlike any leading tampon you've ever tried. Your own eyes tell you that Fibs *must* be easier to use! You'll like the just-right size of Fibs . . . they're not too large, not too tiny.

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. . . a name you know, a tampon you can trust. No other brand is made of Cellucotton,* the soft, *fast* absorbent that's used in Kotex* and demanded by many famous hospitals! In Fibs, just as in Kotex, there's no compromise with quality.

(*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

The Kotex Tampon for Internal Protection

her part to"—his mouth twisted bitterly—"to keep the home fires burning."

His eyes weighed her coldly. No one had ever looked at Charlotte like that before, no one except Grandma Halloran. Back in her mind echoed a poor little laugh at how she'd thought she could always handle John Wilson. Now she was being asked to measure up to a standard she had chosen to discard, she was asked to be worthy of love, not just to create and excite it.

A tall, plain secretary came in with papers, and when he had signed them John Wilson said:

"Tell Mr. Holland I'll be there in a few minutes, Miss Jennings."

The silence seemed long, long.

"I can't do anything with them," Charlotte said.

"You have to," John Wilson said. "None of it should have happened. Don't think I don't blame myself. All the blame isn't on your shoulders."

"Blame?" Charlotte Wilson said faintly.

"Yes, blame," John Wilson said. "You can't possibly think it's their fault—poor little devils. It's ours, yours and mine. We haven't done our job—not even the way we've pretended we were doing it. Perhaps we were right in believing that it's better to be pals with our children than to be the old-fashioned spare-the-rod-and-spoil-the-child kind of parents. But we haven't been pals, Lotte. All we've done is to let them call us by our first names. We haven't any use for the old-fashioned discipline, and maybe we're right about it. But we haven't tried, either of us, to tell them about the other kind. The kind we believe in for ourselves. The discipline that makes for decent behavior, fair play, good taste, high ideals, not because they're compulsory but because they're reasonable and necessary and right. We've never even tried to make them see that. And now we've got to make them see it. And you've got to do it for both of us. I'm going to Russia. I've got to go. And you've got to carry on for both of us till I come back."

They had moved closer together.

"A lot of mothers are going to have to carry on for fathers who aren't ever coming back," he said.

Charlotte couldn't speak. John Wilson might be one of those fathers.

"I have to count on you," he said. "The country has to count on you. On mothers. It's no good winning the war if the children to whom we're trying to hand a decent world have gone to hell while we're winning it. It's up to you, Lotte. I'm trusting them to you. I've got to. And I'm not afraid to."

He kissed her and held her close.

"I've always loved you," he said. "I always will. Remember that. Wherever I am. Whatever happens."

Charlotte Wilson absorbed the words, breathed them in deep. He still loved her. He always would. But not in the same way. Looking into his stern eyes, she knew that if when he came back she had failed him, he would not love her, all through the long years of their life yet to be lived, the way she wanted him to love her.

In the outer office she stood for a moment, steadying herself.

Then she stopped at the secretary's desk. "Miss Jennings," she said, "do you know if a seventeen-year-old girl can get a job without her parents' consent?"

Miss Jennings looked up politely. Of course she had never thought John Wilson's wife good enough for him, but evidently she was taking the news of this Russian trip well—at least her chin was up and her eyes were bright.

"Oh, no," she said. "You see, they have to have working papers, and to get those they must have at least one parent's consent."

"Thank you," Charlotte Wilson said. "It was—sort of important for me to know." And she managed to smile at Miss Jennings before she marched out.

(To be Concluded)

"The 1-Minute Mask makes smooth make-up so Easy!"
says beautiful
Mrs. Lawrence W. Earle
the former Antonia Drexel, of the prominent Philadelphia family

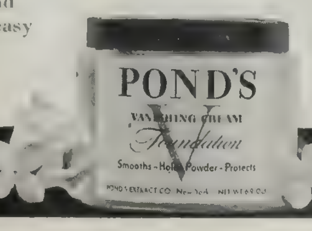
"A scratchy, drab, 6 o'clock complexion simply can't take make-up properly," explains charming, young Mrs. Earle. "Little chappings snag your powder, and tiny specks of imbedded dirt dull your color . . .

"But a 1-Minute Mask solves my make-up problems beautifully!" Mrs. Earle spreads Pond's Vanishing Cream in a cool white coat over all but her eyes. After one minute, tissues off this Mask. Roughnesses and dirt particles have been loosened and dissolved by the "keratolytic" action of the Cream!

"I can see the results of a 1-Minute Mask right away!" Mrs. Earle says. "My skin looks clearer and more alive—and it has the soft, mat finish that takes powder perfectly. Do you wonder that the Mask is my favorite beauty pick-me-up?"

"A quick, light powder base, too . . ."

"I like to use Pond's Vanishing Cream *two* ways," says Mrs. Earle. "3 or 4 times a week as a 1-Minute Mask—and the rest of the time smoothed on very lightly and *left* on—for a quick, non-greasy powder base."



Help ease the glass shortage by buying one BIG jar of Pond's Vanishing Cream instead of several smaller ones.

Take a job! The more women at work—the sooner we win!

Honest now---
how could a noodle soup be better'n this?

Old-fashioned, chicken-y flavor in every cup! Rich golden broth, swimming with tender noodles, flecked with parsley and savory-seasoned... that's Lipton's!

Child's play to make! Just empty the envelope into boiling water ---cook 7 minutes---and soup's on!

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More soup for your money. Half again as much as you get from an average can!

And darn little money! Only 10¢ for a package---and 4 to 6 servings of the grandest noodle soup you ever tasted!

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Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

BEST MAN FOR MILLY

(Continued from Page 29)

uld have added except Milly, too, for she cepted her family and place without estion.

She could spell. She could do her probns. She could read out loud in a liquid, ely small voice. She sang in church and nday school. She played the banjo. The rse, the teachers, the neighbors, the other ldren all loved her.

"She has to have an education," I said. 'm going to bring her in to live with me en she gets to high school."

'Let her alone, Maggie Roberts," growled nurse, "she's doing fine where she is. The place out there would fall down without . They need her more than you do."

There was justice in these remarks. Milly s getting along all right. But my mind ged ahead. I didn't want her to acquire Ellisons' cultural standard, for she was able of the best. I didn't want her to rry some boy that couldn't appreciate and be poor and have it hard all her . I couldn't bear it, I thought. It wasn't much being poor—but being unappreci-d, being commonplace and having a nmonplace life.

As principal of the grade school—and that luded junior high—I had plenty of oppority to study Milly during those years. I ght the eighth-grade English classes my-f, and we read a good deal of poetry. I ays had a burning and never-discouraged ire to instill in some of my pupils a love the beautiful.

After one of these classes Milly leaned on desk and turned the pages of the book ck and found what she s looking for and read o me, breathlessly:

Tiger! Tiger! burning
bright,
the forests of the
night ——"

'What does it mean, lly?" I asked her, and looked at me, her eks pink and her eyes y bright.

'Mean?" she said. Vhy, Miss Roberts!" d she was shocked. So ad one of those awful oolteachery moments.

MATRIMONY

To me the extraordinary thing is not that so many people remain unmarried, but that so many rush into marriage as they might rush into a station to catch a train. And if you catch the wrong train, what then? All you have to comfort you is the fact that you have traveled.

—ROBERT HICHENS: Quoted in Modern Marriage and How to Bear It. Maud Churton Braby. (Michell Kennerly.)

She was right, of course. It was sheer uty. One *knew* what it meant. It meant re than one could say. It meant more, eed, than William Blake himself could . My heart moved in my breast—my tered old heart which had worn itself in thirty-one years in the classroom. ildren and their children after them had before me, and I had seen the promising w and eye fade and grow dull with pov-y and hard work and the long uncompen-ing years. But I never stopped hoping d struggling, and some of my pupils had ne far—far indeed. But none had ever ne to me with eyes and brow like this one!

s IT happened, Milly did come to live h me when she was a senior in high school. old father had died, at ninety-two, and vas alone. It was my last of thirty-five rs of teaching and I would be retired on teacher's pension. I'd had a little trouble h my heart—sometimes I was short of ath—and I did so want to finish that last r! Besides, I needed my pension. It was ut all I had saved.

Miss Graham came to my door one day h Milly and an old concertina bag that d not seen the light of day for a generan. "Milly's going to live with you this r, Miss Roberts," the nurse said. "Doc-says that school-bus ride is too hard for . She needs to be in town. She'll wash dishes and be here at night—and she d of thought you might coach her so she get a scholarship."

They didn't deceive me any, but I was so teful I just took the whole matter as it od. And Milly lived with me.

The only reason I'd ever regretted not marrying was that I'd missed having a daughter. But if I'd married and had children, it's not likely I'd ever have had a child like Milly, and one year of her was worth more than a generation of ordinary girls. It was just joy to have her there. She was like a bright bird. She was quick. She darted. She laughed out loud. She made good jokes, and her peals of merriment at my little jokes and puns made the old house tremble. She was always pretty, asleep, sprawled in the old brass bed in the back room, or studying, in the grotesque curled-up postures of late adolescence—and so responsive! It was no surprise to me that she was valedictorian of her class and May Queen and president of the Girls' Athletic Association and everything else that was available. Everyone knew how superior she was—everyone!

AND then the blow fell. All the boys liked Milly, and she had plenty of dates for a seventeen-year-old. I let her go to the show sometimes when it was a good show, and the boys came to my house to have Milly help them with Latin—or some such ruse. But she treated them all alike. She liked them as she liked everyone. But that April Sunday when it had been strangely hot all day with the sweet smell of drying fields, Milly came to my door in a battered old car with a tall, uncouth-looking boy. I looked out the window and saw her get out. He lifted her bag down and they stood and looked at each other and my heart really faltered.

I don't know what all was wrong with him—everything! He was tall and he looked big and strong, but he was without grace. Surely I, of all people, should know that you can't tell anything about a boy of eighteen or nineteen. Five years later you hardly know one, he's so changed. But I felt I could tell certain essentials. He looked at the house and saw me and blushed brick-red. His face was homely enough to stop a clock and he was freckled. His trousers were too short and his feet too big. He brought Milly's bag in and she introduced him to me.

"Miss Roberts, this is Calhoun Baker. He graduated last year from the Sugar Ridge Township School. But he only lives four miles from us. He's joined our church." She was a little breathless, starry-eyed.

The boy didn't say a word. He just stood there like a dumb ox. He made a jerky little bow in my direction, but he couldn't speak for himself. I tried to be kind to him, but my heart wasn't in it. I told Milly to find some cookies and cold milk and they went out into the kitchen. I heard them giggling.

After he was gone Milly said anxiously, "You don't like him, do you, Miss Roberts?"

"Why, Milly," I said, "I don't know him. I'll have to get acquainted with him. Tell me about him."

She stood there, her slender hands linked together, her dark blue eyes smoky with dreams, and she said gently, "There's nothing much to tell. He's just—a boy. The Bakers are farmers. But there's something about him—like drums. Like the drums after the music stops and the drums roll on."

This is it, I thought. *She has to love some-one—she's at an age when she's got to love someone—and this is a new boy.* But she might marry him. She might! I looked at her and wondered why some great producer didn't chance to see her and take her away and make a great actress of her.

Then Milly surprised me. She said, "He's a poet, Miss Roberts. Calhoun writes poetry."

Well, that was too much! I couldn't think of a thing to say to her. He was at the

(Continued on Page 67)

Plenty of Drive... in this
MORNING ENERGY BREAKFAST!

Make Nabisco Shredded Wheat the star course. Natural whole wheat energy-cereal! Delicious!

Children need it! Grown-ups enjoy it!... Energy that keeps 'em happy while they work or play! A delicious breakfast with Nabisco Shredded Wheat supplies real food-energy! It's a treat to eat!... Firm biscuits, toasted golden-brown! Sunny flavor of ripe whole wheat! Delightful lasting crispness! Nabisco Shredded Wheat is made from 100% whole wheat, one of the Basic 7 Foods our Government advises to help us stay strong. Delicious with milk—a double treat with fruit or berries.

NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT
contributes these essential food elements:

1. PROTEINS for strength
2. CARBOHYDRATES for energy
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4. IRON for blood-building
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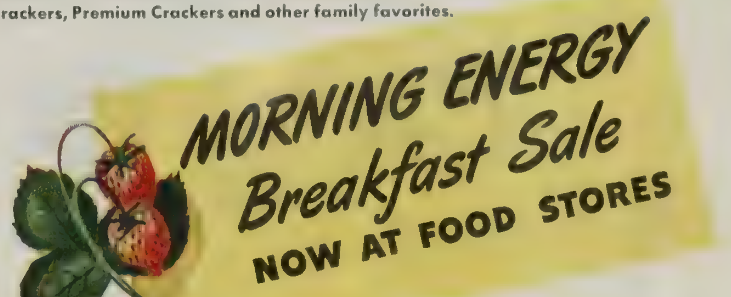
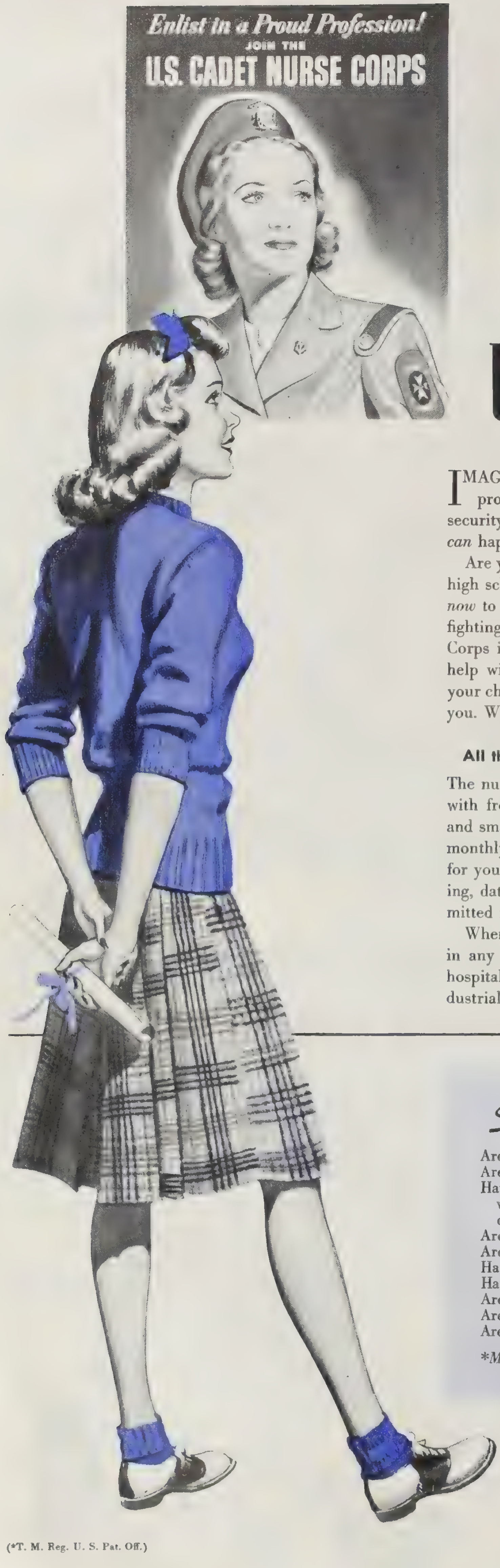
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY, makers of Nabisco Cereals, Ritz Crackers, Premium Crackers and other family favorites.





Here's the kind of important career every girl graduate dreams about!

YOU'LL SECURE YOUR FUTURE—SERVE YOUR COUNTRY NOW— WHEN YOU QUALIFY FOR FREE PROFESSIONAL TRAINING IN THE

U. S. CADET NURSE CORPS

IMAGINE stepping out of high school into a proud profession that promises lifelong security—and *pays* you for the privilege! It *can* happen to you!

Are you at least 17 years old? You and *65,000* high school graduates, from 17 to 35, are needed *now* to help replace nurses who are serving our fighting men. Joining the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps is your chance to prove your patriotism, help win the war on the home front. And, it's your chance for a career education at no cost to you. With pay, besides!

All this—And a Fascinating Future, Too!

The nursing school you select will provide you with free tuition, room, board, books, laundry and smart new uniforms. Plus a cash allowance monthly! While training, you'll have time out for your personal interests. For social life—dancing, dating, sports. Even for marriage (it's permitted now in some nursing schools)!

When you graduate, you may choose a career in any essential nursing position. In a civilian hospital, or in public health. You may be an industrial health nurse, an executive, an instructor, a hospital director, an airplane hostess. Your lifetime job may be in one of *many* specialized nursing fields!

Your Nursing Help is a Vital War Job!

Even while you train, you'll be serving your country. For almost at once you'll assume certain duties that will help release a graduate nurse. A crucially important service now, when nurses are so critically needed! And think how much you can do to help relieve the ill or injured . . . new mothers and their babies . . . who *depend* on nursing care!

What To Do

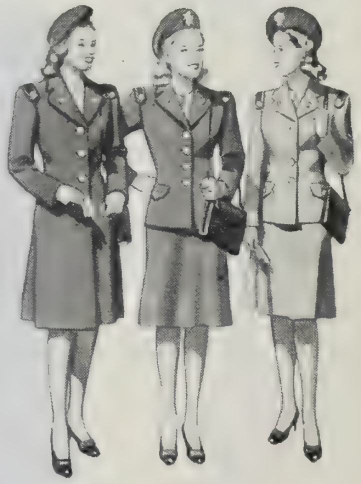
Today, ask at your local hospital for information about the Cadet Nurse Corps. Or write U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps, Box 88, New York, N. Y. And before you decide on *your* school of nursing, get full details from at least two nursing schools.

Remember, *now* is the time to start serving your country—establishing your future—with the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps of the U. S. Public Health Service!

See if you pass this test!

Are you between 17* and 35 years of age?
Are you in good health?
Have you graduated from an accredited high school with satisfactory grades, or have you had some college education?
Are you interested in people?
Are you interested in science?
Have you a sense of humor?
Have you an orderly mind?
Are you neat?
Are you deft with your hands?
Are you quick to grasp what you see, read and hear?

**Minimum age requirement in some nursing schools is 18.*



Published in the interest of the war effort by the distributors of Kotex sanitary napkins.*

We take pride in being able to bring this message to high school graduates. And take pride, too, that Kotex is helping women in war plants, in Service and in professional life, to keep going—in comfort.

(*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

(Continued from Page 65)

versifying age as she was at the age for romantic attachment. They went together, I thought bitterly. We had been reading and studying all the great English poetry all winter. Milly had memorized all that Christina Rossetti had written, and all the best of Keats and Shelley and Thomas Hood and Blake and some of those less well known. She had learned the words of old songs and ballads left out of the newer books. How could she not know the difference, now? I had seen rural poets and their work before. Some of them wrote for the county paper. I shuddered.

The boy didn't come to my house much. But he wrote to Milly. Almost every day she got a letter from him. I could have told you where he went to school from looking at the envelopes. Old Professor Tillson, of the Sugar Ridge School, is a demon on penmanship. All his students learn to write well. But this lad pointed up his *l*'s and *m*'s more than most of them. It was a good hand he wrote, for an ignorant country boy. I knew that Milly saw him every Sunday at home. She spoke about seeing him. She spoke of him often. She forgave me, with her loving-kindness, for not liking him. She would not quarrel or argue about it. But her attachment was deep. It broke my heart.

Once, in the kitchen, I was washing dishes and she was drying them. It was getting near Commencement time and I spoke of how hot the day had been. She said, quoting lines not familiar to me:

"*So hot! So still! So*
burning white the
sun!
Dazed are the banks
with heat ——"

I tried to remember where it came from, but could not place it.

"*The burning sun*
turns slowly to the
west.
Under the thick shade
tree, plow horses
rest."

She stopped and looked at me, her cheeks red as fire.

"I don't remember that, Milly," I said. "Who wrote it?"

"Calhoun. It's one of his. They're going to be printed in a book, Miss Roberts. A man from New York is going to print them."

I couldn't say a word. *I must be slipping,* I thought. For a moment, it had really sounded like something! And now some racketeering printer had got hold of the boy or his folks and was probably going to bring out some cheap little edition—for a few hundred dollars.

I SAID sharply, "Tell Calhoun not to pay out any money to anyone; it's so often a crooked business—this hiring poetry printed. It really is!"

"Yes, Miss Roberts," Milly said gently. "I'll tell him."

I couldn't be angry with her. I could only grieve.

It was almost the end of the school year. Miss Graham and I had told Mrs. Ellison that we were going to get all Milly's graduation things for her. We make a great to-do of high-school graduation in Sugar County. There are always a few that go to college, but for most of them it is the end of childhood. After high school there are work and early marriage and adult life. Commencement is the time of flowering. Long dresses and class night and Baccalaureate and Commencement itself and a class picnic and a class day and everything else that we can think of for one glorious week.

Miss Graham and I had satisfied all our own old frustrations on Milly. She had the prettiest white organdy dress and the prettiest slippers and sheerest stockings, a good sports dress—everything. Even a new suitcase. She accepted it all with her own innate poise which had come upon her when she stood alone and began to walk. She was not so excited, so gloating as Miss Graham and I were. We brought her mother in to see everything, all spread out, with the many gifts Milly had received from classmates and teachers and townspeople.

MRS. ELLISON was positively starry-eyed. She hadn't had a baby now for some years, but she was still able to be a little coy on occasion. I teased her about never having had the sixteen and she laughed.

"Wasn't that conceited, now—me putting down sixteen spaces!" she said good-naturedly. "But I was always a bearing woman. I've got nine grandchildren already, Miss Roberts, and likely to have more. You know Milly'll be eighteen in July. As soon as graduation is over she's going to marry Calhoun Baker. His paw has give him a piece of land and the kids are going to live in a tent on it and build theirselves a house this summer."

I sat down in a chair and put my hand over my heart. I looked at her and she said:

"Now, I've brought on one of your spells." She was grieved.

When I could speak I said, "I thought Milly was going to college—I thought she wanted a scholarship."

"Why, Miss Roberts," Mrs. Ellison said sensibly, "what girl would go to college that could marry with Calhoun Baker?"

I sat alone all afternoon thinking about Milly and debating in my mind what I could say to her. But when she came in she came right to me and kissed my cheek and she said:

"I'm sorry ma told you, Miss Roberts. I wanted to tell you myself. Miss Graham and I planned to take you out next Sunday to see our land—where Cal and I are going to build our house. We've got a hilltop. You never saw such a wide, high place. And Cal's a good farmer, Miss Roberts. We'll have forty acres. On Sugar Ridge. You can see miles to the west and clear to town to the east. We're going to build our own house—every stick of it. The lumber's all been milled and stacked and Cal's got the money for doorknobs and window glass and such. Oh, Miss Roberts, do try to be happy for me. I love him so. He's the only man I would ever marry."

"He's practically the only man you ever knew, Milly," I said. "What do you know of men?"

"If I knew them all," she said, "it would still be Cal. Oh, Miss Roberts, I told you once—you should understand better than anyone—when he leaves me and walks away in the moonlight the drums roll. They roll after him. I can hear them. If I didn't know

Song of the Women for a Blessing

By Elizabeth Coatsworth

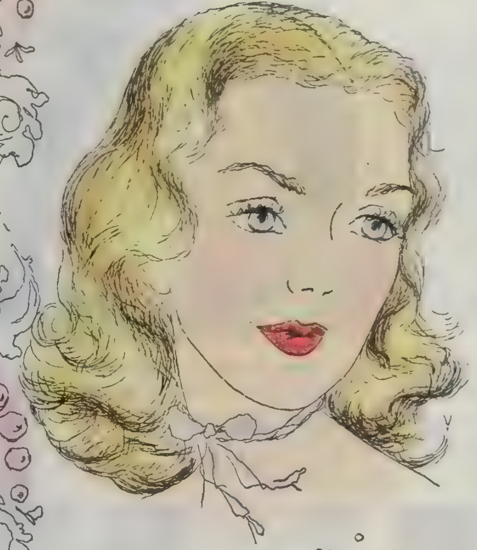
Hope still is with us
In the gray farmhouses;
Hope has not left us.
We do not despair
While in the dooryards
Bloom the old flowers
Which our mothers tended—
Hope still is there.

When by the doorstep
No peonies are blooming,
Nor columbine nor hollyhocks
Nor asters ever grow,
The woman of the farmhouse
Has given up the struggle.
When you see no flowers,
That's a thing you know.

Lord, we ask little,
Neither wealth nor comfort,
Just the strength to carry
The load our mothers bore.
But we work the harder,
And can speak the kinder
For a hope in our hearts
And flowers by the door.

TWO PROMINENT SOCIETY BEAUTIES TELL

— how to choose your right summer powder shade



Miss Cynthia McAdoo

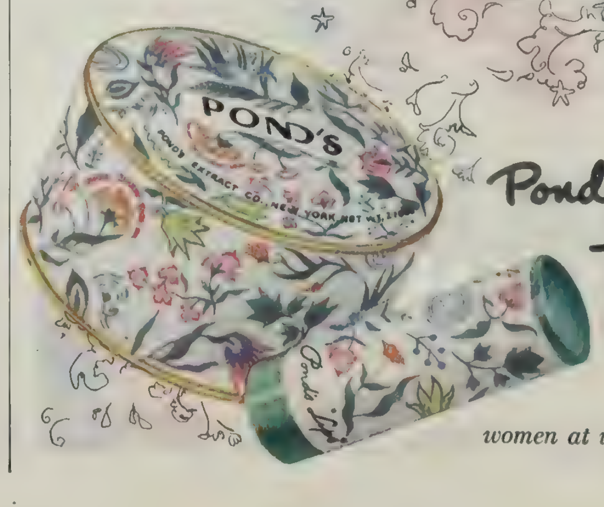
blonde, young, and charming, says, "Fair skin like mine turns a rosy tan in summer—and ordinary sun-tan powders show up yellow, especially around the nose. The shade I love is Pond's Dreamflower 'Dusk Rose.' It has a soft glow that blends marvelously with my tan—makes my skin look smoother! *If you're a blonde, choose Pond's 'Dusk Rose' for summer.*"

Mrs. Lawrence W. Earle

a beautiful, starry-eyed brunette says, "Summer sun turns my brunette complexion a *golden bronze.* My favorite summer powder is Pond's deep golden 'Dark Rachel.' It makes my tan look richer and softer—and never gives that whitish, powdered look. *I really think that Pond's Dreamflower 'Dark Rachel' is the ideal shade for sun-tanned brunettes!*"

Pond's Dreamflower Powder

features 2 gorgeous shades for summer
DUSK ROSE—for rosy-tan blondes
DARK RACHEL for golden-tan brunettes
49¢, 25¢, 10¢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POND'S EXTRACT CO. NEW YORK NET WT.

Pond's "LIPS"
— stays on longer

Five wonderful shades that stay on and on. Gay, flower-sprinkled cases—49¢, 10¢.

Take a job! The more women at work—the sooner we win!

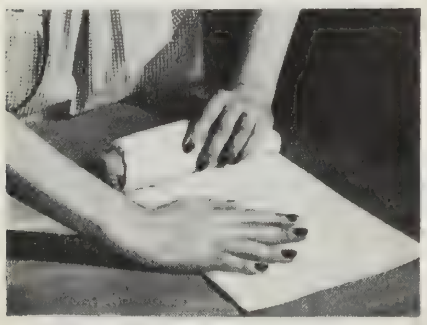
So you think you can iron a Shirt?

Now that you're doing more laundry at home (helping out the local manpower shortage)—maybe some of these hints will come in handy.

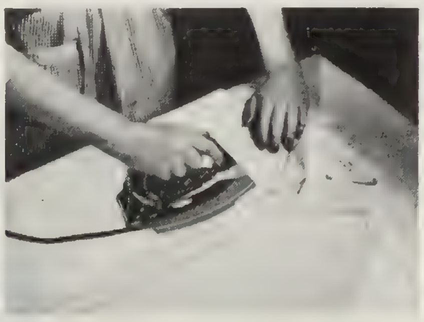
Read how to get a beautifully crisp, fresh-as-paint finish for shirts—*easier, quicker!* Get a beam of approval from the guy who wears 'em!

1. Use medium starch. Make basic starch as usual, add SATINA. (Medium starch—2 parts lukewarm water, 1 part basic starch mixture.) Satina gives an extra-smooth finish—makes *all* starched things iron easier.

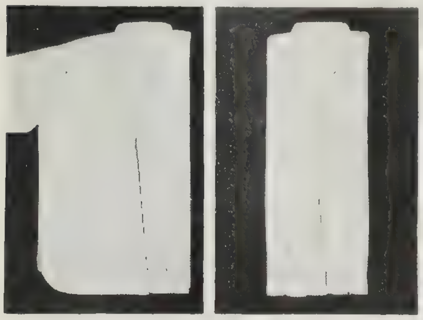
2. This is how! Starch shirt cuffs, collar, and front. Gather cuffs and collar. Dip in starch-Satina mixture together. Then dip shirt front. Squeeze mixture well through parts being starched. Let shirt dry.



3. Sprinkle thoroughly! Do one shirt at a time—with warm water. Then fold tail over bosom and fold both sleeves under. Roll tightly, smoothing out wrinkles. Leave for at least two hours. If you can iron on a wide board or well-padded table top, it's easier, more satisfactory.



4. Iron shirts in this order (with Satina in the starch, irons just glide!): wrong side of yoke, collar; right side of yoke, collar; cuffs, sleeves, back; wrong side of each front along edge; right side of each front; along both sides of row of buttons; between buttons with point of iron; fold collar.



5. Fold shirts this way: place shirt, front side up, on table. Button top, middle, bottom buttons; place front down and fold each side of shirt over, lengthwise, for ¼ of width; fold one sleeve along back, then fold other on top of it; fold up tail 7 to 9 inches; fold again, bottom up to collar.

6. And there, Madame, are your shirts! With a "like-new" finish and a fresh, clean fragrance—thanks to Satina! (And you'll find it works like a charm for *all* starched things.) Done with the speed of lightning—for irons just gli-i-ide with Satina! Only a few cents for a whole month's supply!

SATINA

No stick! . . So quick! . . With SATINA *in your starch!*

in a thousand other ways I'd know by that, Miss Roberts."

"Milly," I said, "no man or woman can speak against love. I want you to be happy and to be good. It's all I want. But promise me if you ever need a friend you'll come to me."

"I promise you," she said. "And you must promise me too. For in lots of ways you've been—well, like my own grandmother to me. You've been like ma's Grandmother Bailey must have been to her—something different from the rest of the world."

Miss Graham and I went to the wedding in the country church, and if the angels ever looked down on a more beautiful bride I should like to know when or where. I was a little surprised and comforted about Calhoun Baker, for he seemed more grown up. Perhaps just being loved by Milly would work a miracle. But of course he wasn't good enough for her.

"What did you want for her?" asked Miss Graham. "A socialite? A movie actor? A millionaire? How childish you are, Maggie Roberts—and getting worse every day. He's a good clean boy and not so dumb as most. So quit worrying."

"There's nothing I can do about it, anyhow," I said. "I'll just have to love him because Milly does. And now they are going up there to build a house. It's all very impractical."

"Yes," she said. "And the fun they'll have! I can't imagine a nicer honeymoon."

It was November and the frost was hard in the ground when Miss Graham and I were invited for Sunday dinner and to see the house, now finished and occupied. We had to leave the car at the creek—the same creek that crossed her father's land—and climb the hill to Milly's house. When we got up there, there was the great sweep of the world—beautiful even on a cold November Sunday.

The house astonished me. It was small but sturdy, and it seemed to rise like an outcropping, of rock and shingle from the ridge. Four big pine trees behind it made a ceaseless sound like surf. It was roofed and walled with shingles, and the doorsills and window sills came from the stoneyard in town. Inside, the floors, walls and ceilings were of sawed pine that had been smoothed and waxed, and the bright rag rugs were of Milly's own weaving. There was a good range in the kitchen and a stone fireplace in the dining room. That was all the heat they had—but the wood was stacked in a solid block behind the house.

They showed us everything. Where they were going to plant their flowers in the spring and the east twenty that would be in corn and where they would have their tobacco patch and their garden.

"The land is good, and Calhoun's a good farmer," said Milly. "But we'll have a little extra. Calhoun gets a little money for a poem now and then, and if his book sells we can buy more land and get real good pigs and cows."

We had a fine dinner. Everything in the house was right. It was, I realized, perfect in its way, and it wasn't money and it wasn't experience that made it so. It was Milly's own natural good taste and good judgment—and the lack of any pretenses. Calhoun improved with acquaintance. In his own house, with Milly's hand in his, he wasn't at all awkward. I saw I would just have to make the best of it and be glad it wasn't worse. There was a row of books above the fireplace. There were bright pods hanging to dry. There was a table for writing by a window that looked to the west.

"They've made a good beginning," Miss Graham said when we were driving home, and I nodded.

But I was still afraid. I had seen good beginnings before. And I knew what poverty and endless work could do. When the children came too fast and the corn yield was poor and there was hardly enough to live on from spring till spring and the work was never done and backs were bent with toil and hands coarsened and eyes grew dull ——

Before I had time to think this all out, there was the war upon us, and the Red Cross sending me people to teach knitting to. Christmas afternoon Calhoun and Milly called and Milly made tea for us. I was pretty tired. Then they told me.

"I'm going to the war, Miss Roberts," Calhoun said. "And we want you to come and stay with Milly the rest of the winter. She'll have her baby in the spring, and I don't want her alone up there and she doesn't want to leave the house. I've got to enlist."

"Why, you don't any such thing," I said.

"Why, Miss Roberts," he said, "of course I must. I'm a poet!"

Now, I ask you if that makes any sense. But it did to them.

"Miss Graham will bring you in town to have your knitting class every Friday," he said. "Or whenever you want to come. There's no one else free to stay with Milly, and she'd rather not go home."

"Of course I'll come," I said. "But I still can't see why you have to go to war."

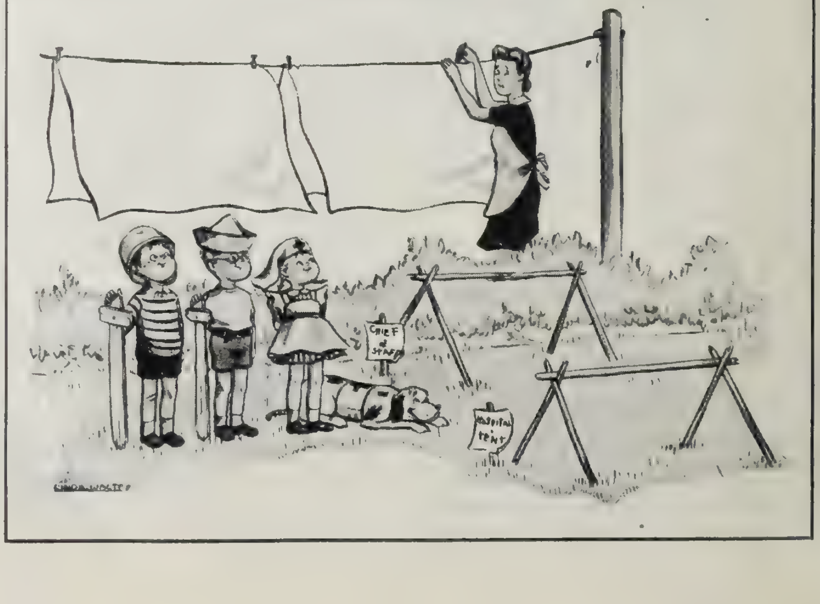
"Miss Roberts!" Milly said, and kissed me. But I meant it. I could not see that it was necessary for him to go at all.

So there I was in the little house with Milly, and letters came every day and sometimes Milly read parts of them to me. Calhoun was taking his basic training, and I must admit he could write a better letter than most young men.

And the very morning the baby decided to come, the package of advance copies of his book came from the publishers. There was the green volume with "Pfc. Calhoun Baker" on the title page and under it, to my great surprise, the name of a great publishing house. The finest book publishers in the land, in my opinion.

So I took the little book of poems out on the bench Calhoun had built for the garden and there I sat that afternoon while Miss Graham and the doctor brought the new little girl into the world. And I read the book

LITTLE GUY



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Thousands upon thousands of Ironrites have been bought through users' recommendations. When new Ironrites are again made, we suggest that you, too, choose your new ironer this way.

Learn for yourself why Ironrite ironing is so different. Users will tell you that Ironrite irons everything—shirts, dresses, ruffles, plaits, children's clothes—faster than you ever believed possible. Ironrite holds its heat better, gives garments a smoother, more luxurious finish. Ironrite's two patented open ends are exactly the same in design. They eliminate needless motions, cut ironing time, save fatigue. And of course, you iron sitting down — in a restful, relaxed, scientifically correct posture.

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Write for your free copy of this fascinating book today! Contains over 50 helpful ironing pictures. Write for your copy now. It's free!

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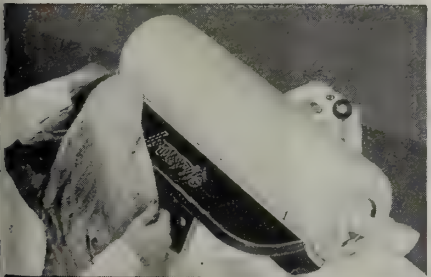


The only ironer with two
Usable Open Ends
Twice as handy—Twice as Fast!

from front to back and I ate my crow and digested it. Milly was right and the country lout was a poet. It wasn't just my kind of poetry. But it had a sweep to it. It had tenderness and freshness. It was young. And I thought with panic that Calhoun had just been transferred to the Air Corps. Why, the lad should not be flying a plane—we had to protect our talent!

I said as much when he came home to see Milly and the baby. The Army and his uniform had done wonders for his appearance. He looked handsome—and in command of himself. He looked down at his little daughter—they had named her Roberta, for me.

"Miss Roberts," Calhoun said, "what kind of poet would I be to reason like that? Will you tell me?"

I couldn't answer, but I was pretty upset about this book and all that it meant. It was modern, but it had the eternal qualities of field and sky and men and women. The land and the sun were in it—and Milly. A poet! Yes, indeed. And a good one. But now, first, a soldier.

We went to his graduation and Milly pinned his wings on his tunic and Miss Graham held the baby and I cried. I must say that Miss Graham was very bossy about the baby that whole trip. She has always been jealous-hearted about Milly.

Milly took it well when Calhoun went overseas. "He'll come back," she said confidently. "I'm sure of it." But she wept when we learned he and his whole crew had been decorated by the King of England. It had seemed wonderful that he ever got to be a pilot—and now he was a hero! We were pretty proud up there on the ridge.

But now Calhoun's second book is out and he not only has his medals but the Dirk Prize for Poetry. Pictures of our little house and of Milly and the baby have been in all the magazines, and there's not a paper hasn't printed Calhoun's fine rugged face: the face of a man who knows the skies and the fields—the face of a poet!

It's what happened yesterday that made me write all this down. I was in town and went up to school to visit. Miss Graham was there, checking the junior high's ears. She said she had something to show me. We went over to Mr. Tester's biological laboratory. He's got specimens of butterflies and moths from all over the world.

Miss Graham said, "Professor, I want you to show Miss Roberts that new moth you have—the one you showed me yesterday."

It was a heavily feathered moth, with dotted lines and circle marks on the wings, but I could not see anything so unusual about it.

"It's a silk moth," he said, and Miss Graham urged him:

"Tell her about it."

"Well, it's only this," he said. "No one has learned how it knows—but the silk moth will fly in a straight line to its mate, no matter how she is concealed: in a box in a room in the middle of a steel-and-stone building; in a place hundreds of miles from where these moths are known to be; on the proper day the male moth appears—as inevitably as morning. It's just one of those things about Nature that man cannot yet understand. You'd think sometimes one might be hid away where its own kind couldn't find it—but no! Creatures of like species ——"

I stopped listening to him. I wouldn't look at Miss Graham, for I knew she had that certain smug look on her face.

When I got back out to Sugar Ridge Milly was sitting out in the garden reading a letter from Calhoun and the baby was playing about in the grass. Far overhead a plane from the Army school down the river was flying slowly and beautifully. I looked at Milly, so lovely and good in her youth and beauty, so secure in her love, and I thought of that boy with the ribbons on his breast and the poetry in his heart, flying his bomber in strange skies. Well, he hadn't had far to come—only down the road a bit—but he had certainly come in a straight line. And of course I always knew that Milly wouldn't take up with anyone that wasn't truly like herself.

Mrs. Oh-But-I-Couldn't-Think-of-Changing

"I've been washing for twenty years, young lady . . .

"And I've always done my washing and my bluing *separately!* No, ma'am, I wouldn't dream of changing!

"Of course it takes time! But what was good enough for Mother is good enough for me."

Mrs. I'll-Try-Anything-That'll-Do-A-Better-Job

"Listen! If there's any way that I can make less work for myself, and do a better job—I'm for it!

"And if La France bluing flakes can blue clothes snowy-white, *right in my regular soapsuds,* without a single bluing streak—

"Well, wouldn't I be a sap *not* to try it? Mercy! What a relief it will be to do without that back-breaking *separate* bluing job—

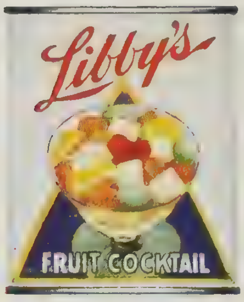
"And what fun to get lovelier, whiter, brighter washes with easy, gentle La France! . . . Why don't you try it, too?"

La France

La France blues without streaks—right in the suds!

In Fruit Cocktail . . .

LOOK TO LIBBY'S FOR PERFECTION



● From California and Hawaii we gather five sun-drenched fruits for this cocktail *de luxe.* Bartlett pears, juiceful and sweet. Peaches from the lush orchards of the Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys. Tender little seedless grapes with a flavor that sparkles. Cherries preserved in rich maraschino-style syrup. And our own Hawaiian pineapple, picked at peak-flavor.

One day when seas and skies are peaceful again, *you* may make the rounds of the orchards and plantations that yield these luscious Libby Cocktail fruits. Such a glorious trip would take you where sun and soil work a fruit-growing magic. But meanwhile . . . let us *bring* these fruits to you.

Serve our Fruit Cocktail icy cold. And since this year there isn't an abundance of it, *dessert* probably should be the occasion . . . a nutritious, sparkling finale to a wartime meal! We think you'll agree *such* fruits as make up the famous Libby's Fruit Cocktail really deserve your *best* compotes or sherbet glasses.

If your dealer is out of our Fruit Cocktail, take Libby's Peaches or another famous Libby fruit.

Listen to MY TRUE STORY . . . . thrilling real-life dramas! Every morning, Monday through Friday, 10:15 EWT, 9:15 CWT, 11:30 MWT, 10:30 PWT. Blue Network Stations.

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Libby's
FRUIT COCKTAIL

PRODUCE AND CONSERVE
SHARE AND PLAY SQUARE
FOOD FIGHTS for freedom

SOUTH OF THE BORDER

(Continued from Page 45)

and pimientos and garlic and curious, pungent seeds are bargained for, in our minds and imagination, when it's a stay in Mexico that is planned; and what to us then are the plain mild habits of corned beef and cabbage, those familiars of our whole lives? Or who cares a hang for a bun when there are *tortillas* in the exotic land where we are on the way! Beans may be beans to us, but let us loose in Mexico and we come home bringing weird tales and tall stories of the wonders and glories of the quiet and self-contained bean.

Most of us have known tomato sauce our whole lives long, but I will set down here another pattern; and when you take it apart it is still tomato sauce, yet somehow different, somehow glorified and "out of this world." Try it and see. I think it's the almonds that give it its peculiar distinction.

Mole Sauce. All the following are put through the food chopper: 2 green peppers, cut into strips; 2 large onions, cut into sections; ½ cup of shelled almonds; 2 peeled cloves of garlic; 1 quart of canned or stewed tomatoes (these *may* go through a sieve instead of a grinder); ¼ cup of coarse cracker crumbs—or a large pilot cracker broken into pieces—and a 2-ounce jar of pimiento. Put ¼ cup of olive oil in a saucepan. When hot, add the ground mixture. Then add 1 cup of stock made from a cup of water and 2 bouillon cubes or 2 teaspoons of meat paste. Season with 1¼ teaspoons of salt, 1 tablespoon of chili powder, a dash of pepper, a pinch of cloves and a pinch of cinnamon. Add more seasoning to taste as it cooks. Cook slowly about an hour, stirring once in a while so it won't stick.

More About Chicken. I don't know what you think, but I think it is pretty silly for me to start that many-times-told tale about fried chicken. You all know that only the younger set among the chickens are any good for frying. Let the dowagers appear in other ways, but never essaying the role that only youth can play with applause.

So for your chicken *mole* (that's what you're having, chicken *mole*; though there's no signpost over the *e*, you pronounce it molay. Chicken is the same in any language, a sort of universal, international, nonsectarian mixer, whether in Mexico or Timbuktu). Well, for this dish, as I started to say some time ago, when a shutter slammed and I forgot for a minute where I was, pick out some nice plump fryers or broilers and *fry* them. Privately—and once made public to the horror of some folks who spoke too quickly before they figured it out—privately (what, that shutter loose again?), I *steam* my birds before I fry. Whether plain frying, pan or deep fat, breaded or crumbed (crackers, not bread), I think my fried chicken is as good as such can be; and another thing: nicely steamed, the chickens are tenderized and somehow plumped up, if you know what I mean. And they take a lot less *frying*, which means less *drying*, and if a brick church falls on me for this heresy, I can take it. I ought to say that I don't steam broilers. I guess you'd think I do from what I said, but I don't fry broilers, either, I broil them. No steam, no fry, just broil.

As You Can See. You just take a look and you will see, in the picture that goes with this piece, that when you have made your sauce and cooked the rice and fried the chicken, you simply put these things together, on a big plate or platter, and chicken *mole* jumps into being like magic. Pour the hot sauce over the chicken the last thing before it gets to the table. This dish ought to be hot in more ways than one.

Peas are always so good with chicken that they're practically a "natural." I trust your June peas are coming along. Mine were, but somehow got the idea that, when I told folks I should pick a mess for the Fourth, I meant the Fourth of '43, and so they went into reverse. But I do hope those Little Marvels or Sugar Dews of yours are going ahead. Nothing nicer in the garden and nothing more delicious on the table. So have peas with the chicken. And, oh, by the way, that *mole* sauce can be used with all kinds of things, such as meat balls and spaghetti and I guess most anything that is better with a fine tomato sauce. The almonds have a lot to do with it.

Let's Get On. I will be very brief and just lightly touch on the salad. Tomatoes. (Again? But that's the way they like it, down by the Rio Grande.) Tomatoes and avocados—or, as I call them, alligator pears, although why I cannot say. Far removed are they from any relation to an alligator, and I cannot feel that they remind me too intimately of any pear I ever saw.

Tomato-and-Alligator-Pear Salad. Cut the tomatoes in petals—without cutting all the way through. Season. Serve on greens with diced, peeled avocado in center. Lemon juice keeps the avocado from darkening if you have to cut it ahead. Not too far ahead, will you? The dressing should be made hours before—then it gets ripe, as they say. And this is the way it is done.

Mexican Salad Dressing. Mix ¾ teaspoon of salt, ¾ teaspoon of paprika, ¼ teaspoon of pepper, 1 tablespoon of sugar and ½ teaspoon of dry mustard together. Mix with the juice of a lemon and beat very smooth. Then add ¾ cup of vinegar and 1 cup of olive or salad oil. Shake well or mix with a beater. Now add a green pepper,

"I'd like to make arrangements for some people to be unable to meet the payments on their piano."

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Copr. 1944 by Kraft Cheese Company

THE WORLD'S FAVORITE CHEESES ARE MADE BY

KRAFT

chopped, 2 minced onions and 1 cup of canned pimientos, chopped. Add more salt and pepper, if needed. Depends on your taste. Well, we can add, but, oh, we cannot take away! This makes considerable dressing, but it keeps. In the refrigerator, of course. Keeps real well too.

Tortillas are Corn Too. A *tortilla* is a very flat, very thin, very crisp and *very* kindly disposed corn cake. It is the thinness that gets you. Fancy having a continuing supply of these hot delicate things for breakfast, along with cool fresh slices of pineapple or papaya, that perhaps is the very fruit that grew in the Garden of Eden and from that habitat has never strayed very far.

But if time and skill and patience and a Mexican magician are necessary to keep the *tortillas* rolling as they should, none of these special requirements holds water when it comes to corn sticks. And, while it is well to have some skill in all things, after a while one gets the hang of it, and if that isn't exactly what skill is it's terribly close to it! At least I think so.

Corn Sticks. Beat 2 eggs very light. Add ¼ cup of sugar, ⅔ cup of milk and ⅓ cup of melted butter or margarine. Sift 1⅓ cups of flour with ⅔ cup of corn meal, 3 teaspoons of baking powder and ½ teaspoon of salt. Add the liquids to the dry ingredients all at once. Mix together, but don't beat hard. Just enough to mix—no more. Have iron corn-stick pans well greased and heated in a hot oven, 400° F. Fill the pans three quarters full and bake in a hot oven, 400° F., for twenty-five minutes. If you don't have corn-stick pans, use your muffin pans. Just as good, but not so fancy.

Dessert is Dessert. Pretty near the world around, dinner closes with dessert. It may be a pear and cheese, or it may be ice cream or sherbet or a blackberry pie, the kind where the purple juice seeps out of the slashed flaky crust; but whatever it is, wherever you find it, dessert is what they call it. And that goes for Mexico too. The one that finishes the beautiful dinner here is something kin to a sponge or a Spanish cream. Happen to be first-class favorites of mine, both of them. I'm crazy about gelatin dishes, anyway. Especially in hot weather. And this one is a peach—even if it is made with pineapple.

Pineapple Cream. Scald 1 quart of milk. Beat 6 eggs slightly; mix with ⅔ cup of sugar and a little salt. Add the scalded milk gradually. Put in the double boiler and cook over hot water, stirring all the time, until the custard coats the spoon. Don't overcook it. Pour into a bowl. Flavor with 1½ teaspoons of vanilla. Add 2 envelopes (2 tablespoons) and 2 teaspoons of gelatin softened in ½ cup of cold water. Stir until the gelatin is all nicely dissolved. Cool in a pan of ice water. Add a can of crushed pineapple, sirup and all (2¼ cups), but gradually. The custard must be cool or it may curdle. Chill in a pan of ice water until it starts to thicken. Then pour it in a mold and keep in the refrigerator until safely set before turning out. Garnish with fresh fruit.

When the Sun is Hot. After the fruit is gone, what to do with the hat? I don't know about you, but it looks to me like a good gardening hat, particularly if any weeding has to be done in "the burden and heat of the day." It sure has size, so don't wear it to church or in the streetcar. Anywhere else, I guess so.

And someday maybe I shall get to Mexico. It's not so very far; it is just that time is limited and I can't fly. But I look forward to finding that cool, delightful, beflowered remote inn with its stairway that I know holds secrets. And with walls that the centuries have mellowed, that, could they speak, must speak of what romance and passion. That inn is the inn of my Mexican post card, on which are exactly the right and fitting words:

"Utterly enchanting. It is a place where tomorrow never comes."

Swing-shift supper... *Waffles!*

Meals at all hours? Nothing equals hot waffles. Tasty, nourishing, quick and easy—with Duff's Waffle Mix. It's complete. Fully-prepared. Add water, mix, bake . . . that's all!

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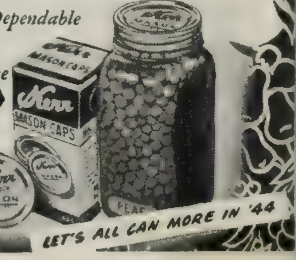

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WAXTEX HEAVY WAXED PAPER
125 FEET
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

CLUNY BROWN

(Continued from Page 19)

hard-wearing, and in this she perfectly succeeded.

"There you are!" she exclaimed, running her eye over her brother as though to make sure that he were all there indeed. "What happened?"

"Wrong bus," explained Mr. Porritt.

"Had your dinner?"

"Snack."

"Where's Cluny?"

"In bed."

"What, ill?"

"No," said Mr. Porritt patiently. "She read a piece in the paper, about how it rested the nerves and toned the system to stay a day in bed eating oranges."

For a second Addie Trumper stared, speechless. Her jaw tightened. Her eyes snapped. "My stars!" cried Addie Trumper. "Who does she think she is?"

There it was again, the inevitable question that Cluny Brown seemed always to provoke. For what could be plainer than the answer? Her father a defunct lorry driver, one uncle a plumber, her late mother that plumber's sister-in-law, her other uncle a railway porter. How could anyone doubt who Cluny was? How could there be any doubt as to who she thought she was? It was obvious. And yet if Mr. Porritt had heard that question once, he had heard it a thousand times.

"What young Cluny needs," stated Mrs. Trumper, "is to go into service. Good service, under a strict housekeeper."

Wishful Thinking

By W. E. Farbstein

Whenas my boy is bad,
I do not have to scold;
I reason with the lad,
And he's as good as gold.
How nice if I could be
As reasonable as he!

But Mr. Porritt did not intend to be browbeaten. "I've told you I can't spare her. I've got to have someone for the phone when I'm not there."

"What you *want* with a phone!"

Mr. Porritt and Trumper exchanged a brotherly glance. Of course a plumber had to have a telephone: half the calls, and all the urgent ones, came by phone.

"And by the same token," said Mrs. Trumper, turning on her husband, "you've left a trowel in front." Then she snatched up The News of the World and bounced out.

It was a few moments before the atmosphere settled down again. The two men lay low, like fish at the bottom of a stirred-up pond. Mr. Porritt looked apologetically at his brother-in-law, and slowly reached for his boots.

"No need to go," said Trumper kindly.

"Better," said Mr. Porritt.

"You stick to what you think's fit. Young Cluny's a help to you, you find her keep; it's no business of Addie's."

"Aye," said Mr. Porritt. He finished lacing his boots, nonetheless. "But I don't mind telling you: I'm worried." He paused. There was that tea at the Ritz; there was something else, he hadn't mentioned even to the lady in the park. "She's been followed," said Mr. Porritt.

Trumper whistled. "Followed? Cluny?"

"Twice," said Mr. Porritt, "in the past week. First time she told me of, second I saw for myself. In the High Street, outside a shop: Cluny and this fellow talking together. He made off fast enough when he saw me."

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Parkay

Parkay—pure, natural white when you buy it—may be made a rich appetizing yellow for table use simply by adding the vegetable coloring you get with each package.

Grow all you can!
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Preserve fresh and perishable foods by canning, brining, drying and storing. It's not too early—get your friends interested in plans for a Community Canning Center.

Some like it hot (right out of the toaster). Some like it cold (sliced fresh from the loaf). But millions like bread spread with delicious, nourishing Parkay—the wholesome quality margarine made by Kraft.

Parkay is a top-notch energy food. Bread is a good energy food, too. Parkay is fortified with important Vitamin A. Enriched bread contains the B vitamins (Riboflavin, Niacin and Thiamin). So bread and Parkay team up nutritiously . . . make one of the most hunger-satisfying combinations you can include in your daily diet.

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Try this delicious, smooth-spreading margarine on rolls, biscuits, pancakes and waffles. You'll like it, too, as a seasoning for hot cooked foods, like potatoes and other vegetables.

Important Vitamin A—Every Day!

And remember—to all these wholesome foods, Parkay adds extra nourishment . . . every pound contains at least 9,000 units of Vitamin A!

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PARKAY—a nutritious spread for America's bread

Why Judy Jane became a
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Judy Jane's not going to let any old war make her look dowdy if she can help it. She's keeping her clothes smart and making them last by being a Clothes Warden!

HOW *Clothes-Wardening* WORKS

1. Buy wisely.. A polite but firm "thumbs down" to clothes that can't be drycleaned or laundered.

2. Treat kindly.. When you slip your dress off, put it on a hanger, brush lightly, and let it air in the room overnight.

3. Drycleaning.. Send clothes to us for Sanitoning, the unique service that revives weary colors, perks up textures and boosts your clothes-mileage.

Please send a hanger with each garment.

The Sanitone Drycleaners

LICENSED
SANITONE
CLEANERS

★ LOOK US UP IN YOUR CLASSIFIED PHONE BOOK ★

This advertisement sponsored by Emery Industries, Inc., originators of Sanitone.

"I'll lay he did," said Trumper appreciatively.

"Cluny says she's looking in this window, looking at hats, when up this fellow comes, asks her is there anything she fancies. Cluny says no, she's just having a free laugh. Then *he* says, maybe if they moved along to the West End, maybe they'd find something better. That was when I come up."

"She'd never have gone."

"So she said. But what beats me is *why*. You wouldn't call her pretty."

"Plain as a boot," agreed Trumper heartily. "This other time—was it the same chap or another?"

"Another. Fellow outside the cinema."

"She shouldn't hang about so much."

"What's a lass to do?" argued Mr. Porritt defensively. "Can't she look into a shopwindow? Maybe—I didn't tell you, but I was mentioning young Cluny to a lady—maybe we're treating her wrong. Maybe she didn't ought to be threaped down, but encouraged to develop, like."

"Not her," said Mr. Trumper firmly. "Whoever told you that didn't know Cluny."

This was so true that Mr. Porritt could not dispute it. But for a moment his silence was stubborn.

"All this foolishness about oranges," added Trumper obliquely.

"She paid for 'em. And I don't mind telling you," said Mr. Porritt, in a sudden admission of weakness, "nonsense or no nonsense, worried as I am, it's a real comfort to know she's safe home in bed." He spoke—as always—what he believed to be the truth.

II

That Cluny Brown was not in bed, nor even at home, was due to sheer conscientiousness, a quality for which she rarely got credit. The piece in the paper laid great stress on complete repose, drawn blinds and no phone calls. Cluny had drawn her curtains, but she couldn't stop people ringing up a plumber, and when shortly before three o'clock the bell began to go, she reluctantly—but conscientiously—swung her long legs out of bed and ran barefoot downstairs.

"Hello?" said Cluny, in her deep tones.

A man's voice answered her—urgent, curt. "Is that the plumber's? I want someone to come round at once."

JUST NERVES

Nearly every lady friend I possess assures me that her doctor says she is very highly strung, superlatively sensitive, quite unusually temperamental; that it is quite wonderful how she has succeeded in existing in this vulgar, unfeeling world for so long. Nothing but her indomitable courage and her sweet desire to live could ever have pulled her through.

—ALMA WHITAKER:
Trousers and Skirts. (Times-Mirror Press.)

"He's out," said Cluny.

"Good heavens!" cried the voice passionately. "This is intolerable! Isn't there anyone else? Who are you?"

"Cluny Brown."

There was a short pause; when the voice spoke again it was in quite a different key. "She was only a plumber's daughter ——"

Cluny, who had heard that one before, rang off and went back upstairs. She got into bed and lay down again and relaxed according to the directions, joint by joint all the way from her toes up to her neck. Hardly had she achieved this desirable state when the phone rang again. It went on and on, until at last there was nothing for it but to get up and answer it again.

"Miss Brown?" said the voice. "Please accept my apologies."

"Is that all you got me out of bed for?" cried Cluny indignantly.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the voice solicitously. "Are you ill? Shall I bring you some grapes?"

"It isn't grapes, it's oranges."

"What is?"

"The cure. But I'm not ill." Having gone so far, Cluny felt she had better clear the whole thing up. "You stay in bed twenty-four hours drinking orange juice—at least I suppose it's the same if you suck them—and the whole system is wonderfully toned."

"You sound better already," observed the voice.

"I feel better," agreed Cluny.

"You don't feel well enough to come round and see what's the matter with my sink?"

Cluny hesitated. As a matter of fact, she felt very well indeed. Could it be that the cure had worked already? A sink didn't sound serious; stopped up, most likely, and no one with enough sense to unscrew the bend.

"I'll give you ten bob, as it's Sunday," lured the voice, "and you can take a cab. Ten A, Carlyle Walk, Chelsea. Are you coming?"

"Okay," said Cluny and conscientiously reached for the order book, to put it down.

The correct costume for a young lady going to fix a gentleman's sink on a Sunday afternoon has never been authoritatively dealt with. Cluny had, naturally, to carry her uncle's tool bag, but as an offset she wore her best clothes. These were all black, being part of her mourning for Mrs. Porritt, and the circumstance was not, at this stage in her career, without importance. It explained, for example, how she had got a table at the Ritz. Unusually tall, thin as a kippered herring, Cluny in a plain black coat looked very well. From the back she looked elegant; it was only her face spoiled it from in front. But in twenty years Cluny had got used to her face, and now, dabbing on the powder, could contemplate it without resentment: thin cheeks, big mouth, big nose, not a spot of color; a short face from brow to chin, wide-angled at the strongly marked jawline; thick black hair, which she cut herself whenever it grew below the shoulder, and tied behind, so that it stuck out like a pony's tail.

Cluny ran downstairs laughing, for it had suddenly struck her that maybe the voice was looking for a bit of fun. If so, he wouldn't half get a shock when he saw her.

Ten A turned out to be not a house but a studio, built over a mansion garden in the palmy days of Victorian art. Since then the mansion had become a block of flats, and the studio a garage, now turned back into a studio by Mr. Hilary Ames. He was not an artist, but liked giving parties. He was giving a party that evening, and it was therefore particularly necessary that his sink should be unstopped.

Cluny arrived, knocked, was admitted, and surprised upon the gentleman's face an extremely mixed expression. "Now then, what's the trouble?" asked Cluny benevolently. She was considerably the taller, and the first thing she noticed about Mr. Ames was the small bald patch on top of his head. For the rest, he was fiftyish, plumpish, and had on a canary-colored pull-over which Cluny thought made him look like a tiddlywink.

Mr. Ames, for his part, took one look at Cluny's nose and, dismissing all frolicsome thoughts at once, led the way into a small, malodorous scullery. The sink brimmed with greasy water, some of which had slopped upon the floor. Cluny set down her bag in a competent manner, removed her good coat and handed it to Mr. Ames.

"Can you put it right?" asked Mr. Ames anxiously. "I'm expecting some friends about six, and I can't have this mess."

"They'd smell you a mile off," agreed Cluny cheerfully. "Got a coat hanger?"

"Certainly. Do you need one?"

"Not here," said Cluny. "But you might put my coat on it."

As soon as he had withdrawn to do so, she rolled up her sleeves, hitched up her skirt and got down to it. It wasn't difficult: all you had to do was loosen a nut, unscrew the joint and let the foul water run out into a

(Continued on Page 76)

My Victory Garden vegetables...

will fill my pantry shelves with pickles and relishes

that pep up wartime meals!

Uncle Sam urges home gardening ... home preserving

There's no rationing of home-canned foods. So stock up with crisp, delicious mustard pickles, chutney sauce, tomato catsup, sweet corn relish! They'll give sparkle and zip to simple wartime meals. Use Colman's (dry) Mustard to insure fine flavor; follow Connie Colman's tested recipes; discover making pickles and preserves in your own kitchen is easy—and fun!

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nice of you to get this for me, anyway. think of you ever so often."

"You keep your mind on your work," s her stern counsellor.

Cluny sighed deeply and, coming rou behind his chair, bent over and kissed l on the cheek. "Good night, Uncle Arn. Y won't have me tomorrow."

"That's a good lass," said Mr. Porritt

IV

IN THE garden room at Friars Carmel, the previous Saturday, Lady Carmel v trying to do the flowers. Her flower pieces the Dutch style were deservedly famous.

"Please, dear!" she murmured. "Yo ash, on the prunus!"

The person addressed was her son Andre recently down from Cambridge, more cently returned from a continental to who now sat on the end of the flower tab impatiently smoking. He threw down l cigarette and ground it out with his heel.

"Mother, will you please listen to m Because what I'm telling you is fairly in portant."

"I am listening. You've invited a frier for a long stay, and I'm sure that will b very nice."

"He's not a friend. He's an extraordinar ily distinguished Polish man of letters."

"That makes it all the nicer. We'll hav the vicar to dine. Tell me your friend's nam again, dear."

"Adam Belinski." Andrew fetched a deep breath. "He has just come from Germany He escaped with his life. We don't want the vicar to dine; in fact, we want as few people as possible to know he's here."

Lady Carmel smiled indulgently. Dear Andrew, she thought, what a boy he still was with his plots and mysteries. And in other ways so grown-up, always worrying about politics and the government. "Dear Andrew!" she said aloud.

Andrew slipped off the table and began to walk rapidly up and down. "I can't make you realize it, can I?" he said bitterly.

"Realize what, darling?"

"What Europe's like. We're sitting on the edge of a landslide, and I've seen some of the cracks."

Lady Carmel looked troubled. Picking up a bough of rhododendron, she tried its effect in a white crackle jar, and at once her brow cleared.

"For heaven's *sake*," said Andrew loudly, "leave those things alone!"

Shocked into full attention, Lady Carmel let the branch drop—and, turning to her son, was shocked again by his bitter face. She laid her hand gently on his sleeve. "What is it, my darling?"

"But I've been telling you!"

"About your friend? Poor man, if he's been in trouble that's all the more reason we should be nice to him. Surely, dear, you can trust us for that."

Looking down into her pale, very clea blue eyes, Andrew felt suddenly calmed There at least was something unchanging impregnable: the hospitality of his mother house.

"I know, darling. I'm sorry I was rud But I do want you to realize that havin him here would be a—a responsibility."

"One is always responsible for one guests, dear boy."

"A dangerous responsibility. I've spoke to dad, and he doesn't mind, but I don think he takes it seriously. Please liste mother. We don't know whether the Naz are still after him or not. If you'd rather n take the risk, you've only to say so."

In all this fantastic—and, to her ears, qui incredible—rigmarole, Lady Carmel pe ceived only one point of importance. "B you have invited him."

"Yes, darling; and he wouldn't accept b cause I hadn't asked you first."

"He sounds a very nice man. And as th are no Nazis round here, I see no reason putting him off. It would be extrem rude."

"Can I go to London with your invi tion?"

"Certainly, dear. Or I'll write a note put it in the post."

ue

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the World Over—Established 1880 ... Created for Peacetime Comfort—Priceless in Wartime

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Why Judy Jane became a
CLOTHES WARDEN!

Judy Jane's not going to let any old war make her look dowdy if she can help it. She's keeping her clothes smart and making them last by being a Clothes Warden!

HOW *Clothes-Wardening* WORKS

1. Buy wisely.. A polite but firm "thumbs down" to clothes that can't be drycleaned or laundered.

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3. Drycleaning.. Send clothes to us for Sanitoning, the unique service that revives weary colors, perks up textures and boosts your clothes-mileage.

Please send a hanger with each garment

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SANITONE
CLEANERS

★ LOOK US UP IN YOUR CLASSIFIED PHONE BOOK ★

This advertisement sponsored by Emery Industries, Inc., originators of Sanitone.

But Andrew, who was in a mood to make pid journeys as often as possible, said he uld go himself; and, kissing his mother th sincere affection, left her to finish her wers in peace.

Lady Carmel carried the big staircase bouet carefully across the hall, mounted to e half landing and deposited her burden in appointed spot. This was a broad window l; and with the light falling from behind, se flowers there had to be of strong deep olors and important shapes. Irises, peonies, gloves were all perfect in their season; t nothing, thought Lady Carmel, quite ualed rhododendrons—and they seemed her so startlingly splendid that she called t to whomever was moving about above come down and see.

HAPPENED to be Mrs. Maile, emerging m the linen cupboard—and a good thing, o, thought the housekeeper, who strongly sapproved her ladyship's habit of calling aids from their work to look at flowers.

"There, Maile! Did you ever see anying so perfectly beautiful?"

"No, my lady," replied Mrs. Maile.

"Everything's done except the library able," continued Lady Carmel, "and for hat I've still to cut. If anyone wants me, I hall be out-of-doors. . . . Oh, Maile!"

"Yes, my lady?"

"We're expecting a friend of Mr. Andrew's, a foreign gentleman—I think he's oming in a day or two—to pay us a long isit. He's been very ill"—into this reasonable fiction had Lady Carmel instinctively ranslated the fantastic truth—"and needs a est. Do you think the ast room?"

"The east is very quiet, my lady. And it gets the morning sun."

"Then we'll make it the east. He can have the dressing room for a study, because I believe he's some kind of a professor."

"Yes, my lady. And I've heard from Postgate's, my lady; the new young woman will be here on Tuesday."

"Splendid," said Lady Carmel.

Mrs. Maile continued n her way to the housekeeper's room, where leven o'clock tea had just been brought in or herself and Mr. Syrett. The butler was here already, reading his personal copy of he Times, which he courteously set aside s his colleague entered. He was a short an with an unusually large head and so ne a crop of thick silver hair that bets ere frequently laid, among the lesser fry the kitchen, as to whether or not it was wig. But no one ever found out.

"Any news, Mr. Syrett?" asked Mrs. aile ritually.

"Nothing of importance."

"I'm glad to hear it. Her ladyship has st told me we're to expect a friend of Mr. drew's for a long stay. A foreign profes- ."

The butler's expression at once became remely reserved. "Foreign," said Mr. rett darkly.

"Foreigners may be quite distinguished sons," retorted Mrs. Maile—who never got that she was the senior, in that household, by some three years. "If connected with the diplomatic, yes." Which he well may be. For when Mr. drew went abroad he took letters to the y best circles; and a person Mr. Andrew at one of our embassies is quite good ugh for you and me. A quiet gentleman —recovering from an operation—he's not y to give trouble. Will I ever forget," Mrs. Maile pointedly, "the goings-on at young woman!"

is was a shrewd hit; for the advent, a previously, of the Honorable Elizabeth m, now known as "that young woman," been greeted by Mr. Syrett with the reckless enthusiasm—prophecies of an uncement, even plans for a celebration. Alas for his hopes: Miss Cream's visit coincided with a week of superb weather. At the drop of a hat she stripped and sunbathed—or, rather, a hat was the only thing she didn't drop.

Mr. Syrett tacitly withdrew his objections to the professor by changing the subject. "Have Postgate's been able to help you, Mrs. Maile?"

The housekeeper relaxed into her habitual calm. "They are sending *someone.* Twenty, and untrained. However, as I remarked in my reply, better no training than bad."

Before going to tidy for lunch, Lady Carmel put her head into her husband's study and found him writing. As his physical powers declined, making hunting impossible, Sir Henry had taken to the pen; all over the world the friends of his youth began to receive very long, very dull letters from him. To Rhodesia, Tanganyika, Singapore, Australia, India, New Zealand and the Bermudas, Sir Henry's epistles went forth; for he never considered it worth while to write to anyone nearer at hand. So the letters took a long time to get there, and the replies even longer to get back, and all the news was out-of-date; and this gave his correspondence a peculiar timeless quality which was very soothing.

"Harry, dear," said Lady Carmel, "did Andrew speak to you about his friend?"

"The gangster chap? Yes, he did."

"Dear, he isn't a gangster. You've got it mixed."

"Difficult to make head or tail of," admitted her husband. "Andrew says he's a gentleman, and I trust the boy's judgment. Do you know who he is?"

"Yes, dear, I do," replied Lady Carmel. "He is a Polish professor who got into trouble with the Nazis. Andrew thinks they may still be trying to do him a mischief, but of course that's quite ridiculous; and what I think, dear, is that the professor said he wanted a really quiet holiday, and Andrew imagined the rest. He always was romantic."

"Poor fellow," said Sir Henry—referring to the professor. He had devoted his life to blood sports, and had one of the kindest hearts in the world.

SPRING SONG

One sunny May day in Central Park a blind man was seen with his cane, carrying on his chest a sign, "Help the Blind." No one paid much attention to him. A little farther on another blind beggar was doing better. Practically every passer-by put a coin in his cup, some even turning back to make a contribution. His sign said, "It is May—and I am Blind!"

—EDMUND FULLER:
Thesaurus of Anecdotes. (Crown Publishers.)

Thus, layer by layer, without any conscious effort, the oyster that was Friars Carmel smoothed and overlaid its grain of sand, producing, like a pearl, a distinguished professor, met at a British embassy, recovering from an operation.

No such process, naturally, was applied to the new parlormaid.

V

CLUNY BROWN arrived at Friars Carmel in a Rolls-Royce. This was not the original plan: she should have been collected by the gardener with the station wagon; but at the last moment it was discovered that the gardener had gone off to look at a mower, and the car was out with Lady Carmel. Mrs. Maile thereupon telephoned the stationmaster, who reported Colonel Duff-Graham on the platform; and Colonel Duff-Graham expressed great willingness to drop anything for Friars Carmel. He did not quite bargain for a parlormaid—he himself was meeting a golden Labrador, a nervous traveler who would require all his attention—but as things turned out the Labrador had already been met by Cluny, who, wandering about the train, discovered the glorious creature in the guard's van and spent the rest of the journey with him. They jumped out together, both very glad to stretch their long legs, and the colonel hurried toward Roderick with the stationmaster at his heels. The stationmaster knew Cluny at once, because she was the only person on the platform he didn't know already.

(Continued on Page 82)

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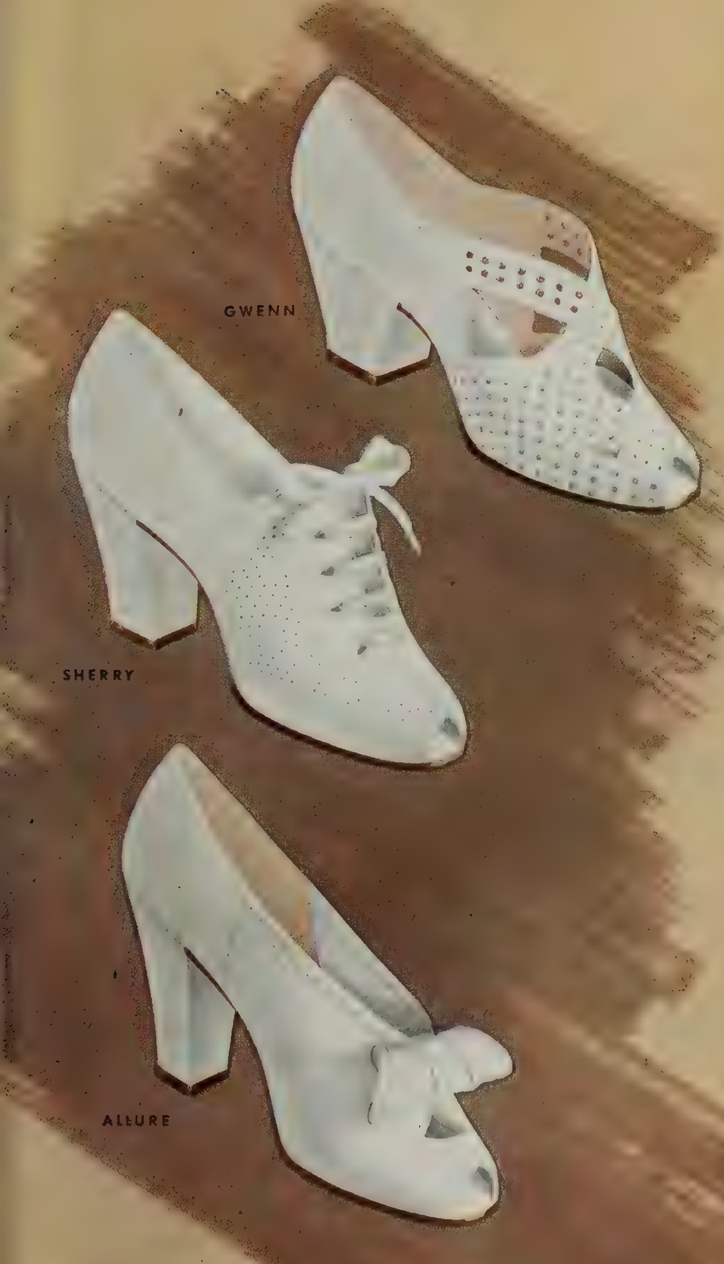

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A marvelously *different* idea in lotions! Trushay, used *before* you wash undies—*before* you do dishes—guards smooth, white hands. Helps *prevent* soap-and-water damage, instead of trying to correct it after it's done. This rich, creamy lotion's grand for all-over body rubs, too—soft and soothing for chapped elbows and knees. Trushay's economical, so you can use it *all* these ways. Ask for it today —at your favorite drug counter.

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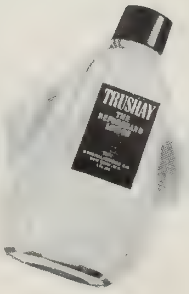

PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

(Continued from Page 80)

"Miss C. Brown," he stated.

Cluny admitted her identity, and the situation was rapidly explained. They went out to the Rolls. Cluny, of course, should have sat in front, but Roderick tried to climb over to her with such persistence that after half a mile the colonel stopped the car and took her in behind. The Labrador at once cast himself over her knees like a beautiful rug.

"He's taken a fancy to you," said the colonel.

"I talked to him all the way down," explained Cluny.

"Did you, by Jove? That was uncommon kind. He's a nervous beast."

"He's lovely."

Taking a quick look, the colonel decided that this was more than could be said for herself; a homelier young woman he'd never seen. Not that it mattered, in a parlormaid; and, at any rate, she didn't look vulgar. With great kindness he began to point out objects of local interest.

"How far is it to Friars Carmel?" asked Cluny.

"Matter of six miles. Five to the village, six to the house."

"Are there any dogs there?"

"No, there aren't," said the colonel, rather disapprovingly. "Sir Henry's old terrier had to be put down last year, and he won't have another. Very natural, of course. You got a dog?"

Cluny shook her head. "My uncle won't let me. He says London's no place."

"Sensible man. Ought to be a law against it."

"Could I keep a dog at Friars Carmel?"

"I don't see why ——" began the colonel; and paused. For the past few minutes he had quite forgotten he was talking to a parlormaid, but now he remembered. Well, of course she couldn't keep a dog; parlormaids didn't. "I doubt it," said the colonel hastily.

Cluny said nothing; but she turned her black eyes upon him in a most mournful look. Colonel Duff-Graham was quite startled. It was, indeed, no more than the look of any young woman feeling thoroughly sorry for herself, but the colonel was not in the habit of observing young women at close quarters. He had a daughter, of whom he was properly fond, but he took her for granted. And under the influence of Cluny's gaze a strangely unorthodox notion—his first in years—suddenly struck him: what was the use of treating servants well, giving 'em good food and all that, if you wouldn't let 'em keep a dog?

"Tell you what," he said kindly, "on your afternoon off, you come over to my place and you can take Roddy for a run."

At once Cluny's brow cleared, her eyes sparkled. "That's a date!" she cried joyfully.

The chauffeur heard them, and was so scandalized that when they reached Friars Carmel he ignored his master's order to drive up to the house and stopped firmly at the lodge. Cluny embraced Roderick, shook hands with the colonel and got out with her bags. Then, with a suitcase in either hand, she walked slowly through the gates.

"Take off your hat, my dear," said Mrs. Maile.

Cluny, standing rather white-faced in the housekeeper's room, did so. Her pony tail of hair at once sprang out and up, giving both Mrs. Maile and Mr. Syrett a surprise.

"We must do something about that," said Mrs. Maile. "However, I understand this is your first place?"

"Yes," said Cluny.

"Say 'Yes, ma'am.' I see we must begin at the beginning," said Mrs. Maile. "You say 'ma'am' to me, 'sir' to Mr. Syrett here, and should you be spoken to by her ladyship, 'my lady.'"

"And his lordship, 'my lord,'" added Cluny, looking intelligent.

"'Sir,'" corrected Mrs. Maile patiently. "Sir Henry is not a peer, he is a baronet—though of far older creation than many. If you have to speak to him, which is unlikely, you say 'sir.' Now Hilda will give you some tea; and when you have put your things away, come back to me."

Cluny got herself out of the room, leaving Mrs. Maile and Mr. Syrett to exchange commiserating looks.

"At least she's tall," said the housekeeper.

"Looks to me like a young ostrich," said Mr. Syrett. "You always make the best of things, Mrs. Maile."

The housekeeper acknowledged this compliment with a melancholy bend of the head. She could remember the days when Friars Carmel employed six indoor maids, all handpicked. Mrs. Maile sighed. If Cluny felt bewildered, so did she.

She said gravely, "Times change, Mr. Syrett, and we must change with them. However, I will take her in hand. And at least, with that appearance, we needn't expect Hilda's trouble."

"Certainly not," said Mr. Syrett.

Dear Uncle Arn: This is a very large house to keep clean; looking at it from outside you would say it was hopeless, but Mrs. Maile says not. There are twenty-seven rooms; Queen Elizabeth slept in one of them, but I have to share. The other girl is called Hilda. She had a baby last year but Mrs. M. overlooked it. You tell that to Aunt Addie. We wear brown in the mornings, black in the afternoon, get up at 6:30, do the stairs, do the hall, Hilda does the breakfast room, cook gets breakfast, we have ours, do the morning room, do the beds, do the drawing room, Lady C. does the flowers. I have seen her once. Mrs. M. took me in and said this is Brown, the new maid. Lady C. said she hoped you'll work hard and be happy, Brown, then Mrs. M. took me out. Is there any way you can tell a wig by just looking at it? This may mean a bob. I also clean brass, darn sheets, no waiting at table so far. Mrs. M. says in a house like this there ought to be a linen maid, but where can you get them, girls today have no sense.

Your affectionate niece,
CLUNY BROWN.

P.S. If you want me, I will come back at once.

ABOUT CONDUCT

Don't talk about yourself—it will be done when you leave. —ANON.

Men do not stumble over mountains—but over molehills. —CONFUCIUS.

Always behave as if nothing had happened—no matter what has happened. —ARNOLD BENNETT.

VI

The circumstances of Andrew Carmel's acquaintance with Mr. Belinski agreed at no point with the picture drawn by Mrs. Maile. For they hadn't met at any embassy; they had met at a party in Hampstead, to which Andrew was taken by Betty Cream, in company with a Cambridge friend, John Frewen. They were all getting a bit bored when John came back from the bar with an astonished expression.

"Do you know who's here? Adam Belinski."

"Never heard of him," said Betty, who was quite uneducated.

"Darling, he's *the* man," Andrew informed her. "But I thought that they'd jugged him?"

"No. They just beat him up," said John grimly. "He was lecturing at Bonn, and said something the *Herrenvolk* didn't like. I saw him last year in Warsaw and I recognized him straight away. He's over there by the piano."

They all three stared. The celebrity was standing cramped between the keyboard and the wall, as though he had retreated till he could retreat no farther. He was a man in his early thirties, compactly built, with light blue eyes in a square face.

"He doesn't look very pleased with life," remarked Andrew.

"If you ask me," said Betty suddenly, "he looks utterly miserable. Come and talk to him. Ask him what he's doing here."

Too lovely ever to have known diffidence, she marched across the room with the young

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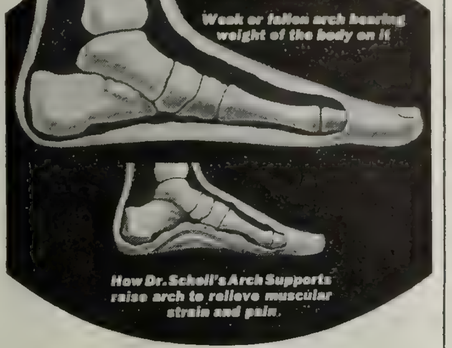
IT MAY BE DUE TO WEAK OR FALLEN ARCH


Weak or fallen arch bearing weight of the body on it
How Dr. Scholl's Arch Supports raise arch to relieve muscular strain and pain.

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Dr. Scholl's Foot-Eazer and exercise relieve tired, aching feet, foot and leg pains, when due to weak or fallen arches. $3.50 pair.

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Dr. Scholl's LuPAD, a soft featherweight cushion; loops over fore part of foot; relieves pains, callouses at ball. Washable. $1.00 pr.

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Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads quickly relieve pain and gently remove corns; lift shoe pressure; soothe, cushion. Prevent corns, sore toes and blisters. 25¢ and 35¢ boxes.

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Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, special size for callouses, relieve pain, soothe, ease pressure on sore spot; quickly loosen and remove callouses. 25¢ and 35¢ boxes.

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Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, special size for bunions, relieve tender and enlarged joints; lift shoe pressure. 25¢ and 35¢ boxes.

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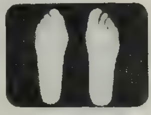

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men at her heels. Belinski watched them come toward him without a flicker of interest.

"We know who you are," said Betty, unabashed, "but you don't know us. I'm Elizabeth Cream, and these are Andrew Carmel and John Frewen."

"We are your great admirers," said John, in German.

Belinski gave them a grave bow.

"We are very glad to see you here," said Andrew, in French.

He bowed again.

"And we wondered whether you were enjoying this," said Betty, speaking her native tongue, "because as a matter of a fact, we aren't."

The Pole appeared to turn this simple remark very carefully in his mind. Carefully, in excellent English, he answered it. "It is some time since I have been to a party; I feel a little bewildered. But I find it charming."

But Betty was unsnubbable. "Oh, you can't!" she protested. "You needn't be polite with us; it's not our party. How did you get here?"

For the first time his face relaxed. "It is indeed quite strange," he told her. "I came to inquire after a friend who lived here, but who, it appears, has gone away. So I was brought in to the party. Why? I do not know."

"I do," said Betty. "Sylvia's always short of men. But there's no reason why we should stay if we don't want to. As a matter of fact, we're just going to eat somewhere. Will you come too?"

"We should be extraordinarily honored, sir, if you would," said John Frewen. "That is, if it wouldn't bore you."

"Nothing would give us greater pleasure," said Andrew, "than your company."

"Now?"

"Yes, of course now," said Betty, "before we get caught up. Go and fetch your coats."

THEY had a moment together, the three of them, while Belinski punctiliously sought out his hostess. Betty Cream was in the highest spirits.

"I don't know how you had the nerve," said Andrew. "He's one of the most distinguished men in Europe."

"He looked so lost," said Betty absently. "Where'll we take him?"

"Claridge's," suggested John.

"Too stuffy. Let's go to Soho, to the Moulin Bleu."

At that moment Belinski reappeared.

Betty at once took him into their confidence. "Would you rather go somewhere where it's good food but a bit like the grave, or somewhere queer but rather amusing?"

"I am in your hands," said Mr. Belinski.

They went, of course, to Soho; and minute by minute, all through the prolonged meal, the atmosphere grew queerer. There was no means of getting Belinski to talk, except by direct questioning; and his answers revealed a state of affairs startling in the extreme.

To take his itinerary: from Bonn, where the trouble started, he had been going back to Berlin; political events, he said simply, made this unwise, so he went in the opposite direction, to Paris. There he found himself with the name of a troublemaker; the Polish authorities discouraged his return to Warsaw, the French police took a marked interest in him. He sold a couple of jeweled orders and came on to London, hoping to find his American publisher, who had unfortunately left a week earlier. On this publisher Belinski still pinned his hopes, for there had been some talk of his going to the States. In the meantime, he had a room in Paddington, and spent most of his time in public libraries. He had made himself known to no one, and did not look to be sought out.

"But there must be people, places, simply asking for you," John said. "Cambridge, for instance, any of the universities. I mean, you're famous. You'd be an—an ornament to them. I don't understand."

How do you want *your* undies to look?

Like this—color-fresh, thanks to LUX—
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LUX care kept the slips tested lovely! Close-up photograph of shoulder strap shows no sign of wear after 30 Luxings.

Washday methods faded color over 50%—frayed shoulder straps, as you can see from this slip, washed 30 times.

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Use all the Lux you need to get rich suds, but no more than you need. After washing undies, use the same suds for stockings.

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"Well, I've had enough of it," said Mr. Belinski.

They were more surprised than ever. Their young eyes widened with astonishment.

"You want a good rest," said Betty encouragingly.

"I want to do some work," corrected Mr. Belinski. "I am an artist, not a political figure. I do not wish to be anything but what I am, and that is my determination. Also, it appears that I bring trouble. Even if I would lecture again, I would not go to one of your universities, and bring trouble there."

"In fact," said Betty, with great interest, "you're hot."

But Belinski's knowledge of English evidently did not extend to American colloquialisms. He looked blank.

"She means," translated Andrew, "she quite understands—we all understand—why you have to lie low. But it's pretty damnable."

He looked across at John Frewen, and at that moment, in the minds of both, the great plan was born. In a few words, under Betty's chatter, everything of importance was practically decided.

"Horsham?" murmured John, referring to his home.

"Better my place in Devon. Right off the map," murmured Andrew. "Ask him now?"

"No, later. Tomorrow."

But they were both afraid that, once they parted, Belinski might disappear again before they could save him; so, while John took Betty home, Andrew walked with Mr. Belinski to Paddington, on the plea—for his company was at first refused—of having to meet a train. With complete gravity the Pole, in turn, insisted on accompanying Andrew into the station.

"Mr. Belinski," said Andrew, "would you care to come and stay with my people in Devonshire?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"At my home in the country. Very quiet, and all that. You could certainly work there, because there's nothing else to do."

"My dear young friend," Belinski said warmly, "I cannot say how much I appreciate such generosity. It is magnificent!"

"Oh, rot," said Andrew. "When will you come?"

"But of course I cannot accept."

Andrew immediately asked why not.

Mr. Belinski hesitated. "I am not a suitable guest."

"Nonsense," said Andrew cheerfully. "I've taken home much rummer chaps than you." The adjective slipped out before he could retrieve it, but Belinski did not seem offended. He stood looking at Andrew warily, but with something like affection.

"Please do not press me, because I feel so discourteous to refuse. For example, your parents do not know me. What you suggest is most generous, but also quite impossible."

"I don't see why," argued Andrew.

"It is not to be thought of," said Mr. Belinski. Without another word he turned and walked rapidly out of the station.

But Andrew hared after him, and followed him home, and once they knew the address he and John Frewen were able to dog Mr. Belinski's path, and argue with him in relays; and Andrew, as has been seen, went down to Devonshire to get his parents' approval, and came back with a written invitation from Lady Carmel. At the end of another two weeks Mr. Belinski—other factors influencing him as well—suddenly gave way, and bent once more to his erratic fate.

VII

One person at least welcomed this fortnight's interval: Mrs. Maile felt she really couldn't do with visitors until she got her staff into some sort of shape. It was no easy matter. Friars Carmel, like many another once-lavish household, was still strong on the administrative side, but weak on the execution. The roles of butler, housekeeper, cook were all filled; but Cluny and Hilda, like a stage army, had to march round and round—now housemaids, now parlormaids, now kitchenmaids, laundry maids, linen maids. This made them very hard to discipline, for

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Put a bottle of Lea & Perrins Worcestershire Sauce on the table when you serve meat. Let everyone add a few drops of its racy goodness to bring out all the rich, hearty flavor of meats. Also adds wonderful tasty flavor to other favorite dishes.

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THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

NO DRIP NO SPILL NO WASTE

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Smart, practical for syrup, honey, cream, salad dressing, etc. Ideal refrigerator container . . . avoids contamination and odor. Easy to clean. Plastic top and slide; 14-oz. glass jar.

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SPAMWICH IDEA

Slice Spam and cheese for the Spamwich, accompany with chips, sliced carrots, scallions, radishes. For luncheon, lunch boxes, late supper, snacks—a taste hit!

COLD OR HOT... SPAM HITS THE SPOT!

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Leaves of Ice Crystal Engrave Their Beauty on New and Lovely Shapes . . Arcadia combines freshness and originality of form with an entirely new decorative treatment of finely engraved leaf patterns which give matchless sheen and brilliance to the crystal. More than 50 open-stock pieces, at prices genuinely modest. If your favorite store is temporarily out of an item, please make allowances for wartime.
The Cambridge Glass Co.,
Cambridge, Ohio.

GENUINE HAND MADE Cambridge MADE IN U.S.A.

Cambridge
HAND-MADE CRYSTAL

"No Ration Points Needed for Our Favorite Sandwich Spread"

Peanut Crunch BRAND
An Improved PEANUT BUTTER

★ It's irresistible — this new and different peanut butter filled with crunchy bits of peanuts and brimming with energy-giving goodness. Saves butter too! And combines delightfully with relishes, jams, jellies, and meat left-overs for extra-nourishing lunch box sandwiches. Doesn't stick to roof of mouth.

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EVERBEST
Preserves and Jellies

OLD FASHIONED TOMATO PRESERVES

This old-time conserve harks back to grandma's kitchen. To choice tomatoes we add sugar, spices and lemon peel for a luscious spread.

GLASER, CRANDELL CO.
CHICAGO 8

If your grocer is temporarily out of this variety try the other delicious EVERBEST PRESERVES

though Mrs. Maile could easily keep in her head what each of six girls ought to be doing at any given hour, two girls doing six jobs confused her sadly.

The two girls themselves got on very well. Their common bedroom was large, and they divided its conveniences meticulously, the only advantage retained by Hilda being an art-silk bedspread bought out of her own money. As a counter to this Cluny had her three photographs in their gold frame. Hilda had no photographs as yet, because Gary was too young to take.

Gary was her infant son, and a source of great pride to her; she wagered that when his dad came back and saw'n him'd wed she for sure—though whether her'd wed he was another story: him'd have to mend his wild ways, said Hilda sternly, afore her went to church with'n. Hilda's seduction by a seafarer, in fact, gave her the only consequence she was capable of, and she naturally leaned on it. Cluny listened with great interest.

All this was more trouble for Mrs. Maile. Before Cluny arrived, the housekeeper had instructed Hilda to suppress, on pain of instant dismissal, all mention of young Gary; and she imagined herself obeyed. Then arose the question of Cluny's afternoon off—two till seven on Wednesdays. From two till seven, what was the girl to do? Her natural occupation, a visit to Hilda's home in the village, was barred by the presence there of Hilda's illegitimate offspring. The problem really bothered Mrs. Maile. In fact, only one thing bothered her more, and that was Cluny's solution of it.

In answer to a tentative inquiry, Cluny said that she was going to the colonel's on her afternoon off.

SALVAGE

Ilka Chase likes to tell a story of the aftermath of her divorce from Louis Calhern. His next wife was Julia Hoyt. Miss Chase, going through a trunk, found a box of handsome engraved cards, bearing simply the name, Mrs. Louis Calhern. Feeling it a shame that they should go to waste, she wrapped them up and sent them to her successor, with the little note, "Dear Julia: I hope these reach you in time."

—EDMUND FULLER: Thesaurus of Anecdotes (Crown Publishers.)

"The colonel's?" repeated Mrs. Maile.

"Colonel Duff-Graham's. To see Roderick."

Mrs. Maile's eyebrows rose. "*Roderick,* my dear?"

"He's a golden Labrador," said Cluny. "He was in the train. The colonel said I could come and take him out."

"Well!" said Mrs. Maile. Whether this made things better or worse she really did not know.

"I *love* him," added Cluny enthusiastically.

Mrs. Maile asked no more. She felt it quite possible that if she asked who, Cluny might reply, not "Roderick," but "the colonel," and the idea was altogether too unnerving to pursue.

So the uneasy fortnight passed; Andrew, John and Mr. Belinski arrived. The first person to see them was Sir Henry, who happened to be looking out the window as the car drew up; he watched the three young men get out, and at once nipped down to his wife's drawing room to warn her that the professor hadn't come. "Feller's too young," proclaimed Sir Henry. He was firmly reiterating this statement as Andrew brought Belinski in.

"Mother," said Andrew clearly, "this is Mr. Belinski."

Lady Carmel swam benevolently to meet them. "How nice!" she exclaimed. "My son has told me so much about you, professor; we are so glad you could come. My husband, professor—and now, professor, let me give you some tea."

(*Continued on Page 87*)

Our table will be beautiful with these ▫▫

After the war I'm marching straight up to my dealer and insisting on nothing less than the fine silverplate with the two blocks of sterling silver inlaid at backs of bowls and handles of the most used spoons and forks.

ONE OF THE FIRST DESIGNS ON SALE AFTER THE WAR WILL BE . . . LOVELY LADY

HOLMES & EDWARDS
STERLING INLAID°
SILVERPLATE

HERE AND HERE
It's Sterling Inlaid

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Motto for a patriotic kitchen:

"GO TO THE ICEBOX INSTEAD OF THE MARKET"

DO YOU EVER throw away good left-overs right from the table?

Of course you don't. No housewife worth her salt does that!

But wouldn't you hate to guess how many tons of this country's good food spend a week on little dishes in iceboxes—only to be thrown out in the end?

Let's stop this slow, sad fade-out!

Let's make our motto . . . first thing every day . . . *"Go to the icebox instead of the market"!* . . . Then every tiny bit of food will "fight for freedom"!

When we line up those little dishes and really *think* what we might do with them—we'll be amazed at our own bright ideas!

We'll add water or milk or tomato juice and have soup—we'll add bread crumbs or spaghetti or noodles and have casseroles . . . and best of all . . .

We'll add Jell-O and have be-yootiful main dishes, salads, desserts!

Here are three—couldn't you almost make any one of them out of what you have in the icebox right this minute?

And if Jell-O is scarce at your neighborhood store, don't pass up these patriotic, food-saving recipes. Use some other gelatin dessert this time . . . we know you'll come back to genuine extra-rich Jell-O with the "locked-in" flavor just as soon as you can. And be sure to ask your grocer *please* to save you your share of Jell-O next time it comes in.

After all, though sugar-rationing has cut down the supply of Jell-O, there is still some for everybody . . . if we all "share and play square!"

JELLIED VEGETABLE MEDLEY

1 package Lime Jell-O
1½ cups hot water and vegetable stock
and 2 chicken bouillon cubes
2 tablespoons vinegar
½ teaspoon scraped onion
1 tablespoon pimiento strips
½ cup thinly sliced celery
⅓ cup mayonnaise or salad dressing
½ cup cooked peas or string beans
1 cup cooked rice
¼ teaspoon celery salt

Dissolve Jell-O in hot liquid. Add vinegar and onion. Measure ½ cup; add 2 tablespoons water. Chill. When slightly thickened, add pimiento and ¼ cup celery. Turn into mold. Chill until firm. Add 2 tablespoons water to remaining Jell-O. Place in bowl of ice and water. When slightly thickened, whip with rotary egg beater until thick and fluffy. Fold in mayonnaise and remaining ingredients. Add salt to taste. Turn into mold. Chill until firm. Unmold. Garnish with salad greens. Makes 6 servings.

CHICKEN RELISH MOLD

1 package Lemon Jell-O
1 pint hot water and
2 chicken bouillon cubes
3 tablespoons vinegar
½ teaspoon salt
Dash of pepper
2 teaspoons minced onion
1 cup ½-inch raw carrot sticks
¾ cup thinly sliced celery
¼ cup diced dill or sweet pickles
2 tablespoons diced pimiento
½ cup chopped left-over cooked
chicken, ham, etc.

Dissolve Jell-O in hot liquid. Add vinegar, salt, pepper, and onion. Chill. When slightly thickened, add remaining ingredients. Turn into 1-quart ring mold or individual molds. Chill until firm. Unmold. Garnish with escarole and radish roses, if desired. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

Note: Meat and bouillon cubes may be omitted. Increase salt to 1 teaspoon.

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(*Continued from Page 85*)

Belinski sat. "I cannot express," he said gravely, "how grateful I am for your kindness. It is something that does not often happen. If your son has indeed spoken of me, you will understand all I do not say."

"How well you speak English," observed Lady Carmel.

"It is the universal tongue."

"Ha!" exclaimed Sir Henry, much pleased. "That's what I say. As a young man my dear parents sent me on a tour round the world. I left speaking English and I came back speaking English, and I never spoke a word of anything else the whole time. Didn't need to."

"And did you enjoy your travels, sir?"

"No," said Sir Henry.

"Harry, dear!" Lady Carmel signaled to Andrew to give his father several scones. "The professor will think you quite stupid. You know that you enjoyed your travels."

"I didn't," said Sir Henry stoutly. "I went to Rome and I saw the Pope; I went to St. Petersburg and saw the Czar; and when I got home I took a good look at the first London bobby and I thanked my stars. If a man's got a home, he should stick to it."

For a moment this extraordinarily unfortunate remark seemed to Andrew to lie visible, like a broken bowl, in the middle of the floor. Then his mother tidied it up.

"Now I," she said blandly, "am a natural cosmopolitan. Personally, I should like to spend nine months of the year abroad."

This thumping lie drew upon her the eyes of all three: Andrew's sending a message of love, Belinski's bright with comprehension, Sir Henry's simply aghast.

"Allie!" he protested. "Do you really ——"

"Have some cake, dear," said Lady Carmel meaningly. "Andrew, where is John? . . . Professor, are you fond of gardens? I shall show you mine till you think me a great bore. . . . Ah, here is John; get your tea, dear, you must be famished. . . . And now, professor, tell me: who is Einstein?"

Under this firm handling, the rest of the meal passed off very well, and as soon as it was over Lady Carmel made good her threat and took Belinski off to the garden.

MRS. MAILE, presiding over a rather superior spread in the housekeeper's room, waited impatiently for Mr. Syrett to come back and report.

"Well, Mr. Syrett?" she asked when he arrived.

The butler put off his front-hall manner and sat down. "Mr. Andrew looks well, though somewhat more distracted than usual, and Mr. John, of course, lingered in the garage, messing about with his car."

"And the professor?"

The butler considered. "Young," he said at last. "Younger than one would expect. But quite gentlemanly."

Mrs. Maile nodded, to show she understood this fine distinction.

"When will Brown be ready to help wait?"

This Day My Son Puts On His Wings

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

Use them well, these fierce wild
things,
Make good use, my son, of wings,
Let no tons of silvery power
Keep your youth from gentle flower.

Wear your wings, young citizen,
Out of the flat world that has been
Into the new world which is round,
Which man can travel fast as sound.

The round world your wings will
explore
Must have no closed heart, no
closed door,
No black race, white race, yellow
or brown,
But only neighbors in one town.

No peaks, no valleys, no high or low
Your high and young blue eyes
shall know.
Open your wings, son, and go fast
Over a brotherly world at last.

You who were so merry and fair
I have lost now to the air,
Little son grown tall! I speed
You on your high way to sow seed.

Make me, who your father were,
One with Abraham of Ur,
Who saw his seed as seed of light
Sown like stars across round night.

Mrs. Maile reflected. "If you like to risk it, she might try tonight. Though with two guests, it does seem chancy."

"At least she can reach to set a plate," said Mr. Syrett, "without biting Sir Henry's ear, as is Hilda's practice. In fact, she has as good a reach as I've ever seen. Try her."

Which seemed to show that Cluny Brown, as a tall parlormaid, was at last finding her place.

WALKING between the box edges of the pixy garden, Lady Carmel continued to handle the situation presented by Mr. Belinski with marked success. She told him simply and carefully all the things she thought he should, but probably did not, know, and refused to hear a word in return.

"Have you a dinner jacket?" asked Lady Carmel.

The professor shook his head. "I am so sorry. I have only this suit and one other. And four shirts." He found he didn't mind telling her this in the least.

"Then Andrew, who has two, shall lend you one; you're much the same build. That is because," explained Lady Carmel, "my husband always dresses for dinner, but if he saw you didn't, he wouldn't, and that would worry him, because he likes me to dress, always. I'm being so frank because we hope you'll stay with us some time, and to have poor Harry worrying for months would be too bad. You don't mind?"

"I do not think I would mind anything said by you."

"That's a great compliment. You mustn't mind anything my husband says either. You must borrow anything you want from Andrew, professor, and there are several thousand books in the library; my husband sleeps there in the afternoon, but otherwise it is very little used. Syrett will valet you."

"Dear Lady Carmel, I was never valeted in my life."

"Well, do you mind letting Syrett, so as not to hurt his feelings? I don't suppose he'll do much—in fact, Andrew says he just eats his head off—but he wouldn't like to be told not to. I'm being so perfectly frank, professor, because I never forget how once as a girl I completely disorganized a French household by coming downstairs to breakfast. When I found out by accident, after nearly three months, I was so mortified that I've never liked France since. It's the other countries I want to travel in," said Lady Carmel hastily.

Sir Henry and Lady Carmel kept early hours; for them a pleasant evening ended at ten-thirty, and Andrew, who wished his protégé to make a good impression, remarked at twenty-five past that they had all had a long day. Mr. Belinski at once rose and kissed Lady Carmel's hand. Andrew took him up to his room, where Belinski immediately sat down on the bed.

"Do you have everything you want?" asked Andrew.

Belinski looked at the bedside table with its lamp, its carafe, its silver biscuit box, its two books, one of them in German. A lower

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Your first duty to your country: BUY WAR BONDS

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The "Guest-Quality" Margarine

Copr., 1944, Swift & Company

shelf held cigarettes, matches, ash tray. He looked at the primroses on the bureau. The warmth of a hot-water bottle communicating itself, he shifted a little and looked at the small mound it made through the bedclothes. Then he looked at Andrew.

"It is unbelievable," said Mr. Belinski.

"What is?"

"All of it. That I should be here—in this house, with your parents—is like something in a dream."

"Particularly my parents," suggested Andrew.

Belinski nodded seriously. "I had forgotten that such people were. No, that is wrong; I never knew of such people. They are good like saints. Tell me: why does your mother call me 'professor'?"

"Well," said Andrew, "she's got it into her head that that's what you are. You don't mind?"

"On the contrary, if she wishes, I will be a rector," Mr. Belinski told him. "But—but I am still perplexed. I ask myself, 'Why am I a professor? Why am I here? You and your friends, why should you involve yourselves? Why?'"

Andrew walked across to the window and looked out at the moonshiny night. "Well, at Cambridge they thought rather a lot of you."

"Then I am to be respected, yes. Cheered, after a discourse, if you happen to agree with my opinions. But you and your friends—I may tell you, I do not agree—believe me to be in some sort of danger. I saw that young man who drove the car down here put a pistol in his pocket. If there are such risks, why should you take them?"

"Well, we think you're a valuable sort of man."

"And that is sufficient?"

Andrew hesitated. "If you must know—there's also the sporting interest of the thing."

The effect of this admission was not such as he expected. Adam Belinski leaped up from the bed with a beaming smile. "That is such a pleasure to me," he said warmly. "You do not know!"

THAT'S NATURAL

Probably no man ever had a friend he did not dislike a little: we are all so constructed by Nature no one can possibly entirely approve of us. —E. W. HOWE.

A good listener is not only popular everywhere, but after a while he knows something. —WILSON MIZNER.

There were several things Andrew did not yet know about Mr. Belinski; for even left-wing authorities on European literature have their human side. Andrew would have been much surprised, and even rather shocked, to know the true reason for both Mr. Belinski's melancholia and his reluctance to leave London. The fact was that, besides being interested in prose, Mr. Belinski was also interested in women.

HE WAS particularly sensitive to certain attributes in them. These included length from hip to knee, ability to interpret Chopin, very dark eyes, very light eyes, impregnable virtue, insatiable temperament and a trustful disposition. A week before the party in Hampstead he had met a young lady who combined no less than three of them. She was tall, dark and virtuous, the married daughter of his landlady. When John Frewen espied him behind the piano, such was the vision that filled Belinski's thoughts: lovely and cruel Maria Dillon. No wonder he looked wretched. And when Andrew argued with him—hopeless yet ever hoping, repulsed yet enchanted, in the first throes of a new passion—how could Belinski tear himself away? He couldn't. But at last he was given notice; and so allowed himself to be carried off into Devonshire.

And Adam Belinski had also a conscience, though an erratic one. The precautions taken by young Andrew had touched him; he felt he had pulled a double bluff, assuring the boy there was no danger, yet allowing him to believe in it. Now Andrew's confession had put all to rights: he, too, in a sense, had deceived Belinski; he was enjoying himself; and so they were quits.

Mr. Belinski lay between the smooth, cool, lavender-scented sheets and thought of Maria Dillon. He found her image curiously hard to fix; it was overlaid by too many other impressions: of the great house, of the candlelit dinner table, of Lady Carmel and Sir Henry. This was no unusual phenomenon with him: ardent in pursuit, he was also rather easily distracted. Besides, he was in Devonshire, and Maria in London. As Hortense was in Paris, and Sonia in Warsaw, and another girl in Budapest. *Good-by, Maria!* thought Mr. Belinski sadly; luxuriated a moment in this fresh loss, and so fell into a sound sleep.

Dear Uncle Arn: I waited at table tonight for the first time. Two guests, a friend of Mr. Andrew's and the professor, and Mr. Syrett said I might have been worse. The only thing I did really bad was offering mayonaze again with the trifle, thinking custard. The professor took some before Mr. Syrett saw but ate it up, we think perhaps being a foreigner he wouldn't notice. But he speaks English like you or I. Her ladyship wore gray velvet though not low-necked, all the others in evening clothes just like the films. This is the brightest spot so far in my hard life. I hope you are quite well and not missing me too badly. It would be funny if after all these years you did not miss me at all. What I think is if you miss people why not say so.

Your affectionate neice,
CLUNY BROWN.

VIII

THE beauties of a Devonshire spring are too well known to require description. Natives, from old habit, keep their heads pretty well; but both Cluny and the professor were powerfully affected. The latter's sensibility made Lady Carmel like him all the more. They took packets of sandwiches and tramped for miles, leaving Andrew and Sir Henry, who was no pedestrian, to face each other over the lunch table. The meal was usually a silent one, for Andrew, like many another young man of his generation, was extremely fond of his father but had nothing to say to him.

"I'm glad your mother's got someone to walk with," observed Sir Henry. "I don't like her going alone."

Andrew nodded his agreement with this sentiment, but without conviction.

"You didn't go with 'em?" added Sir Henry.

"Letters," mumbled Andrew, avoiding his parent's eye.

On him, too, the season was having its effect—and so conventional a one that he instinctively repudiated it. He had just decided that, far from being in love with the sun-bathing Betty Cream, he rather disliked her.

"Pity the Duff-Graham girl's away," said Sir Henry suddenly.

"Why?" asked Andrew.

"Well, she'd be company for you," said Sir Henry, and then began to talk about trout.

Mr. Belinski's reactions to the spring met with every encouragement; not so Cluny Brown's. What was an asset in the guest became a liability in the parlormaid: for only by scamping her work could Cluny spend enough time out-of-doors, and every day she scamped a bit more. With real ingenuity, she dropped the key of the linen cupboard somewhere in the orchard, and had to spend a whole afternoon looking for it. Above all, she picked things. Every time she ran out she came back with her hands full of violets, primroses, daffodils. She brought moss into the kitchen, also a thrush's egg, fallen from the nest, which she tried to hatch in a tea cozy. Later she tried to blow it. This thoroughgoing attempt to cram a whole country childhood into the space of a few weeks was very much in Cluny's character; it was not, however, in Mrs. Maile's character to allow it.

Mrs. Maile put up with a great deal, but after Cluny played truant for two hours,

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simply to look at lambs, the housekeeper decided that the time had come to give her a thorough dressing down. This was something Mrs. Maile did particularly well: Generations of Bessies had been reduced to tears in an average of five minutes, and to penitence in an average of ten. Mrs. Maile rather grimly allotted Cluny a quarter of an hour, and there is little doubt that Cluny, too, would have succumbed, but for one unforeseeable incident.

"Who do you think you are?" demanded Mrs. Maile coldly; and this question, awaking such familiar echoes, effectually distracted Cluny's thoughts. The rest of the scolding was lost on her; she was far away, back in String Street with Mr. Porritt. Passionately she wondered how he was managing without her.

"Well?" repeated Mrs. Maile impatiently. "Have you anything to say for yourself?"

"I do wish Uncle Arn was here," sighed Cluny.

The housekeeper's face relaxed. She had, as it happened, actually been speaking of Mr. Porritt, drawing a most harrowing picture of his emotions on learning of Cluny's wickedness; she thought perhaps Cluny wished he were there so that she might promise him to do better.

"And why do you say that, my dear?" Mrs. Maile asked.

"I'd like him to see the lambs," sighed Cluny.

Like Mr. Ames a month earlier, Mrs. Maile felt baffled. The housekeeper was so put out that she actually waited for Cluny to resume the conversation.

"I'm sorry, I didn't hear what you were saying. Have you sacked me?" asked Cluny hopefully.

Mrs. Maile would willingly have given a month's wages to be able to answer, "Yes, I have."

It was on one of her legitimate excursions, however, on a Wednesday afternoon, that Cluny, having upset Mrs. Maile, upset Andrew Carmel. Andrew was tramping the lanes at a steady four miles an hour, trying not to observe the beauties of nature. Suddenly, at a point where Colonel Duff-Graham's boundary marched with the road, there leaped through a gate a golden dog, followed by a tall dark girl in a mackintosh.

A mackintosh, especially in the country, has peculiar properties. Worn with heavy shoes and a battered hat, or no hat at all, it is for several months of the year the uniform of the country gentlewoman. A dog goes with it. Andrew, therefore, did not recognize Cluny for at least five seconds, or four seconds after he had recognized Roderick.

"Hello," he said. "Where are you going?"

"It's my afternoon off," said Cluny.

"You've got the colonel's Roddy."

"I've just fetched him. Isn't he beautiful?"

"Grand," agreed Andrew.

Cluny grinned, twisting her hand in the animal's collar. "It's all right," she assured Andrew; "the colonel knows. And Mrs. Maile knows. I'm let."

"Well, I didn't think you were stealing him."

"I take him out every week, and he's mine for the afternoon. He's going to have puppies—I mean his wife is." All at once Cluny's friendly look changed; she stared at Andrew inimically. "Mr. Syrett," she stated, "says that you're ever so worried about Europe."

This sudden change of subject took Andrew aback. "How on earth does he know that?"

"There's nothing much goes on he doesn't know," said Cluny darkly. "He says you think it's just awful."

"So it is."

"Well, *here*," said Cluny, "I'm not allowed to keep a dog." She turned and made rapidly off, Roderick following.

Andrew was so struck by this encounter that as soon as he got home he went straight to his mother and asked if there was any reason why the maids shouldn't keep dogs.

At Ease!

by Betty Crocker

● JUST ADD CREAM to Bisquick! Easy as that, making rich flaky biscuit shortcake. Simple directions on Bisquick package. No sifting. No shortening to cut in. Twice as easy, this modern way!

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SIX INGREDIENTS are blended in Bisquick: Pure vegetable shortening, baking powder, Gold Medal Enriched Flour, salt, sugar, and powdered milk.

• • •

WHAT TO SERVE with strawberry shortcake? My staff suggests this:

Shrimp au Gratin
Fresh Green Peas
Salad Bowl of Watercress or Lettuce, Cauliflowerettes, Pineapple Cubes and French Dressing
Crusty Enriched Rolls
Strawberry Shortcake

• • •

SHRIMP AU GRATIN—because your oven will be going for shortcake—and because it's so tasty. Alternate layers of shrimp, white sauce, and grated American cheese. Top with parsley, buttered bread crumbs. Bake in moderately hot oven (400°).

• • •

● PEANUT BUTTER WAFFLES! Gently flavored with peanut butter. Use 3 tbsp. soft, creamy peanut butter instead of shortening. Together with just milk, eggs, and Bisquick, as directed for waffles on your package of Bisquick.

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3 TIMES THROUGH COLLEGE ...still going strong!

E H

Gentlemen: Melbourne, Florida

Lots of Pequots go to college, I know, but not many, I imagine, have done it three times, as have some I bought many years ago.

They went through prep schools and college with my two daughters. I'm sure the Pequots must have been proud to belong to girls who both took high honors.

They're proud too of my son, now a lieutenant in the Army. He took them with him through the military academies where he received the training which helped him serve his country overseas.

The Pequots are quite good enough to have gone with him, but Uncle Sam supplies our soldiers' needs. So my educated Pequots are finishing out their long and useful life with the old folks at home.

Very truly yours,

Mrs. Elton Hall

Today there are fewer Pequots for civilians, because Uncle Sam's great needs come first. But thanks to Pequot's superbly woven texture, and double tape selvages, it's easy for Pequot users to help conserve their supply. Because Pequots last so long, they need replacing less often. Look how the Halls took theirs *three times through college!* Pequot Mills, Salem, Massachusetts.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

PEQUOT SHEETS

"They don't, dear," said Lady Carmel.

"I know they don't, but is there any reason why they shouldn't?"

Lady Carmel carefully filled a jar with water. "There's no place for them," she explained. "Chauffeurs sometimes keep dogs, but then there's the garage. Coachmen used to keep dogs. Housekeepers have cats—and I'm sure I wish Mrs. Maile would, because Syrett has seen a mouse. Have you seen a mouse, darling?"

Andrew picked up an iris and began to bite the stalk. "Cluny Brown wants a dog, and from something she said I believe the colonel would give her one of Roderick's puppies. Should you mind?"

"Of course not. But Mrs. Maile would," Lady Carmel told him. "She doesn't like dogs *or* cats."

"My dear mother, you give orders here, not Mrs. Maile."

"Perhaps I do," admitted Lady Carmel—though not as though she were very sure of it. "All the same, Mrs. Maile has been with us thirty years, and puppies do so chew things. When did Brown tell you all this?"

"I met her out with Roddy," Andrew said. "The colonel lets her take him on her afternoon off."

"And did you go a walk with her?" murmured Lady Carmel absently.

"No, darling. She bolted. I do wish you'd reason with Mailey."

Lady Carmel stepped back to look at her finished jar. "I once," she said thoughtfully, "many years ago, knew of a butler who hunted."

"Good for him," said Andrew.

"No, dear, it wasn't good for him. He broke his neck trying to follow a young man in the Hussars over a bullfinch." Lady Carmel sounded quite upset—though whether over the long-ago fate of the hunting butler, or the dogless state of her new parlormaid, Andrew could not be sure.

CHINESE WISDOM

Pay attention to what a man is, not to what he has been.

The highest towers begin from the ground.

Half an orange tastes as sweet as a whole one.

Don't break a vase for a shy at a rat.

Intimate talks leave us few friends.

—HERBERT A. GILES: Gems of Chinese Literature. (Kelly & Walsh, Ltd.)

When not going for walks with Lady Carmel, the professor spent a good deal of time in the stables. On the morning after his arrival Andrew led the way through the pleasant yard and up a steep outside stair to a small hayloft. It was a hayloft no longer: under the freshly cleaned window stood a table, before it a chair; there were also a bookshelf, a wastepaper basket and a camp bed.

Mr. Belinski gazed thoughtfully round. "My very dear friend," he said gently, "I assure you this is not necessary."

Andrew looked unnaturally stupid. "I thought you might like to work here sometimes," he said. "I know my mother says no one uses the library, but that doesn't mean she isn't in and out half the morning doing flowers."

"But that is not what you had in mind when you arranged me this little room. You thought, 'This is where he will hide, when they come after him!'"

Andrew flushed. "All right, I'm a well-meaning ass. Wash it out."

HE LOOKED so crestfallen, however, that Belinski said he would certainly use the loft to work in, so long as Andrew did not sit outside with a shotgun on his knee; and on these terms the loft was a success. As time went on, Belinski used it more and more, until he spent a great part of the day there—working, it was believed, on a new book.

In point of fact, Mr. Belinski was not yet actually toiling at all. He was preparing to toil. Every day he spread out a quantity of papers, saw that his pen was filled, and then settled down to read a book. Or to draw elaborate pictures of castles. Or simply to sit, staring out at the sky. This state of affairs was as familiar as it was odious to him; but so far as he knew, he could do nothing about it. He had to wait until his hand moved of its own accord and the words began to come out of the pen. In the meantime, any distraction was welcome; and he was very pleased, one afternoon, to see Cluny Brown walk slowly across the yard below him.

Cluny was considerably startled when Mr. Belinski addressed her. He was leaning out of his window, his body in shadow, his head projecting like a gargoyle—and in Cluny's opinion just about as ugly.

"Hi!" said Mr. Belinski. "What is your name?"

"Cluny Brown."

"Come up and see my room, Cluny Brown."

But Cluny stood where she was, gazing up at him. In her black dress, still lacking apron and collar, she looked curiously timeless; she might have been any girl in any century—or all the young girls who in all centuries have stood, looking up, at the sound of a man's voice.

"COME up, you black cat," said Adam Belinski.

Cluny shook her head.

"Why not?" Belinski asked. "Are you afraid of me?"

"Ought I to be?" asked Cluny interestedly.

"That depends on what you consider the object of existence. What is your object of existence?"

Cluny considered; for this was a subject on which everyone else seemed to have so much more definite opinions than she did herself. Mrs. Maile and Aunt Addie and Mr. Porritt, for instance, were all unanimous: in their view the object of her existence was to become a well-trained parlormaid. Mr. Ames thought she ought to go to parties. A gentleman in a bus had once advised her to become a model. But Cluny herself was still uncertain.

"I want something to happen," she said vaguely. "I want things happening all the time."

"Then make them happen. Why not?"

"You don't know my Uncle Arn," said Cluny somberly. "The minute *anything* happens, he stops it. I dare say it's on account of being a plumber. The way he goes on, I might be a burst pipe."

Mr. Belinski, who was finding this conversation interesting but obscure, said he would like to make Uncle Arn's acquaintance.

"You can't," said Cluny regretfully. "He's in London. I'm from London, too; I don't really belong here." She sighed. "As a matter of fact, I didn't seem to belong there either. I don't seem to belong anywhere."

"Like me," said Mr. Belinski. "The situation has its advantages." He met Cluny's surprised look and nodded. "For instance, if one belongs nowhere, if one is not already rooted, one has choice. One can regard the countries of the world as a man regards a house agent's list. That is not quite true for me, because there are several countries where I should be very uncomfortable indeed. But for you, I imagine, the whole universe is to let."

Cluny listened to him. She couldn't make head or tail of it, but it sounded lovely. "Say that again," she ordered sharply. "That last bit."

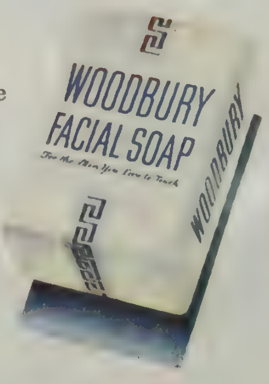
"For you, I imagine, the whole universe is to let," repeated Mr. Belinski obligingly. "Now come up here."

But Cluny was no longer interested in Mr. Belinski, only in his words. She wanted to take that magic phrase away with her and examine it carefully, by herself. Without even another upward look she just said "No, thanks," and walked off.

(To be Continued)

Appointment for Love

Love strikes like lightning . . .
you never know when or where. Some sunny morning, some April dusk. In a field starred with flowers. Or at the corner of Broad and Main. Suddenly . . . *zing* goes your heart. The moment is marked, predestined. And you are ready for your appointment . . . armed with shining beauty.



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BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

COFFEE

The Friendly Drink ... from Good Neighbors

ILLEGITIMATE

(Continued from Page 25)

He asked us in and went to get his jacket and cap. His daughter Marguerite was making fried cakes and offered us one, hot out of the kettle.

"You girls *are* good fried-cake makers!" my wife said. "Kitty made some for a church supper once and they were perfect. . . . I haven't seen Kitty lately. She's still down with Mary Penfield, isn't she?"

Jack Petrie was standing by the door, waiting to go out to the car. He whirled around and said, before Marguerite could speak, "No, she's not with Mary Penfield. She's dead, so far as I'm concerned."

"Dead?" my wife said.

"Dead to me. I don't want her spoke of here. There's no place in this house for light women or bastards."

"But Kitty's just a little girl," my wife said. She had a gentle way of looking at people that made them gentle, too, but it didn't work on Petrie.

"She's old enough to know right from wrong," Petrie said.

"You don't mean you wouldn't let her come home," my wife said.

"Do you need a board for the car?" Petrie said. He had black eyes and they could show hate very plainly.

While we worked to get the car out of the drift, I said, "Look here, Petrie, I like Kitty—always have. She's not a bad girl. You can get mad as you want to, but Kitty's your daughter and she needs a rest right now and ought to be at home."

"Start your engine again," Petrie said.

I didn't get another word out of him about Kitty. But on the way home my wife said, "She's staying down with Bess Whitcomb." Bess Whitcomb ran the lunchroom by the railroad station at that time. She did a little bootlegging on the side.

After supper that night I said to my wife, "Well, I guess we could afford to have a girl now."

A Time to Love

She was gazing at the American aviator with wide eyes—blue eyes! He saw instantly that she was not Chinese, although she wore a long silk robe of soft clear green. Against the scarlet curtain he saw her profile, delicate and clear. Who was she? What was she doing in this remote and dreamlike mountain village where he had been shot down? . . . Pearl S. Buck writes a sensitive and probing story of young love during the war in China. Don't miss **A Time to Love**, complete in the

JULY JOURNAL

She came over and put her cheek down against mine.

I went down to Bess Whitcomb's place the next day. Bess was plump and buxom and had a way with men. It wasn't any place for Kitty, though Bess was kind enough in her way. Kitty was there behind the counter. She looked thin. I had some coffee and a sandwich. Then I said to her:

"Kitty, how'd you like to work for Mrs. Brady and me? We can't pay a lot, maybe five a week, but you could have the baby with you."

KITTY took my cup and she looked at me in about as hard a way as her father had. "I got a job," she said.

"But this isn't any place to bring up a youngster," I said.

"It's all right, and I'm all right."

"What'd you name the baby?" I asked.

"Jenny," she said.

"That's a good sound, old-fashioned name. Listen, Kitty, change your mind, won't you, and come over to our house? My wife'd like the baby there. And you too."

"Thanks, but I don't need any charity."

"Charity? Don't get your back up, child! You'd have to work, you know."

"I like it here," Kitty said.

You could see she'd been hurt to the point where she was afraid to feel anything or accept any kindness. People do get hurt like that. I've often seen them. They freeze up and don't want to be warmed. She was a pretty little thing, with black curly hair, but she wasn't as pretty as she'd been the year before when she'd first come to Mary Penfield's.

"Well, the job's open any time," I told her and went away.

But as I went out Bess came from the back somewhere. "Well, well, doc, I don't get you for a customer very often!" she said. She had a loud, jolly way of speaking.

"I've been trying to steal your counter girl," I said. "Thought maybe I could get her to help my wife."

Bess laughed. "Kitty's getting on fine here," she said. "Just fine."

So I had to go back and tell my wife that Kitty wouldn't come.

KITTY worked for Bess Whitcomb for going on seven years. It didn't take long for the word of the baby to get around town after she went to Bess. And of course it didn't take long for Kitty to get a name because of the baby and because of where she worked. She behaved herself, so far as I know. But it doesn't take much to give a girl like Kitty a name. As my wife had said, she was very pretty.

Jack Petrie never forgave her. Marguerite and Marie used to try to see her once in a while. I saw one of their meetings. I was in the drugstore when Kitty came in and bought some cough sirup. I saw Petrie's car out in front and then Marie, the scared-looking youngest Petrie girl, came into the store.

"Hello, Kitty," she said, almost in a whisper.

"Oh, hello," Kitty said without any friendliness.

"Let's have a soda," Marie said.

"I've got to get back," Kitty told her.

"You'll have time for that," Marie said. Her voice was pleading and I wanted to shake Kitty.

Kitty just said, "No, I'm afraid not."

"Is everything all right?"

"Oh, sure, everything's fine."

And that was all they said. Kitty went out and Marie sat at the counter and had a soda by herself. She looked as if she were about to cry.

I didn't see Kitty often. Bess Whitcomb never called me in professionally. Nor did Kitty. There was no reason for me to go t Bess' place. Now and then the law caugh up with her, but she laughed at the law an continued to run her place wide open. Th townspeople said it was a disgrace, but they winked at the disgrace, for many of the leading citizens got liquor from there.

One day I met Bess over by the station and I said to her, "Bess, I want to have a little talk with you. About Kitty."

She lost her friendly look and she said sharply, "Yeah, doc? What about Kitty?"

She never beat about the bush and neither have I. "Bess, do you think you're doing Kitty a good turn, keeping her at your place?"

"She's satisfied."

"Are you? If Kitty's kid was yours, would you want her there?"

"Look here, doc," Bess said. She had on a red suit that fitted tight over her big bosom, and a big red hat. "So far as I'm concerned, I feel just as respectable as a lot of the white-faced sepulchers around this town that come sneaking to my back door after dark. Kitty's a good girl and she's still good, even working for me. She makes a living for her and her kid, better than she'd do at housework where she'd be like dirt under most folks' feet."

Alan Curtis
Starring in Universal's "THE INVISIBLE MAN'S REVENGE"

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JUST APPLY TO ONE SPOT

"I'm thinking about the little girl."

"And how much more of a chance would the kid have in somebody's kitchen? You know the kid doesn't have much chance here anyhow—at my place or any other. But at my place she's as good as the next fellow."

There seemed little more to say.

According to my wife's diary, I was first called in to see Jenny in November, 1921. She had bronchitis. She was one of the most beautiful children I have ever seen, even sick. It looked as if it were going to be pneumonia, but it wasn't. She had fine, curly dark hair, all damp and clinging to her head, and her face was hot with fever. She was beautiful, but sad. Yes, she was sad, that child, even then. She was certainly loved and cared for. Bess hustled around getting a steam kettle ready, wiping the child's face, letting the counter go. It was plain the room had been fixed up for Jenny. There were dolls and books around, and a little white bureau. The window looked out on the railroad tracks, but the room was pleasant.

I looked up from Jenny and Kitty stood there, looking as if she'd die if anything happened to the child.

"She's going to be all right," I said.

"Is it pneumonia?" Kitty said.

"No. We'll have her out in no time."

That night I said to my wife, "Kitty Petrie's got a beautiful baby."

"Yes, I've seen her," my wife said.

"I wish she were somewhere else."

We were in this room and the fire was going. My wife put a little more coal on. "Will," she said, "I tried to adopt Kitty's baby." We never had any children. We hadn't talked about it much, however. She had never told me she'd seen Kitty or the baby before.

"But she wouldn't let you, eh?" I said.

"No, she wouldn't let me."

"You can't blame her," I told my wife.

"No," my wife said. "I liked her for not letting me. I wouldn't have, either. She'll come out all right, Will—the baby."

"I'm not sure," I told her. "You know this town—and somehow I had a feeling, looking at her, that she knew all about what was ahead of her already."

My wife sat on the stool here, and she put her head against my knee. "Yes," she said, "she knows. She knows already. She's that kind of a child."

Thomas Mann has written a clinical essay about such people. People who know their own destiny and live it as if they knew it. This essay I read in June of last year, and Jenny Petrie came to mind as I read it. Even had the town let her forget—and they didn't—I believe Jenny would have still been conscious of her burden.

If Kitty had married and provided a father for Jenny, it may be that all would still have been well. People do forget, provided the conventionalities are eventually observed. But Kitty never married. That, somehow, along with the job she had, set a seal on her as a certain kind of girl. Plenty of the railroad men took a pass at her from time to time, but Bess was generally around with her loud, gibing laugh and her sharp tongue, and no one ever got far with Kitty. There wasn't any call for me to see Kitty or Jenny, and I rarely did see them. Now and then I heard a remark.

Mrs. Beemer was talking with Mrs. Landis on the street and I heard her say about her girl, Caroline, "I told Caroline: 'You're not going to any roadhouse. All those boys carrying flasks. You're getting to look as bold as Kit Petrie,' I told her."

And in my wife's diary I found these words: *I had words with Mattie Bush at the church.*

There had been a church supper and my wife had helped serve. I stopped by for her, and my wife and Mattie Bush were washing dishes.

"Well, Letty Brady, all I can say is that if that child is an angel in the pageant, there won't be any pageant—not if I have any influence. Angel, indeed!" Mattie said. Her cheeks were red and so were my wife's.

"She will either be an angel, and be treated like one, or I wash my hands of the Sunday

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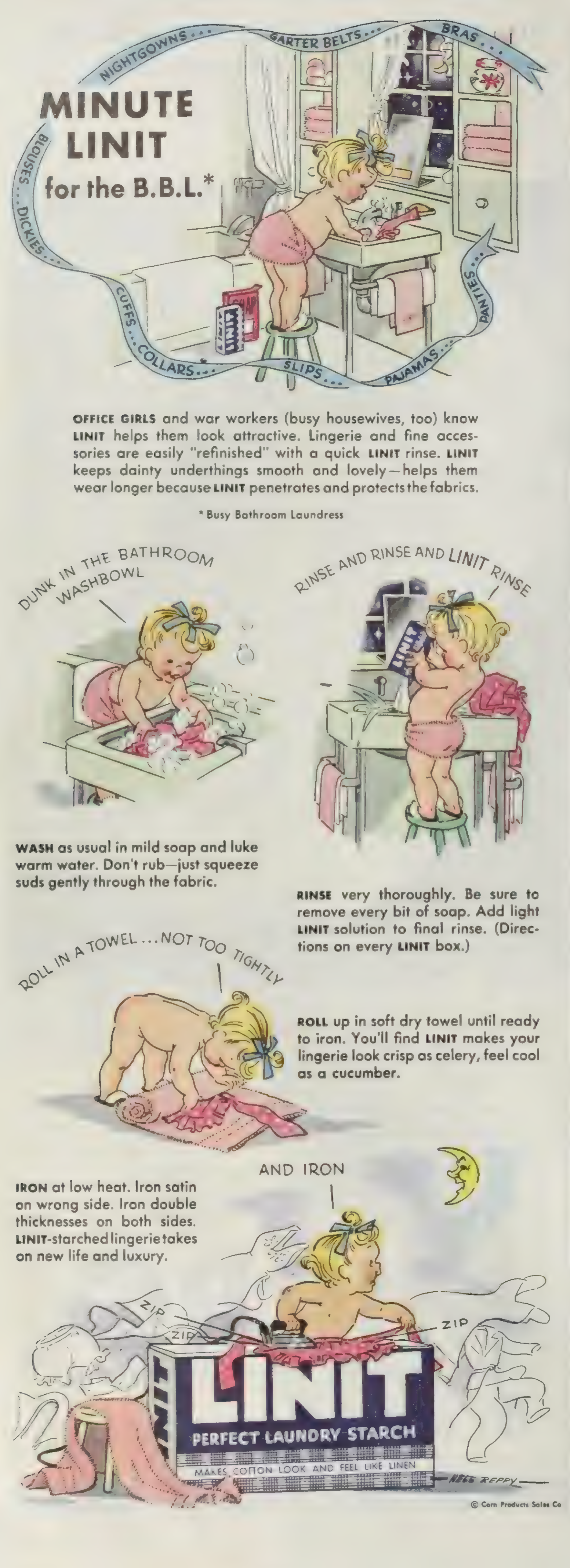

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school," my wife said. She taught the teen-age girls and was the best teacher they had ever had, and of course Mattie Bush knew that.

"You're losing your mind, Letty," she said. "If you had children of your own you'd be singing a different song. We have to look to our children's morals."

"Well, I've never seen anything immoral about Jenny Petrie," my wife told her. "And it seems to me, Mattie, that you're forgetting that this is the church of our Lord, who wasn't above being kind to Mary Magdalene." My wife took off her apron, folded it up and put it in a little bag, got her coat and said, "I'm ready, Will." She didn't say good night to Mattie, but came out with me into the winter night and got into the car.

"Kind of keyed up, aren't you?" I said to her.

"Yes," was all she said. And all she said in her diary was, *I had words with Mattie Bush at the church.*

Last night I read in her diaries for a long time, forgetting to write. Such brief little entries, but each one calls up a scene that means something in my life. . . . *Will planted the willow today.* She wanted a willow for ten years before I finally planted it. These last few years it has grown very tall, but it is not an easy thing for me to see it drooping over the creek out back and to know how few years there were that my wife saw it there. It would have been so easy to have planted a sprig when we were young. All the years of her waiting I seem to find in those few words. . . . *Aunt Martha died at midnight last night.* Aunt Martha brought my wife up and was like a mother to her. My wife had been with her two weeks before she died, of a cancer. It was very hard on Letty, looking after her, just because she was so fond of her. But that was all she said, and perhaps I read more into it, knowing my wife so well. . . . *John Penfield came in to have his arm treated today.* . . . For all she was so quiet and kind, my wife knew what men and women were like. She didn't have illusions about human nature. Like all these brief sentences, this last one makes much more sense, holds much more importance than it seems to on the surface.

EVALUATION

Hazlitt, after failing at painting, marrying badly, divorcing, being tortured by a commonplace minx who was his landlady's daughter, quarreling with his best friends until they dropped him, being overworked, gnawed by debt, melancholy and chronic indigestion, astonished everyone by saying on his deathbed, "I have had a happy life."

—V. S. PRITCHETT:
Quoted in What is Happiness?
(H. C. Kinsey & Co., Inc.)

John Penfield came in a little after office hours on this night. He was and is a handsome man, big and powerfully built.

"Am I too late, doc?" he asked.

"Yes, but come in," I said. "What's troubling you?"

"I've got a scratch on my arm and it's bothering me a little," he told me. "I was up at Muer's place the other day and we were out in the barn—well, his old barn cat thought we were disturbing her kittens and she went for me. I put some iodine on it, but Mary thought you'd better look at it."

His arm was bad. There were three long scratches the whole length of the forearm, and infection had set in and the arm was swollen.

"Good grief, man, why didn't you come in sooner? This isn't so good, John."

I must say he took it well, and I wasn't easy on him, cleaning out that infected spot. I didn't like the look of it, even when I'd finished. "You'd better come in in the morning," I told him. I saw he was looking white, so I called to my wife to bring in some coffee. She brought it into the office and put it down on the desk.

"John's been playing with the cat and got himself a nasty arm," I told her.

"I didn't know you had a cat," my wife said.

"It wasn't mine—Ed Muer's, up in the country," John said. When he picked up the cup his hand shook. But after he'd had the coffee, he looked better. He got up and said good night and that he'd look in in the morning. At the door he said, "If you see Mary, don't get her all alarmed over this. You know how women fuss." He made an attempt to grin.

I had a time saving that arm. John finally had to go to bed with it and I went over to the Penfield house to see him. Callie Olds was working there and she let me in. "Mrs. Penfield here?" I asked Callie.

"No, she isn't. She went over to her sister's in North Linfield yesterday. Mr. Penfield's right at the head of the stairs."

John was in a big old walnut bed. I had never had any great liking for John, but I felt sorry for him that day, alone, no fire in the grate, no one to fuss over him but Callie, who hasn't any sympathy in her.

"You're going to have to take it off," John said.

"No, I think the swelling's gone down," I told him. "I was going to rush you over to Deer City to the hospital tonight if it hadn't though." He shut his eyes. "I wish Mary were here," I said. "A few instructions I'd like to leave, and Callie—well, I'm not sure she's up to instructions. What'd Mary run off for at a time like this?"

He didn't answer me. I thought for a minute that he'd fainted, but he hadn't. He opened his eyes at last and said, "Mary's sister's at the point of perpetuating the clan—Mary thought she ought to be with her. She didn't have any idea how bad my arm was."

I wanted to snort at that, for Mary Penfield knows everything that's going on. But there was something about John's voice that stopped me in my tracks. So I just told Callie what to do and went home. It was a bitter night, wet and snowy and dark.

I came into the house and Letty said, "Will, you get into bed! You're hoarse as a crow—you *never* will keep your overcoat buttoned up. Hot lemonade it is for you."

I wasn't sick—I rarely get a cold—I suppose I just liked to be coddled a little. I liked to lie in this room, with the fire going and my books within reach and Letty fussing over me. Yes, I liked that more than I knew.

"How's John?" my wife said.

"Oh, he's going to be all right—I hope. I guess he'll keep away from cats from now on—cats with kittens, anyway."

My wife went over by the fire. She had on the red bathrobe and her hair down in braids. "Will," she said, "there wasn't any cat."

"Wasn't any cat? What do you mean, there wasn't any cat?"

"Mrs. Muer came down from the library meeting today and I was talking with her about this and that—and I mentioned John's arm and said I guessed he'd keep away from their barn after this. And she asked me what I meant. Will, he was up there, but he wasn't near the barn, nor near any cat—and they didn't even have a cat that had kittens. He just drove into the barnyard and asked Mr. Muer something, didn't even get out of the car."

"Funny," I said, "John was pretty definite about it."

"Yes, wasn't he?"

"Well, he's been getting ready for next election—maybe he was just mixed up on whose barn it was."

"Maybe," my wife said.

"Mary's over at North Linfield with Elsie. Guess she couldn't have taken it too seriously," I said.

"Will," my wife began, then stopped. I pressed her a little as to what she'd started to say, but she only said, "Oh, nothing." I began to read, but I puzzled about John and thought about this room and that cold dark room over in the big Penfield house.

I must keep to a chronological order. Jenny Petrie was not in the pageant. Not because Mrs. Bush thought it unsuitable,

(Continued on Page 96)

The First 365 Days are the Hardest!

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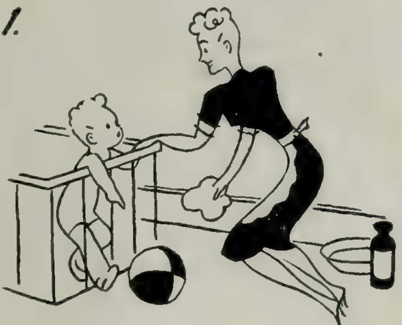

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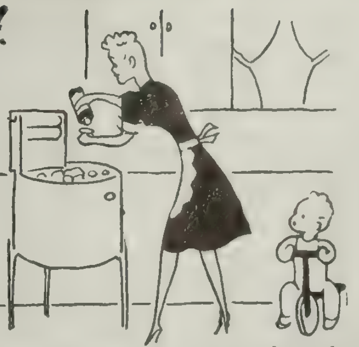

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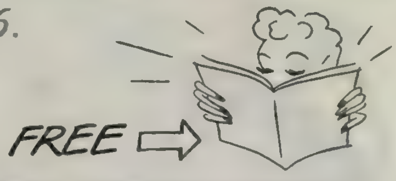

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(Continued from Page 94)

but because she was no longer in Sunday school. Jenny was now six years old and had started at school.

I am not above interfering if I think any good can come of it, but I could not interfere to any purpose in the life of Jenny Petrie. Except for that one time, she was never ill, or at least not so ill that Bess and Kitty couldn't look after her. But one day I came past the schoolyard at recess time and there was Jenny standing by the swing frames. She was a slight child, tall for her age but very thin, like a willow wand. Graceful like that too. She stood very still, but it was the stillness of a young doe with wolves ringing it about. She had on a red coat that Bess must have picked out and a knitted red cap with a white tassel. And the children were dancing all around her, chanting, "Jenny's only half—Jenny's only half!" over and over again in that maddening way that children do overdo a phrase.

I stopped and I said, "What's going on here? What sense does that make—Jenny's only half? She looks all there to me."

Little Robbie Elliot gave that sly little giggle that made me want to slap him, but he didn't explain anything. Jenny didn't look relieved at my intervention. She just stood there. Then the rest joined Robbie in giggling and ran off helter-skelter across the playground. I wanted to talk to Jenny and find out what the children had meant, but Jenny just gave me a straight sort of look and walked off into the schoolhouse.

The next Sunday my wife said, "Jenny Petrie wasn't at Sunday school today."

So I tried to interfere. Kitty always went to the post office for Bess after the seven-forty mail and I managed to catch up with her as she was going back home. "Kitty," I said, "I'm doing some more begging. My wife isn't too well and we still wish you'd come over to our place. I could do a little better by you for pay than I could once, too, so it might not be any sacrifice leaving Bess' place. What do you say?"

"I'm leaving Bess anyway," Kitty said. "But I've got another job."

"Have you now?" I said. "Where?"

"In the canning factory."

"Oh, that's no sort of a job, Kitty! And what would you do with Jenny?"

"She's in school now. She's able to look after herself."

"Fiddlesticks! At six? And if you'd seen her at school the other day, you wouldn't have thought so either. I don't know what was going on, but the kids had all ganged up against her and were teasing her pretty hard."

"She can fight her own battles," Kitty said. "She might as well learn now."

"SHE wasn't fighting. She was just standing there and taking it," I told her. "They were yelling, 'Jenny's only half!' over and over. What'd they mean, do you suppose?"

"What do *you* think?" Kitty said with mockery, as if I were the fool.

So of course I saw then. Jenny hadn't any father—she was therefore only half.

I have heard it said many times that children are cruel. I don't think so—not any more than adults, anyway. They are realists though. Jenny was different and this they knew and proclaimed.

But Jenny never came to Sunday school again. Never again in our town. I wondered if she knew, or Kitty knew, of Mattie Bush's antagonism. And I wondered why Kitty was leaving Bess Whitcomb.

"Kitty Petrie has taken two rooms over the meat market," my wife told me.

"Yes, she told me she was going to work in the canning factory," I said.

It was some time before I saw Bess Whitcomb. But when I did see her one day I said, "I hear Kitty's left you."

Bess looked at me straight, but her bright eyes didn't snap the way they generally did. "Yeah. I fired her," Bess said.

"Fired her? After all this time?"

"Guess you were right, doc. She wouldn't ever have left me of her own accord."

"But the canning factory—with Jenny running wild—is that any better?"

"Jenny's a real responsible kid. She won't run wild."

"Bess, I'm curious about one thing. Why did Kitty take Jenny out of Sunday school?"

Bess laughed, but her laugh didn't have her usual booming good nature in it. "Kitty didn't have anything to do with it, doc. Jenny decides things for herself. I guess she just didn't fancy a God that didn't approve of Carol Bush sitting next to her."

"YOU could have made it clear, I guess, that God and Mattie Bush aren't the same thing. Bess."

"Jenny decides things for herself," Bess said.

I remember just how she looked standing there under the big maple by the Presbyterian church in her flashy clothes and with her good-natured made-up face, saying:

"Doc, I never had a kid and likely I never will. I ought to have had ten. I'm the type could have 'em with no trouble at all. I feel pretty strong about Jenny—like she was my own. I don't want her to get hurt, but she's going to get hurt plenty before she's done. She's been hurt plenty already. I tried to get Kitty to go to another town, but she wouldn't hear to it. Well, after that business I had in court last week, I fired her. She's got gumption enough—it ain't that that keeps her here. Just stubbornness, I guess. And maybe she knows best. I don't mind telling you, doc, that I don't know what I'm going to do without the young'un at my place."

"Maybe the father's still around here—maybe Kitty stays here to see him," I said. "For all I get around, Bess, I never did get to know who the father was."

Bess gave me an amused sort of look. "Doc, I always thought you were smarter. Well, I've got to get back to the stand!" And she went off down the street like a ship under full sail.

That night my wife said to me, "Will, I've decided to run for the presidency of the Literary Club."

My wife has never wanted to be in the limelight, and I was startled. The Literary Club is an old institution in our town. It is limited to twenty members and it is considered an honor to belong to it.

"I thought Mary Penfield had that for a life job," I said.

"Well, she hasn't," my wife answered.

"What's Mary been up to now?"

"Will, it's Jenny Petrie."

"What's Mary got to do with Jenny?"

"I heard her trying to get Sarah Bean to keep her husband from hiring Kitty at the canning factory. I won't have it."

"Well, I don't quite see how your being president of the Literary Club is going to influence the matter one way or the other."

"Everybody's afraid of her. They all run at her beck and call. I just don't want her running everything in this town."

My wife lost the presidency by one vote. And three weeks later Kitty lost her job in the canning factory. My wife did not talk of her defeat at all, but the affair was much talked of in the town, for Mary, it seemed, had always been re-elected by a rising vote and had never had any opposition from the time she first took office. Some were secretly pleased that someone had had the courage to buck Mary's power as a leader; some were shocked that anyone had dared. If Mary had just let it drop and gone on her way with her usual cold pride, it might have been forgotten. But Mary never has been one to

---

SPEECHLESS!

"Father," said Billy, "I saw a deaf-and-dumb man on the street this afternoon and he had an impediment in his speech."

"A deaf-and-dumb man with an impediment in his speech!" exclaimed the father. "Don't talk nonsense!"

"But he had, father," insisted Billy. "One of his middle fingers was missing."

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forget. I suppose she was as shocked as anyone that her leadership had been so much as questioned.

I find this entry in my wife's diary: *I feel tired tonight.* It is the only physical complaint I find anywhere. At first I wondered about it. Now I know. It was the night she heard that Kitty had been fired for talking back to her foreman. We had supper in the kitchen that night, as we sometimes did in the early fall when the coal fire in the kitchen stove seemed welcome.

"If only she had let me take Jenny," my wife said.

"But you said at the time you didn't blame her," I reminded her.

"I know. I don't blame her. But there's something about that child that breaks my heart, Will."

I knew what she meant, all right. I didn't see Jenny often, though I ran into her more often now than when she had been with Bess. She lived right over the meat market and she had to walk down Main Street to get anywhere at all. She didn't seem to play with other children, but was always alone, and it was this aloneness that I suppose was so troubling. Her hair wasn't as curly as when she was little. She looked at you very directly, but at the same time as if she didn't see you or didn't trust you enough to admit you to her thoughts. She was dressed well enough—better than many in our town. It wasn't that that set her apart. No, it was, as I said before, that she was conscious of her own apartness and faced it young. I'd say "Hello" to her and she'd say "Hello," but that was as far as it went.

Kitty got a job in Milford's grocery next. I was pleased about that, for Mrs. Milford had voted for my wife at the election and had made no bones about which side she was on. I don't know that I should have been pleased, for it drew more attention to Kitty and Jenny and made the whole matter more important, a subject for a town feud. Kitty hadn't softened any those years with Bess. She looked pretty hard, as a matter of fact, hard and defiant. But she made a good clerk for Milford. There wasn't any nonsense about her—she never chatted freely with the customers, just went about her business waiting on people and putting up orders. Milford lost the Penfield trade, and I suppose he couldn't afford to. I've always put it down to his credit that he didn't back down because of that. He lost some other customers too. A chain store had opened up a store in town by then, and people who had traded with Milford and his father before him began going there.

The next fall John Penfield was elected to the state assembly. I met Mary on the street and I said, "Well, I hear John pulled it off." I knew well enough of the feud between her and my wife, and she had never called me in professionally since Jenny's birth, but I always spoke to her when I met her.

"He didn't have any opposition," Mary said.

"Oh, I wouldn't say that. Jim Markham was a good man—he pulled a lot of farmers' votes."

Mary gave that cold smile of hers. "I don't think there was ever any question as to the result," she said.

"Well, glad he didn't have to go to the capital with one arm," I said. "He certainly had a close call that time when the cat scratched him."

I saw her face change before my very eyes, grow pinched and old-looking, but she stood there as straight as ever. "Yes, a very close call," she agreed, and went on down the street.

One day I came in and found Jenny in the kitchen with my wife, helping cut cookies with an animal-shaped cooky cutter. It was the first time she had ever been in our house.

"How about making me a camel—and quick?" I said.

Jenny took the camel cutter and cut into the dough very carefully and Letty scooped the camel up and onto the cooky tin with some others, and shoved the tin into the oven.

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•

Recipe: **Super Salad Loaf**

Scoop out center of a 1½ pound piece of bologna, leaving a shell.* Soak 1 tbsp. plain gelatin in 2 tbsp. cold water and dissolve over hot water. Mix 1¼ cups cooked mashed peas with 1 tbsp. *Real* Mayonnaise, 2 tsp. minced onion, ½ tsp. salt, ¼ tsp. pepper. Add dissolved gelatin and pack into bologna shell. Chill thoroughly. Place on platter on salad greens. Heap with *Real* Mayonnaise. Garnish with radish roses, parsley and onion rings, as illustrated.

*NOTE: *Use left-over bologna in sandwich fillings for next day's lunches.*

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"Jenny is an extremely good cook," my wife said seriously.

"Then we'll just keep her around here," I said. "You do all right, Letty, but you need a rest now and then."

"She thinks she'd rather be a doctor."

"You don't say? A doctor, eh? Well, see if you can lift my bag, Jenny. You'd have to lug a bag around, you know."

She didn't smile. She picked up my bag as if it were no effort at all.

"Guess you'll do," I told her. "Come in and sit at my desk and we'll see how you look. I'll be the patient." She came with me and I sat down in the chair across from her and I said, "I've got this pain in my side, doctor. It's very bad. Sometimes it comes when I eat lettuce. I wish you'd give me something for it."

"You've got 'pendicitis," Jenny said solemnly. "You'll have to go to the hospital."

I was startled. Her voice was very sure. "I don't like hospitals," I said. "Can't you fix me up, doctor?"

"You have to go to the hospital."

The phone rang and I said, "You answer it, Jenny. Say, 'Doctor Brady's office.'" She lifted off the receiver and said what I had told her to very clearly. Then I took the receiver from her and talked to whoever was calling. When I'd finished I looked around and Jenny was sitting on the window seat with my old anatomy book open in her lap.

"Do I look like that inside?" she said. That was the first question she ever asked me.

"Afraid you do," I told her. "I'll show you where the appendix is."

It didn't seem just the book for an eight-year-old, but somehow she was so intent that I couldn't take it away from her. She sat there for half an hour looking at the pictures. I had to go out and I left her there turning the pages slowly. She had very fine hands. I noticed them first that day.

"Suppose she did turn out to be a doctor?" I said to my wife that night.

"Yes, just suppose," my wife said softly.

It was two years before Jenny came into our house again. A doctor in a country town counts a great many people as his friends, but I cannot say that Jenny Petrie had ever let herself be one of them. If I thought that day she sat in my office that I had made a start, I was mistaken. It came to be something of an obsession with me to have her like me. It is hard to make it clear, with no gift for words, what there was about the child that made her so important. Just a slim, grave little girl she was, with fine black hair that curled a little, but not much. Smart enough in school, so we heard. She skipped the fifth grade.

In my wife's diary I find: *Gathered cowslip greens with Jenny in Milford's meadow.* My wife is not secretive, but she never told me that. I wonder how she got her to go, or if she just met her there by chance. I wish I might ask her.

It was by chance that one day I saw Jenny on the street, carrying her books, walking alone as she always did. I pulled the car up to the curb and said, "Hop in, Jenny, and take a ride up Crawford Hollow with me."

She stood there, dangling her books in their strap, neither liking me nor disliking me, just standing there on Main Street, alone, looking at me. "I have to get supper," she said. So I got out and asked Kitty if it would be all right for me to take her.

"Why, if she wants to go," Kitty said, but grudgingly. So I went back and told Jenny it was all right. She got in beside me, holding her bundle of books on her lap.

"So you're studying history now?" I said to her. "Like it?"

"It's just American history," Jenny explained patiently.

This side of Dugan's, we met Jack Petrie head on in the road. He was driving a load of hay and I had to pull out into the grass at the side. I stopped and called out, "How goes it, Petrie?"

"O.K.," he called back. He stopped his black team because I had stopped the car, but it was plain he didn't want to talk.

"This is Kitty's girl."

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He spat over the side of the hay wagon, gathered up the reins and drove on.

"Does he know Kitty?" Jenny asked.

"He ought to, but I wouldn't say he rightly does," I told her. "He's Kitty's father."

I believe that was the first time Jenny ever saw her grandfather, though perhaps not. She didn't say any more, but looked out the car window. I didn't know whether I had given her a shock or not.

I tried to talk with her then about the farms we passed, but I didn't get very far.

It was on the way back that she asked me, "How long does it take to get to be a doctor?"

"It takes a long time, Jenny. About fifteen more years for you, I'd say."

The next time I saw her was that fall. She came in carrying a dirty dog with a trap on its hind leg. "I can't get it off," she said.

I took the trap off. It was an ugly, heavy piece of steel with a chain dangling on it. The dog's leg was badly mangled and he looked at me sadly, whimpering but too weak to struggle much.

"Is he your dog?" I asked her. I wanted to get her out of the office, for I was going to have to do away with the dog.

"He comes to Mr. Stilwell's and I give him bones," Jenny said.

"Jenny ——" I began.

But she said, "Do you think he would mind going on three legs?"

"Would you mind going on one?"

"I guess I could," Jenny said.

"Well, then, we'll try. You go out and sit on the porch and I'll make a try."

"No, I guess I'd better stay with him. He knows me," Jenny said.

I couldn't budge her. She stayed there while I cut off that dog's leg. Ten years old.

My wife came in after it was all over. I saw her eyes go to the trap, then to the dog lying there on the table, then to Jenny's white little face. "Jenny, I need you the worst way—I've been gadding and I haven't even got my cake made for the church social tonight. Come help me decide whether to make white or chocolate," she said. She took her by the hand and led her away. When I got to the kitchen later, Jenny had the little try cake Letty always makes in her hand and she wasn't quite so white.

"We're going to keep the dog here for a few days," Letty said sensibly. "Or till he gets around again." After Jenny had gone, my wife sat down by the kitchen table as if she felt limp. "It was cruel to make her eat. I couldn't think of anything else."

"She'll be all right," I told her. "We've got the makings of a doctor, Letty."

But two days later the dog died. I'd thought he was going to be all right, but he died. Jenny came to the back door with a big bone in her hand. I had to tell her.

I just said, "Jenny, Tim died this afternoon. I'm sorry."

Calculations

By BARBARA A. JONES

How long can little feet hold out?
I'd say twelve hours, just about.

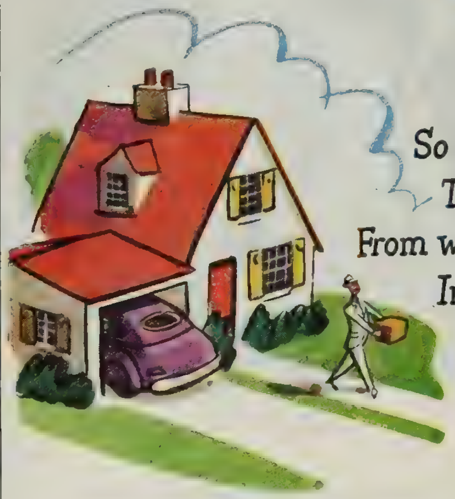
How long fresh-clean a gingham
dress?
Perhaps an hour, maybe less.

How long before a new toy breaks?
About two days, I think it takes.

How long before a cone gets done?
Three minutes, licking in the sun.

How long do sudden, young tears
last?
Until the sprinkler cart goes past.

How long before they find life flat?
Well, young hearts never do do that.



The housewife's friend

When this gay calendar was hung
No hole was left to gape,
For neither nail nor tack was used.
What was? Why, Texcel Tape!

And when the little woman paints
Her work is clean and neat.
For Texcel Tape helps do a job
That hubby couldn't beat.

So many things about a house
This Texcel Tape can do—
From wrapping up to fastening down
In place of string or glue.

For Texcel is an improved tape
Whose "stick-um's" bonded on.
It won't come off, it won't dry out,
It's one, like grass and lawn.

Since all the Texcel Tape that's made
Is being used for war,
Buy Bonds and Stamps 'til Victory
Returns it to your store.

Texcel Tape

CELLOPHANE TAPE — STICKS WITH A TOUCH

Made by Industrial Tape Corporation
A Division of Johnson & Johnson
New Brunswick, N.J.

Won't you try HER side of the counter?

Waiting to be waited on is annoying. Stores know it. But salesladies are scarce . . . sales*men* almost nonexistent.

Hence the question, seriously asked of you: won't you try *her* side of the counter? It is one of the critical jobs your government's Woman-power Drive is trying to fill to keep the home front sparking. It is pleasant work and urgent.

Look in the want-ads or apply at the store of your choice. Take the place of a man or woman who is now in war service.

THE MORE WOMEN AT WORK
. . . THE SOONER WE'LL WIN

Fostoria
MADE IN U.S.A.

One of many women in the Fostoria plant relieving men for war service. With a long rod she holds a piece of crystal in the "glory-hole" to be fire-polished. That's one reason why Fostoria has such a brilliant sparkle. See it at local Fostoria stores.

FOSTORIA GLASS COMPANY . . . . MOUNDSVILLE, W. VA.

"Oh," she said. She began to move slowly down the back steps.

"Is there any special place you'd like me to bury him?" I said.

"No," she said, and went on along the back path. I saw her, thin and tall, her dark hair falling against the blue of her dress. The big bone in her hand.

When I told my wife about it, she said, "Jenny hasn't much use for heaven—for people or dogs."

"I'll have to get a puppy for her," I said.

My wife came and sat on the arm of this chair. "I don't think Stilwell would let her have a dog over the meat market. Besides, it wouldn't be the same, Will."

Elsie Graves came for tea. . . . Elsie is Mary Penfield's sister, the one at North Linfield. She is not at all like Mary. She and my wife have always been friends. This day she came for tea I remember very well. She called to me as I was going past the living-room door and said, "You can have a cup of tea, Will! We've done gossiping." So I went in and sat with her and Letty.

"Will," she said, "what's the matter with Mary?"

"Matter with her? Nothing, so far as I know. She goes to Doctor Frye over in Deer City."

"Something's wrong with her."

"Well, I'll tell you, Elsie," I said. "I think she's got a bad case of overinflated pride. She's begun to see John as governor and we look like pretty small punkins."

"That's the funny part of it, Will. I don't think she gives a hoot whether John gets to be governor or not. I don't think she gives a hoot about John. Why, she doesn't even sleep with him!" Pretty frank, she was, but people are like that with doctors.

"She still might like to see him get on. Elsie, you don't seem to be tainted with the family pride—I can say this to you. Pride's about as bad a disease as a person can get. It's worse than a cancer. Letty here's given her something of a bump the last few years and Mary doesn't like it." So I told her something of the feud that had started all because of Kitty and Jenny.

"But she always said Kitty was such a good worker," Elsie said. "I can't believe she'd be so mean. No, Will, there's something more. Something's gnawing away at Mary." And then she sat silent a minute as if she'd just been startled and she said, "So!" Then after another minute she said, "Well, well—so that's it."

"Come, come, Elsie," I said. "*What's* it?"

"Why, John's Jenny's father, I suppose. I suppose that must be it."

LIKE that, over the tea, it came out. And I knew the instant Elsie said it that it was true. The way Mary had acted when Jenny was born, accepting the fact that she had to be born in her house, asking me not to spread it around. I saw Kitty coming back there at the last moment, probably having nowhere else to go, desperate, her sickness come on her. And there was the time when John's arm had been scratched and she had gone off and left him. There was no cat, Letty had told me. Could it have been that he had been hanging around Kitty still and Kitty had scratched him? Yes, it could. It all seemed obvious after I knew.

Elsie went off and my wife said, "I thought of course you knew, Will."

"Well, I didn't. Does everyone in town know but me?"

"No, I don't think so. It's been put on the Dugan boy that died in France."

"How did you know?"

"Oh, I don't know, Will. It was just a feeling. Mary was so cold toward John; and her going off and leaving him when he was sick; and his lying about the scratches. And the looks of Jenny. She looks so like him, except finer somehow. And the way Mary's been so vicious about Kitty. I didn't know. I just felt sure in my own mind. I've never mentioned it to anyone nor heard anyone mention it. . . . And it's true, Will. She doesn't care about John's career because of John—only because some of her pride gets salvaged that way. I suppose I ought to feel sorry for her—and I would, except that I heard her say once that she just didn't want any children and had made up her mind never to have any."

So there it was. Clear as crystal. And if this ever got noised around, it would be Jenny who suffered from it, not the Penfields. But perhaps it would never be known. Here Jenny was ten years old and it wasn't known yet. Bess Whitcomb certainly knew and she hadn't told.

JOHN PENFIELD is a natural politician. He has a winning way with him and he gets around and talks to people. After four years at the state capital he went to Washington, and he's been there ever since, first as congressman and then as senator.

Mary generally went with him while Congress was in session, and often there were Washington guests in town, so that after a while it began to seem that the Penfields themselves were only guests, using East Linfield for a summer home. Mary gave an occasional tea, inviting just the ones who had backed her over the years. Never my wife or Mrs. Milford or any of my wife's best friends. In the early years she had always asked her sister Elsie over if she had a party, but after that day of the tea party I noticed that Elsie hardly ever came.

Kitty hung onto her job with Milford. It didn't pay her much, but she seemed to make out. I think Bess bought clothes for Jenny.

The next thing I remember about Jenny Petrie was her graduation. I always try to go to these affairs. Most of the children I have brought into the world or tended, and I like to see what time makes of them.

The D. A. R. in our town always gives a prize for the best essay from the grammar-school graduation class, the prize being a trip to Washington. The essays are read at graduation, the best ones, and there are always five judges that vote on them. The judges always sit on the platform. Most of the essays were on historical subjects. The relatives all applauded, and the rest perforce, so that everyone got quite a hand. I looked at the judges sitting there so earnestly and I saw that Maud Ebers was one of them and Mrs. Tenbrook another and Mary Penfield another.

Jenny Petrie came out last to read her essay. In white, she was, very simple and clear-cut. Her dark hair she wore as always, with bangs and hanging to her shoulders. She wore a narrow white ribbon around it. My wife let her fingers touch my arm, and it seemed to me that they trembled.

Jenny's essay was about East Linfield birds as seen at the edge of Grogan's woods. It was simple and very beautiful for a little girl in the eighth grade to have written. It ended something like this: "And in November I always wait for the wild geese to come over from the north."

(Continued on Page 102)

"You know, mother, I learned in hygiene today that this house is very unsanitary."

...bring him back!

"There's his furlough picture, with the sergeant's stripes, laughing, 'Chin up, sweet!'... and I *do,* daytimes.

"...There's his French day-by-day calendar, still set at the day he left it, the day that time stopped for me.

"Downstairs, in our forever-and-ever wedding silver, there are two spoons tied with a bit of silk. We drank our last breakfast coffee with them, remember?... and clinked them *to our first cup after it's over!*

"O You, Whoever you are above the stars, take care of him wherever he is, and bring him back to me... to our home and our yellow-heads playing in the sun... *bring him back... bring him back...*"

To at least four generations of American brides, Gorham Sterling has been the symbol of a sterling marriage. When Queen Victoria was crowned, Jabez Gorham's spoons were famous. By the time of the Philadelphia Centennial, John Gorham had the largest sterling silver business in the world... still true... and Gorham Sterling was the classic gift to every bride of good family.

113 years of unbroken master-craftsmanship have put millions of dollars' worth of Gorham Sterling on the tables of the finest homes in America. Remember, you have our word that you can match-and-add to Gorham patterns old or new when we return to making our famous flatware full-time. Your jeweler will tell you, "You can't do better than Gorham."

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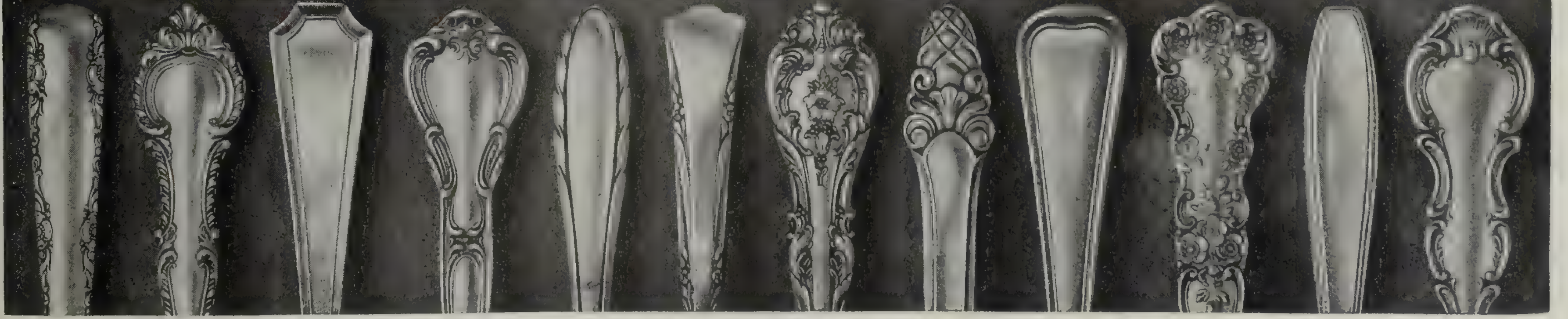
Below, left to right: CAMELLIA, ENGLISH GADROON, FAIRFAX, CHANTILLY, LYRIC, GREENBRIER, KING EDWARD, SOVEREIGN, OLD FRENCH, BUTTERCUP, NOCTURNE, STRASBOURG



VERY
—OH VERY, VERY, VERY!

IT'S THE VERY-EST CEREAL A BABY EVER ATE!

VERY GOOD—THE TASTE! It's sweet and nutty—'cause Clapp's Instant Cereal is made of sun-ripened whole wheat, golden cornmeal, and vitamin-rich wheat germ. (Your baby's bound to love the taste.)

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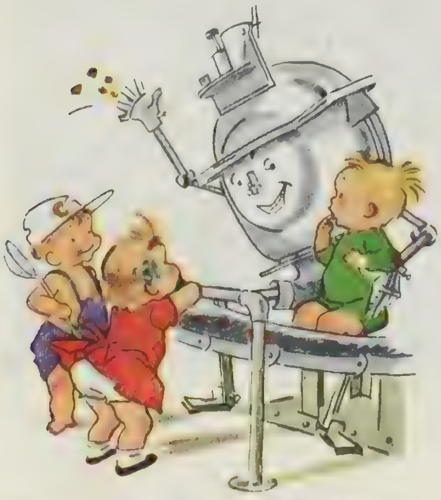
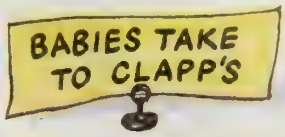


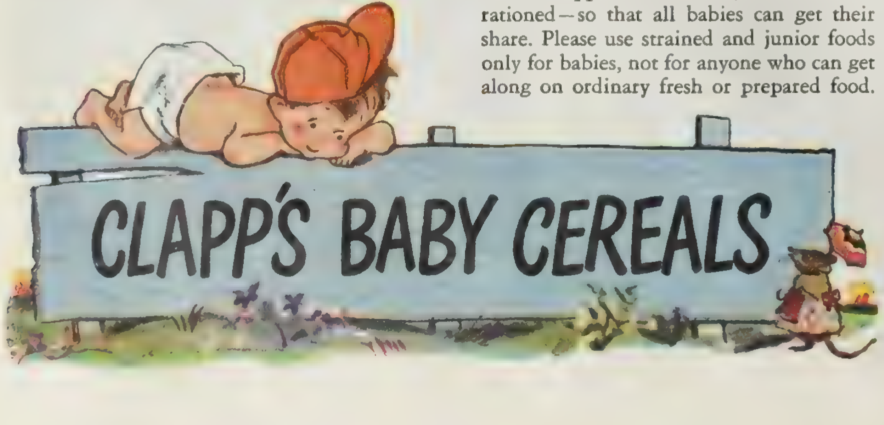
VERY FINE—THE TEXTURE! Not sticky, not pasty—but pleasantly granular for your baby's little tongue. (Clapp's special "lump remover" machine keeps the texture always just right.)

VERY MANY—CLAPP'S BABY FOODS! Besides Clapp's Instant Cereal, there's Clapp's new Instant Oatmeal—to give your baby variety in his diet! (Both are unrationed!) Also *strained* and *junior* foods for older babies.

VERY BIG—THE BABY! He gets lots of nourishment, lots of extra Vitamin B_1 and Iron in each yummy spoonful of Clapp's Instant Cereal. So of course he's strong and healthy!



P.S. Clapp's cereals are plentiful. Use all you want to fill your baby's nutritional needs. Clapp's *strained* and *junior* foods are rationed—so that all babies can get their share. Please use strained and junior foods only for babies, not for anyone who can get along on ordinary fresh or prepared food.



(Continued from Page 100)

There was a little silence. I am sure everyone was quietly touched. My wife wiped away tears and I felt an impulse to tears myself. Then I began to clap and there was a faint fluttering of hands, but nothing like the applause for the other little girls. And I knew suddenly that Jenny, though she was far and away the best, would not get the prize.

Nor did she. It went to Sadie Bush for her essay on Lincoln. I didn't feel like hanging around afterward talking to people. I didn't feel like looking my townspeople in the eyes. I looked for Jenny, but I couldn't find her, nor Kitty.

My wife and I walked home together, not saying much. It was a beautiful June night, but it didn't seem beautiful to either of us. When we were inside my wife just stood and looked at me and said, "Oh, *Will!*"

There was nothing one could do. I did manage to let Maud Ebers know what I thought. I saw her in the post office.

"Well, Maud," I said, "I haven't got as much respect for your literary judgment as I once had."

"What do you mean, Doctor Brady?"

"It seemed to me a child would have known that Jenny Petrie's essay at graduation was miles ahead of any of the rest."

"Perhaps a child would," Maud said tartly. "But we weren't children judging."

"No, you were too old to let social prejudices sway you, I'd think," I said. I was mad clear through.

"I resent that," Maud said. "Jenny's essay was pretty enough, but it seemed wisest to give the prize to one that showed some reflection of the knowledge the children have received through school. Jenny's was too purely personal."

I laughed. "That's a good line to take, anyway," I said.

"It's not a line. It happens to be the truth," Maud said. She was as angry as I. "Jenny's essay was sentimental. Sadie's showed some sense of history and justice."

"You're a good lot to talk of justice!" I told her.

"Doctor Brady, I have never had my integrity questioned before," Maud said in her haughtiest schoolroom manner. "I do not like having it questioned now."

"Well, like it or lump it," I said, "I'm questioning it, Maud. I know very well that if the judges hadn't been from this town and hadn't included Mrs. Tenbrook and Mary Penfield, the decision would have been for Jenny. I'm ashamed of my town. And for you five judges. And I'll bet if you'd look back on the meeting of the judges backstage you'd recall how you were shanghaied into doing just what you did by Mary Penfield. . . . Well, I've said my say, Maud, and I can see you're boiling, so I'll say good day and leave you to cool off."

I DIDN'T think that would be the end of the matter, and it wasn't. Mrs. Tenbrook came to call on my wife and she brought the subject up. My wife told me about it. I wasn't there.

"I understand the doctor thinks we were unfair in our decision on the essays," she said.

"Yes, he does. I too," my wife said.

"Naturally, we don't like anyone to feel that. We certainly did our best."

"Well, then, that's all anyone can ask of you," my wife told her. My wife was more subtle than I. She never went into tantrums.

"We had a point system—interest, contents, form, and so on," Mrs. Tenbrook said. "It just worked out that way. We were very careful about it."

"All right," my wife said. "If you really felt Sadie did better, then there's nothing to be said about it. I told Will I felt sure that you *couldn't* be cruel enough to take out any personal spite against Jenny's mother on a gifted child like that. It *did* seem to me Jenny's essay was outstanding—but then, I've always loved birds, and I've always loved Jenny too. She seems to me a most unusual and beautiful child."

Mrs. Tenbrook went on defending herself for a few more minutes, and then went away. She was put in the wrong, though, more than Maud had been, because Letty hadn't lost her temper and had kept cool through it all.

I made a point of going into Milford's when Jenny was there one day and saying to her, "Well, I certainly thought you'd be in Washington this week, Jenny. *I* voted for your essay!"

Jenny said, "Oh, I knew I wouldn't get it."

And that seemed even sadder to me, somehow—that she had never had any hope of winning it. I believed her, too, believed that she had known.

"MRS. BRADY wants you to take her to Grogan's woods sometime—she likes birds, too, and has a good bird guide and some field glasses you can watch through. Would you?"

"Maybe," Jenny said.

"Know what I've got in the case in my office? A bird skeleton. It's very beautiful. You stop in and see it sometime."

Seemed rather a ghoulish offer, I suppose, but I wanted to get through to that little girl who wanted to be a doctor, and I remembered that a skeleton had always seemed a very wonderful thing to me as a boy.

One day she came into my office and said, "May I see the bird?" And I showed it to her and named the bones. After I had given her that list of names, she repeated it after me, forgetting only three.

"It took me a week to learn those," I said.

"It's easy for me to remember," she said, just matter-of-factly.

I wondered what other things besides the names of bones were recorded in her memory. Plenty, I do not doubt.

The next thing I remember is a story that went around when Jenny entered high school. The pupils had to fill out a form that had on it questions as to parents' given names, place of birth, and so on. After "Father's given name?" Jenny wrote, "I don't know." And that was too good a story for a young high-school teacher to keep. It went all over town and I heard it from at least a half dozen. I suppose it wouldn't have been so bad if Jenny hadn't been so smart. You never could deny her cleverness. It was too much to bear, that she was illegitimate and smart to boot. And probably the other children would have forgiven everything if it hadn't been for their parents. A few tried to be nice to her, but it was always too plain that they were taking sides and Jenny would accept no pity.

You might have thought, too, that Mary Penfield would have softened with the years and with John's success, but she didn't. She grew prouder and harder. She never forgot.

One day I was in North Linfield and I stopped in to see Elsie Graves for a minute. Elsie's husband was principal of the high school there. "Just wanted to bring greetings from Letty," I told her, "and a can of our maple sirup."

"Come in, Will," she said. So I went in and sat down for a little while.

"Haven't seen you over at Mary's in a long time," I told her.

"I'm afraid it'll be a long time before you do," Elsie said. "Will, I don't hold with family quarrels and I'd be willing to forget this one, but to tell you the truth, I'm just not welcome at Mary's any more. I spoke my mind once too often."

"Well, come see us, Elsie. You're welcome there."

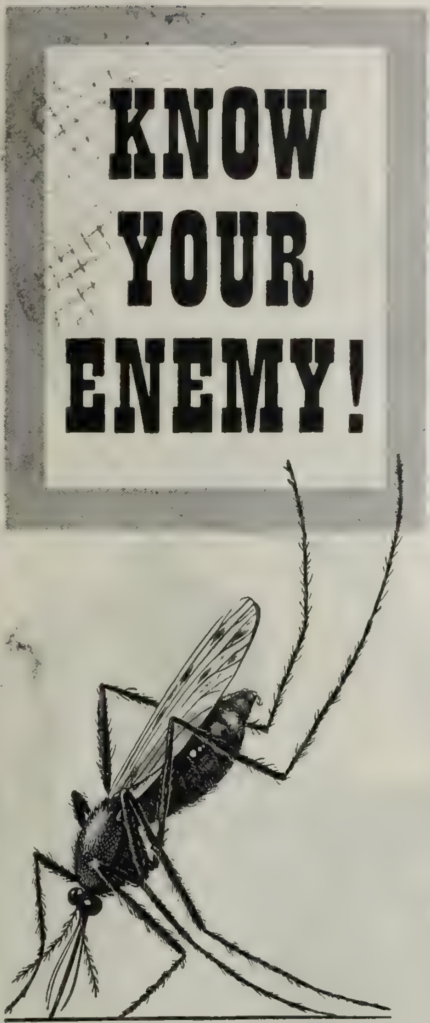
"I'll do that. But I know it just stirs things up if I come to town without seeing Mary. Tom keeps telling me it's not my fault, but in a way it is. If Tom and I had differences, I wouldn't have wanted Mary

---

OLD STORY

"I don't mind being a grandfather," Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg remarked to his wife when informed of the birth of his first grandchild; "but I'm a little dubious about being married to a grandmother."

—HARLAN MILLER: Quoted in *Encyclopedia of Creative Thought*, Edited by Martha Lupton. (Maxwell Droke.)


KNOW YOUR ENEMY!

Learn this easy way to kill her quick . . . Spray with Flit! It's sudden death to every breed of mosquito. But more important, it wipes out Anopheles . . . the mosquito that carries dread malaria . . . the one mosquito that always lands *nose down.*

But don't let her land! For once she has taken a bite of blood from even *one* malaria victim . . . she may spread wracking chills and burning miseries throughout a whole community.

Arm yourself with Flit... and stop this vicious carrier of disease before she can reach *your* family. Spray Flit in dark corners, where she lurks. Spray it on stagnant water, where she breeds. Spray it on *all* mosquitoes in the air!

Remember, Anopheles strikes when you least expect it. So don't delay. Get a big supply of Flit, *today!*

FLIT

kills mosquitoes, ants, moths, flies, bedbugs and other household pests.

Be sure it's Flit.
Ask for the yellow package with the black band.

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or anyone trying to straighten them out. I'd have thought, and rightly, that it was no one's business but ours. John's not my dish, never was—he's too handsome, too much the bag of wind for my taste—but he has his good points, too, and, after all, he was Mary's choice. She could have had anyone, Mary could, and she wanted John Penfield. She doesn't want him any more, but she won't let him go, and that seems low-down to me. If John married her for her money, as a good many said, he's paid plenty. I don't envy him. . . . I'm talking too much again, but you don't gossip, Will. The trouble was that I talked too much to Mary and she as good as put me out of her house. And serves me right—it wasn't my business."

"Maybe their personal affairs weren't, Elsie," I told her, "but the trouble is that those affairs touch the whole town and have made an ugliness there that I don't like. To tell you the truth, I'm not half so concerned over Mary's unhappiness as I am about Jenny Petrie's. If that child's life is spoiled I shall find it hard to forgive your sister."

"Of course it's hard for Mary, too, Will."

"I suppose so. But if you knew the child, Elsie, you'd see what I mean. She's the prettiest and the smartest child in town. But she's just never accepted. I can see how Mary might find it hard to forgive Kitty or John, but when her grudge reaches out to Jenny—well, I can't take it charitably."

"I know. It's too bad Kitty stayed there, isn't it?"

"Yes, but why shouldn't she—as well as John?"

"No reason, except that it would have been easier for Jenny somewhere else."

"Probably Kitty has her selfishness, too, though it's a different kind. It's more like defiance."

I came home, feeling none too happy.

I don't suppose Jenny was in our house more than seven or eight times all the time she was in high school. She came twice and asked to look at my books, my medical books. Two or three times Letty got her to do something with her.

Once Letty's niece from the West was here and Letty asked Jenny to supper to meet her. I remember the three of them read poetry aloud that night, sitting in front of the fire on the floor and looking happy. But that was more or less spoiled when Janet was asked to a luncheon at Carol Bush's house and asked, "Where's Jenny Petrie? I think she's wonderful!" She was told the Truth about Jenny. Oh, she still liked her, but it made a difference. She even went down to the meat market, climbed the side stairs and asked for her, but that was more because she was a brave youngster and a fair one. She looked troubled when she came back and my wife asked her if Jenny hadn't been at home.

"Yes, she was home," Janet said, "but I don't think she wanted to see me much."

My wife said, "Come over here by the fire, Janet." Janet came and curled up against my wife's knee. "I want to tell you about Jenny," Letty said. And she told her the story as we knew it. I suppose it was the same story in essence that Janet had heard at Carol's, but you could see her young face getting thoughtful and sad and more mature as she listened. "Now you don't have to be friends with Jenny," my wife said. "It's up to you, dear. But you must know that she knows very well the difference between friendship and pity. She has learned it the hard way."

I like to recall what happened after that. Janet had only two more days with us. That night she was walking down the street with the two Bush girls, Carol and Sadie, and all of a sudden she said, "Oh, I can't go any farther! I want to go up and tell Jenny something!" and she ran across the street, calling out, "Hi, Jenny!" as she went up the steps. And she brought Jenny back to the house with her and they played duets on the piano and Jenny laughed and was lovelier and happier than I'd ever seen her. And the next day Janet begged her to go skating with her and Jenny went. Janet went home that

(Continued on Page 105)

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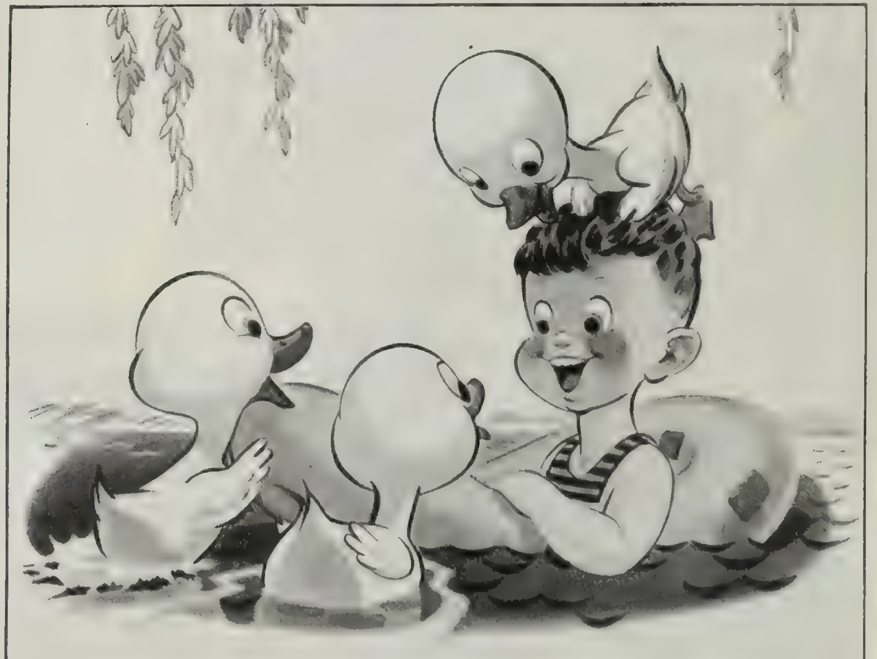
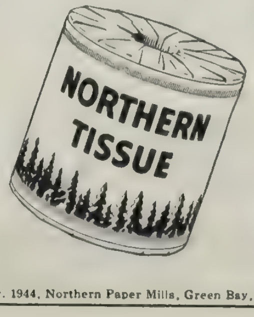


Grown-up ducks talk gruff and rough,
But that's quite incidental
To the fact that little ducks
Are just about as gentle
as soft, safe



NORTHERN TISSUE

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Work or play... *which takes more energy?*

SCIENCE CAN MEASURE the energy your body expends in action or at rest. A device captures exhaled breath in a large, sealed bag. The contents are analyzed to reveal how much "body fuel" has been used. Since all energy can be expressed in units of dextrose, this device may well be called a "dextrose-energy meter". It indicates the amount of dextrose needed to replace the energy consumed; dextrose being the sugar used directly for energy within the body.

MODELING CLOTHES in an exclusive New York shop is regarded as tiring work. Yet the dextrose-energy meter found that Miss Mattie Reid used up energy at the rate of only 1½ ounces of dextrose per hour. In fast tennis, however, Miss Reid used energy at the rate of 4¼ ounces of dextrose per hour.

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AFTER A BUSY DAY in his big modern food market—using up energy at the rate of 2¼ ounces of dextrose per hour—Mr. Patsy d'Agostino asks nothing better than to spend a quiet evening with a book. Even reading takes almost 1 ounce of dextrose per hour. Mr. d'Agostino is a prominent figure in grocery trade organizations. He is deeply interested in nutrition, knows much about it. While the energy tests were being made, he pointed out many items on his shelves that are rich in dextrose. These include canned fruits and juices, soft drinks, baked goods, candy, jams and jellies, table syrups, and many others. To all these foods, dextrose adds food-energy value and generally improves texture and flavor. Look for the word "dextrose" on food labels. It means genuine food-energy value at no extra cost.

DEXTROSE is a scientific name. It is not a trademark. It describes a vital, natural sugar—sparkling white, crystalline, mildly sweet, refreshing to taste—food energy in its purest form.

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY
One of the producers of

dextrose
food-energy sugar

(Continued from Page 103)

night. I've always felt fond of her since that time.

But those bright spots were few and far between for Jenny. She grew tall and all of a sudden the boys began to notice her. It was small wonder, for Jenny was too beautiful not to be noticed. "She has mystery," my wife said once, and I suppose that's a good way of describing her. She always looked at you directly, as I have said, but her eyes reserved judgment, told you nothing. Yet I've never expected as much of any child as of Jenny Petrie.

She began to go around with boys: young Bean, whose father ran the canning factory; Pete Donnell, Eddie Milford. Oh, she didn't go to parties—not to the corn roasts and canoe trips and tennis parties the high-school students were always having. She wasn't one of the gang, not then or ever. But you began to see her alone with this one or that, playing tennis on the school court with Eddie, walking down to the canoe pier with Pete, dancing at the Green Lantern with Harold Bean.

People began quickly enough to put the same tags on her they'd once used for Kitty. The other girls could take the lonely walk down by the cemetery with their boys, they could come in at all hours from dances—but not Jen Petrie, it seemed. When she did these things she was bad.

My wife was anxious about her those days. One night she asked Jenny if she wouldn't stay in and answer the phone while we went to some doings. She told Jenny she could have someone with her if she liked. And Jenny came with Harold Bean. When we came in at eleven we found the desk strewn with papers—they had been doing trigonometry problems.

But that summer the Beans insisted on Harold's going off to camp. "We really want to get him away from that Petrie girl," Mrs. Bean said openly. "A boy Harold's age is pretty impressionable—and if a girl's pretty enough it goes to his head. It doesn't matter to him what bad stock she comes from."

It was when Jenny was a senior—not yet sixteen—that one day I found Bess Whitcomb sitting in my office. I hadn't seen her in some time and I thought she looked thinner, not so buxom and full of her boisterous good humor as usual.

"Well, Bess?" I said.

"Well, doc," she answered wryly. "I've come to ask a favor of you. I want to make you executor of my estate."

"Me? Why me?" I asked her.

"Well, I guess I can trust you, that's all. I think I've got a cancer, doc. My mother died of one and I know the symptoms. You can find out if you've a mind to, but I'm sure. I've lost a lot of weight—well, there are other things too. But that's not what I've come for. I want to leave what little I've got to Jenny Petrie and I want her to get it, not Kitty or anyone else. It's not a whole lot, but it ought to get her through college. I want to leave my will with you and I want you to dole the money out as you see fit. . . . Now if you want to give me the once-over, doc ——"

She was right. She did have a cancer, not operable. I hated to tell her. I didn't have to, as a matter of fact.

"You don't need to hem and haw with me, doc," she said. "How long have I got?"

"Maybe a year," I said. "I don't know."

"I don't think it'll be that long."

She died the week after Commencement, as if she'd timed it that way. When I called Jenny over and told her about the will, she just looked at me in the oddest way.

"Bess was a fine woman—and I think it was a fine thing to do, leaving you this money," I said. "If you're careful, it will see you through college, at least till you begin interning, and that's a long way off."

"I—I thought ——"

"You thought what, Jenny? That she didn't like you?"

"No, not exactly that."

"Well, she did. She loved you very much."

"Yes, I see now," Jenny said. Then she smiled at me a little and said, "She laughed so much! As if she meant it!"

"Yes, she did that, Jenny."

It was that very week of Bess' funeral that a strange thing occurred. *The mills of the gods*—on June thirtieth those words are in my wife's diary. I had been up all night and had had to do a Caesarean in a farmhouse kitchen. I'd turned in and was reading when the doorbell rang. I heard Letty telling someone I had gone to bed, then Letty came in and closed the door.

"Will," she said, "I'm sorry, but he's very insistent. It's John Penfield. Shall I let him come in here?"

"Is he sick?"

"I don't think so. But he looks upset."

"Well, let him come in."

He came in and closed the door behind him. He had on a white linen suit and was tanned and handsome as always. He carried a walking stick—one of his senatorial symbols. He sat down, put the stick on the floor beside him. He did look upset.

"What's the matter, John?" I said.

"It's a pretty long story, Will. I don't know how to begin. You seemed to be the only person I could trust with it."

"I never voted for you," I told him.

He smiled, but it was not his usual disarming politician's smile. "That may be why," he admitted with more cynicism than I'd ever noted in him.

"And I'm apt to tell my wife everything."

He gave me a quick look then, as if he didn't quite know how to take that. "Well, I trust Letty too," he said quite quietly. He was surprising me. The wind seemed gone out of my sails.

"All right. Go ahead," I told him.

"Will, I want to turn over some money to you. I want it used for a certain purpose and I don't want it known where it came from."

This sounded so familiar that I dare say I stared at him. "And the purpose?" I asked.

"I want it used to send Jenny Petrie through college." I think it was an effort for him to say that.

"Why Jenny Petrie?" I asked him.

"She's my daughter." He said it almost as if relieved to have put it in words.

"Yes, I knew," I told him.

"I supposed you did. I suppose everyone knows."

"No, I don't think so. Oddly enough, John, I don't think people do know. She looks very like you too."

"Do you think so, Will? I've sometimes thought she looked so

"I guess I won't be able to fix anything else today."

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much like me that she might as well have had a tag on her, proclaiming it." Then he leaned back in the chair and said, "I'm terribly tired, Will."

"I don't doubt you," I told him. "But this money, John, I'm afraid I can't help you."

"Why not?"

"She doesn't need it. Her college education is provided for."

"By you?"

"No, by Bess Whitcomb."

His handsome mouth went tight and he looked as if I had hit him—as, in a manner of speaking, I suppose I had.

"I'm sorry, John," I said to him. "But it's just as well all around, I'd say."

"I don't suppose you ever had the feeling that life was just too much trouble." He lit a cigarette and I saw his hands were shaking.

"I've had some low moments—when human nature just seemed beyond help."

"But never moments when you didn't feel that you *could* help, if given a chance, I'll be bound," he said with some bitterness.

"No, I guess not."

"And you've got a good marriage."

"Yes, I've got a good marriage," I told him. Then I said, knowing I was poking in, but feeling that he longed for it, "Of course Mary knows about Jenny?"

"Oh, yes."

"Why doesn't she divorce you?"

"She's proud." His voice was bitter again.

"I should think she might be too proud to live with you."

"Yes, you might, mightn't you? No, she's not too proud for that. That would be admitting she could make mistakes too. . . . Will, I feel sometimes as if I'm not really useful—not needed by anyone. Mary doesn't need me. Not even to father a family! Kitty won't look at me. Jenny—well, she's got Bess Whitcomb's money. I'd been saving a long time for this, Will. It seemed as if it would be something to do, something that counted. And now that isn't needed. . . . How long does a man have to go on paying for his mistakes?"

IT'S THE TRUTH

A teacher asked her class the difference between "results" and "consequences."

A bright girl replied, "Results are what you expect, and consequences are what you get."

—EDWIN HAMLIN CARR:
Putnam's Ready Speech-maker.
(Putnam's Sons.)

"Forever, I guess."

"Yes, forever, it seems. I'm a hot-blooded man, Will. I'm not a saint—but I'm not altogether a fool or a villain, either. I could have made Mary happy, I think, if she'd have let me. I didn't set out to seduce Kitty; it was—well, it was one of those things a man does when he's been starved about so long. I don't mean physically starved, sexually starved—but a man's got to have some warmth somewhere."

"You're right—a man does need warmth in his life. He needs to be needed. There's not much I can say except the old tripe about making yourself useful in the one spot where you have a toe hold—in politics. Cold comfort, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's very cold comfort. . . . Well, I'll run along." He picked up his stick, stood up. Then he paused and looked back at me and said, "She's a pretty wonderful kid, isn't she—in spite of everything?"

"She is that, John. A girl in a million. She's going to be a doctor."

"A doctor!" He looked surprised, but pleased. "Well, good night, Will."

"Good night, John."

MY WIFE came in after a while with a tray of sandwiches and coffee. It came over me with a rush how much warmth she had given to my life over the years.

"John wants to put Jenny through college," I told her.

"Oh, poor John," she said.

"Yes, poor John. You know, I liked him tonight, Letty. He wasn't his usual Hollywood self. He's had a cold life."

I wanted to tell her about my own sense of warmth, but I only drank my coffee, settled down and read a while. Perhaps it wasn't necessary to say anything, but I wish I had all the same. It may be that my wife didn't know all I thought, as it always seemed she did. I wish I had said more.

Milford's failed that summer. There were three chain stores in town now and there wasn't any place for an independent grocer who had to charge a cent more on everything. He had a lot of bills on his books. Milford's was an institution in our town—it was a pity that it had to go.

The bitter part was that his failure was probably due more to the fact that he had hired Kitty Petrie than to the fact that he charged a little more than the other grocers. She'd certainly behaved herself. But she looked just the way people think a bad woman ought to look. She wore too much make-up and her nice naturally curly hair was combed into hard waves that looked artificial. And she wore, too, a hard and defiant look that held people off. Her face had become a little thin and pinched-looking. And her being there in Milford's put Milford on her side. I'd even heard whispers that he was interested in her himself, which was certainly not the case.

MILFORD went to work in the sawmill, which was something of a comedown for him. Kitty didn't get a job for a while, but along in the fall, after Jenny had gone to college, she went to work for Mrs. Giddings. I didn't ask Kitty again to come work for us—I knew she never would.

My wife always did all her own work, except that the laundry was sent out and twice a year Mrs. O'Neill came to help with the house cleaning. I urged Letty to have a housekeeper, for there's always the telephone ringing and the extras that a doctor's household entails, but she said she didn't want anyone.

"Will, I'd rather not," she said. "I'm more *myself* when I'm alone with you. I like to cook the things you and I like to eat. Well, we both see lots of people and when we're alone I like us to be really alone."

I felt the same way, and yet I didn't like to have her work so hard. I suppose I didn't urge too hard, for it was always just Letty and I; and the quiet hours we had here in this room, with the fire going like this, I in bed with a book and Letty sitting with her sewing and the firelight making her round face so pleasant and peaceful. Those few hours were our real life—our bit of earned income, you might say. I still feel they belonged to us and that we would both have been poorer people without them.

It wasn't the way it was with John and Mary Penfield. They had to have other people around to feel alive at all. They were nothing alone together, worse than nothing. Even yet I shiver at the thought of John Penfield going up to his room alone at night after the guests had gone, and Mary going to her room, and coldness settling down over that big house.

There was plenty said about Jenny's going to college. Of course Bess Whitcomb's bequest was noted in the local paper, so the facts about where Jenny got her money were clear enough, but nevertheless there was plenty said. "Birds of a feather!" was the least of these remarks. "Nobody in town but Jenny Petrie'd take the money. It's tainted, if money ever was!" . . . "She's certainly reaching beyond herself, Jen Petrie! I suppose she wants to go where there are plenty of young men!" And so on and on. Some few thought she showed gumption and wished her well, but the other voices were louder.

Jenny came to the house before she went to college. We were in the kitchen where my wife was shelling peas for dinner and Jenny began to help Letty with the peas. She wore a white sweater with the sleeves pushed up above her elbows and a blue pleated skirt. She still wore her hair much the same way as she had when a child, cut rather long with a ribbon around it.

"Well, Jenny, you're really starting at last," my wife said.

(Continued on Page 108)

Sound of the Future

"Here she comes! Gosh!" — "Bet she's hitting 120!" — "Talk about your streamlined horsepower! Wow!"

Young America lined the tracks the summer of 1934 when the Zephyr made its streaking, record-breaking run from Denver to Chicago.

But years before this Diesel-engined train ushered in a new kind of railroading, General Motors men were working out the problems of this new motive power—compactness, limitations of size and weight, a new cylinder block, double the horsepower per cylinder.

A new Diesel engine came into being that powers trains of many railroads all over the United States — with an over-all economy never before equaled. But there was never any idea of stopping, even with this power problem solved.

In fact, every day for many years—up to and including today — General Motors men have been on a non-stop schedule of developing the Diesel engine.

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America is rich in such experience because here men have always received just rewards for undertaking new things.

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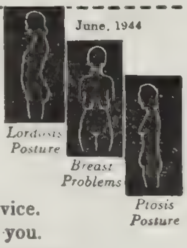

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(Continued from Page 106)

I remembered the dog and the bird's skeleton and I said, "She started a long time ago."

"Yes, I know," Letty said. "But it's a new world for all that. A bigger world." Then she smiled at Jenny and said, "You need a bigger world, Jenny—a bigger and a kinder world. It hasn't been easy for you here. It's hard to be yourself when people are always watching and criticizing—but you've always been yourself just the same."

Jenny stopped shelling peas, put one arm over the back of the chair. She didn't show resentment or even surprise that my wife had spoken to her so openly.

She said, "I think about that sometimes—about myself, being yourself and no one else. It's funny how hard it is, isn't it? There's just Bess and you and Mr. Milford—they're the only ones in all this town that are like that. I should think people would be ashamed to be someone else all the time."

"Well, if you're mean inside, maybe it's better to put on a front of something else," I said, thinking about what the town would be like if everyone's true nature showed on the outside.

"Oh, I don't know. You'd at least know where they stood," Jenny said. "There's my father—pretending to be such a big shot all the time, when he's just lonely and quiet inside. What's the use of it? How does it make you any happier?" Just like that she said it, bringing it in as calmly as if she were talking of someone else.

"Yes, your father is a very lonely man," my wife said. "But you wouldn't want him going around weeping about it, would you?"

"You don't have to weep about it," Jenny said. "You just don't have to laugh and talk all the time, that's all."

"Your father's a very proud man—too proud to show his heart to the world," I said.

She looked a little puzzled and troubled. "I don't see what pride's got to do with it," she said. "You don't fool anybody, do you?"

"Yes, you can fool some people," I told her. "You can fool quite a lot of people. Not everyone is sensitive enough to know the difference, Jenny. Not nearly everyone."

PROVERBS

What is bought is cheaper than a gift. —PORTUGUESE.

In the land of the blind, the one-eyed are kings. —FRENCH.

Better whole than patched with gold. —DANISH.

Then my wife set the pan on the table and smiled at Jenny, though her eyes were wet with tears, and she said, "I've got a going-away present for you, Jenny—I'll get it for you."

She went upstairs and Jenny walked out of the kitchen and into my office. She walked over to the glass case and looked at the bird skeleton. Then she stood by the window, playing with the cord of the shade.

AT LAST she said, "It won't be any different in college, you know—but it doesn't matter, does it? I'm going to be a doctor just the same."

I've got toughened over the years, but I was moved, moved very deeply by something in her voice, speaking so quietly and bravely. My wife came in and gave Jenny the little traveling case she had bought for her. Jenny stood holding it in her hands. Then she put it down on a chair and, for all she had ever been a touch-me-not little girl, threw her arms around my wife and said: "Oh, you've always been so wonderful to me, Mrs. Brady!"

My wife kissed her and said, "You'll write to us, won't you, Jenny?"

"Yes. Yes, I'll write," Jenny promised. She held out her hand to me, then picked up the case and went off without another word.

After she had gone my wife stood there, the tears running down her face. "Oh, Will," she said, "if only I *had* been wonderful to her! If only I could have *done* more for her. She's just a little girl still. She's so *young*."

I took her in my arms, but she cried for a long time as I had never seen her cry. I knew she was crying, not only for Jenny, but for the daughters she had always wanted. I longed to tell her it didn't matter—she had always been enough for me—but I couldn't get the words out. I never told her that.

We had a letter from Jenny in November that year. I have the letter still:

> . . . There is a little wood at the edge of the campus and there are benches in it where people come to study sometimes. I come here after classes almost every day. It's clear and cold today, and the leaves are all gone. I like the trees bare, like skeletons.
>
> Our Latin professor is a very young man who is trying to be dignified by growing a mustache. He just walked past here and he said, "Isn't it pretty cold for studying out here, Miss Petrie?" And I said, "I'm not studying. I'm just thinking." He looked so surprised and he said, "Oh, come now, Miss Petrie! A freshman, thinking?"
>
> Our rooms are a little like cells, quite bare, but I like them like that. My roommate is a fat girl who eats candy bars all the time. Across the hall is a girl from North Linfield. Her mother used to visit the Penfields.
>
> It is beginning to grow dark and the lights are coming on in some of the college buildings. It's nice to see the campus from far off in the woods like this. It looks like a little city in a dream, all bright and warm, and yet dim.
>
> JENNY PETRIE.

THAT was all there was of it. I have five letters here from her, only five, and they are all short. And yet I suppose that letter I have just copied tells all the story of that autumn when she first went to college. A girl from North Linfield was across the hall. Jenny didn't need to say that already everyone knew her story. She was alone, as she had been in East Linfield. She wasn't impressed with her professors and she had come to college to think and found it not the thing to do. She liked bareness, bareness of trees and rooms. She liked truth, unadorned.

We saw her at Christmastime. My wife asked her to come to supper. She seemed taller and a little thinner. She talked quite freely at supper that night. She seemed anxious to be through with her premedical course and at the real business of getting to be a doctor.

When she left she said to my wife, "Are you all right, Mrs. Brady?"

My wife looked at her in a surprised way—and yet, looking back, perhaps the surprise was only for anyone's noticing. "Oh, yes, indeed! Why?" my wife said.

"I just wondered," Jenny said.

After she had gone I said to my wife, "What did she mean, 'are you all right'? You *are* all right, aren't you, Letty?"

"Of course. I got a little tired with all the Christmas rush, and probably my wrinkles show." She laughed as if it were all of no importance. I suppose that I wanted to think it of no importance, that I couldn't imagine a world wherein my wife was not all right.

"Do you think Jenny's happier?" I asked.

"Happier? No," she said. "But she will be, Will. She's got it in her to be. You can get along without happiness while you're young, I suppose. She's very strong."

I didn't get any other chance to talk with Jenny that vacation. Once I saw her, walking up the steep outside stairs at the side of the meat market. Jenny had on a plain blue college girl's coat and wore no hat, though it was snowing. She looked so slight and so graceful as she moved upward, not touching the rail. I had never been in their flat and wondered what it was Jenny was going into, what she and Kitty had made of their poor little rooms. I wondered about the relationship of Kitty and Jenny. I had almost never seen them together since the days at Bess Whitcomb's, and yet I knew Jenny was very loyal to Kitty in her own way.

She was home again for a few days at Eastertime, but she didn't come to the house. I saw her once on the street with Harold Bean, who was at college too. I've always liked Harold for defying his mother and her friends, for trying his best to be friendly to Jenny, but he wasn't very strong and neither

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The More Women at War—The Sooner We'll Win

was he good enough for Jenny. He got deflected into other ways—his folks baited him with a trip on a tramp steamer that summer and he took the bait.

I saw Jenny fall in love. It was the next summer. Young Frome had come to town in the spring and gone in with old Judge Manners, who'd retired from the bench but who had always kept a little office. Frome was a big, sandy-haired fellow with a likable grin and was a welcome addition to town. He came to me the week after he got here with a sprained wrist he'd got shifting some bookcases around in the office.

"Doesn't anybody ever get into trouble around this town?" he asked me. "I've got to earn some bread and butter pretty soon."

I told him old Dickson was dickering over some property up Dugan's Run and it seemed there were some complications over the title, and that I was seeing Dickson the next day and would speak a word for the new lawyer. Dickson came to town, too, driving the old flivver that's been endangering Dugan Run inhabitants for ten years, and he got Frome to tend to his business. Frome was pleased about his first case and went out of his way to show me he was grateful.

That first visit he'd noticed a pile of mysteries on the shelf under the old table and one day he dropped in, deposited some books on my desk and said, "Some who-done-its for between patients, doctor!" And he grinned at me in that friendly way of his and went off. After that we exchanged books and opinions, and now and then he had a meal with us. I liked him.

It was the last week in June when my wife said one morning, "I'm going up to The Meadow and get some wild strawberries for jam. Jenny's going with me. If you're not too busy you might drive up and get us around noon."

The Meadow was a place where there were always lots of berries and was differentiated from other meadows because of that.

I started up that way at a quarter of twelve and passed young Frome just beyond our house. "Jump in!" I called out to him. And he got in without any ado and I told him I had this little errand to do and would be glad of company. It wasn't much more than a mile to the strawberry field.

I PULLED up at the edge of the road and whistled. My wife and Jenny were sitting down in the grass at the far side of the meadow. They stood up, picked up their pails and came toward us. The grass was full of daisies and buttercups and the clouds overhead were thick and white in the blue sky. I remember yet how they looked, coming toward us—my wife Letty, with her fair braids pinned around her head, and Jenny in a blue gingham dress with her dark hair about her shoulders, her legs bare.

"Who's that?" Frome said.

"Jenny Petrie," I told him. "Nicest girl in town. Just home from college."

We stood there waiting and he never said another word till they'd reached us, which wasn't like him, for he talked eagerly most of the time. Very young and interested in everything, he was.

"Jenny, this is Richard Frome—Jenny Petrie, Richard," I said.

"Hello, Jenny," he said, almost solemnly.

And she looked at him in the same grave way that he looked at her and said, "Hello, Richard," and she was in love. Perhaps if they hadn't met there in the bright meadow in the midst of the buttercups and daisies—perhaps it would have all been different. But there it was, June, and they both young and perhaps both lonely.

"Mrs. Brady, you run along with the doctor," young Frome said, still soberly. "I'm walking Jenny home."

And Jenny smiled, but only a small wondering sort of smile, handed me her pail of berries and went with him as if someone had put a spell on her.

It was as plain to my wife as to me. When we were almost home, she said, "Will, it's got to come out right. It's just got to."

"I think it will," I said.

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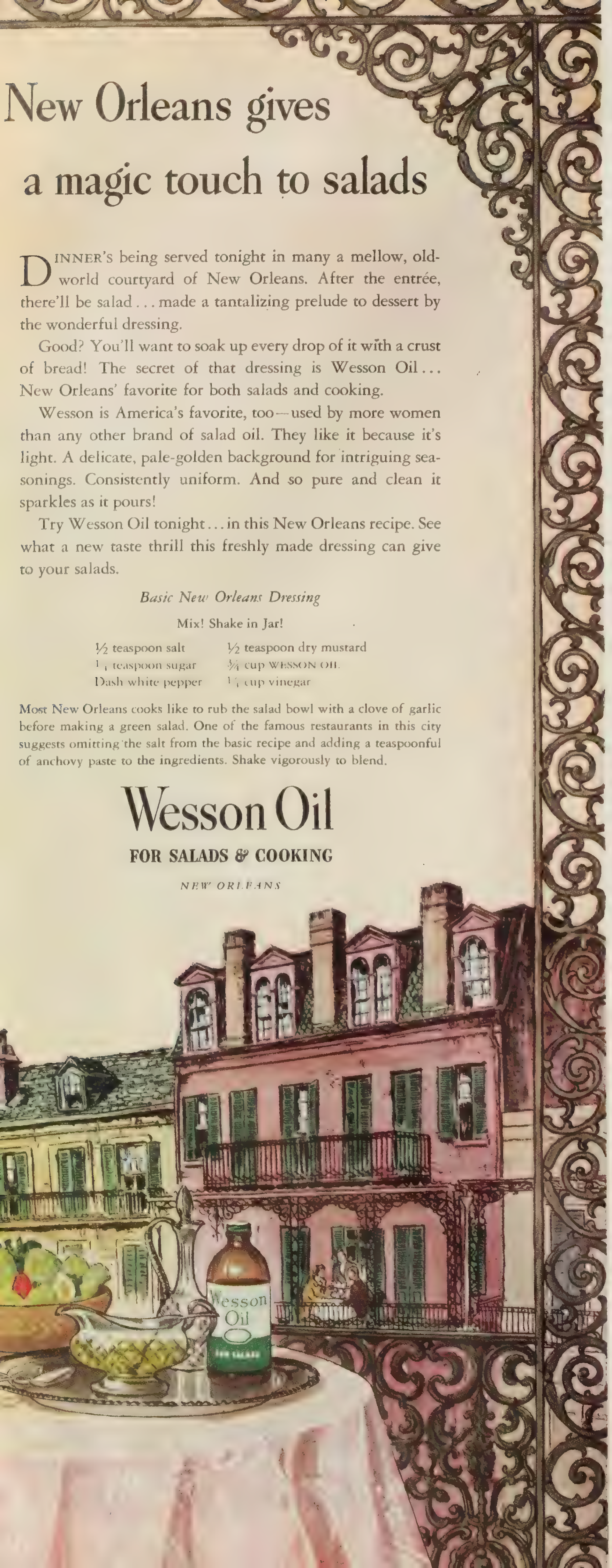

New Orleans gives a magic touch to salads

DINNER'S being served tonight in many a mellow, old-world courtyard of New Orleans. After the entrée, there'll be salad . . . made a tantalizing prelude to dessert by the wonderful dressing.

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Try Wesson Oil tonight . . . in this New Orleans recipe. See what a new taste thrill this freshly made dressing can give to your salads.

Basic New Orleans Dressing

Mix! Shake in Jar!

½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon sugar
Dash white pepper
½ teaspoon dry mustard
¾ cup WESSON OIL
¼ cup vinegar

Most New Orleans cooks like to rub the salad bowl with a clove of garlic before making a green salad. One of the famous restaurants in this city suggests omitting the salt from the basic recipe and adding a teaspoonful of anchovy paste to the ingredients. Shake vigorously to blend.

Wesson Oil
FOR SALADS & COOKING
NEW ORLEANS

Though I am a doctor, I have never got used to looking on this business of love as purely biological illustration. No, there seems more to this matter of mating than that. So much of joy and sorrow goes into it, so much of wild passion and ecstasy. Are all those trappings necessary just to carry on the human race?

It was beautiful as well as frightening to see the joyous giving of those two to each other. There was nothing halfway about it, no coyness, no jealousy—they just loved each other. The gravity seemed to go out of Jenny's eyes so that she seemed made of light. I don't think Frome made any secret of his feelings, but it was too important a thing for him to talk about much, and at first they met mostly at our house. He went to her house sometimes, I know, and sometimes he took her to the country for an afternoon. No, he didn't try to hide anything—he was as deeply in love as she, or it certainly seemed so and I think was so. But their love was so special, so new, it was somehow secret at first, just in the nature of things.

In August Jenny came into my office and said, "Doctor Brady, Richard and I are going to be married. I hope you don't think I've run away from all I planned to do and be. It's just—well, I can't help it, that's all."

"Good, Jenny," I said. "I'm glad. You'd have made a good doctor, but so will you make a good wife. You're not going back to college?"

"Yes, I'm going for this year. Then I'll have most of my premed done. Kitty wants us to wait a year."

Perhaps I should have said to her, "Marry him now—now, before anything happens to tarnish this happiness of yours. Never mind about college. Don't wait." But I didn't, and two weeks later she went back to college.

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4. You pass this copy of the JOURNAL along, make it do extra work;

5. You save every bit of used paper for your local salvage drive.

ON SEPTEMBER eighteenth it says in my wife's diary, *I am afraid for J. and R.*

My wife was troubled one night. She sat mending my socks and I saw her pull the sock over the china egg that's always been in her sewing basket very hard, as if she were angry.

"What's the matter, Letty?" I asked.

"Oh, I've got a little worry," she said.

"What about?"

"I saw something today I wish I hadn't."

"Well, tell me. Don't tantalize me so!"

"I went to the library-board meeting—Richard Frome was there. I wish you hadn't suggested him for a member."

"Why not? He's up-and-coming and young. He'll be good for the library."

"Yes, I suppose so. He—he met Mary Penfield for the first time."

"Well, what happened?"

So she told me what happened, jabbing at the sock with her needle as if she wanted to take out her feelings on something. Mary'd been out of town. She was hardly ever there for board meetings, but she liked to keep a finger on everything, so she never resigned. And it gave her a chance to buck Letty's plans too.

"A new young man in town! What a godsend!" Mary said. She used not to talk like that, but she'd become more brittle and artificial the last few years. "You're not married or anything, are you?"

"No, but I'm going to be," Frome said. "Next spring."

"To anyone here?" Mary said.

"Yes, to Jenny Petrie," Frome told he

Mary said, "To Jenny Petrie? Really? and my wife said you couldn't have to what a personal slap it was for her, but tha you could feel Mary tighten up ready t slap back. Her "Really?" was so full meaning.

"Yes, really," Frome said, smiling h friendly grin. He knew who Mary was, course. He knew that it would be a feath in his cap if he could get some of the Pe field crowd's business. He saw no reaso not to be friendly.

"Well, you're still unattached," Mar said. "And I have some friends coming u from Washington for the week end—wh don't you join us for dinner Saturda night?" All very casual and light and From said thanks, he'd like to come.

"DO YOU think I should tell Richard th whole story?" my wife asked.

"If Jenny hasn't, why should you?"

"But why hasn't she? It isn't like he not to have. She's awfully honest."

"It's a delicate business, Letty."

"I know. I know it is, Will. But I won have this spoiled."

"If it's real, it won't be spoiled."

"It is real. But don't know wha to do."

It was only hu man, I suppose, tha Richard From should have bee pleased by the at tention he got fror the Penfield lot After all, Mary wa a rich woman, he husband was a sena tor. He didn't kno he was being usec

Frome was plar ning on buying house. He aske Letty to go wit him to look at th old Wilkins place It's one of our nices houses, not too bi but with good archi tecture.

"Jenny will lov this," my wife said

"I can't mak Mrs. Penfield be lieve I'm really go ing to be married— but I am," he said to Letty. "She act as if it were som sort of a joke."

My wife said she wanted to tell him then but standing there in the house he was planning to make into a home for him and Jenny she couldn't. She couldn't even say anything against Mary.

Then one night toward the last of November the phone rang, and when I answered i Frome was on the wire. "Are you alone doctor?" he asked.

"Yes, except for my wife."

"May I come over?"

"Come right along," I said. It was lat and I wondered what he wanted.

When he came in, I was shocked. H looked haggard.

"Why, what's the matter, boy?" I said "Sit down. Letty, how about some coffee?'

But Letty didn't move. She stood an looked at him and then she said, "What is it Richard?"

"I've had a letter," he said. He pulled a crumpled-looking envelope out of his coat pocket and dropped it on the desk. "Read it." It was written in a cramped, unnatural sort of handwriting, and it said:

> Young man, if you marry that bastard and loose woman, Jenny Petrie, you will never get another bit of business in this town. Don't you know that decent people do not associate with scum? Don't you know that the citizens of East Linfield do not hold with licentiousness and that your soul is in danger of hell-fire?

(Continued on Page 112)

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(Continued from Page 110)

It was unsigned. I handed it to my wife. "Well," I said, "what about it, Richard?"

"What does it mean?" His voice sounded dead.

"Why, that some perverted person has been amusing himself writing anonymous letters, I suppose. Burn it up and forget it."

But my wife said in a stern voice, "Has anyone else seen it?"

"Mrs. Penfield," Richard said.

My wife's face became white and tired. "Why did you show it to her?" she asked.

"She was in the office when I got it. I looked so shocked or something—I don't know why I showed it to her. It just happened."

"What did she say? Exactly what did she say?" Letty said.

"She said it was all so," Richard said.

"Is that all? All she said? What were her words?" my wife said.

He looked up at her out of as miserable eyes as I've ever seen. "I don't know. She just said it was all so—that the letter was crude, but it was all so. That I *would* lose my business if I married Jenny. She said of course Jenny was pretty, but she was wild. It wasn't any wonder she'd turned my head, she said, for she had a way of doing it. A lot of people had been infatuated with her. I'd come to my senses sooner or later—things like that."

"Do you love Jenny?" Letty asked. I had never seen her so stern.

"Yes, of course."

"Of course? Then you're getting awfully worked up over this, it seems to me."

"I don't understand it. I don't understand why anyone would do such a thing—not to Jenny. I don't understand why Mrs. Penfield ——"

"Look here, Frome," I said, "Jenny is a bastard, if you want to put it like that. Her mother was never married. She's had something of a bad name because of that—Kitty has, I mean—though she's lived as circumspectly as any saint for eighteen years. It has nothing to do with Jenny, unless you make it have. Jenny is the finest girl I have ever known, outside Letty here. You can take my word for it or Mary Penfield's, whichever suits you. . . . I think I know who wrote that letter. It was doubtless Kitty's father, who turned her out when the baby was born and has never spoken to her since. It sounds like him."

He pulled himself together a little. "Sorry," he said. "I was upset. Mrs. Penfield's speaking so and acting so sorry for me—as if I'd been a gullible young fool—well, I felt a little sick. I'm sorry." He seemed to have come to his senses and to be ashamed of himself.

I didn't feel too happy about it, but I liked him. I thought he was made of good stuff and that he'd work it out eventually in the right way. But when I saw him a few days later, he looked as if he hadn't slept for a week.

I walked along Main Street with him and I said, "Look here, my boy, I think you are brooding over that letter business. I told you to forget it and I meant it. You ought to know Jenny by now—you ought to know that that letter doesn't apply to her."

"I had another," Frome said.

"Another?"

HE TOOK it out of his pocket and handed it to me. It was a really vile, malicious letter. It involved Harold Bean and his mother's having to get him out of town and Pete Donnell and the canoe trips he used to go on with Jenny. In a way it was specific and truthful and in another it was full of the most vicious lies by implication. There was a quotation from the Bible in it too.

"I've nothing to add," I told Frome. "It's something you have to settle for yourself. It's your faith in Jenny that's at stake. But I must say I thought you had more vision."

He looked at me miserably and said, "It isn't that I don't still love Jenny, doctor. But everything's spoiled, all the same."

I went home and got the car out and drove up to Petrie's. Petrie was out in the barn and I went out there. I was pretty mad.

"Petrie," I said, "I suppose you know that libel is a criminal offense?"

He looked at me straight out of those fanatical black eyes. "What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean. You've got a right to your own feelings, I suppose, but you haven't got any right to slander another human being without any proof—and to do it without signing your name seems to be about the most low-down thing a body could do."

"What you talking about?" Petrie demanded. He didn't like me, but he kept looking straight into my eyes as if he really didn't know what I was talking about.

"You wrote a letter to Richard Frome—two of them," I said. "You're spoiling the happiness of two decent young people and I'd like to give you a hiding for it. Probably I couldn't do it, but one thing I can do—I can report you to the postal authorities."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Petrie said. "I never wrote any letters to Richard Frome—and if I had, I'd have signed my name. I don't do things behind people's backs."

I FELT sick all of a sudden, for he was telling the truth. I could feel it in every word he said. I didn't argue the matter, because I was convinced. "I'm sorry, Petrie," I said. "I apologize. Someone's been writing some nasty letters to Frome, who's going to marry Kitty's girl. They sounded like you and I was sure they were from you. I'm very fond of them both and I saw red."

"The Lord finds ways to punish the wicked," Petrie said, never lowering his eyes.

"Yes, the wicked," I agreed. "But not Jenny, Petrie. Not Jenny. You ought to be proud to have her for a granddaughter. And if I were you, I'd look into my own heart for traces of wickedness. The Lord, so I understand, is loving, not vengeful. Or do you just read the Old Testament?"

He turned around and walked away from me. His heavy boots made a hard, unforgiving sound on the wood.

I went back to the little office that served the judge and Richard. It was a tiny building of one room just past the post office. Richard sat there alone.

"Richard," I said, "would you let me have that first note you got? I'll return it and I won't show it to anyone. I just want to look at that handwriting again."

He let me have it and I went home.

I said to my wife, "Have you got the books of the library board here?"

"Why, yes, Will. They're in the bottom of the hall cupboard. Why?"

I went and brought the books into the study. The books of the last three years, when Letty had been secretary, I put to one side. I began to look four or five years back and at last I found the ones I wanted. I opened the note and looked at it. The writing of the note was that of an uneducated person. Or was it? Was it only pretending to be that? Then I saw that the *P* of "Petrie" had an odd-looking loop through the letter. Yes, in both of them.

My wife came in. She came over and stood beside me; I looked up from the books and the note. "She couldn't," she whispered. "*She couldn't*, Will."

"She did," I said.

I sat there, feeling cold. For I knew I was no match for Mary Penfield. She had veins of ice water—she would deny it all, that I knew. She would not be beaten. She never had been, outwardly. My wife had shaken her a few times, but she'd always won in any contest, and she would win in this one.

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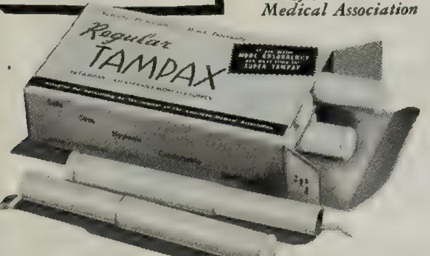

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"What will we do?" my wife asked.

"I don't know. But something, Letty."

But the days went by and I did nothing. Mary went up to Deer City for two weeks. Frome kept away, though he had taken to coming to our house very often. The weather turned cold and there was ice one morning in the ditches.

One morning my wife said, "John's home for Thanksgiving."

"Is Jenny home?"

"Not yet."

I went to the phone.

"This is the Penfield residence," Callie Olds said.

"Is John there, Callie?"

John came to the phone and I said, "Will Brady, John. Could you come over?"

"Yes—in an hour or so. Anything wrong?" he asked.

"Yes," I told him and hung up.

It was only a few minutes later that he came. By then I had had a call out in the country that couldn't wait.

"Come along with me, John," I said. "I want to have a talk with you." So as we drove along I told him the whole ugly story. "John," I said, "I'd have gone to Mary, but I know Mary pretty well—I'd have got just nowhere. I want something done, but my hands are more or less tied. I don't want to stir up the old scandal or make any threats—I don't want you or Kitty to have to stand that at this stage of the game. But I won't have this. I won't, John, even if I have to go to that length. I'm telling you because I think you may want to help Jenny and you may know some way to put pressure on Mary to undo the damage."

"Stop the car, Will," John said. I drew up by the road. He opened the door and got out. He looked the way he had that night in my bedroom, a tired, sick-hearted man. "I'll walk back. I'll do what I can, Will."

But I was too late. Too late.

THAT night I saw Frome walking up toward the station. The seven-forty was due and Jenny was coming on it. I felt relieved. I felt that, after all, Frome had what it took.

But about eleven that night there were steps on the back porch and I went out to the door and Jenny stood there. There was no light in her face now; she looked as if she'd been given the final blow. Her fine hair was all blown wildly about her head and her eyes looked enormous.

"Where's Mrs. Brady?" she said.

"In the bedroom, by the fire—come in, child! What's the trouble?"

But she went, almost running, through the kitchen and across the hall to the bedroom, threw herself down on the rug, put her head against Letty's hands and cried out, "Oh, Mrs. Brady! Mrs. Brady!" in a voice as if she were dying.

"There, child! There, there!" Letty said.

I wanted to say something to comfort her, but I could find no words. Nor could I tell her she would get over this hurt. I didn't know whether she would get over it.

"We know all about the letters," my wife said after a while. They had just been sitting there, Jenny's head against the blue gingham of my wife's dress—but, oh, the grief in both of them! "I don't know what's happened, Jenny. I don't know whether it can be straightened out or not—but this I want to say to you: If I'd ever had a daughter, Jenny, I'd have liked her just like you." Her voice was so firm and quiet.

Jenny had been trembling, but she grew still as my wife spoke. She got to her feet, stood at the end of the big bed here, with her hands along the foot of it. She stood very straight. She looked taller than usual—I remembered how she had stood in the schoolyard at recess time, so still, while the children badgered her.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't mean to make a scene. It was just that I'd thought one thing—just one—was going to turn out right. He wanted to take me out West and start over. I thought he knew all about me. He said so. That very first day I said to him that he'd better know something about me;

(Continued on Page 115)

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(Continued from Page 113)

he said he knew all about me, and I thought he did. It—it made it all so *good* having him know, in this town, and not minding. Well, he didn't know at all. . . . Pity isn't the same as love, though. I know that. I don't want a marriage based on pity. I want a marriage like yours, where everything's *even* between you. . . . I'm sorry—it just seemed for a minute I couldn't bear it alone, but I can. I guess I can."

My wife didn't try to make her think it could be fixed. She said, "Yes, it's something you have to bear alone, Jenny. We're your friends, but we can't help you bear it, not much. Pity isn't enough, Jenny."

Jenny stood there, not saying anything, not crying. Only one other time has been sadder in my life. Then she turned to go. At the door she looked back. "Please always be here, you two," she said.

My wife and I couldn't talk after she had gone. We were both too hurt. It didn't do any good now to cry out against Richard's blindness or Mary's cruelty or John's weakness. No, the thing was done, and we both knew it was done for all time. The happiness was spoiled, ruined forever. It could not be patched now. We made ready for bed, but after the light was out my wife reached for my hand and we lay there silent, holding hard to each other.

It would be pleasant and in the manner of magazine fiction to say that Richard Frome proved worthy at last of Jenny Petrie. Such, however, was not the case. I believe he loved her, too, but not enough. Jenny went back to school and we did not see her again before she went.

Frome came to the house one afternoon late, just as my wife was getting the supper on.

"Hello, Richard," my wife said gravely. She didn't make any great show of welcoming him.

"Hello, Mrs. Brady," he said.

"We're just going to have supper—won't you join us?" she asked him.

"Thanks," he said miserably. He sat there at our table, not eating much. When it came time for dessert he said he wouldn't have any, though he'd always made a fuss about Letty's apple pie. He pushed his plate back and folded his arms along the edge of the table. "Listen," he said, "I know you folks think I'm a heel."

My wife poured more coffee and then she said, "No, we don't, Richard; we just think it's too bad you weren't good enough for Jenny."

He reddened, but he didn't protest. "She won't answer my letters," he said.

"Why should she?" my wife said.

"Because I love her," he told Letty. "I felt sorry for him then.

"You didn't love her enough," Letty said. "I'm sorry, Richard, for I thought you did. Jenny's just the same girl she was, you know. She hasn't changed any. There's no more reason now for her to run away from this town than there's ever been. She's stood it up to now and could go on standing it. But when you show so plainly that *you* couldn't stand it—well, Jenny's proud, Richard."

"I'd have to earn a living for her," he said.

My wife only smiled, though I must confess I thought the boy had a point there. But that just wasn't the heart of the matter and both he and my wife knew that.

"You've got to believe I love her," he burst out. "It's been hell—just plain hell!"

"Doubt is always hell," my wife said quietly.

He got up from the table. "Well, I'll run along," he said. "Thanks for the supper." At the door he turned as if to say something else, then changed his mind and went on out.

"He's really knocked out with this," I said.

"He's hurt, yes," my wife said, "but I don't think he has any idea of how much he hurt Jenny. He thinks saying he loves her will fix it all up. Probably John said he loved Kitty too."

"Aren't you being too hard on the boy?"

She stood there holding the coffeepot in her hands. "Am I?" she said, troubled. "Do you think I am, Will? It just seems as if faith's the one thing you've got to be hard about. You've just got to be."

And it came over me how enduring was the faith I had in Letty and she in me and how like nothing my life would be without it and I said, "Yes, I guess you've got to be."

I think Frome tried to see Jenny at college once. Perhaps he did see her—I never quite knew. But nothing came of it.

I saw John Penfield once before he went back to Washington, but only for a minute. He just said, "Sorry, Will," and went on.

It was near Christmastime that Elsie Graves dropped in with presents for my wife and me. She always remembered us. Her sixth baby had been born that fall and she told us about the baby, laughing at herself in the good-humored way she had. But I thought she looked a little tired.

"Better let this one be the last," I told her. "Though I don't know—they're a grand lot."

"Yes, they're wonderful," she agreed. "Not my fault, though. Tom's got the disposition of a saint. They take after Tom."

"Oh, you'll do—you'll do yourself, Elsie."

She stopped laughing. "Will, I'm not much good," she said. "I don't seem to pull things off, beyond having healthy babies. I came this morning to make my peace with Mary. Christmas and all, you know—I didn't get anywhere."

"Try and forget it," I told her.

"I can't, Will. I get to brooding about it. It ought not to be this way. I felt sorry for her too."

"Why?" I asked her.

"I think John's left her. She didn't say so. You'd think from Callie he'd be home any minute—but I got the feeling he wasn't coming at all. She had the house full of people and Callie Olds was going around looking pained at so much company, with her nose all pinched up as if she smelled something bad, the way she does—and no peace and good will there at all. No children—no John—nothing. I went blundering right into her room and said, 'Well, let's say Merry Christmas and kiss and make up, Mary!' Something silly like that. She looked at me as if she hated me—yes, really hated me. She said she'd never been much for kissing and that Christmas was for the young—and did I want anything else? Oh, some could have said that, leaving you feeling better, but Mary didn't. She just sounded bored. And yet—and yet—I don't know why I felt that about John, but I did. She's always kept that big picture of him on her dressing table. It wasn't there. I said, 'Well, let's be young then, Mary. I'm tired of this feud over nothing. I brought you a present—John, too, and he better like it, for I knitted it myself.' And she said, 'You'll

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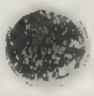

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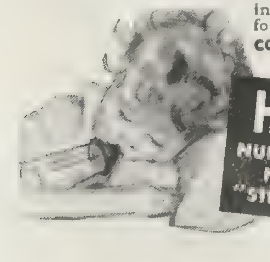

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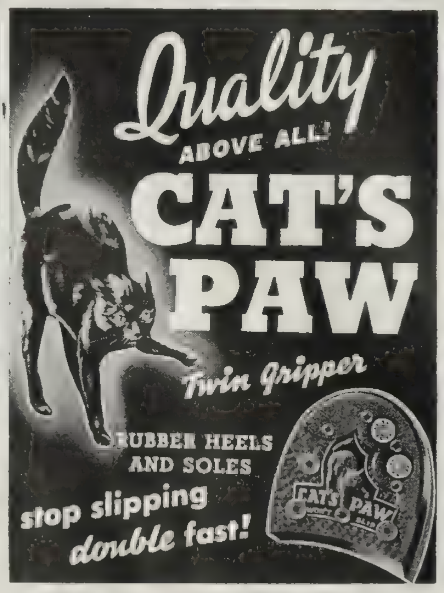

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have to send it to Washington, I guess.' Well, that's about all there was to it. I felt like a fool—and I didn't get anywhere."

"Frankly, I doubt if John has the guts to have left her," I said.

"There's something though," Elsie said. "Something's happened. I'm going to send him the socks and see if he writes me."

Jenny didn't come home that holiday time. Kitty got a week off at Mrs. Giddings' and went to see Jenny instead.

About two weeks after Christmas Letty had a note from Elsie Graves. "I was right about John," Elsie wrote. "He's not coming back to East Linfield. He didn't give any explanation though."

A doctor has no excuse for not knowing when something is wrong with those he loves. No excuse at all. Letty always seemed just the same to me, just the same. Never ill, never acting as if anything was too much for her. Always ready with a little joke. Always doing some little thing for me or someone else.

The last week in January I came in and she wasn't getting supper. I found her lying on the couch in the living room.

"What's up?" I said.

"Oh, nothing!" she said. "I just felt a little tired—but everything's in the oven. You can get it, Will. The pie's on the pantry shelf."

"What do you mean, you feel a little tired? What have you been doing—cleaning the attic?"

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"No, I haven't done anything special. I just feel lazy. Bring the supper in here by the fire, Will."

She knew, you see, that I needed her even to eat supper with. And at supper she even laughed a little. She was going to get up to wash the dishes, but I did do that much. She said she felt better at bedtime.

She died on the tenth of February. She hadn't stayed in bed or anything. There was just that one night when she "felt lazy." And on that morning she came down to get breakfast as usual. I came out to the kitchen and she reached for the coffeepot and all of a sudden said, "Oh, Will!" and the coffeepot fell and the hot coffee went streaming across the blue linoleum. And she put her hand up to her shoulder and was dead.

In her diary back in September I found this: *Saw B. Not false A. Dear Will.* Beresford, the heart man in Deer City. Not false angina. Why didn't she tell me? I know. I know why. . . . And yet I keep wondering—if I had planted the willow sooner, if I had said all the things I felt —— But she did know I loved her, that she *did* know, she *must* have known well.

But this is not my story.

The day of the funeral there was a blizzard. It was bitterly cold. A great many people came to the house and church through the storm. Letty was greatly loved. Elsie Graves got over from North Linfield, though the bus got stuck and she had to walk almost a mile through the snow. There were even quite a few who went to the cemetery. The cemetery is on a hill and the wind always blows there, even in summer, but there was a gale that day. You could hardly hear the minister, but I didn't mind that. Letty wasn't much for eulogies. I couldn't

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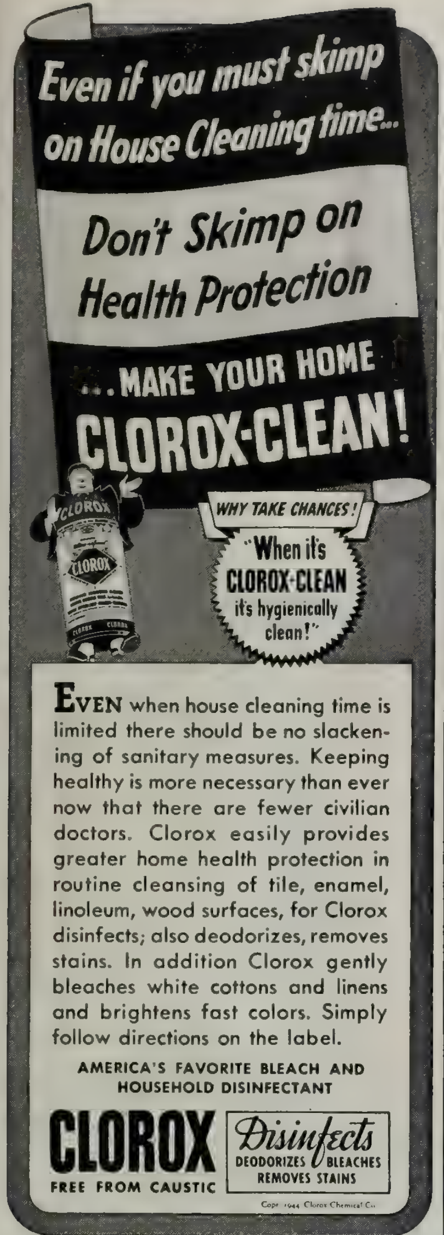
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HOUSEHOLD PAPERS

PARCHMENT · KALAMAZOO · MICHIGAN

stop thinking that Letty shouldn't have had to be buried on a day like that, for she had loved the sun. I looked away from the minister and saw John Penfield standing there, his collar up against the storm, his head bare, and beside him, right close beside him, as if she belonged there, stood Jenny Petrie. Then it was over and I came back here.

John Penfield sat by the fire. The neighbors had cleared away all the flowers, all the chairs. I don't suppose I said the right things to John. I was too numb. And yet I remember it all very well.

John got up and held out his hand and said, "I'm sorry, Will."

"Thanks for coming up, John," I said.

"I wouldn't have come for anyone but Letty," he said. "I'd said I'd never come. But Letty was a very special person, Will."

"Yes," I said.

"I don't need to tell you that, I know," John said. "It was Letty who—well, I'm a free man because of Letty. Or as free as I guess a man like me could be. I don't suppose I'll ever be really free. Or very important in any way. I'm just a small-time politician. . . . I suppose you know I quarreled with Mary, that that's all off. She said, among other things, that I was just like Letty Brady—and so I got to thinking about Letty, never knuckling under to Mary, never side-stepping the real issue, always having the courage of her convictions; and thinking of Letty, I got myself free. It may spoil things for me politically in time—I don't know. But it doesn't matter. I'm my own man again. I just wanted to tell you, Will—I thought a lot of Letty."

That moved me more than anything the minister or anyone had said. Only I couldn't bear it not to tell Letty about it.

He got up and shook hands again. "Well, if you ever get to Washington," he said, "look me up."

"I will," I told him.

I've never seen him since. He has a place in Deer City, I hear, but he never comes here. But I think of him often and with warmth. I wonder what he felt when he stood there in the storm beside his daughter.

Jenny didn't come to the house, but afterward I had a note from her. "Dear Doctor Brady," she wrote, "I know now that it isn't so easy as I once thought it was to be *yourself*. But she did it, and I'll learn how too." That was all. And yet that comforted me in the same way John's visit did.

Letty always laughed a little at theological discussions. "Oh, what does it matter about immortality?" she'd say. "Or whether you're sprinkled or immersed? What does it *matter?* You've got *now* to be good in, haven't you?" But when I just reread that note of Jenny's, I had such a sense of Letty living, living, forever living.

I didn't see Jenny again until the next summer. She came to my door one day with some books under her arm. "It's so noisy over the meat market," she said. "I wondered if I'd be in the way if I studied here for a while?"

I think she came because she knew I was lonely, but she never said so. She came and studied, hardly ever even talking to me. Sometimes I did talk with her about her courses and her professors, but rarely about anything else. She never mentioned Frome, nor even Letty. Minnie was keeping house for me and she would say, "She's a real nice girl, I don't know how one could ask for a nicer!"—things like that. She often made a little extra tart to give Jenny when she came, or some cupcakes.

But one night Minnie said to me, "That Frome was here today."

"*Here?*" Frome hadn't been near me for months. I'd heard he was going around with young Phyllis Elmslie, Mary Penfield's cousin's girl from Deer City.

"Yes, here. He and Jenny had a real set-to."

"I don't suppose you listened in?" I said.

"Well, you couldn't help hearing some things," Minnie said. "He was all but crying. But he didn't get very far with her, so far as I could hear."

(*Continued on Page 119*)

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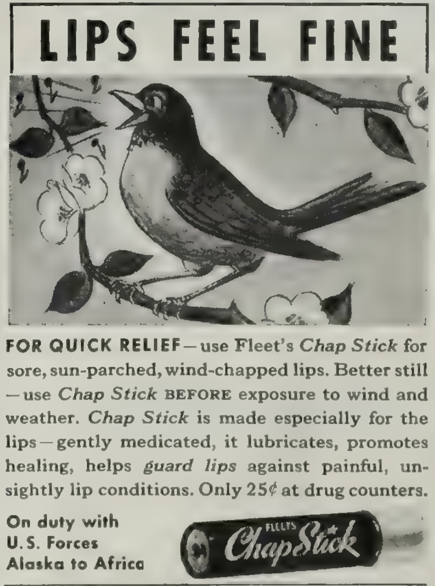
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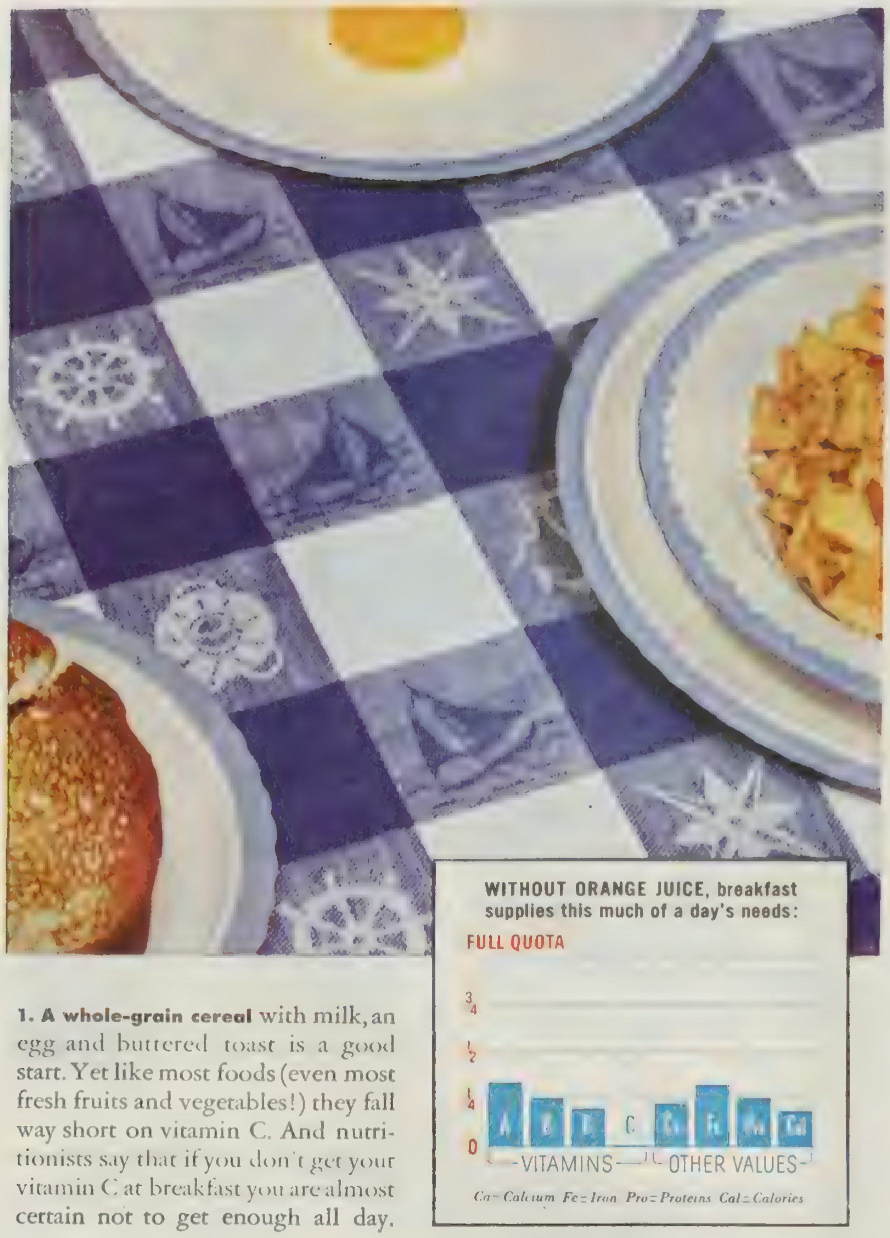
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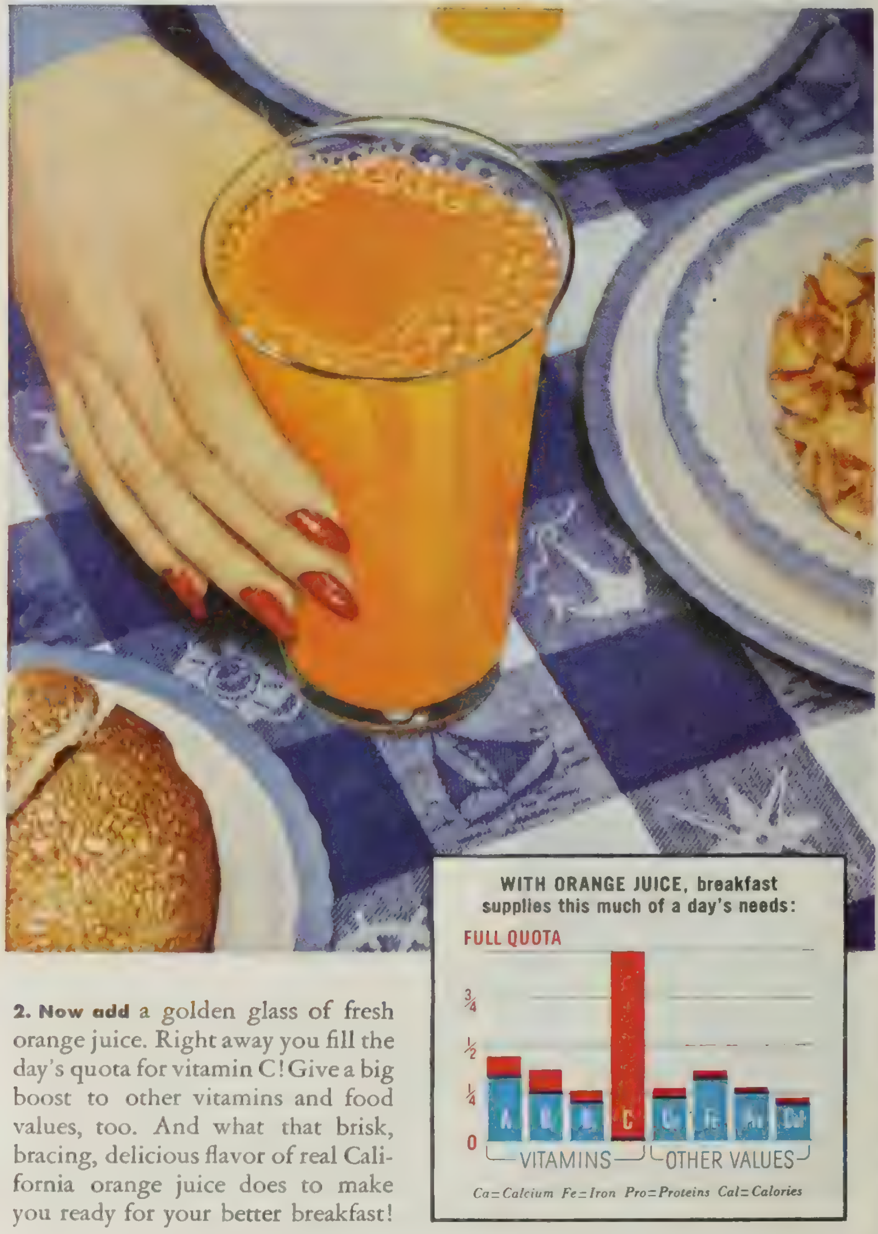
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(Continued from Page 117)

The next day I ran in between calls and ound Jenny there. "I hear you had a caller esterday," I said.

"Yes."

"Listen, Jenny," I said, "I remember once hat you said you wanted a marriage that vas *even* on both sides. I don't believe there re any such. You said like ours, but ours vasn't even, either. Letty gave a lot more o it than I did. I've found that out."

She gave me an odd look. She was a very grave-looking girl, not gloomy, just grave. 'Yes, but you gave the necessary things."

"I don't know whether I did or not," I old her. "I didn't give enough, I know that. What I'm trying to say is ——"

She smiled a little. "What you're trying to ay is, why don't Richard and I make up? s that it?"

"Something like that."

"There's nothing to make up. There just sn't anything there, Doctor Brady."

"Well, then, I won't say any more," I old her.

Frome married Phyllis Elmslie the next year sometime. Phyllis was a nice-enough girl, very pretty, though nothing like Jenny. They were married at Mary Penfield's iouse. I had an invitation, but I didn't go.

Frome came to the door of the little Main Street office and called me in. "I hope you're coming to the wedding, doctor," he said.

"I doubt it, Frome," I said. "I haven't much stomach for big functions."

"Or this particular big function?" he asked me. For a minute it was as it had been when he'd first come to town and we had felt so friendly and had always been direct with each other.

"Well, if you want it that way," I told him.

"I thought so," he said. "I was afraid so. There wasn't any chance of my ever having Jenny, doctor."

"No, probably not."

He turned on me very quickly. "*Probably* not? Do you think there was?"

"I think if you can speak like that of a probability or a possibility, you'd better not be marrying Phyllis," I told him.

"I'm asking you a question," he said.

"No, I don't think you have a chance there," I answered him. "I think she stopped loving you."

The hope died out of him and he looked old and burdened. "Yes, she did, didn't she?" Then he said with some firmness and dignity, "I hope to make this a good marriage, doctor. I know more about what it takes now. Will you wish me luck?"

So I HELD out my hand and wished him well. But I didn't go to the wedding.

They built a new house out past Judge Manners' place. They didn't live in the old Wilkins place that Frome had been on the point of buying for Jenny.

These last years have been strange. Very long in some ways, very short in others. I know that I have my work and that it is important, more important since the other doctors have all gone to war. But when there's no Letty here to talk it all over with, half its importance seems to be gone. She loved the world very much, but I do not think the weight would have been quite so heavy on my own heart had she been here to share it with me. She would have hoped more than I. She believed in people more, even though she saw them plainly. And I cannot bear not to tell her of certain happenings. It seems to me she *must* know that John is free from the tyranny of Mary Penfield, that Frome didn't live in the Wilkins house, that Maud Ebers got married.

It was a matter for much laughter when Maud married her suitor from a matrimonial bureau. Maud carried it off well enough. She'd resigned from her job and she took pains to introduce her new husband to one and all.

But one day I went past the little house where she has lived so long and she was working out in the flower bed. I said, "Hello, Maud," and she straightened and said, "Good morning, Will." Then she walked over toward the gate and opened it and said, "Come in. I want to show you something."

We never had been on very good terms since way back at the time of that essay contest, and I was surprised. I went in and she took me into her small living room and asked me to sit down. She went out to the dining room and came back presently with a teaspoon. It was a slender spoon with a *W* in twining curves on the handle. It was worn thin, but nice. I took it in my hands, but I didn't know what comment was called for.

"It's a wedding present," she said.

"Very nice," I said.

"From Jenny Petrie," she said.

I DID look up then. There was something almost painful in the way she had said those words. She sat down on a slender chair, sat very straight as if she were in the schoolroom.

"Will," she said, "that's the only present that any of my pupils have given me, except under compulsion from parents. She said she'd had it since she was a little girl and was very fond of it. I suppose Bess Whitcomb gave it to her. She said the *W* fitted my new name and she wanted me to have it. She said she had always been so grateful to me for the way I taught her biology, that she'd never forgotten any of it." She was trying to tell me she was ashamed, but it was hard for Maud to apologize.

"Jenny is a good rememberer," I said.

"Yes, I'm afraid she is," Maud said, sitting there so stiff and straight, her voice a little strained. "Will, I know as well as anyone that this marriage of mine may seem a little ridiculous to people in this town. Nevertheless, it's my marriage and means something to me. I'm not a fool and I can see when people are laughing at me. But Jenny Petrie didn't laugh. . . . Well, I guess that's all, Will. I just wanted to tell you about it."

"Thanks, Maud. It's handsome of you," I said, trying to grin a little. I went away from there feeling warmed. But when I came back here and there was no Letty to tell it to ——

Richard and Phyllis had been married only a year when their first baby was born. I was called in. Frome had asked me if I'd look after Phyllis, and though I hadn't wanted to I'd said I would. "I'd feel safer," Frome said. Phyllis didn't have any great trouble, for she was a healthy young woman and the baby was a sturdy little boy. But one day a few days after the baby had come I went in to see Phyllis and found her very quiet. She was a gay girl, always joking. She had joked even when the baby was coming.

"You look a little low, child," I said, "but think nothing of it. There's always a day or two of that. It'll pass."

"Yes, that's what the nurse said."

"You've got a wonderful boy there, Mrs. Frome," I told her. "And you couldn't be better yourself."

"I know," she said again.

"Then cheer up," I said.

I was sitting by her bed. She wore an extravagant bed jacket of rose color and there were flowers in the room and everything looked very new and bridelike. She turned her head away from me for a minute, then she turned and tried to give me her ironic little grin.

"Silly, eh?" she said.

"Very silly."

(Continued on Page 121)

PROVERBS

Flattery is sickness, reproof is medicine. —CHINESE.

Don't open your mouth until a goose has flown in. —ICELANDIC.

He who buys what he doesn't need steals from himself. —SWEDISH.

Better be quarreling than lonesome. —IRISH.

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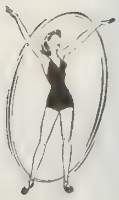

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(Continued from Page 119)

"I just got a notion," she said.

"A notion about what?"

"That Richard didn't want the baby."

"Nonsense! He's as proud as Punch."

"Do you think so?"

"What makes you think anything so foolish?"

"It was the birth certificate," she confessed. "Mother gave me this little book with places in it for everything—a pocket for the birth certificate and all that. I said, 'Be sure to put the certificate in—we want him all legitimate!' Just something like that—he threw the book across the room."

"I see," I said.

"So do I," she said soberly. "Maybe I said it on purpose—I don't know, doctor. I guess I've always wondered, since the beginning. He still loves her."

I did the best I could. I didn't pretend I didn't know what she was talking about. I saw she was a more honest, thoughtful girl than I'd given her credit for being. "No, he loves you, Mrs. Frome," I told her. "I think he loves you and the baby too. But you dug into an old wound, that's all."

"It wouldn't be a wound if Dickie and I were enough," she said.

"Oh, yes, it would. Richard may have thought you meant to flick him."

"Maybe I did," she admitted.

I tried to smile at her and treat the matter lightly. "I presume Richard isn't the first man you've liked," I said. "Or even fancied you loved. I presume there are spots you wouldn't want touched yourself."

She looked at me with soberness. "That's what hurts," she said. "Nothing else seemed to have any meaning after I met Richard. . . . I'm talking too much, Doctor Brady. You shouldn't let me—I'm going to be sorry."

"I'm as safe as the tomb for secrets," I said. "But all I can say is to repeat that I feel sure Richard loves you—he's even said so to me, and that he wanted to make a good marriage."

"Do you think I ought to nurse the baby?"

"Certainly," I told her.

And that was all that was ever said. I wanted to say something to Richard, to warn him, but I didn't. I'd mixed in this affair too much as it was. I somehow thought that Phyllis would be wise enough to heal the old wound. She was wiser and at the same time more vulnerable than I had thought. But I pitied them both.

I used to see her out walking with the baby after that and she looked happy enough. She was one of the gayest of the younger crowd. But when I'd seen Frome, I'd wonder. For he was a man now, not the boy who had come to East Linfield, so eager, so full of laughter and jokes.

MARY PENFIELD took John's desertion in her stride, though naturally there was a good deal of gossip. At first she just pretended that she didn't want to go to Washington. But when the word got around that John had an apartment in Deer City, she couldn't pretend any longer. But she could pretend it didn't matter; she could belittle John in small ways; she could pretend she was having a good time. That was what was unnatural, for Mary had always been too dignified for a hectic social existence. But now her life became hectic. She dressed differently, too, in very bright colors. She had people at the house who liked to drink and play cards for money, fashionable people who laughed at East Linfield but liked to come there and live on Mary's bounty for a few weeks.

One day I saw her on the street and saw a meeting between her and Kitty Petrie. Kitty was going into the store to shop for the Giddingses and Mary was just coming out. They met face to face. They didn't speak. But it hit me with a kind of shock that they looked alike. Kitty was just the Giddingses' hired girl and wore a plain house dress and carried a basket and Mary had on a bright yellow linen dress and a floppy hat. But they both had a look of hardness.. Both their faces looked pinched and tight.

All in a few weeks, it seemed, though it was years in reality, I had this note from Jenny Petrie:

Dear Doctor Brady: You are very busy, I know, but I would like it very much if you could come up for graduation on June tenth.

I went up for Jenny's graduation. Dr. Jenny Petrie. And yet she looked just the same, just the same as that little girl who had sat so gravely behind my desk and said I had 'pendicitis. Yes, Jenny had been grown up forever and I felt sad that June day, wishing that somehow she could have known what it was to be really young and childlike. And yet if she had she might not now have had that look of being able to cope with life.

AFTER the exercises were over we walked together across the campus. "Well, you've done it, Jenny," I said. "I'm proud of you."

"There's nothing to be proud about. I've just done what I wanted to do."

"Yes, but so many of us don't do that, Jenny. We know what we want, but we get sidetracked. It's pretty easy to get sidetracked."

"Yes, I know," she said. "You love someone—you don't want to hurt someone—all those things. I almost quit once."

"But you didn't," I said.

"No, I didn't," she said gravely. Then she stood still under a big elm there on the campus and put out her hand to the tree. It was that fine, sensitive hand I had noticed years before. Only this wasn't a little girl. It was a woman. "I wish she were here," she said. "Oh, I have wished it so all day, Doctor Brady. Not that it's so much, graduating—but I wish she were here."

"I wish it all the time, Jenny," I said.

"She believed in me," Jenny told me. "It means something to be believed in, doesn't it?"

"Yes, Jenny," I answered. "It means everything."

Neither of us talked much after that. She wasn't coming home now, she told me. They were shortening all the courses now, the internship, making doctors as fast as they could because of the war. At four I told her good-by and went to get my train.

That fall I met Frome on the street and he was in uniform. I stopped and said, "What's all this?"

"Well, there didn't seem any reason why I shouldn't go," he said. "And plenty why I should."

"You've got a wife and son, you know," I told him.

"Yes, but Phyllis has money enough to get along on," he replied. "She agrees that I should go. There are enough lawyers and to spare."

"Well, good luck to you, Frome," I said.

We shook hands. I felt upset, somehow. Not at his desire to go, but at the motive behind that desire. Was it that he was escaping a marriage that had come to be too much for him? Was Phyllis aware of any such motive for her husband? Had she felt that it might as well happen?

When I saw Phyllis next I said to her, "So you're sending Richard off to war?"

"He feels he ought to go," she said.

"What do you feel?" I asked. "The same thing?"

"Yes," she said. That was all.

It's almost done, the story of Jenny Petrie. She didn't do two years of interning before she was sent to New Zealand. She had some

---

FASHION

If I should be allowed to choose one out of all the books that will be published a hundred years after my death, do you know which I would take? I would take, my friend, a fashion magazine, to see how the women were dressing a century after my decease. Their fripperies would tell me more about the society of that future day than all the philosophers, novelists, preachers and savants.

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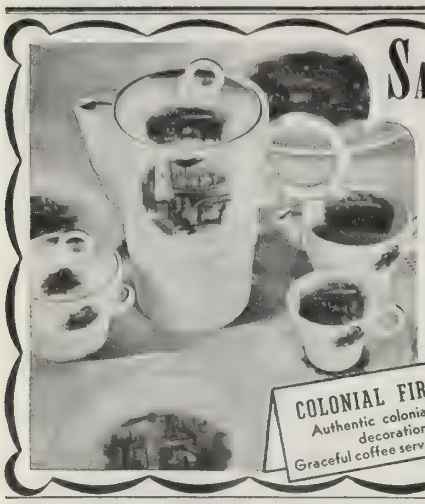
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difficulty being sent, for they weren't too keen about women doctors overseas at first, but one day I had a letter from New Zealand. It was short, as all Jenny's letters were, but it told a little about the life there, about the people with whom she worked. Only a sentence she needed to bring people alive for you. I knew from that short letter about the Scotch doctor who was so profane and so gentle, about the homesick boy from Great Falls, about the country itself.

Last week Jenny walked into my office. I had just come in from a call and I'd dropped down in my chair a minute. I looked up and there she stood in her uniform, tall and grave and more beautiful than even I remembered her.

"Hello, Doctor Brady," she said.

I jumped up and grabbed her hands. "Why, Jenny! Jenny Petrie!" I said. I made her come into the living room by the fire and sit down.

She was home on furlough, she said. She'd be going back soon. And then, though there seemed so much to be said, we didn't say it. We sat there by the fire and were pretty quiet.

"You look happy, Jenny," I said at last. She did.

"I am happy," she said. "As happy as one can be in the middle of a war. I'm going to be married, Doctor Brady. After this is all done, that is."

"No!" I cried. "To whom?"

"Another doctor—Dr. Mark Dorne. An Englishman." She took out a snapshot and gave it to me. He looked very fine, steady and good and intelligent.

"I like him," I said. "And I'm glad, Jenny. I'm more than glad."

"Yes, I knew you would be. He knows all about me, Doctor Brady. This time I made sure." She smiled a little. Then she said, "I saw Richard in New Zealand."

"Richard Frome?"

"Yes," she answered. "Life's very funny, isn't it?"

"Jenny, there's no good in stirring up old hurts, but did it matter to you? Did it hurt? I'm not just asking out of curiosity. You see, his wife knows he still loves you."

SHE looked at me an instant, with that old inscrutable look out of her childhood. Then she said, "Yes, it hurt at first, Doctor Brady. I met him in the hospital corridor, not expecting him or anything. It hurt. It's always hurt, even when I knew I didn't love him any more. But it's all right now. With him and with me."

What had happened at that meeting? She didn't tell me and I suppose I'll never know. But I believed her when she said it was all right. I hope Frome will come back and make Phyllis know it too.

This is the story of Jenny Petrie, so far as I know it. By and large she has influenced a good many people: my wife and me, John and Mary Penfield, Kitty, Jake Petrie, Richard Frome and Phyllis, Bess Whitcomb, Maud Ebers, and many, many more because of the feud that grew up in her wake. But it seems to me a story of triumph, somehow, a story very beautiful and very satisfying. I think of John Penfield and Maud, of Bess, of Richard—of my wife and me. Yes, some of us are better people because of Jenny Petrie. She stood alone from babyhood and she has been strong enough for it. Brave and proud and sensitive, you look like that inside to me, Jenny Petrie.

It was late at night when Doctor Brady wrote those last words. He put his pen down, leaned back in his chair. He was tired, but his middle-aged eyes looked curiously at peace. He lifted a book, one of the red diaries at the corner of the old sewing table, and took out from beneath it the little snapshot of Dr. Mark Dorne and another snapshot of Jenny herself, one that his wife had taken long ago. He set them up against a framed picture of his wife, sat looking at them.

"I hope you like the way it's ended, Letty," he said gently.

(THE END)

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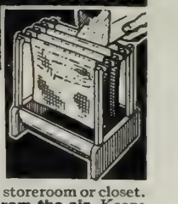

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"I LOVE YOU, JOHNNY"

(Continued from Page 26)

"Where is he?" I said, and she shook her head again.

"I don't know," she said. "He was here a while ago. I don't know where he is."

I had to find Johnny. I had to. "I know where he'll be," I said. And I went out. I hurried. Johnny was the one I had to see.

We went over through the fields and very fast, with Debby behind me on Misty, calling, "Where are you going? What's the hurry?" But I did not stop. Not until we were quite near the hunt club, and I could see something. Until I could see the door to The Buckler's stall. Then I slowed Springy.

"Johnny is home," I said to Debby. "Johnny has come back, but he is hurt. He has been hurt badly." And Debby's eyes got very big, the way they do, and I said, "Now don't you cry," meaning it for myself, too, and we tied the ponies and went up to the stall door.

We could see The Buckler, tall and lean and gray. And, there against the wall, was Johnny in his overseas cap and uniform, and The Buckler nosing him for carrots. The way it used to be. Just the same.

And then I saw. And the breath came catching quick in my throat and I could hear Debby gasp behind me there in the doorway. Because it was gone. Johnny's leg was gone. With the uniform pinned across so sharp and trim, just above the knee, and the crutch against the wall.

"Johnny!"

And Johnny turned. Then I knew what Mary had meant. That Johnny wasn't the same. He wasn't the same at all. Not his face. It was hard and set and there was no smile. No crinkles at the eyes. And it was thin. And Johnny's voice.

"Hiya," he said, and the words were flat and broke off. They left you standing there, away from him. So far away.

"Gee, gee, Johnny," I said. I couldn't go on. There wasn't anything that I could say. He wouldn't let me. We just stood there.

And then Debby blurted it. She couldn't help it. She just wanted to say something—something to say. "We—The Buckler's fine. He—he's all ready. We kept him ready." It was what we had worked at for two years, just for this minute. And now it wasn't the thing to say.

And Johnny smiled. Just with his lips—his eyes blank. That awful blank. And he reached around and got the crutch up under his arm, and he was so clumsy at it.

"Yeah," he said, "yeah, I see he is. All ready—for somebody." And he moved to shut the stall door, and we had to get back, out of the way. We didn't belong any more. He put the bolt through, hard and finally, as if he would never open it again, and The Buckler's head came through the open half of the door, but Johnny wouldn't even notice him. He moved away. "Well, kids," he said, and I thought I could see a little, just a little, in behind his eyes and what he was keeping there, "I'll be seeing you."

I had to say it then. While I had the chance. "But aren't you going to be here, Johnny? Aren't you going to stay? With him, The Buckler, and—and with Mary," and Johnny moved quick, as if it caught him, and he looked at us. Sharp.

"Look, kids," he said, "you're smart. You understand things. What would I be doing here, around horses, around hunting, around—around anybody"—and I knew who he meant—"with this?" His eyes, his hand went down scornfully to his leg. "That stuff's done, it's finished."

And I thought of what he had said, so long ago. That when he couldn't hunt any more, or ride, then he didn't want to live. It was in his face, his not wanting to live. Then, just for a second, he softened.

"But I'll be seeing you," he said. "I've got a couple of days or so here, winding things up. I'll be in with Dan maybe."

Dan was the old man who had taken his place at the club. There wasn't anything more that we could say. He went on into

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the little room by the clubhouse, where Dan lived. And we went home, Debby and I.

It was a long ride home through the woods, and the ponies walked slow, with their heads down, as if they knew, and the tears were hot and salty in the corners of your mouth, and the branches cut and you didn't see them.

Our mother was at home when we got there. She sat there on the sofa with us for a long time, and it was good to be beside her. She knows when not to talk.

"But—but couldn't he ride again, ever?" I said at last, and she just shook her head.

"I don't know, June," she said. "I really don't know."

"But why wouldn't he stay here with his friends and with Mary?" Debby asked.

My mother shook her head again. "That will have to work itself out," she said, "in time. It will take time."

But that wasn't enough for me. It couldn't take time. That might be too late.

Johnny had helped us. He had picked us up when we had fallen and hurt ourselves. And now he needed us. We couldn't just leave him. Or let him go away.

I thought about it all that night, almost. In the morning we went down to see Mary, Debby and I.

"But couldn't you marry him?" Debby said. "Then he would feel different maybe."

And Mary shook her head. She smiled, but it wasn't her smile really. "I couldn't do that, honey, not very well. Not unless he asked me."

"But I thought he wanted to marry you," Debby said.

Mary's smile was still there, fainter though. "I guess," she said, "that a man, a man like Johnny, doesn't ask a girl to marry him unless he thinks the girl will look up to him and feel that he amounts to something and can do things. And Johnny won't believe that I'd look up to him now."

"You would, of course," I said. "Johnny's just the same, really. What would make him think you looked up to him?" And Mary's shoulders raised.

"Something that he did well, I guess."

I thought some more. "It would have to be horses—riding. If we could only make him believe that he could ride again. He *could* ride again, couldn't he?"

And then, just then, Debby blurted it. She thought of it first. "Katy!" she said. "Katy Clair!" And it came to me quick too. That was it. That *might* do it.

And we told Mary all about Katy, and how she had beaten us both in the jumping classes at the last show, two years ago, just after Johnny had left. Our words fell over each other and Mary listened and she believed in us.

"It might," she said, "it really might work. But you would have to do it, you two. I couldn't. He wouldn't believe me. Do you think you could?"

And we said yes, of course, and we planned how we would do it.

We had to get our father and mother to help. They listened, sitting there, and, when we had finished, my father said:

"It means driving a hundred miles. Well"—he got up and he is long and brown—"I can't think of a better use for an A card. We'll start tomorrow morning."

He helped us clean out and bed the ponies that night. And when we walked back up, he had an arm around each of us. I couldn't sleep that night. If only it would work.

Katy said she would. She wanted to when we got to her house the next day. Her mother and father wanted her to. Katy is marvelous. We do not see her much, but at that show, the last one, we had been pals the whole three days.

She is eleven, Katy is, and her face is thin, just a little, and she has the kindest eyes and smile. The very kindest. She seems older than she is. Which is natural, I guess. Only she is fun. We had a grand time bringing her home in the car that day. Katy was going to help us. It was just a question of how to do it.

My father helped us decide. "When we get near the club," he said, "I'll let you out. This is your show. I'd spoil it."

So we got out, the three of us, and we went slowly over through the field and up to the clubhouse. And Johnny was there. Sitting in the shade with old Dan. He reached for his crutch when he saw us, but we were too close for him to get away.

"Hello," we said, trying to be all natural. "This is Katy Clair, Johnny. She is a friend of ours, and she is down for the day, and we wondered if you would let her do something. We wondered if you would let her ride The Buckler."

And Johnny's jaw went down until it hung, almost, and his eyes were funny. He

A Prayer in Wartime

For Our Allies

BY THE REVEREND DR. GEORGE STEWART

Thou hast set the solitary in families
And bound us together as peoples
By mutual necessity and hazard,
By a common heritage of ideas,
A joint tenure of
The good and fecund earth, yet
We have broken our solidarity
By greed, pride and lust for power,
Abused our heritage in selfish ways.

Yet in this hour of peril we bless Thee
That above the cries of race and party and nation
We struggle not alone,
But are aided by valiant neighbors
And by distant friends.

May the lesson of mutual aid,
Hard-gained in the extremities of war,
Not be lost in the sour humors of inaction
When guns cease their clamor.
Assist us in equity
To achieve a way of life with our present foes.

Lord, by all our humiliations and defeats,
By our joint suffering,
By our shared sacrifice,
Our universal wastage of men and treasure,
Our collective guilt,
Our past neglect of the world's peace,
Our customary selfishness,
By our dependence upon one another
In this present catastrophic moment,
Teach us to treasure comrades in arms
Whose broken bodies are strewn across the world,
That we may not again lose the peace
By indifference or greed,
Or by foolish thought
To live within ourselves, alone
Through Jesus Christ, Our Lord.

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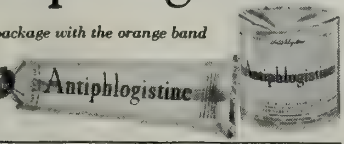
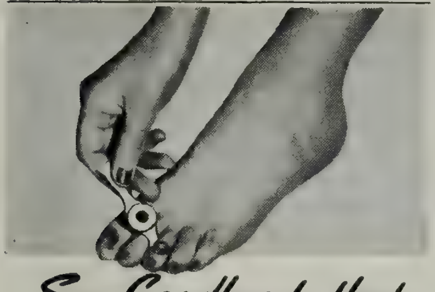
The white package with the orange band





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KVP DUSTING PAPER
PARCHMENT KALAMAZOO · MICHIGAN

didn't know what to say. Because Katy Clair was crippled. She has braces on her legs. She can walk, but only slowly. Very slowly. When she was little, Katy Clair had infantile.

She stood in front of him, now, looking up at him. "Would you let me?" she said. Her voice will make you do anything almost.

For a minute Johnny just sat there. Then he said, "You mean you *can*—really?"

And we said, "Of course she can. She's wonderful. Is it all right? We'll get The Buckler." And we were off before he could say anything, and we got the tack on The Buckler and brought him up. Johnny was still sitting there.

"He's lovely," Katy said. She held his nose and he pushed at her. "Leg up," Katy said, and we helped her on. The Buckler stood beautifully. And Johnny watched. But we didn't pay any attention to him.

We went down to the practice ring after Katy. "She doesn't grip at all, hardly," Debby whispered. "See? She balances. The way Johnny said we should always balance."

Katy walked The Buckler around the ring. She looked grand up on him, way up, her hands so very easy, and he was all relaxed and pleased and ambly, with his great stride. We held our breaths. Katy put the big horse into a canter.

He is a lot of horse, The Buckler, and if you make a mistake with him there can be trouble. But Katy wasn't making mistakes. She sat there forward a little, her weight right, and just moving with him. Then, "May I jump him?" she called to Johnny.

He looked at us. Then he looked away. "O.K.," he said, very short.

And Katy jumped him. Over a stone wall, log-topped, and then a post and rail, and he was easy and coming back to her and jumping clean and free.

"Could I take him through the meadow?" she called.

THE meadow is the end of the main hunt run. It is coming toward home. The jumps are bigger and the horses get going. Johnny hesitated. For a long second. Then he nodded. And Katy cantered off and this was going to be it. I stole a glance at Johnny. His face was still set hard.

And then Katy came down through the run. She came fast, but she was in control and they were steady at the leaps and then, in the flat, she let him go. And he flew. He simply flew. With Katy's braids out straight behind, and the smile bright on her face.

Debby couldn't hold in then. She couldn't keep it back any longer. "See, Johnny," she said, "you could. She can do it, and you could. Oh, won't you try, Johnny?"

And I said, "It wouldn't take you long, Johnny. Not years, the way it did Katy."

Johnny didn't look at us. He just looked straight ahead, but his mouth was set in that stiff line. He shook his head. "Not me," he said. "No halfway stuff for me. I'm making no monkey of myself. Not for anybody." And we had failed. It hadn't worked.

And then Debby said it. It wasn't what she said so much, perhaps, as the way she looked at Johnny. "But we fell off, Johnny. Don't you remember? We fell off hard and you said always that we must get up again and keep trying and not be licked. You said that. Don't you remember, Johnny?"

She is so small, Debby is, and her face gets very red and earnest, and her eyes are large, and Johnny was looking at her.

"Yes," he said, very low and sort of to himself, "I remember, punk. I guess I never did forget it—ever." And his eyes came up and he was almost himself again. "I guess I've got to give it a try. I owe you that much—all of you."

And Katy was back then with The Buckler, and she could see the looks on our faces, and she smiled down at us. We thought that we had done it then. But we hadn't.

We found a place next day, a field way out in the woods where no one would see us, and we brought The Buckler out, and Johnny tried. He tried so very hard.

"I never can," he said, when he had gone off, hard, the third time or the fourth. "I

CAN YOUR LIPS MEET TEST OF

Famous 'Kiss Room'

(*Kiss Room in El Borracho, Fashionable New York Rendezvous*)

Read How To "Magnetize" *Your* Lips Like Many Of Loveliest Actresses Do . . .

In the ultra-smart "Kiss Room" of El Borracho—where many beautiful Hollywood actresses and social celebrities gather—the walls and ceiling are covered with imprints of their gorgeous lips.

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1. ANGELUS goes on heavenly *smooth*. Its special *creamy* texture is *evenly balanced*—not too hard—not too soft—but "just right" to give you captivating lip allure.
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ANGELUS
Louis Philippe

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"THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMIN'.."

THERE'S A GLAD DAY COMING—when Jim will trade his landing barge for a putt-putt on Hinkley's pond. Instead of a platoon of grimy G. I. Joes, he'll have with him *the sweetest, swellest girl in Smithville.*

When that day comes, Greyhound will have a share in Jim's happiness. Maybe a Super-Coach will take him from his debarkation port right to the front steps of his home. It will help him renew his intimate acquaintance with the woods, the mountains and the fishing spots he haunted before Pearl Harbor. It may well carry him on that proud excursion when the girl who waited becomes Mrs. Jim.

But business comes before pleasure . . . Greyhound, like Jim, has a tremendous job to finish. While Jim is knee-deep in Europe's mud or Pacific jungle slime, the transportation of manpower at home must proceed on a scale never equalled in history. In this task Greyhound takes a major and irreplaceable part. Its buses are *Prime Movers* of men and women to war jobs, selectees to induction centers, fighters on well-deserved furloughs.

Good luck as you scramble down the landing nets, Jim! May God go with you through the breakers, over the shell-swept beaches and up the flaming hills beyond. *If we at home do our jobs one-tenth as well as you are doing yours, there's little to fear for the future of America.*

TO SPEED THAT DAY *buy another War Bond!*

GREYHOUND

just can't make it." And then he would get up again, and we would get him on once more, and he would keep trying. For day after day, and the perspiration would pour down his face, and down ours, and he would swear some, a little. But he kept trying.

And when we had left him at the club, we would see Mary. Debby and I. Mary would be waiting for us, waiting to hear. At first it was hard to tell her anything. It wasn't good. Then it got better. At the end of the first month it was coming. Johnny could stay up there. And well. We cheered.

"Wait a while now," Johnny said. "Just take it easy. This is only the beginning. It doesn't count. Not really. Not till I can do a real run, a half hour or better, over some real tough country with lots of leaps, big ones, and at a steady pace. Then maybe we'll have something."

And so we would have to wait. We would have to wait for our plan with Mary. We had it all worked out. But we never got the chance to use it. It was this way:

It was in November that Johnny said, "This Saturday. This Saturday we'll give it the try." And we looked at each other quick, Debby and I, because that was going to be the day, the test, and we had our plan.

Part of our plan was Katy. Her father brought her down that Friday night. We prayed that it would be a good day.

It was. It was crisp cool, and the ponies bucked on the way to the club. The ponies and the horse that we had borrowed for Katy. And we were dressed for the hunt. We had never hunted, really, but we had caps and tweed coats, and the ponies shone in the sun and the tack was soaped and all our kit gleamed bright. This was the day.

And when Johnny came out, he had dressed too. He had known. His huntsman's cap, and his riding pink, his breeches perfect, and his boot, that one boot, polished. And his grin—forced a little, but on there tight.

"Small field," he said, "but a keen one," and then he was on The Buckler. We waited, looking anxiously. Mary wasn't there. It had been our plan, but she wasn't there. And then the hunting horn and we were off. Without her. And she had promised.

JOHNNY had let us pick the course. We were to start at the club and swing a great circle through the woods and fields and then on down and out across the great finish. Down through the long, long hillside, and over the big walls and on and on, down to the final post and rail. Then it would be over. We had never taken such a stiff run, but this one had to be hard. Johnny had said so. And he set the pace.

It had been two years and more since they had hunted at the club. And the jumps were overgrown, many of them, and the fields had not been cut, and we swept on and up, over the rise, taking the first post and rail. With Johnny first and then Misty, ears up and loving it, and then Katy on the big good horse, and Springy following last. That was where I wanted to be. So that I could watch Johnny.

And we galloped on, down through the woods, and Johnny was sure and close and jumping fine. He would look over his shoulder at us, once in a while, and grin, and the leaps came fast and my legs were getting tired finally. Just a little. And we came on.

Through the dale and through the evergreens, where there were Aiken jumps, and on and on, and Johnny was not looking back now. He was slowing. You could tell. And his shoulders sagged. If only Mary could be here. And on through a big field where the going was heavy, and then up that last rise. Up there and into the high hill meadow. That was where it happened.

Johnny was tired. How tired I didn't know. I only knew how tired *I* was—and it was easier for me. So much easier. And Johnny was slowing.

And then, from a clump of alders, there was Mary. Mary on her mare. Mary in her derby and her hunting black, with the club collar, and the mare's mane in braids, six braids, and that smile on Mary's face. Lifting you up. Giving you strength. When you needed it most. Mary had known. And Johnny didn't stop.

HE KEPT on now, and we swept down through that long hillside, and they were together side by side, Johnny and Mary, and he was looking at her quickly, with her face up to his. On down and over the walls, their horses jumping like a pair, and off across that last field and then the final post and rail. It was there that Mary did it. I never did know why. I couldn't understand it.

Never in all the time that I have seen Mary ride has she been caught off balance at a jump. Or left behind, as you call it. But here she did. Just at the last jump. When everything was perfect. With Johnny watching her. Here she let her mare jump ahead of her. Just a little. But you would notice it if you knew. And I felt ashamed. It was a bad ending. So bad. And Johnny saw.

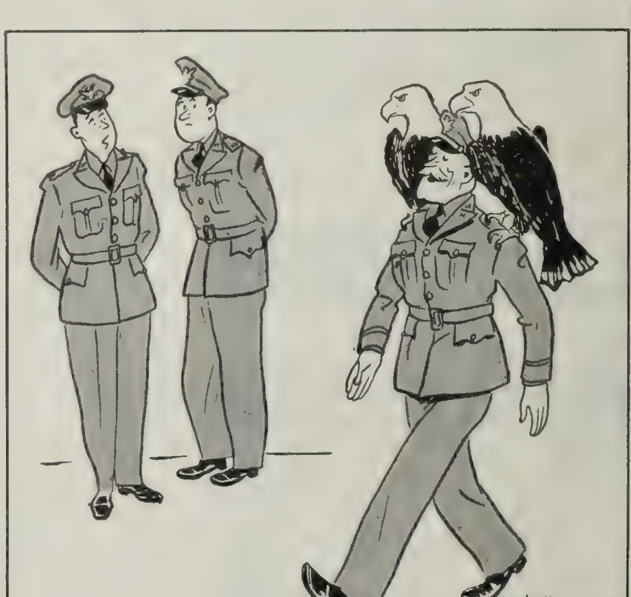
Johnny slowed easily by the clubhouse, and then he came around to Mary. And she just waited for him. "That last jump," he said, and his voice was the way it had always been, so long ago, sure and crisp and confident, "you let yourself get caught off balance there." He was serious. Very serious.

But there was a strange thing about it. Mary didn't seem to mind. She seemed to like it. She just sat there on her mare, and smiled up at him. And her smile held him and he couldn't break away. His eyes just couldn't seem to move from her face. Then she said, "Yes, *sir,*" and her hand came up in a little salute. And Johnny grinned.

It was his old grin once again, and Johnny was home. Johnny was really home. With us again. With Mary. And I started to move in, because I wanted to ask something, and they just walked away from me. On their horses. They didn't seem to see me at all. I turned to Debby. And to Katy.

"You know," I said, "that was funny—Mary's messing up that jump. You don't suppose she did it on purpose, do you?"

Debby took off her cap. "Why should she?" she said. "Let's go down to Mr. Lovelin's and get a soda. I'm all in." So I went with them. You can't understand older people. They do the queerest things.



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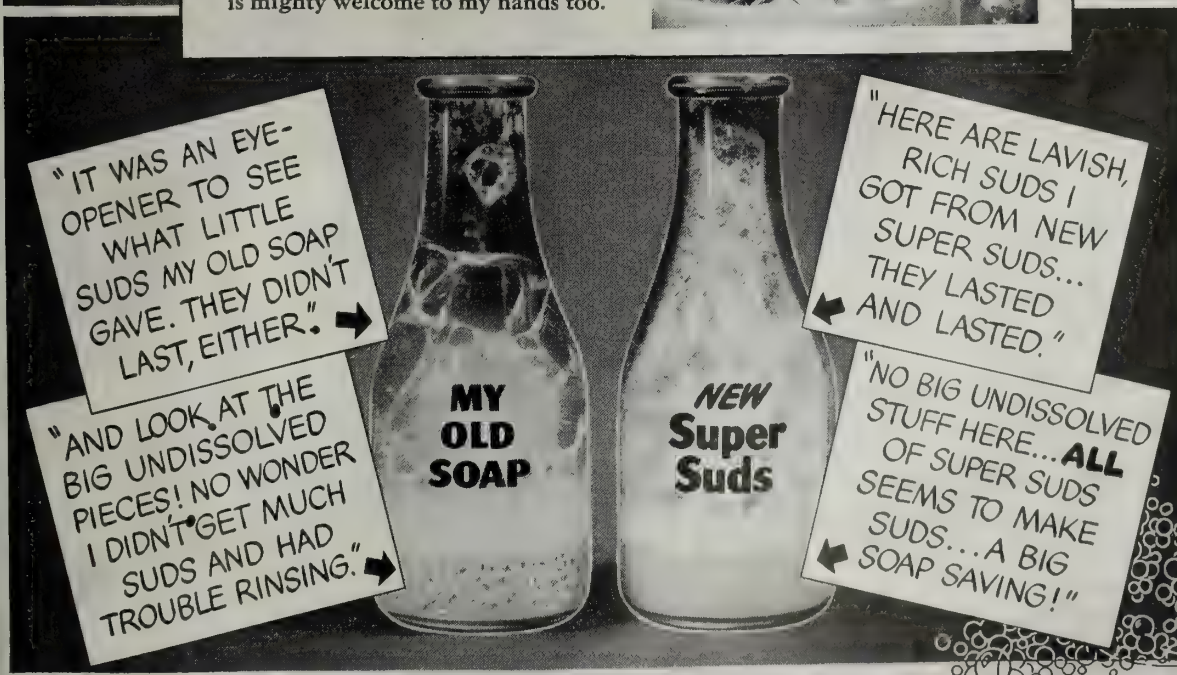
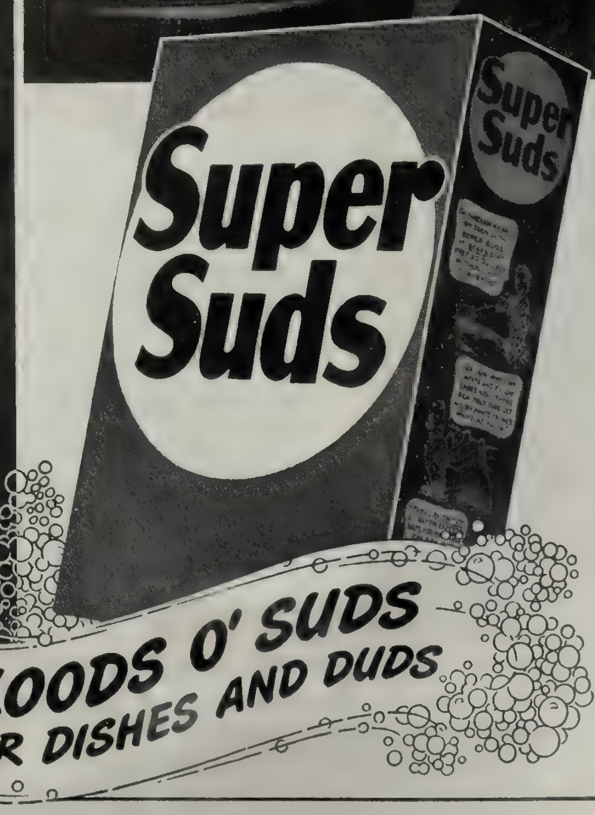
"The bigger and heavier your wash, the more time you save having MORE SUDS and LONGER-LASTING SUDS," says Mrs. Dorothy Fulcomer

"DAVID and Jim are crazy about making model airplanes, and their favorite place to do it is in the basement. Well, I don't have to tell you what coal dust and such do to clothes! That's why new, sudsier Super Suds comes in so extra handy. More suds and longer-lasting suds make my heavy wash seem loads lighter. I don't have to do nearly so much rubbing on collars and cuffs . . . a big saving in time and work right there!"

"I'm proud of my white linens"

"Super Suds' EXTRA, SPUNKY SUDS get things snow-white, without hard rubbing or using anything strong. It sure helps table linens wear longer! Super Suds' gentleness is mighty welcome to my hands too."


"IT WAS AN EYE-OPENER TO SEE WHAT LITTLE SUDS MY OLD SOAP GAVE. THEY DIDN'T LAST, EITHER."
"AND LOOK AT THE BIG UNDISSOLVED PIECES! NO WONDER I DIDN'T GET MUCH SUDS AND HAD TROUBLE RINSING."
MY OLD SOAP
NEW Super Suds
"HERE ARE LAVISH, RICH SUDS I GOT FROM NEW SUPER SUDS... THEY LASTED AND LASTED."
"NO BIG UNDISSOLVED STUFF HERE... ALL OF SUPER SUDS SEEMS TO MAKE SUDS... A BIG SOAP SAVING!"



Make the easy "milk-bottle suds test"

Shake up a teaspoon of your old wash-day soap and a glass of water in a milk-bottle. Do the same with Super Suds in another milk-bottle. Even cool or hard water will do. See if you don't get *more suds, longer-lasting suds,* from Super Suds.

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MEET A "GOOD-NEIGHBOR" FAMILY

The Milláns of Mexico

THE Calle Nautla, somnolent bystreet half an hour from the heart of Mexico City, is just as leisurely as it is gay. Brilliant sunshine floods the little pink and yellow and white houses packed cozily along the block; flowering bougainvillaea clusters over the brightly tiled verandas, other flowers spurt from tiled pots. The place teems with children, older ones running and shouting at ball in the trafficless street, younger ones shooed into the patios behind the high, strict wire fences that cut each narrow plot off from the world. Young mothers, olive-skinned and delicately pretty in pastel dresses, sit crocheting in the sun, bending cluckingly from time to time over the latest babies in their carriages. And, just to register the Indian substratum of all Mexican life, an elderly servant with wrinkled, swarthy face and shiny black pigtails pads silently along on an errand.

An American might conclude that, with a few minor changes, this scene would transfer nicely to Charleston or Keokuk. Family life, he would feel, is the same everywhere. But, for all the surface similarity, the Mexican *hogar* and the American home have different approaches to the universal aim of welding a family together.

The differences are warmly plain in the lives of Señor Román Ramón Millán and his wife, Señora Alicia Morales y Quinard de Millán, who, with four

MUNKACSI

The Román Ramón Millans symbolize Mexico's break with her feudal past. Grandmother Doña Teresita (far right) owned a 13,500-acre hacienda before the revolution. Now she and her son's family (above) are part of Mexico's new, rising middle class.

aby No. 5 is joyfully awaited by Román Millán (pronounced mee-yań), who believes in the Iexican ideal of large families. At 45 he is one f Mexico City's most progressive lawyers. On 3000 a year, the Milláns keep three servants.

Side by side with primitive charcoal braziers and stone laundry slabs stand modern U. S. washing machines and stoves. The Milláns proudly display their U. S. refrigerator in the dining room. Indian cook keeps Guillermo (William) from raid on icebox.

eñora Alicia Millán accompanies the cook to arket, but never carries bundles. She wears a retty crepe dress, long earrings, is never seen tweeds or sports clothes. Below—On anent stone, a servant grinds corn for tortillas.

Doña Teresita (Alicia's mother-in-law) has had 22 pregnancies, given birth to 18 children; 12 are alive. In 1939 (last official figure) about 1 in 8 Mexican infants died. Below—Millán boys demonstrate to Teresita their exquisite manners.

PHOTOS BY MUNKACSI

stair-stepped sons, inhabit one of those smiling little houses in Calle Nautla.

The fences are a keynote—you can see charming things through their meshes, but enter within only by belonging. Few American clans are as intradependent and self-bailing as middle-class Mexican families like the Milláns. It is characteristic that, within this same block, live Román's mother, Doña Teresita, four of her sons and two of her daughters. Regularly on Sundays the whole clan, children, in-laws and all, gather for dinner at grandmother's. Since no Mexico City servant can conceivably make tamales in the true style of Sinaloa, the Milláns' west-country native heath, she makes them herself and is duly famous for them.

Gray-haired, brown-faced like son Román, with the carriage you see in pictures of great actresses of a century ago, Doña Teresita is, by tradition and desert, too, queen of the family hive. Of eighteen children to whom she gave birth, only twelve are still living—the Mexico of a generation ago had an infant mortality of one in six, before government took measures that have reduced it by a third so far. Her brood has done well. Of the Mexico City contingent, one son is a cancer specialist, another a psychiatrist, a third in business, and Román is a recognized authority on the new Mexican labor laws. Out ahead of the small new tendency for Mexican women to seek professions, a daughter is a university expert on Mexican folklore.

Those Sunday dinners are family councils, where problems are hashed out, advice and help sought. As presiding genius, the matriarch of such a Mexican family can be and often is tyrannical. Not in this case. Daughters-in-law, including the New England girl whom son Ignacio brought home as a bride after finishing his medical studies in New York, agree that Doña Teresita's beneficent wisdom is a great strength and lubricant. Stanchly she defends women's points of view on all issues. Her sons' wives feel so close, in fact, that they drop her honorary "Doña" and fondly make it just "Teresita."

Mutual family visiting up and down the street is about the extent of social life for Alicia, Román's dark-haired and blue-eyed wife. Such relationships are so close that, if she hasn't seen a given sister-in-law for seventy-two hours, she asks solicitously:

"I've been worried—what's been happening to you?"

Of this close family group, the JOURNAL has selected Teresita's son Román, his wife, Alicia, and their four sons as a Good Neighbor family. Serene and gentle, Alicia plays her role of matron with immense charm. Back in Mazatlán, where she first met Román during Carnival, Alicia was very gay and frivolous, she recalls. This brilliant

These 18 related Milláns have lived on the same street in Mexico City ever since their country estate was divided. Before the revolution 1 per cent of Mexicans owned 85 per cent of the land.

young judge who fell in love with her at first sight seemed much too serious for the purpose—he didn't even dance. Yet doggedly he gave up work in the west and moved to Mexico City, where she lived with her parents, expressly to court her in the bluntly ceremonious Mexican way. Serenades once a week, bushels of flowers daily—in Mexico even a struggling young lawyer can afford flowers—plus a bombardment of diplomacy from his family, all of whom enlisted zealously in his cause, produced eventual victory.

Since she was only fifteen, marriage waited four years while Román was building himself up financially. In 1928 the revolution had closed all churches, so they had to have a home wedding, the priest arriving in lay clothes. All else was in tradition. Román bought the white satin wedding gown and furnished the house, down to the last coffee cup, without consulting his intended—in the same vein with the Mexican feeling that no señora should trouble her pretty head with such problems as how much is in the bank or what can be spent on a dining table.

Alicia has no housekeeping allowance, for instance. Román supplies necessary money when she explains what purchases are needed, and pays all bills. The boys get no allowances either. Far from prevalent American belief that children can train for spending by having money to spend, he feels they will long be too young to handle money discreetly and will only learn thriftless habits by trying. It is Alicia who gives them each thirty centavos a Sunday, half for their big iron bank, half for caramels if they like, as they always do.

For all this traditional-mindedness at home, Román Millán is nevertheless an ardent advocate of full personal-legal rights for Mexican women as cocitizens. As for voting—Mexican women already exert so much influence over elections, he says with his comradely smile, that voting would add nothing.

When a pretty niece, Alicia Morales y Urbina, was allowed business school in Mexico City, it was taken for granted that she would live with relatives—Aunt Alicia, as it worked out. Several of her friends have taken jobs at the American embassy or Pan-American Airlines, but their families are not too happy about it. Most prosperous Mexican parents appear still to feel that, barring absolute necessity, no daughter of the house should work. Perhaps young Alicia's unconventional ambitions trace to her having attended Mexico City's American school, where she made many good American friends. For her the traditional system has broken down to allow her dates, provided a number of young couples go together—movies with ice cream afterward at an approved confectioner's, and home by

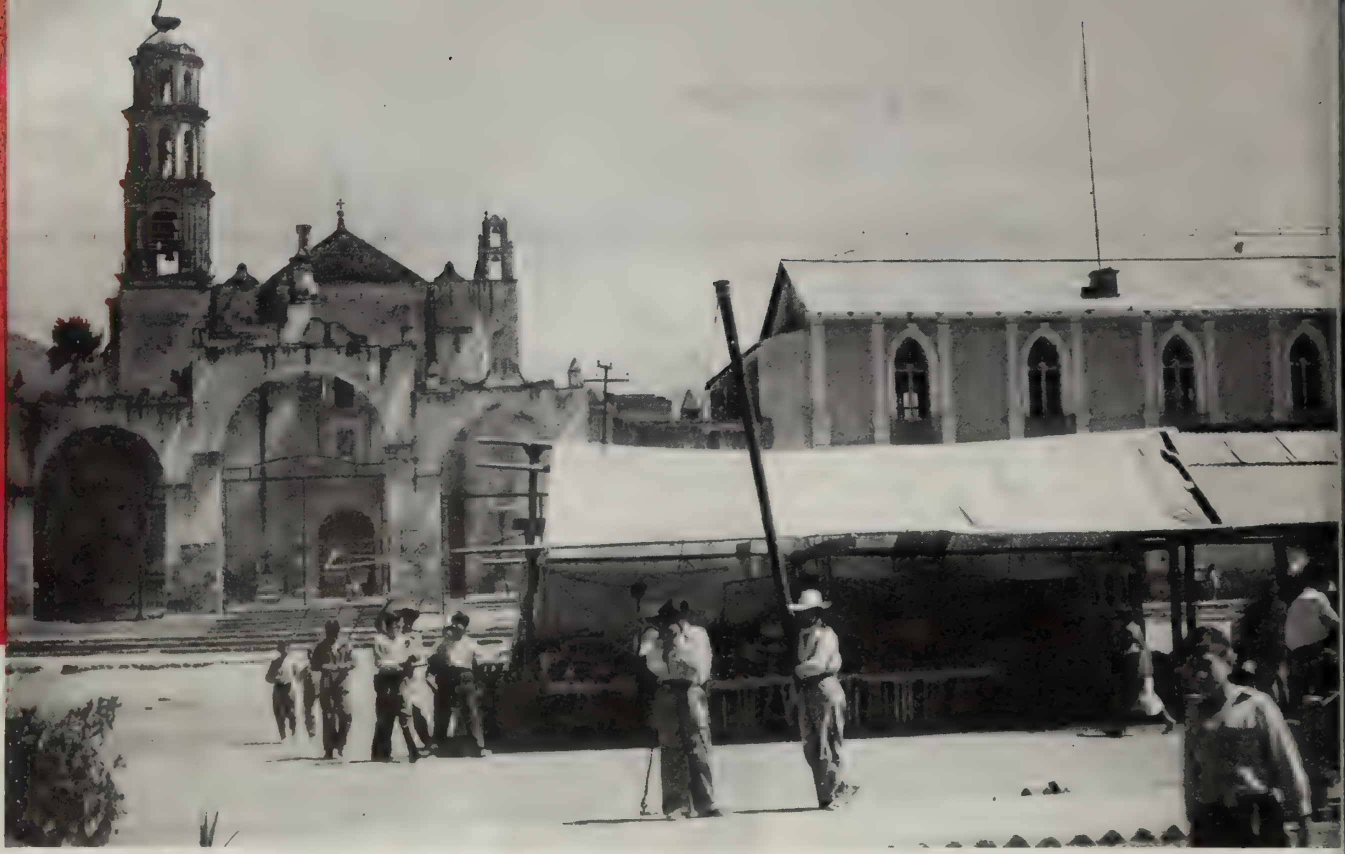
Lawyer Millán, who often works from 8 A.M. to 9 P.M., spends many a Sunday with his family at Xochimilco's lovely floating gardens. Román met Alicia at a Carnival when she was fifteen. He bought her white satin wedding dress, and furnished their home down to the last sheet and coffee cup, without consulting his bride, according to Mexican custom.

exico's new middle class,
hich the Millâns belong,
scant 10 per cent of the
pulation. Here is how three
ths of Mexico lives, in re-
te, sleepy Indian villages.

y Mexican yearns to own land. The áns' cook and her two sisters saved t $76 a year for six years to build adobe house in their native village.

ra Millán takes her two youngest sit cook Gieronimina and family. sit and chat in the sunny, cobble- ed patio back of the cook's house.

ent aromas of chili rise from the coal brazier in Gieronimina's color- itchen. Walls are lined with shiny, enware pots. Note modern dish rack.



This is Amecameca, where the Millâns' cook was born. Typically it is dominated by the ancient Catholic church, the spick-and-span new schoolhouse (upper right) and the market. Although Mexico now has 10,000 village schools, public education is complicated by the fact that 2,500,000 Indians speak 50 different languages, no Spanish.

nine-thirty at latest. Shoo-Shoo Baby and Pistol Packin' Mama have been recent favorites, and a mild jitterbugging duly appears at their parties. But it probably sounds more antitraditional than it actually is. At nineteen Alicia is already going steady with a bacteriology student of twenty-four and admits wanting early marriage, with hopes of at least six children.

As good husband and wife, Román and Alicia see movies together once a week—she likes Charles Boyer, Ronald Colman and soulful dramas—and go to concerts in season. Occasionally they sup together in town when his day's work is over. There is no Latin leisure about Román—the poor man has little enough time to himself. Up at eight and off after a hearty breakfast of fruit, eggs and coffee, he is seldom clear until nine at night.

The one break is driving home again for early-afternoon dinner, a meal that sticks most successfully to the national ribs: soup, then "dry soup," meaning noodles or rice, then meat, vegetables and a salad, then fried beans with *tortillas*, then fruit or a fruit ice and coffee. It is understandable that late supper, the only other meal, consists merely of sweet rolls and wonderful Mexican hot chocolate made with a dash of cinnamon.

These days Teresita is busy helping Alicia prepare for the fifth baby, which they all hope will be a girl to set off four boys from nine to two. Every single stitch of the layette must be done by hand—even the diapers are embroidered. Time comes easily in a country where servants cost so little. A cook-nurse, maid and laundress all together cost the Millâns only sixty pesos a month—roughly $13.

In these United States three servants would imply swank luxury. Not in Mexico, where the equivalent of $2000 a year means you can easily afford servants, the señora devoting most of her time to children and husband. The Millâns, who spend the rough equivalent of $3000 a year, worry about neither swank nor luxury. If the floors are scuffed and the plaster chipped, if mystic pencilings appear on the bathroom walls, that is what one expects in a house containing four growing boys. When

(Continued on Page 166)

MEXICO'S WAR CONTRIBUTION HAS BEEN GREAT

BY GEORGE S. MESSERSMITH

United States Ambassador to Mexico

JOAN GUZMAN

President Avila Camacho, General Marshall, Ambassador Messersmith.

IN THESE difficult times through which our country and the world are passing, it is all the more significant and satisfying that relationships between the United States and Mexico have never been on a more cordial, understanding and collaborative basis than they are today. Mexico has become one of our principal suppliers of strategic materials. She is now almost the sole supplier of hemp, which is indispensable to our armed forces and to our agriculture. She is one of the richest countries in the world in minerals and metals, and enormous efforts have been made in order to increase her production of strategic minerals, metals and certain agricultural products desperately needed for the equipment of our forces abroad. The value of Mexico's contribution of war materials cannot be overestimated, for if it had not been for this contribution of materials of so many kinds, the problem of our industrial production for war purposes would have been much more difficult.

The relationships of our country with Canada and Mexico are particularly important for geographical and strategic reasons. It is a new thought to many of us in the United States, but it is a fact that the political and economic future of our countries are very closely tied together. It is, therefore, not only for the present and for the period of the war, but for the future, a very satisfying thought to both our own people and to the Mexican people that a basis for collaboration in the political and economic fields has been laid with Mexico, similar to that which has so happily existed with Canada for so many years.

These relationships, which must be carefully nourished and consolidated, will redound to the interests of both countries.

Bon Ami
POWDER
For all Household Cleaning and

"Wish I could do all my housework as quickly as this!"

Isn't it a joy to be able to do your cleaning quickly—yet be proud of the job when you're through? That's exactly what happens when you work with Bon Ami! It whisks away dirt and grease in a jiffy. Leaves your tub or sink shining with cleanliness.

But there's an even more important reason for using Bon Ami regularly . . . *It's safe!* For, unlike harsh, gritty cleansers, Bon Ami doesn't leave ugly little scratches in porcelain and enamel. And it's those tiny scratches that really catch and hold the dirt and grease—making it harder and harder to do a good cleaning job.

Why not use Bon Ami in *both* your kitchen and bathroom? It will keep your things looking their best!

Bon Ami

"hasn't scratched yet!"

KEEP THEM BOTH HANDY!
Order Bon Ami Powder for quick every-day cleaning jobs and Bon Ami Cake for windows, mirrors, painted woodwork. You'll like them both!

Copr. 1944, The Bon Ami Co

Give a Man a Job
Put Dollars to Work

SHARE THE
PROFITS of PEACE

The FREE American Way

EVEN while all of us are devoting all our efforts to winning the war, we must remember that in our post-war world, the profits of peace can not be measured in dollars alone — they must, also, be measured in decent living conditions for all; in a sense of shared responsibility for conditions in this post-war world; in the expectation of financial security through steady employment. All these profits will be conditioned by money and men working together. When money and men are idle, we have hard times. When money and men are working together, everyone has money to buy what he needs and wants.

In this post-war world, Youngstown Pressed Steel will again make the YOUNGSTOWN kitchens that have brought so much convenience and beauty into thousands upon thousands of American kitchens. These new YOUNGSTOWN kitchens will offer even greater freedom of choice in equipment and arrangement so that each housewife can suit her own ideas, her own house, and her own pocketbook.

The better YOUNGSTOWN kitchens are, the more housewives will buy. The more they buy, the more people will have jobs.

Youngstown Pressed Steel will be building and sharing the profits of peace with those who buy YOUNGSTOWN kitchens as well as those workers who help to supply them.

The American people — capital and labor — industry and agriculture — concentrating on keeping money and men at work, can provide jobs for returning soldiers, war workers, and every other worker.

In this responsibility to **GIVE A MAN A JOB**
PUT DOLLARS TO WORK
SHARE THE PROFITS OF PEACE

Youngstown Pressed Steel is determined to do its part as soon as it has completed its war job.

Send for the new YOUNGSTOWN booklet "Get Acquainted with Your Kitchen," and start to plan for a YOUNGSTOWN kitchen NOW. This booklet is full of helpful ideas, whether the kitchen is to be rebuilt or remodeled.

ARMY E NAVY

Youngstown Kitchens
YPS

YOUNGSTOWN PRESSED STEEL DIVISION
MULLINS MFG. CORP., Warren, Ohio

YOUNGSTOWN PRESSED STEEL DIVISION, MULLINS MFG. CORP.
Dept. L-644, Warren, Ohio

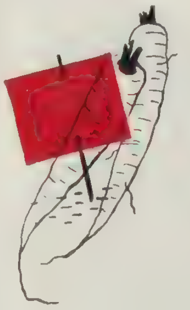
Please send YPS booklet "Get Acquainted With Your Kitchen." ☐
Please send me Loose Leaf Scrap Book for kitchen ideas, price 35c in cash. ☐
I plan to build. ☐ I plan to remodel. ☐
Name
Street
City State

© Youngstown Pressed Steel Division, Mullins Mfg. Corp., June, 1944

EATING YOUR GARDEN ROW BY ROW

By Louella G. Shouer

KEEPING up with the garden is an all-summer marathon. You'll can some, surely, but even then your seed-packet plunder keeps you more than plentifully supplied. If you've always waited until you thought vegetables were "big enough," you have a treat in store, for those first fresh flavors are something you won't want to miss. Go through your garden with an expectant eye; pick the vegetables young and tender—and the quicker the transition from garden to table, the better.



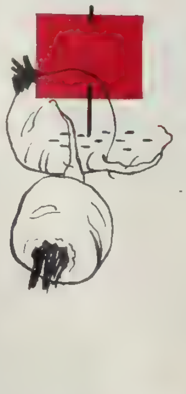
CARROTS The first young carrots make a memorable dish. Even the deceiving ones you pull up by mistake—all top—are good cooked as greens. Eat them raw—at their crunchy best in salads or out of hand. Cook and dress with butter or margarine and salt alone, or add a frippery of chopped parsley, mint, chives or thyme, . . . Lemon butter is a real carrot charmer. . . . Team them with peas or tiny onions. . . . Save braising and glazing until they get older.

Carrots Lyonnaise. Scrape, quarter and cook 6 to 8 carrots. Sauté 1 onion and 1 green pepper, chopped, in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine until tender. Add 1 teaspoon sugar, a little finely minced garlic, a few dashes celery salt. Season with salt and pepper. Add carrots and ¼ cup chopped water cress or parsley. Toss together and serve immediately—an eloquent dish!

GREEN BEANS Try them when they are succulent miniatures, if you missed this stage last year. When they get on a bit, cook with bacon or salt pork, sometimes adding onion and potatoes to the pot. . . . Green beans, Frenched, cooked and dressed with mustard sauce, are something special. Or cook, then bake under a blanket of cheese sauce and crumbs. . . . Try cooked beans cold with chopped onion and French dressing.

Green Beans With Sour Cream. Cook about a pound of green beans. Sauté 1 onion, chopped, and 2 tablespoons chopped parsley in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Work in 1 tablespoon flour and ½ cup of bean liquor. Season with a good pinch of dill, 1 teaspoon sugar and 1 teaspoon vinegar, salt and pepper. Cook a few minutes. Add beans. Stir in ½ cup sour cream.

Green Beans Bearnaise (*main dish for supper*). Fry a ½ pound slice of ham, cut into strips. Add ½ clove garlic, minced, and 2 diced, peeled tomatoes. Add to 1 pound green beans, cooked. Season. Simmer ten minutes.



BEETS Cook the thin-outs for a delectable mess of greens. . . . A piece of bacon does wonders. . . . Cook tops and roots separately; chop and dress with butter or margarine and seasonings—garland the red beets with the tops and sliced eggs. . . . Some like beets sweet-sour, Harvard or unthickened or glazed with jelly. . . . Pickle some for cold-meat platters. . . . Scoop out centers of cold cooked ones and fill with horse-radish dressing or chopped vegetables in French dressing. . . . Chilled borsch—cold beet soup—will set off an otherwise ordinary meal.

Beet-Relish Salad. Prepare 1 package lemon-flavored gelatin according to directions on package. Chill until it gets rather thick. Add some chopped onion, chopped raw cabbage and chopped cooked beets, plus a big spoonful of horse-radish and 1 teaspoon vinegar. Chill in molds until set.

WINS **ORDERS FROM HEADQUARTERS** ***Washington, D. C.***
MAKE THE MOST of your vegetables. Cook, tightly covered, in smallest amount of water to keep food from burning—¼ to ½ cup water for ordinary amounts, unless cooking time is to be longer than ten minutes. This is best for color, flavor and texture—preserves most nutritive value. Serve immediately. Use the juice!

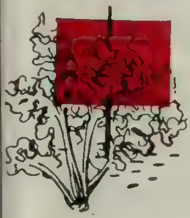
A good vegetable dinner needs no crutch, and there are more ways than one to prepare each vegetable.

TOMATOES

Robust red tomatoes add a flash of color through the greens of your salad—their flavor to more recipes than you can count. Most any dressing is good with them raw. Ever try mint sauce on tomatoes? . . . Stuff them raw with salad mixtures. . . . Baked stuffed ones are a good place to tuck in leftovers. . . . Basil is *the* herb to use with tomatoes—try it! . . . **Tomato Crusts:** Broil tomatoes sliced on rounds of buttered toast—toast gets all the juices yet doesn't get soggy . . . Egged and crumbed, tomatoes are delicious fried. . . . Stew them with corn and scallop with string beans or cabbage. . . . Jelly the juice for a salad ring. . . . Cheese has a real affinity for the tomato, and onion too. . . . Down South it's "tomatoes and okra." Right now I'd like a tomato off the vine—still warm from the sun. Pass the salt.

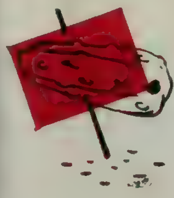
CORN

A hectic rush between garden and table—that's the way to get the best of corn on the cob. Might even put the water on to boil before you slam the screen door. Once it's in the pot, don't let it stay there more than six to eight minutes. Half milk in the water does something for corn. (Use for soup later.) While you'll do most of your eating off the cob, there are other ways if you should tire. . . . Cut corn off the cob and go in for succotash with Limas, peas or string beans. . . . Have a batch of corn oysters, or tone its sweetness with green pepper. . . . Corn pudding adds up to a pretty sum: Use 1 cup milk, 1½ cups soft bread crumbs, 2 cups corn, 1 tablespoon butter or margarine, 3 eggs, beaten separately and folded in. Season, of course, and bake in a casserole set in hot water. There are those who add cheese, but that's up to you. . . . At least once during the season, roast corn outdoors in its own green husk.



GREENS

Salad days are here, and greens go first in the bowl. Combine several for cream soup. . . . Try cooking lettuce, spinach, beet or radish tops together. . . . Thank your stars if you have an herb garden—savory, basil and rosemary all go with "spinachy" greens. . . . Spinach or chard, cooked with parsley, scallions and a little rosemary, is elegant—plain buttered. . . . Mushrooms and horse-radish add their blessing to cooked greens. . . . Pack cooked greens in a ring—fill with creamed foods. . . . Wilt greens with hot bacon fat and vinegar. . . . Cook and combine with a bacon cream sauce; sprinkle with fried croutons.
Savory Spinach or Chard: Cut 3 slices bacon into pieces. Partly fry. Add ¼ cup chopped green pepper, 2 tablespoons chopped onion and cook together. Add 1 tablespoon chopped pimiento. Mix with the juice of ½ lemon. Toss with 1½ pounds cooked greens.



CUCUMBERS

Wilt them with salt, drain and dress with vinegar, sugar and seasonings, or have cucumbers in sour cream—the natural concomitant for fish, but good any time. . . . Try them diced hot with sour cream. . . . Chopped nasturtium leaves are good on sliced cucumbers. . . . Cucumbers convert to boats when you slice 'em lengthwise and bail out the seeds. Fill with coleslaw or fish salad. . . . Speaking of coleslaw, try some diced cucumbers in it. . . . Cucumbers jelly amicably with pineapple. . . . Cucumber sandwiches go to the best porch parties.
Cucumber Mousse: Peel 3 large cucumbers; quarter; remove seeds; grate; strain. Soften 1 envelope unflavored gelatin in juice. Dissolve over hot water. Add 1 teaspoon salt, some pepper and paprika, 1 tablespoon chopped onion. Cool. Add grated cucumber. Chill until fairly thick. Fold in 1½ cups cottage cheese. Chill in mold.

Skinless
TRADE MARK
FRANKFURTERS AND WIENERS
THE NO-WASTE FOOD

"DELICIOUS"... IN ANY LANGUAGE!

With SKINLESS franks in the main role, there's no end to the variety of hearty, tasty meat meals you can set before your family. They're so easy to prepare... so chock-full of lip-smacking flavor.

SKINLESS means fork-cutting tenderness—no skins to split open. SKINLESS franks save points, too. One pound will satisfy four big appetites.

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"VISKING" is the registered trademark of The Visking Corporation

AMAZING PROFESSIONAL MOTHPROOFING METHOD now available for home use

NO ODOR • NO WRAPPING • NO STORING AWAY

JUST a few minutes spraying with LARVEX — and Mrs. Neal has saved her husband's new suit from moth holes *for a whole year*.

Now Mrs. Neal won't have the bother of wrapping up this suit or storing it away! She just puts it back in the closet on its usual hanger.

WHY? Moths will actually starve to death before they will eat LARVEXED clothes, sofas, or rugs!

This is the professional mothproofing method used by leading woolen mills, laundries, and dry cleaners.

And, LARVEX is inexpensive—only 79¢ per pint, $1.19 per quart. Dry-cleaning won't impair its year-long moth-protection, either.

Protect all *your* woolens this professional way. Use LARVEX!

LARVEX IS DIFFERENT

CHEAP! Just *one* LARVEXING will mothproof this $89 upholstered chair *for a year!*

QUICK! A few minutes with LARVEX will mothproof a woman's coat for 12 months!

SURE! See this spectacular display at your Larvex dealer's. A covered dish showing treated and untreated cloth with live moth worms. Proof right before your eyes that moth worms will not eat LARVEXED fabrics!

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MOTHPROOFS CLOTHES-FURNITURE-RUGS
One spraying mothproofs for a whole year
ODORLESS NON-INFLAMMABLE

At All Drug and Department Stores—Larvex, New Brunswick, N. J.

LARVEX
Reg. Trade Mark
ONE SPRAYING MOTHPROOFS FOR A WHOLE YEAR

Speed, suds, lukewarm water are "must do's" for blanket washing. Never rub or twist. Always loosen wringer rolls.

GOOD WOOLS DESERVE GOOD CARE

By Florence J. Kas and Frances Allen

THE warmth of your fleecy wool blanket, the softness of your favorite wool sweater, the easy lines of your knitted dress—all depend on the care you give them. Taking care of woolens is by no means just a "wearing season" job. They need year-round care if they are to be ready for duty when cold choppy gales again whistle through the air. This is the time to pack away wools—clean, wrapped airtight, labeled and placed in the driest and coolest place you have. Don't be afraid to wash woolens at home—follow directions carefully for success! Remember: plenty of warm water, mild soapsuds and quick dousings, but no rubbings, are wool-washing watchwords. Have your wools ready and waiting when the first cold snap comes along!

Hang blankets on two lines for fastest drying.

PHOTOS BY STUART

Brushing raises nap—opens up warmth-holding air spaces.

HOW TO WASH BLANKETS

Pick a warm, breezy day for washing winter blankets. Remove spots from blanket and binding before washing. Brush or shake to remove loose dust.

Use plenty of soft or softened water. Be sure to fill the tubs or washer to the water line with lukewarm water—just a comfortable temperature for your elbow.

No hot water! Water above 95° F. will make your largest blanket look like your smallest throw rug.

Wash one blanket at a time—having heavy suds before you put the blanket in. Use a mild soap and douse the blanket up and down in the suds briskly. Don't soak—it weakens the wool fiber.

Squeeze the suds through the blanket. Be careful not to rub or twist. Give grimy bindings a scrubbing with a soft brush. Badly soiled blankets may require a second washing in a fresh tubful of suds.

If you use a washing machine, keep the blanket swirling for not longer than *three* minutes—just *two* minutes for a second washing.

Rinse quickly in clear, lukewarm water. Several rinses will be needed to remove all the soap.

Never twist. Squeeze out as much water as you can. *If you use a wringer, loosen the roller tension first.* This is important! Pressure mats down the nap. Shake the blanket well before hanging it outside.

Hang over two lines if possible. Never hang a blanket directly in the sun. Choose a dry, shady spot. Turn the blanket over once or twice for speedier, more even drying. Shake it occasionally while drying to keep it fluffy.

Brush the dry blanket, to raise the nap, on both sides and toward the binding. Press the binding with warm iron and pressing cloth.

SWEATERS, OTHER WOOL KNITS

Before you wash woolen garments remove shoulder pads and buttons that won't wash. Get drying forms ready, or make pencil outlines of garment on plain wrapping paper.

Use lukewarm water and mild soapsuds. Changes in water temperature and rubbing are two direct causes of shrinkage. Wash gently, squeezing suds through the fabric.

Keep sweaters and knitwear under water as much as possible. Lifting one portion of a garment out of water will cause stretching. If knitwear has silk or rayon bindings which remain soiled, lift the bindings out of the water and scrub with a small soft brush.

Rinse quickly three times in *lukewarm* water. Squeeze out the water again—*don't rub or twist.*

Roll the garment in a bath towel to remove excess moisture.

Lay the garment flat on the original outline, shaping it to fit. If you're using a drying form, insert it carefully into the garment. A few basting threads through the neck, cuffs and bottom will take care of stretching.

Other knitwear—baby things, wool socks, mittens, toddlers' snow suits—can all be washed at home. Above all, *wash with care!*

PACK AWAY SAFELY

Moths thrive on soiled spots. The best way to starve them out is to clean thoroughly before you store.

Sprinkle moth crystals in blankets as you fold. If you wrap blankets in paper, cover openings carefully with gummed tape. For extra protection, sprinkle crystals in the receptacle or chest you use for storing.

Wrap blankets loosely, to keep from crushing the nap, but seal the wrapping tightly. Avoid sharp folds in knitwear. Fine woolens should be rolled, since they are apt to wear thin at creases.

Make all repairs on your woolen wear before storing. Then, when that first wintry wind creeps up unannounced, you'll be all set to challenge it with clean, warm and lasting wool. You have carefully protected it all summer. In the winter it's the *wool's* turn to protect you!

Like kneading dough! Press down firmly as you roll the sweater to remove all of the excess moisture.

Don't let father's sweater turn into baby's jacket! Shape it carefully to its original unwashed outline.

Sweater forms are snaps for quick drying—but watch out for stretching or distorting necklines.

Want longer wear for snowtime woolly socks? Dry them on forms—wooden or wire—to keep in shape.

WINS **Orders From Headquarters** *Washington, D. C.*

```
WATCH YOUR FABRICS!
Water weakens many ma-
terials, especially
leather, rayon and
wool. Wet shoes and
gloves stretch and tear
easily. Dry them thor-
oughly before wear-
ing.
```

"I don't understand women"

"Darling, you're taking in a lot of territory. Remember, you're a married man."

"Never mind the gags, Sister. Just tell me why you put soap in my bag. This is a first-class hotel. They supply soap, *I'm sure!*"

"No wonder you don't understand women—I doubt if you even recognize them. That isn't just 'soap' you have in your hand. It's a bar of Fels-Naptha—the only soap that ever touches the gorgeous lingerie you blushingly bought me last Christmas.

"We'll be here a week and before we leave I'll have to do a little make-shift laundering. So just to be sure—that my favorite 'undies' get their usual beauty bath—I brought the Fels-Naptha Soap along!

"And what's more, my ambitious Casanova, I don't care whether you understand women or not—so long as you *appreciate me!*"

FELS-NAPTHA SOAP—banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

Mexican accent for summer

BY HENRIETTA MURDOCK

Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal

MOST of you are too busy to do much redecorating nowadays. But sometimes there is a porch, a breakfast nook or a sitting room too shabby to leave any longer. Mexican decorations are exactly suited to this type of spruce-up program, for they are gay and informal, take little time to do and cost practically nothing.

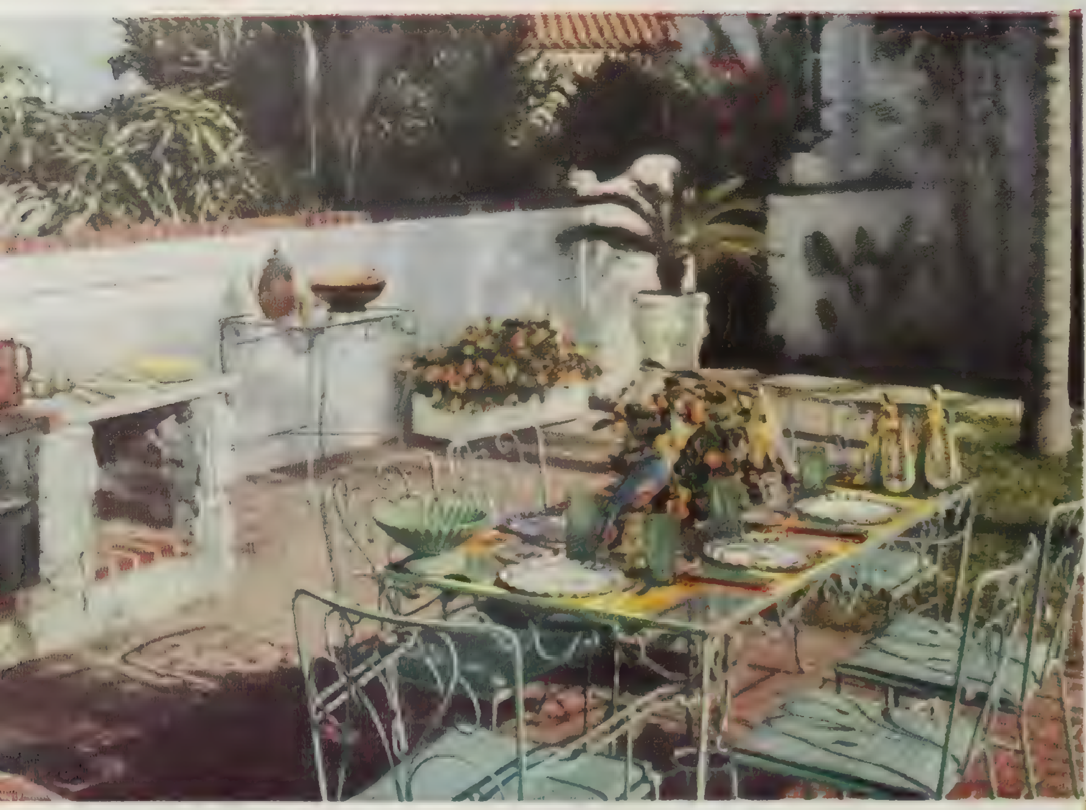
First you wash, clean or paint your walls and woodwork so they will be absolutely fresh to start with. If you paint, keep to white, cream or adobe, which is a soft pinkish yellow. The light background keeps your scheme cool and summery.

You will need plenty of comfortable places to sit, and your old furniture will do nicely if you fix it up. You can buy secondhand porch or living-room furniture if you have none to start with. Paint everything the same color, preferably a light neutral tone such as ivory, bamboo or parchment. Make one group, or a few pieces, green, blue, red or yellow. Too much bright color is not pleasing. Give the furniture at least two coats of paint, and make the last one waterproof enamel if you are doing a porch and it is in a damp spot. Cover seats and cushions with plain green, blue or yellow cotton canvas, sailcloth or Indianhead sturdy enough to withstand summer showers.

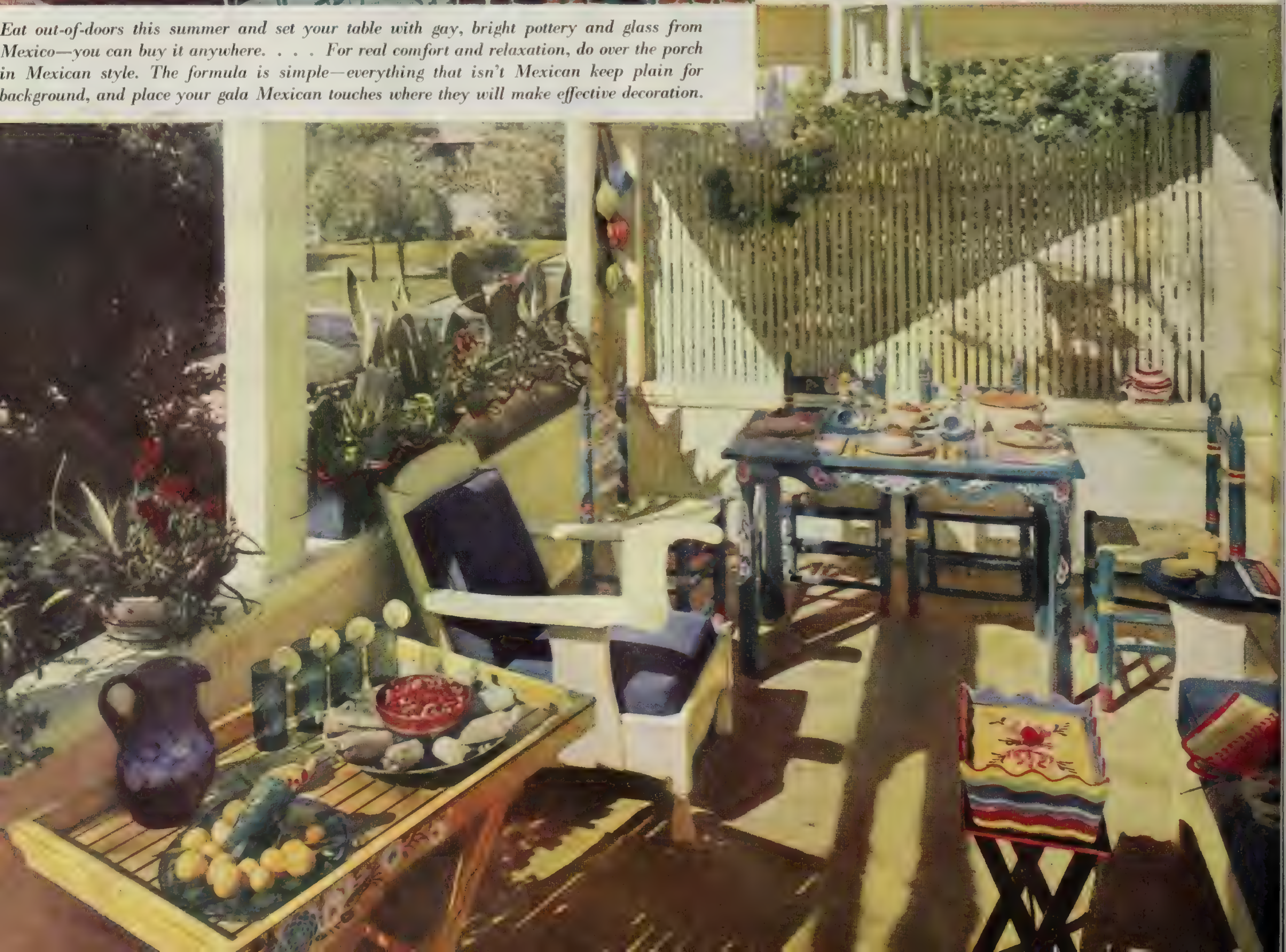
(Continued on Page 149)

★ *How America Lives* ★

PHOTOS BY HAROLD FOWLER



Eat out-of-doors this summer and set your table with gay, bright pottery and glass from Mexico—you can buy it anywhere. . . . For real comfort and relaxation, do over the porch in Mexican style. The formula is simple—everything that isn't Mexican keep plain for background, and place your gala Mexican touches where they will make effective decoration.



Most of us are spending extra hours on the job, these days—even putting in after-hours on some war effort. (That is, our government hopes we are.) So the time we spend in rest must be spent in *complete* rest! If you own a Beautyrest, you're lucky—you're sleeping on the world's most comfortable mattress! Take good care of it because we don't know when you can buy another. If you really *must* buy a *new* mattress, ask your Simmons store about WHITE KNIGHT. Made of layers and layers of fine, fat, bouncy, staple cotton, it has a buoyancy and comfort you wouldn't dream possible in a felt mattress! $39.50. White Knight Box Spring to match, also $39.50. Made by Simmons Company, makers of

BEAUTYREST—**THE WORLD'S MOST COMFORTABLE MATTRESS!**

P.S. DID YOU BUY AN EXTRA WAR BOND THIS WEEK?

The JOLI, around $4.50

DANIEL GREEN

The TIFFIN, around $4.00

Look for the name that identifies the genuine

Comfy SLIPPERS

DANIEL GREEN COMPANY · DOLGEVILLE · NEW YORK

BUY WAR BONDS

TEN MEN OVER GERMANY

(Continued from Page 31)

we cleaned our guns and put them into the ship the bombs were hoisted, one by one, into the yawning bomb bays. Guns were checked and rechecked. Oxygen masks were tried on. Ten minutes before "start engine time," we got into the ship.

A green flare shot from the control tower gave us the "start 'em up" signal. No. 1 prop started turning over, coughed, started. Fifteen minutes later, when the engines had had time to warm up, a yellow flare said, "Start taxiing." The big B-17's started rolling in orderly confusion toward the runway to be used for take-off. Six of them lined up on the end of the runway, staggered—one on the left side, the next on the right. Fifteen more waited their turn on the taxi strips leading to the runway. Minutes went by, and twenty-one pilots checked their magnetos.

Then another green flare shot out from the tower and arced gracefully in front of us, and the lead ship seemed to lean forward. As it gathered speed, the rest of the ships moved up, always keeping six on the runway. Twenty-one ships took off, and we were on our first mission!

There's an indescribable tenseness that is felt at the beginning of a combat mission. It is characterized by a tightening of the muscles around the throat, a heavy, leadlike weight in the stomach, a shifty nervousness that affects the eyes and fingers. It is usually accompanied by an increased efficiency of the mind that insists on a steady check and recheck of details usually considered unimportant.

This feeling of doubt, this inevitable nervousness increases as the time for take-off draws closer. Even after leaving the ground and assembling as a group, the feeling remains. It is destined to remain until the first of the enemy's angry, defending fighters appears. So it was on our first mission. So was it to be on all our succeeding raids.

THE group assembled over the field, circling to pick up stragglers. Each of the three squadrons formed and took up its position in the formation. Then, leaving the base, we proceeded along a line between two towns to allow the other groups to join us. As the two groups which, with us, were to form the combat wing appeared, our lead ship fired flares identifying us, and the groups moved into their places above and below us. The wing was formed.

We started our climb; slowly, to keep all the ships in the tight formation, we gained altitude. At ten thousand feet the crew went on oxygen and started their monotonous "checking in" every five or ten minutes on interphone. A man on oxygen must be checked often, because any failure of his oxygen system at high altitude means a speedy loss of consciousness.

OUR mission called for us to reach bombing altitude, twenty-six thousand feet, while still over England, to proceed across the Channel, hit the target and return. We were to pick up our Spitfire cover as we neared the enemy coast. As we climbed, the formation became increasingly difficult to hold. It is an exhausting job at best. Even in the temperatures of twenty to thirty degrees below zero, Ed and I found ourselves sweating with the physical exertions of the thing.

On reaching our altitude, the lead airplane leveled off and started out across the Channel, slowing up to allow the formation to close in again. The Belgian coast was a long, dark line against the blue of the Channel. Again the feeling of tensity, the leaden stomach was with us, and we got as close as possible to the leader of our three-ship element.

A safe distance from the English coast, I gave the word for the gunners to test-fire their guns. Tracers shot from the nose and the ship shook as the various guns were fired. Atwood, in the turret behind me, looked for a clear space to fire. He picked an opening directly in front of us and fired a practice burst. Ed and I jumped as if we had been hit. Those two fifties had been fired directly over our heads not four inches from the top of the cockpit. The noise was terrific and unexpected. We glanced at each other and relaxed again, knowing that each of us was grinning under the mass of rubber oxygen mask that covered most of our faces.

Chacon called from the tail, "Fighters at six o'clock, high! Looks like our Spits."

Almost immediately the other gunners were joyously calling out Spitfires from their positions. The Spitfire is a beautiful ship on the ground. But seeing hundreds of them gracefully wagging their wings at us wherever you could look was the most beautiful sight in the world. They flew in squadrons of six or flights of three, and they seemed to cover the sky around us. The British pilots

(Continued on Page 142)

Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Hollywood Patterns on Pages 34 and 35

1371. Sun-back dress and bolero: sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 25c.

1368. Sun-back dress and bolero: sizes 12 to 18; 30 to 36. 25c.

1354. Brassière tying at waist, shorts and skirt: sizes 10 to 18; 28 to 36. 15c.

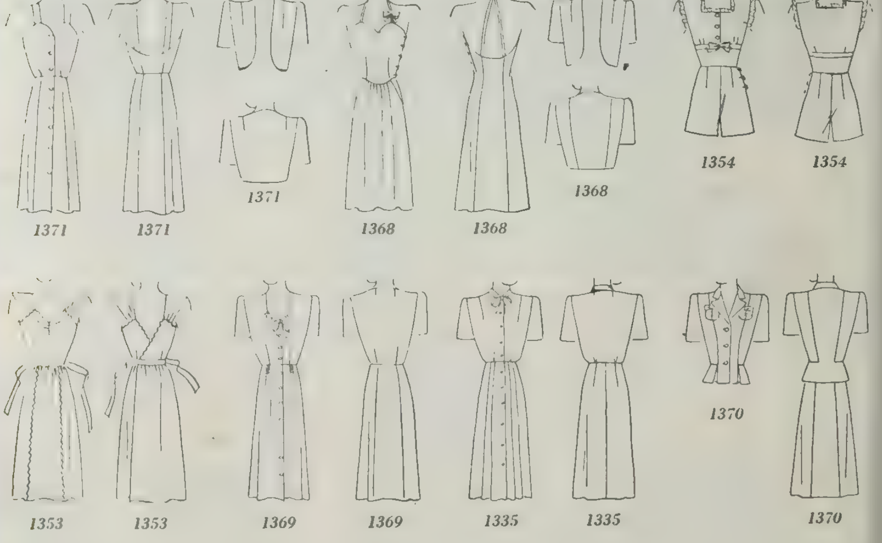
1353. Pinafore dress with cap sleeves: sizes 10 to 18; 28 to 36. 15c.

1369. One-piece dress: sizes 12 to 18; 30 to 36. 25c.

1335. One-piece dress: sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 15c.

1370. Two-piece suit: sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 25c.

Buy Hollywood Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order them by mail, postage prepaid, from Hollywood Pattern Service, Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn.; or 2 Duke Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.



"Can you help me impress my mother-in-law?"

This anxious wife asked her Singer Sewing Center

"Next month I start living with my soldier-husband's mother—who sews like a dream! Me—I'm only so-so at sewing. But I'd love to walk in wearing something really lovely I'd made myself. Can you teach me enough sewing tricks to take me out of the dub class? Is that too much to ask?" "Not from your Singer Sewing Center!" we beamed.

"I can't wait to start my lessons!" sighed our pretty friend. "Those special ones in cutting and fitting are exactly what I need!" "That's where lots of people need special help," we told her. Singer also gives lessons in Home Dressmaking, Make-over, Home Decorations. Lessons cost only $1.50 for two hours of personal instruction; $10 for 8-lesson course.

"Your Notion Counter is giving me ideas already!" she said, lingering over our peasant braids, rufflings, rickracks. To make things easy, all sewing notions—thread, shields, shoulder pads, slide fasteners—are in one handy spot. To make things *even easier*, Singer does finish-off jobs for you—buttonholes, covered buttons, and belts, hemstitching, pinking!

"I didn't dream you had these lovely accessories!" She'd spied our tempting array of collars . . . dickeys . . . jabots. We showed her costume flowers and jewelry, scarfs . . . all made up and just waiting to add that page-from-a-fashion-magazine look to costumes. "And those adorable sewing boxes!" she exclaimed. "That chintz one would make a perfect present for my mother-in-law!"

"Have a doub[illegible] and halve your sew[illegible] we suggested, mea[illegible] wonderful, you Singer Form. "It takes Sing[illegible] expe[illegible] minutes to mold your figure, line for lin[illegible] [illegible]n-derful idea!" agreed the Army wife. "I can get an *exact* fit, without those try-ons I used to hate so!" (Singer forms are available in U.S. only.)

Yes—you can get a Singer!

If you need a sewing machine, *get a Singer*—at your Singer Sewing Center!

New Machines—yes, some are still available. *New Singer Sewing Machines can be bought only through Singer Shops.*

Reconditioned Machines. Singer machines in good running order.

Rental Machines. Rent a Singer by the month for use at home; by the hour at your Singer Center.

SINGER

Sewing Centers Everywhere

Singer Sewing Machine Company

Singer Factories are engaged in vital war work.

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Use it Wisely . . .

Use it Well

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(Continued from Page 140)

were smart. They knew that the elliptical shape of the Spit wing was by far its easiest recognition feature, and they flipped their wings as they closed in around us. It was impossible to mistake them for enemy fighters.

"We're crossing the Belgian coast," Ted announced from the nose. "In twenty minutes we'll be over the target."

"Okay, Ted," Ed answered for me. "Keep an eye on those Spits to make sure there're no jerries among them," he cautioned the gunners.

"There's flak behind us and low!" shouted Chacon. "Off to the left and not much of it though."

"Pete?" Ted called to me.

"Go ahead, Ted," I answered.

"We'll make about a ninety-degree turn to the left in a couple of minutes and start our run to the target. The turn after 'bombs away' is also to the left and also about ninety degrees."

"Okay, Ted."

The warning of a turn to come is a great help to a wing man in a large formation. If he's on the outside of that turn, he is naturally going to have to use more power to keep up, and being able to plan those things in advance helps simplify the job.

Now we started the turn, and Ed pointed out ahead of us. I couldn't see anything until he shouted "Dogfight" over the interphone. Then I saw it. Four or five fighters chasing one another around the sky, and we had a ringside seat. At that distance it was impossible to make out the types of ships, but it was a fascinating sight.

Now we came out of the turn and settled on our bombing run. The lead ship fired a flare, and his bomb doors slowly began to drop open.

"Bomb doors, Joe!"

"Coming open, Pete."

ALL around us we could see the ships responding to the signal. We were on our bombing run, and I could hear Ted pointing out the target to Joe. Flak started bursting around us, but the lead ship held his straight course to the target. No evasive action on the bomb run. Just plow along like a lame duck, waiting to get rid of those bombs. Large black puffs of cottony smoke were bursting around us now, but they looked harmless. It was hard to visualize the deadly ragged pieces of metal that flew in all directions from those soft-looking puffs. Out ahead the dogfight was over. Just a flock of Spits, flapping their wings lazily at us.

Six of these ships that we thought were Spits formed quickly and headed in at us, almost wing tip to wing tip. "They're comin' in, Ted. Straight ahead!"

It was all I had time to say. Six Focke-Wulf 190's tearing head-on at us! Spitfires quickly formed behind them and chased after. Then they opened up. The Spits firing at the Focke-Wulfs, and the Focke-Wulfs throwing a spray of lead at us! In a flash it was over. They had flown right through our formation.

Two Forts staggered at the attack. Then parachutes, and two B-17's started down. It was a sickening sight.

We had seen the yellow noses on the Focke-Wulfs as they came in. That meant one thing: On our first mission out we had been attacked by the Abbeville kids, Goering's famous yellow-nose squadron of crack fighter pilots.

Then bombs away! And hundreds of tear-shaped, destruction-packed bombs fell at once. Almost immediately a sharp turn to the left, and we headed for the coast, weaving from side to side to dodge the flak. It had been over in a minute—just one attack, but we had learned what to expect. We had been to combat!

Dye let out a whoop from the ball turret. "No more airdrome! We blasted it off the map! Whatta sight!"

My headset was filled with the joyous cursing of nine wild men. "We'll show 'em!"

Now we reached the coast, and the Spits were still around us. We started a gradual letdown, and the coast of England was not

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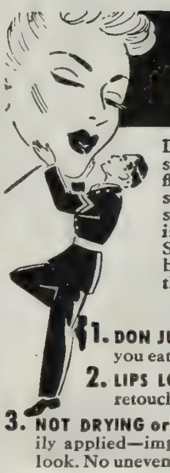

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far off. I'll never forget the beauty of that green, cheering line of coast ahead. The Spitfires danced around us like moths around a light. Soon we reached that green stretch of land, and we were down to ten thousand feet again. Oxygen masks came off and, for our money, the mission was over. All that remained was to split up the wing and return to our several bases.

Landing at the field after the mission that day was an exciting experience. We landed the ship and taxied to our assigned dispersal area. The crew chief and his assistant were waiting for us with smiles of expectancy lighting their faces. We were coming to realize that to return safely from a raid was a great bolster of morale to these men who spent their days and nights making our ship ready to fly. There was nothing they wouldn't do for us, these line mechanics. They took extreme pride in their own ship and the accomplishments of its crew.

The engines sputtered, kicked and died. Mission completed. We were all overcome by a wave of weariness. The gunners removed their guns, and the armament men returned them to the shack. I spent a few minutes with the crew chief, explaining the various things that needed attention on the ship, and together we inspected her for battle damage. There was none. Not a bullet had pierced the skin of our proud beauty, and we were happy.

A truck rolled up beside the ship, and we piled our parachutes and flying clothes into it. Ten weary men climbed aboard, and we bumped off across the taxi ways toward the briefing room for our first interrogation. The truck pulled in beside the briefing room and came to a shuddering stop. The ten of us rolled out, and entered the room where a scant seven hours before we had been briefed for the mission. Somehow it seemed a year or so had elapsed since that early morning.

Inside, coffee and doughnuts, served by the Red Cross, were rapidly vanishing into the mouths of hungry crewmen. I checked in at the doorway, and the crew was led to an empty table by an intelligence officer. For about fifteen minutes we described the mission to him, answering questions about enemy fighters, flak and airfields.

THEN it was over. We stood around, talking about it, to the boys who'd been with us, wondering if everyone had felt as we did. Yes, the tenseness, the thrill—it had been the same for all of them. And the feeling of nausea when those big, lumbering, beautiful 17's had gone down. All of us had seen men crash before. You do in the Air Forces. But it was a new thing to see them torn from the sky, crippled, and beaten to earth. And it was new not to be able to know what had happened to the men under those white parachutes. Knowing that the Spits had knocked down several of the Focke-Wulfs didn't help either. It was new, and we had to get used to it quickly.

After we had finished our initial trip against the enemy, succeeding missions began to pile up quickly. For six straight raids we went to Germany, aiming first at three prominent U-boat pens and then at various war factories.

One night I was told by my squadron commander that I was scheduled to go on a raid the next day as tail gunner in the lead ship of the group. He explained that, since our group was to lead a number of others, the colonel wished to have a pilot in his own tail-gun position to describe the formation to him. Half an hour later, I was thoroughly engrossed in the process of learning to be a tail gunner. My sleep that night was a little uneasy, to say the least. I had visions of being one of the few Fortress pilots—if not the only one—who had ever shot down an enemy fighter with his own tail guns.

BEFORE take-off the next morning the colonel told me that he wanted me to let him know if he was making his turns too steep or his corrections too fast. I carefully loaded my own ammunition into the tail and climbed into the unaccustomed position. It was a thrill being in the lead airplane and seeing, for the first time, the entire group take off and form. I began to realize the necessity of a heated suit in the tail position. The cold seemed to penetrate my bones.

We tested our guns, and I found both of mine working. Then a long, cold climb to altitude, and our first sight of the enemy coast. Fighters appeared almost immediately, and I got my first taste of firing two .50-caliber machine guns at the boys who, theretofore, had done so much shooting at me. I don't know if I hit anything that day.

From time to time during the battle, I let my eye wander over the ships of my friends beside and behind me.

It was during one of these periodical checkups that I noticed my best friend's plane smoking. The pilot was Bobby Mansfield, a boy from San Angelo, Texas, with whom I had taken most of my training. He started a shallow glide, dropping back and down away from us, and my heart sank with him. He did, however, seem to go down well under control. This, of course, I reported to the colonel on interphone.

Leaving the mainland and striking out again across the North Sea, I saw that the ship which had been flying on our left wing had been hit, and that none of their guns toward the rear of the ship were firing. A moment later a man appeared at one of the escape hatches, apparently trying to bail out. As his head and shoulders appeared through the opening, his parachute seemed to catch on some part of the plane within. The next minute he was outside, dangling at the end of four or five feet of parachute harness. His arms and legs jumped like those of a puppet as the slip stream of about one hundred and seventy miles an hour beat him time and again against the underside of the ship.

I called the colonel on interphone and told him what I had seen. He used his radio to call the pilot of the ship and asked him to do what he could. It appeared that a shot had knocked out the complete oxygen system in the rear of the plane. The rest of the gunners were unconscious from lack of oxygen. By this time we had let down to an altitude of fifteen thousand feet, and the four unconscious men revived. Soon I was able to report that everyone in the plane, with the exception of the pilot, was back there doing his

---

Aquarelle

By Marion Lineaweaver

With lazy eyes I watch my daughter
Wading in the lukewarm water:
Sand is beige and she is brown;
Distant houses of the town
Are silver, weather-beaten gray
Reflected in the glassy bay.

Near at hand a light sloop drifting,
Veering this way, that way shifting,
Manages to make a stream
Of bubbles in her wake that gleam
Like pearls, unstrung and magnified
Upon the hardly ebbing tide.

My tiny, shiny, aimless girl
Has wound around her waist a curl
Of seaweed, amber like the dunes
That make the summer afternoons
Entirely ours, flawless and sunny,
Warm and tangible as honey.

Heat has bleached the very sky
Where the pale gulls are flying high;
The sea's horizon and the land's
Float like a long nerve in my hands
And all its fiber throbs and dips,
Governed by my finger tips.

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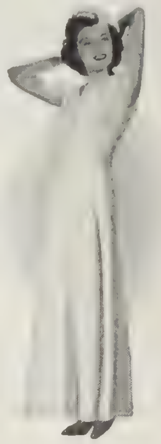

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best to drag the dangling man back into the airplane. For an hour they worked, and it seemed hopeless.

One of their crew signaled us, "Shall we cut him loose?" It was obvious that they couldn't land with the man in his present hopeless position. It was equally apparent that he could no longer be alive.

The colonel's answer to this question was a blunt "No."

Then I saw a feat of heroism that I have never seen repeated. One of the enlisted men in the same crew was visible at the hatch. Slowly he allowed himself to be let down into the deadly slip stream. First his shoulders, then his chest and finally his hips appeared, until he was fully out of the airplane except for his feet, which were being held by the others inside. As he reached the stricken man and passed a rope around his waist, I noticed that his hands were bare. Inside our airplane, my hands were freezing in their electrically heated gloves. The rope secured, he was slowly dragged back into the ship, and after about ten minutes' more work the body of the other man was also brought in. He, of course, had died from exposure and lack of oxygen.

Not long after, we found ourselves one morning being briefed for a mission to Wilhelmshaven. The element of three ships in which we were flying was the last element to cross the target. Harry B. Morse, one of my best friends, was leading the element, with Don Norris and myself on either wing. We ran into bad weather over the North Sea, and had to penetrate an overcast so thick that we lost the formation in the middle of it. When we finally broke out of the clouds, the formation was nowhere in sight. Harry decided to continue, hoping to catch the group before they got too close to the enemy coast. By using full power for about a half hour, we managed to catch up just as the group was making its turn toward the target. We dropped our bombs in a maze of flak and fighters. Seconds later, I noticed that Harry was again lagging behind the group. This time, however, it was not due to weather conditions. Flak had put one of his engines out of commission, and for some reason his bomb doors refused to close.

Minute by minute we could see the distance between ourselves and the group growing larger. We knew it would not be long before jerry also noticed it. The gunners braced themselves for a fight, and in a minute it came. It was three Fortresses against a large part of the *Luftwaffe*, and the battle was terrific. They threw everything they had against us, including single and twin engine fighters, some of them coming so close that we could literally see the whites of their eyes. There was pandemonium on the interphone as the gunners each tried to call out the attacking planes which individually they could see. All three of our ships were hit, and hit again.

Martin called me from the radio room: "Sir, my gun is out of commission."

"Can you fix it?"

"No, sir. I don't think anyone can fix this gun. A twenty mm. just hit the end of the muzzle. I'm going to help the waist gunners if I can."

A second later something snapped, and the ship headed down toward the water! I knew my control cables had been cut. Ed switched on the automatic pilot, which uses different cables from those used while flying manually. The ship leveled off again, and ten men heaved ten sighs of relief. The fighters left us, no doubt discouraged, since our ship alone had knocked down three of them. I don't know how many more Norris and Morse accounted for.

(Continued on Page 146)

Knit for Yourself

WITH some gay yarns and a few hours' time, and nimble fingers, of course, you can create a clever accessory wardrobe—hats, bags, gloves—in colors and styles most becoming to you. Described below are just a few of our many patterns. For a complete roll, send for our free list of JOURNAL knitting and crocheting patterns, No. 1571.

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HOLEPROOF HOSIERY

(Continued from Page 144)

Arriving over England, all of us short of gas, we decided to land at the first field we sighted. Harry and Don landed first, and Ed and I proceeded to make our first—and, I hoped, our last—landing on automatic pilot.

Subsequent raids to Germany included one to Bremen, one to the synthetic-rubber plant at Huls, and one to Hamburg. Then, for a while, it seemed that we were concentrating on targets within France. We went twice to Paris, once to Le Mans, to Amiens and to St.-Nazaire, another of jerry's favored U-boat pens. That brought us up to the thirteenth of our missions.

It had started out just like an ordinary raid—well, no raid is what you'd call ordinary, but we were awakened at two o'clock in the morning with the familiar words, "Breakfast at two; briefing at three." That meant quick dressing, a hasty wash, and over to the mess hall for that one real hen's egg which we always got before a combat mission.

At about a quarter to three we wandered through the blackout over to the briefing room and sat down. Well, the target was way in that day—Hannover, Germany, to be exact—and it was the thirteenth mission for most of us. We were leading a three-ship element of spares. If there were no vacancies, we were to return, since our compact combat formation left no room for spare ships.

As luck would have it, one of the scheduled ships failed to take off, and we immed ately filled in his spot, which was a good on well toward the front of the formatio Things went as scheduled most of the wa out; we checked our guns after we got ou over the water and found them all in working order. As we neared the enemy coas Ted warned the gunners to keep a sharp ey out for fighters. We were at about twenty-five thousand feet then and still climbing toward our bombing altitude of twenty-seve thousand.

When we hit the enemy coast, things began to look bad. The clouds below us wer thick and with few holes. As we proceede in toward the target, the undercast seeme to get worse instead of better. As yet w had seen no fighters, no flak.

Finally we turned around, and Hunte came in on interphone with a sad-soundin voice: "Aren't we gonna bomb at all, lieutenant?"

Joe answered him from the nose, "I don' know yet. We may find a break in thes clouds somewhere."

It's a sad thing to go all the way over an come home again with your bombs. We al felt that way.

We were lucky though. As we neared th coast again on our way out, the clouds bega to break up, and we opened our bomb doors Finally the lead bombardier found a target and we let 'em go. Still no fighters. We wer beginning to wonder what was keeping them Sometimes it's a relief to see the fighter

---

THIS CAN BE AMERICA

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

By Struthers Bur

☆ UPSY-DOWNSY ☆

MA KNEEDY, balance wheel of a capable but erratic husband, brought to the Far West as one of her most valuable possessions a slow Kansas way of speaking and a Kansas gift of aphorism. When she spoke, her voice was like a warm and windless day in West Kansas. Kansas makes you patient and observing.

I remember once she was describing a neighbor. "A fine woman," she said. "A mighty fine woman, but awful upsy-downsy."

Sometimes I think we Americans are "awful upsy-downsy" too. I think it especially when I read the papers and magazines, or listen to the news. And I wonder why—why we're so "upsy-downsy"—because, when things really go wrong, we're grim and heroic. We're magnificent in times of defeat or anxiety. Regard as recent an example as Pearl Harbor. Backed up against a wall, we're as dogged and sensible as our fighting men have always been.

"In your patience possess ye your souls," says the New Testament; and "He that has patience may compass anything," said Rabelais. And Rousseau summed the whole thing up with, "Patience is bitter, but its fruit is sweet."

War is a slow, a bloody and a bitter business. It took us eight years to fight the War of the Revolution, and most of the time it was defeat. But we won. We lost practically every land battle of the War of 1812, but we're still here. It took four years to end the Civil War, and that, if you happened to be a Union man, was for three years little else but defeat. It has taken no one knows how many million years to make a man, but in two hundred we—small men and women—have made one of the greatest countries of all history, and, by and large, the happiest, and one that has, with all its faults, the most sensible and elastic system of government the world has ever seen.

We did all this—we, and our fathers, and our grandfathers. And we're still doing it. We should be proud, and confident, and humble, and calm. We have not been bad stewards. We should stand like a rock holding a lighthouse. Nothing can hurt us but ourselves. We are torchbearers. We are "an idea." We are "the people."

Before we white men came, red men, the original Americans, thought of themselves as that. There is something in the air, in the mountains, the great forests and the broad and shining land that makes Americans think that way. "The people" is the translation of most Indian tribal names; and the Indian tongue is various. Not the cruel and foolish nonsense of "the people" as "a race," but "the people" who, little, each one in himself, are mighty as the children of a hope, a thought, a promise and a performance.

This is not vainglory, nor is it smugness. This should be the quiet constancy of those who have work to do. Nations do not live in a calm. Only convicts are secure. Nations, like men and women, live in the midst of storm, of disease and endless endeavor.

"I have not yet begun to fight." An American said that, and he said it in answer to a demand for surrender when his ship, the Bonhomme Richard, was apparently sinking. But the Bonhomme Richard didn't sink, and John Paul Jones sailed the captured Serapis into harbor.

"Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair." Another American said that: George Washington.

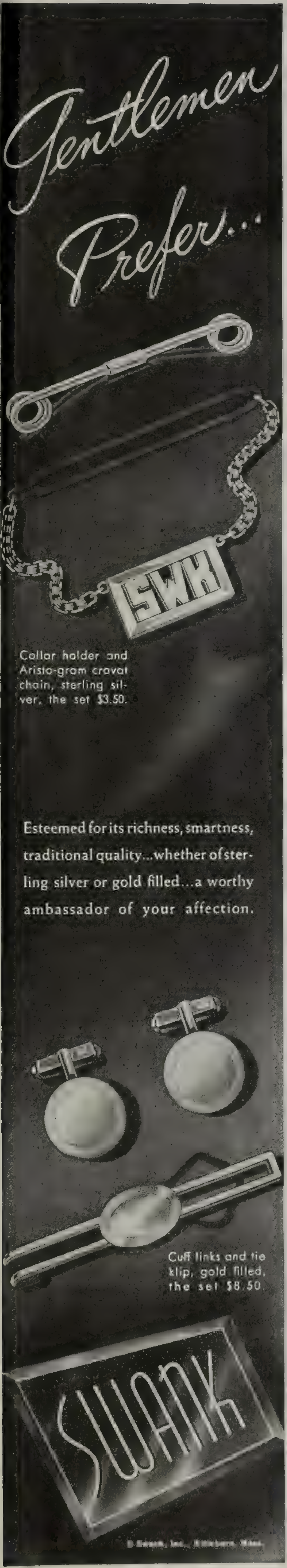
"Fellow citizens, we cannot escape history. . . . The fiery trial through which we pass will light us down in honor or dishonor to the latest generation. . . . We shall nobly save or meanly lose the last best hope of earth." A third American, Abraham Lincoln, said that.

Even the most inconspicuous of us are great because we are fellow citizens of such as these.

"To America the world looks for leadership. Let us not be fearful or shackled by the past. Under God's guidance, let us dare to launch out into the deep and go forward with courage and with wisdom and with faith." A fourth American said that: Francis Sayre, one-time High Commissioner for the Philippines and Woodrow Wilson's son-in-law.

Life is short, we have a job to do: our private lives, our public service. We have no time to be upsy-downsy.

AND THAT CAN BE AMERICA.



Collar holder and Aristo-gram cravat chain, sterling silver, the set $3.50.

Esteemed for its richness, smartness, traditional quality...whether of sterling silver or gold filled...a worthy ambassador of your affection.

Cuff links and tie klip, gold filled, the set $8.50

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after you've been flying over enemy territory for what seems like hours. You begin to wonder if your eyes have gone bad—you get all sorts of crazy ideas; and, then, once they've come, you've got a fight on your hands, and you aren't tense any more.

Well, they came! The first glimpse I had of them was four radial engines coming in head on, their wings lit up like Fourth of July. Joe and Ted opened up in the nose, and almost simultaneously the gunners all over the ship started calling out fighters. Atwood, top turret, started firing those twin fifties right over my head, and I jumped at the first burst that went screaming out in front of us. Things began to happen then—but fast!

The next twenty minutes I'll remember all my life. More head-on attacks, and a ship ahead of us feathered a prop. Then, with a thud that turned my stomach, we were hit. I could feel the twenty millimeters explode as they hit the nose. The ship seemed to swerve to the right, and Ed pointed at our No. 4 engine. It was on fire and throwing oil all over the nacelle and wing. Ed feathered it, and I yelled at him on interphone to pull the fire extinguisher. He did, and a white smoke poured out of the engine as the CO_2 did its work. The fire went out, and we managed to stay with the formation on three engines, though the right aileron was hanging useless by its hinges. There were large holes, big enough for a man to climb through, in our right wing.

Then another head-on attack, and yet another, these being aimed at our ship. They could tell from the fire and the feathered prop that we'd been hit, and jerry likes to pick on cripples. Suddenly our No. 1 engine was hit. Reluctantly, to understate it somewhat, Ed feathered that one.

WE CALLED Joe and Ted in the nose. No answer. I sent Ed down to find out what was wrong. We were holding our altitude all right, but slowly dropping back from the group. The gunners were putting up a magnificent fight, and it was taking its toll of the fighters. A minute after Ed's head disappeared down the hatch to the nose compartment, I saw our No. 2 oil pressure drop like a shot. I pushed the feathering switch. Too late. The oil necessary to feather the prop was gone, and the prop started winding up and whining like a siren.

Ed came back up and got into his seat again. I asked what was wrong in the nose.

"Ted's been killed, and Joe's hurt. I did all I could."

I knew he had.

Well, there we were at about twenty thousand feet with two feathered props and one windmilling. There was only one way to go, and that was down. The only thing below us was the cold blue of the North Sea. Down we went, as fast as we dared. The wings were riddled, and a cold left leg prompted me to notice a four-inch hole in the cockpit floor.

I sent Atwood down to get Joe out of the nose. As he ducked down the hatch, a hole appeared in the windshield, and the bullet went through the top turret. They tried to get Ted out, too, but it was hopeless. Meanwhile, about twenty fighters had hopped us and were literally shooting the ship out from under us. When the rudder pedals started flopping around, I knew that the rudder was gone too.

Ed called the crew on interphone and told them to stand by for a water landing, but to stay at their guns until we were lower. Robert Martin, our radio operator, started sending SOS on the liaison set. A twenty hit his ammunition box and exploded. It set off all the .50 calibers that were left. With bullets flying everywhere in the radio room, he kept on sending out his message. McGee's waist gun was hit, and he threw it out the waist window. Chacon's tail guns ran out of ammunition, and he left a tail that looked more like a sieve. He and McGee started to throw out everything they could lay hands on to lighten the ship. Hunter's waist gun, the only one still in good shape, kept firing, our sole protection. Dye had run out of ammunition in the ball turret and had

(Continued on Page 149)

Every night-Treat your face and neck to this exciting 'BEAUTY-LIFT'

Complete 8-Minute Facial Helps Skin Appear More Baby-Fresh, Smooth and BEAUTIFUL!

Girls! Here's one of the most beautifying treatments in existence—just try an 8-minute facial with Edna Wallace Hopper's Homogenized Facial Cream.

This *famous* method helps your skin appear more satin-smooth, radiant, firmer and baby-fresh with each application.

Why It's SO ACTIVE

The reason Hopper's Facial Cream is SO ACTIVE and lubricates the skin so *expertly* and *evenly* is because it is *homogenized.*

Let Hopper's help *you* maintain perfectly enchanting face and throat beauty, a captivatingly fresh skin, as it has been doing for years for so many lovely girls and women.

And here is what you should do:

Follow These Directions

Briskly pat Edna Wallace Hopper's Facial Cream over your face and throat, always using upward, outward strokes (follow direction of arrows in diagram). Then gently press an EXTRA amount of cream over any lines or wrinkles. Leave on for about 8 minutes so that your skin can properly benefit by the *homogenized* beauty oils in Hopper's.

Notice how caressingly soft, smooth and glowing your skin appears. Hopper's Facial Cream is also an excellent Powder Base.

Get a jar *today!* And be *thrifty.* You'll find it pays to buy the *large* size. At all cosmetic counters.

Hopper's White Clay Pack helps deflake your faded UNLOVELY 'TOP-SKIN'

Hopper's White Clay Pack is marvelous as a "quick beauty pick up"—makes you look ravishingly lovely on short notice. Wonderful for blackheads and enlarged pore openings. It also effectively helps clear away faded, "top-skin" debris with its ugly dried up skin cells which make any girl look much older.

Edna Wallace
HOPPER'S HOMOGENIZED FACIAL CREAM

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are working for today

All over the country Norge dealers are working for today by helping their customers through this difficult period when the purchase of new household appliances is restricted. They are preaching the doctrine of conservation—of better care, less repair; suggesting ways and means of prolonging the life of valued equipment; and if repairs should be needed they are striving, under difficult conditions, to give the same high type of service that has always characterized the Norge dealer.

NORGE
HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES

NORGE DEALERS
are planning for tomorrow

Norge dealers of all types—department stores, furniture stores, hardware stores and home appliance shops—are planning for that great day when their showrooms will again be filled with new Norge washers, electric ranges, home heaters, gas ranges and Rollator refrigerators. These dealers are confident that when that time comes their many customers, mindful of the satisfactory service they have always received from product and dealer alike, will want to visit their stores to view the newest Norge *products of experience*. Old customers as well as new ones will find that their Norge dealer has something for them that was well worth waiting for—a line of products which, because of Norge's wartime production experience, is even better designed, better engineered and better built.

NORGE, A BORG-WARNER INDUSTRY

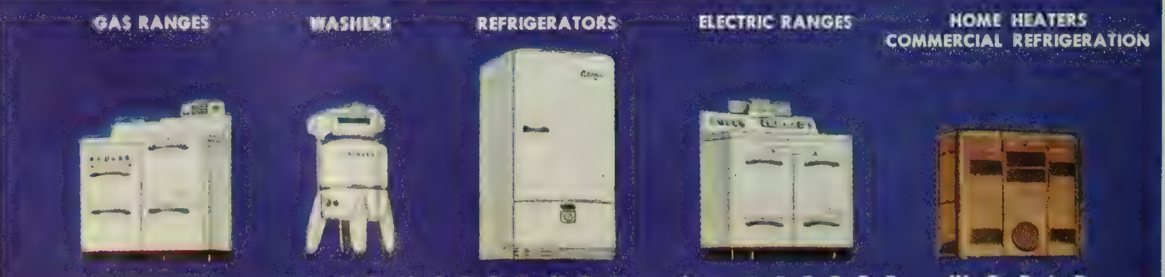
Norge is the trade-mark of Norge Division, Borg-Warner Corporation, Detroit 26, Michigan. In Canada—Addison Industries, Inc., Toronto, Ont.

"...for outstanding production of war material."

When it's over—see Norge before you buy...meanwhile BUY MORE WAR BONDS

NATIONAL APPLIANCE CONSERVATION PROGRAM

"BETTER CARE—LESS REPAIR"



BETTER PRODUCTS FOR A BETTER WORLD

(Continued from Page 147)

come out to reload. As he got out, the large turret sight, which had been shot in half, dropped into his lap. He threw this to one side and busied himself with reloading the turret—a tough job, even on the ground. At about two thousand feet he started to get back in. McGee told him to get into the radio room and prepare for a crash landing.

I think the fighters stopped shooting at us when they were sure we were going in. We leveled off just over the water, and I could see England about thirty miles ahead. So near and yet so far! Ed cut the switches on the good engine so it wouldn't explode when we hit.

We hit tail first and bounced; then tail first again, and the plane stopped dead, as the nose plowed into a swell. The shock was terrific. We'd stalled out at about a hundred and five miles an hour, and had landed downwind, because our crippled controls made it impossible to turn around. We figure we must have hit the water at about a hundred and twenty, there being a brisk wind behind us.

My window was jammed, and both Ed and I got out his side. When I climbed up on top of the ship, the rest of the crew were already out and working on the dinghies. One of these rubber rafts had been shot up in the fight and was only half inflated. Four of us clung to that. The other five got into the good one and started to pump up the seats. The ship went down almost immediately, and our hearts sank with it, knowing that it held one of the best men any of us had ever known. I'm proud to say that I flew with Ted Wattles.

I cannot vouch for the eight men drifting helplessly with me in the North Sea that day, but I am willing to bet that their minds, too, traveled over the sequence of events that had brought us here together.

A B-17 circled low over the icy blue of the North Sea, and we knew that he was sending in our position. Later I learned that it was a close friend—a boy I had been through flying school with. Soon he left, and we took up our vigil, with all eyes on the horizon.

As we waited, we went over the fight which, ten minutes before, had ended with our water landing. Dye, from the ball turret, had accounted for two enemy fighters; Chacon, in the tail, had an equal number. Hunter, McGee, Wattles and Shames had knocked down one apiece. The final score, we decided, was eight fighters for us against our beautiful B-17 they had knocked down.

Soon our vigilance was rewarded by the sight of a British land plane coming toward us. As he caught sight of us, he came in low and dropped a smoke flare in the water beside us. Then, as he circled above us, we knew that rescue was near.

Half an hour after that, we were picked up by Walruses, those queer-looking amphibian planes, which landed on the water beside us. It wasn't long before we again stood with the firm ground of England under our feet. In thirteen missions against the enemy, the crew, having been shot down once, had confirmation of fifteen enemy fighters destroyed, plus the knowledge that many Nazi war plants and sub pens would not be operating for quite a while.

MEXICAN ACCENT FOR SUMMER

(Continued from Page 138)

Now you are ready for your exciting Mexican accents. You do not need much that is Mexican; in fact, just enough to give authenticity to your theme. From here on, you can do one of two things: either apply all the Mexican touches yourself, copying your designs from pictures; or buy a real piece or two for inspiration and copy your applied decorations from those.

At any rate, try to see some genuine Mexican furniture and accessories before you start. Shops and stores everywhere these days have Mexican merchandise. Here are the articles to look for and study: painted and decorated wood chairs with rush seats, and small tables—each different, of course, for variation is one of the charms of Mexican handwork.

As a rule, Mexican articles only resemble one another—do not match. Unusually attractive are the big shallow traylike bowls painted with gay flowers. You can paint an old tray or wooden chopping bowl in the same manner, if you like. Then there are gourds in fantastic shapes painted in vivid colors, strung on raffia all ready to hang up. Last year's home-grown gourds will do as well. Just for fun, try planting ivy in them for a patio touch—you can easily saw holes in the sides and fill them with dirt.

While looking around, you are sure to see some of those enchanting cerise and emerald straw bags to hold your summer knitting, and it isn't unpatriotic to buy one, for they are very inexpensive. Accessory touches such as these are quite easy. Furniture decoration takes a bit more doing, but is still not difficult even for an amateur, as the designs are simple and primitive in character.

While your furniture is drying, look up your designs. As suggested above, you can buy a tray, bowl or plate, a single chair or other bit and copy your motifs from that. Trace them off just as you did in grade school.

Old National Geographics are an excellent source of Mexican design. Public libraries will allow you to trace motifs from books and design plates. You will discover that the designs are mostly wavy lines and simple flower shapes quite easy to copy or imitate; and as the charm of the motifs is due mostly to their vivid coloring and free amateur style, any untalented person can get the desired effect. Chalk your designs on the furniture before starting to paint. Use oil colors in tubes, from any hardware store, and short, stiff brushes—one for each color. Have your paint thick so that it doesn't run, and dip the brush in lightly. You can buy Mexican decals, but they won't give you the splashy effect you can achieve yourself with brush and paint.

Most women already have some Mexican articles for their tables. Best and easiest to match up is the brown slipware which you can use also to cook in. There are plates, bakers of all sizes, cups and bowls. Mexican glass is inexpensive, and comes in soft blue green, amber and topaz—right now the amber is scarce. Easiest to find are pitchers, plates, oversize tea glasses and bottles—all quite inexpensive and a pleasant change from your regular table accessories. Striped toweling, gingham or any block-printed crash serves well for linens. By all means have a window box made gay with zinnias or geraniums. If you really want atmosphere—with fun thrown in—plant your box with a variety of Mexican peppers or cactus.

A weather screen at the end or side is almost an essential and gives your porch a tropical air. Make the screen of either bamboo—most big lumberyards stock it—or regular wood lath tacked to two-by-fours. If you have an old fiber rug, you can renew its color with a special paint made just for the purpose. It really works wonders.

One caution: don't be too generous with your art. To be most effective, concentrate it on a few spots where you can be as lavish as you wish. For instance, if you decorate a Mexican table and chairs, or a double seat or two, leave everything else plain to set them off.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

WINS **ORDERS FROM HEADQUARTERS** *Washington, D. C.*

When meals are served, help the Government conserve food. Tell children, "If you want it, take it. If you take it, eat it. Don't leave food on plates."

Precious things that make a home . . . to have now, to hold for the future. Furniture by Pullman lends new charm now . . . will grace your home of tomorrow. Its authentic designs . . . its comfort and craftsmanship are enduring. Pullman chairs and sofas are—next to War Bonds—your best investment in gracious peacetime living.

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NEW! The Best Coffee you ever Tasted -ready in 5 Seconds!

DARLING–
THIS IS WHAT I CALL GRAND COFFEE!
IT'S THE NEW G.WASHINGTON'S INSTANT COFFEE– ISN'T IT DELICIOUS?

Costs no more than old-style coffee!

SAVE time...save work—and yet serve your family the best cup of coffee they ever tasted—in just 5 seconds by the clock! Now you can do it—with G. Washington's NEW Instant Coffee. Just add boiling water to *half a teaspoonful* and it's ready to serve!

No fussing with coffee pots; no soggy grounds; no waste. And G. Washington is always uniform—any strength you like! It's a lifesaver in the morning, at mealtimes, when guests drop in! And it COSTS NO MORE! The 2 oz. container is equal to a full pound of old-fashioned coffee, *gives you 35 cups!*

Don't put off trying it! Get G. Washington's NEW Instant Coffee at your grocery or delicatessen store today! You'll never want to go back to old-style coffee!

YOU JUST ADD BOILING WATER!

G Washington's INSTANT COFFEE

The old chest of drawers was one of those jobs "saved for a rainy day." We used linseed oil and paste wax to polish it to a rich satiny beauty.

Diary of Domesticity

BY GLADYS TABER

AFTER the breathless sweetness of May, June opens like a rose and the dreamy blue sky overhangs a world of flower and song. Sometimes I wish May could come in the middle of winter and January be next to June. It would sort of spread the beauty over the year. Nature is not like the mothers who put away part of the Christmas toys, however. She is prodigal with beauty all summer and part of the autumn. An all-or-nothing girl.

Sometimes we have a three-day rain, just to remind us we live in a mortal world. This benefits our backs, allowing us to stand upright for a time and give up the weeder's crouch. Not that we can sit down idly and read all day. There are all those jobs saved "for a rainy day." We have a whole bevy of them. "We'll do that the next rainy day," we say.

The last one my sister Jill began on my chest of drawers. It's odd, she says, that anything she does seems to throw the whole house into confusion. The chest involved dumping out all the clothes and piling junk all over the living room. Well, one can't do over a bureau with the things in it. Jill had the bed completely snowed under by what came off the top.

"You see," she said acidly, "how much you accumulate. More gadgets. More just junk. Do you really have to have all those toy animals on the top?"

Maybe I don't need four kinds of perfume. But all gifts and all very nice. Three powders at one side in sweet containers.

After an hour of labor I had eliminated one small bottle of iodine and a bottle of dog medicine—we couldn't remember which dog it was for.

On Jill's bureau reposes one comb and one hand mirror. Things just seem to accumulate around me; probably it has something to do with a lack of organization.

To refinish furniture requires patience and a firm hand with the scraper. We use paint remover, when possible, to start the old finish peeling off. This is put on lavishly with a brush and allowed to stand ten to twenty minutes, until the paint or varnish looks like a very muggy day in a swamp. Then, with a putty knife, the stuff is scraped off—and what a mess it makes! Sometimes several applications are necessary, but when the finish is down near the grain it is time to stop. By this time all the surrounding territory is knee-deep in old rags, gooed-up old papers and orphan hunks of varnish. Part of the finish is also off our clothes.

After the remover is corked up, the piece is washed thoroughly with turpentine, then hot soap and water. Fine sandpaper—rubbed with the grain, never against it—takes down the wood to a smooth satiny surface. Steel wool—the finest—is perfect, and we always used to use it before the war. Now, if the piece is not light enough, it can be bleached with oxalic acid, slushed on and left overnight. The crystals dissolve in water and the solution should be as rich as the water will take up. This has to be washed off well. Something the furniture books didn't tell us, we had to learn by experience. Any deep scratches or holes can be filled with wood-crack filler or plastic wood. Before the new finish goes on.

We always finish with oil. First a coat of half linseed oil and half turpentine is put on with cloths or brush. When this is dry, a second coat may be used, depending on the kind of wood in the piece. Mahogany or veneer or black walnut usually takes only one coat. Soft pine and maple take two. The second coat can be one third turpentine, two thirds oil. This ought to dry overnight, but we never can resist putting on one coat of paste wax, just to see.

On my chest of drawers, I discovered, a dark brown wax crayon rubbed over the spots plugged with filler was excellent. It matched better than mahogany stain. And

(Continued on Page 153)

BACK HOME
FOR KEEPS

"Dear God, bring him safe home," you pray. And all America's praying with you. Praying that the day will come when the man of your life has a *known* destination . . . and that destination's *you*. When breakfast for two will be your corner of heaven, when "Good nights" can last the long night through, when the man of your house and heart comes home!

Yes, all America's dreaming with you. And our hopes run high at Community. For we, too, wait for the day when we can once more fashion for America's brides their long-time favorite silverware. Community knows that every Jack wants to see his wife in a home of her own—Community* knows that many a Jill has had to postpone her long-planned cherished silverware. We'll have it for you when the war is won. And *the day will come!*

*TRADEMARK

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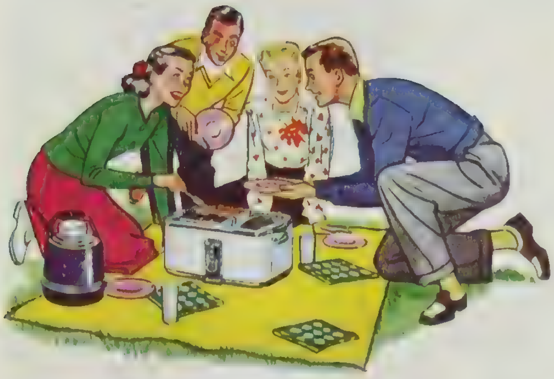
*Lady Hamilton Design

BUY WAR BONDS! SPEED THE DAY!

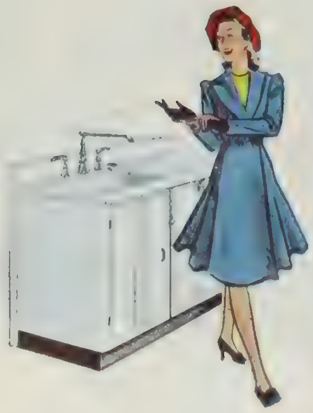
If it's Community . . . it's correct

Postwar Dreams

of a bride with a man in the service..



"We'll round up the old gang for swell picnics. Hot outdoor meals will be a cinch with our versatile, portable Westinghouse Roaster."



"Off to a movie, while our Westinghouse electric Dishwasher does all the messy, dirty work."

"We'll have a new Westinghouse electric Range so completely automatic that I can put a meal in the oven and then forget all about it!"

"Boy, it'll be fun marketing when we can buy all we want. And in our Westinghouse Refrigerator there will be a special place for everything — including frozen foods."

Our promise to you . . .

When the war is over, and you and that man of yours set up a dream home of your own, Westinghouse will make all those new time-and-work saving appliances you've set your heart on. They'll be no untried, experimental models, either. Indeed not. Into each and every one will go all the know-how and experience acquired in building 30 million pre-war home appliances.

Meantime, we'll stick to the job you want us to do most—turning out war material. You can count on it, we'll give everything we've got to help speed the day when HE says, "Darling, I'm home for keeps!"

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30 MILLION PRE-WAR

Westinghouse

ELECTRIC HOME APPLIANCES

YOUR PROMISE OF STILL FINER ONES TO COME

(Continued from Page 150)

having a wax base, it took like a duck to the paste-wax finish. The oil-and-wax finish seems just right to us. And it makes any kind of wood blend with any other kind that happens to live near it. Because it is a softer finish, I suppose. It is very easy to care for. We wash the pieces now and then, and put on fresh wax.

We also use crayons to fix up wallpaper that has been scratched by the cats or is a casualty of my nephew Don's gun cleaning. I did a very natty part of a woodland scene that had been peeled off, and it showed only to the discriminating gaze of the family. For a long time, though, the eyes of the family were always riveted on my art work whenever they were in the room. Finally time laid a hand on all the paper and we forgot where the repair job was. Then it became a kind of hunt. Which was the horse mamma fixed? Where are the dogs?

After the rain is over, we all rush out to see how the garden is doing. The wet dark earth smells heavenly, the green leaves are polished and the drenched roses hang heavy heads. The bird notes sound liquid and soft. And there is fresh asparagus in the garden.

We used to go to the lake once a week in June, to sail in the Moby Dick. Under a very blue June sky, with a few windy clouds scudding, and with the water purling along under the bow, the Moby Dick moves swiftly and lightly. I love to sail, if I can sit on the side of the boat that is high, not the low side. On the low side, I feel as if the boat might succumb to my weight any minute and go on keeling completely over. So every time the boat heels, I scramble hastily to the top side. This makes my sailing not a very tranquil activity, but I love it.

There are many magazine articles telling how to budget the family time. The writers of these have never lived in a family like ours. We are simply not a budgetable family. Perhaps we move too much by impulse to be regimented for efficiency. I admire women who do run on a plan. But even our washday is an erratic and flighty affair.

We have washday when it feels like washday. Often we have it twice in a week. I look out and see the sun is bright and the wind blowing like a full sail. There is a hamperful of clothes. Let's wash! Incidentally, I belong to the frequent-wash school. This is partly because we run out of hot water if the washing is too big, but partly because I think it is easier on the mind, and on the back, to do a small amount and get it out of the way. Seven sheets twice a week are not so many sheets as fourteen on one blue Monday. We do not iron the sheets unless we feel very full of zest, when we run the hems through the ironer. We iron just as little as possible, but we fold things carefully, which does help.

What has to be ironed comes off the line damp, if we don't forget it while we are in the garden picking iris or combing out Saxon's long golden ears or some other odd job. It saves a lot of time not to dry everything like a well-used bone, and then sprinkle it.

Hanging out the wash is a real sport. All the dogs assemble and follow the basket. Saxon will poke his nose in and remove some nice chewable shirt and prance off with it, if he can. They all watch for falling clothespins—and whisk, off they go. Then the dead clothespins lie in wait for the lawnmower and make things fine for Bob. When Saxon and Windy were little, they used to like to swing on the sheets, if the line was low enough.

Washday meals are simple ones that can be let alone until the clothes are in. A good salad for lunch is cooked cold macaroni or noodles with red kidney beans, chopped bits of chicken, or cheese strips, or leftover meat. I add chives to the mayonnaise for this and serve hot tomato bouillon and sweet rye bread with it.

Or if it is a brisk day, baked stuffed potatoes with sausages or frankfurters poked in the top to sizzle. Potatoes can be fixed the night before and slipped in the oven while the washing machine is singing its song. The first young lettuces make a salad bowl to go with this, and raw chard or spinach leaves are good with them, pulled into pieces. A few dandelion leaves add zest.

Vegetables can be cooked without butter and still have interest. A bouillon cube or a spoonful of meat paste dropped in the water is the answer; or if they are to be reheated, a half cup of bouillon goes in the pan to heat them in. This is good for dieters, as calories do not swarm in bouillon the way they do in an innocent-seeming bit of butter.

A few tender lettuce leaves shredded in potato soup are a fine flavor-adder.

Meat loaf is good for a change if it is turned out of the pan and frosted with mashed potatoes and run back in the oven to brown. It goes farther. A layer of vegetables is good in the middle of a meat loaf, baby carrots especially. Sliced onions for Jill and me. Mushrooms are always a help, and now the baby fairy rings are in the yard. Bob likes them for breakfast in scrambled eggs. He picks them and brings them in with grass still on the delicate tips. When they go in the cold water, they float and the grass comes off easily. They are almost rosy and their flavor is elegant. They make perfect sandwiches, chopped and spread on thin slices of bread with salt and pepper added. Salad dressing doesn't exactly hurt them, but I like them better by themselves.

Honey is turning a little blonder in the summer sun. The hidden red shines in Star's black fur, reminiscent of her Wildfire forebear. Windy looks almost incandescent, his red curls shining. Snow and Clover seem whiter where they are white, but parti-colors don't change so much with the changing season as the solid colors. Pussy and Star run nose to nose. Saxon and Windy bicker over the dog biscuits, but amble together on less vital affairs. Honey walks by herself.

The time I like best of all in June is the hour after dinner at night when the first little wave of twilight foams on the shore of the day. There is a lovely, dreamy stillness so even Star's barking sounds a little vague and desultory. The family emerges from the house and the pottering begins. Time to cut a few creamy yellow rosebuds from the old-fashioned tea rose the carpenter gave us. Little sweet clusters of spicy buds that fall so soon, but are worth it. Time for Bob to poke around the asparagus and find a few new stalks. Last year we had asparagus up to July first. If it rains, we may better that. Time for Jill to clip along the border or pinch off the dead flowers on the black iris.

Don takes a last ride around the yard on his bicycle, being a solitary Commando scouting for the main party. Cicely and Dorothy just wander around, much the same as the cockers.

A fresh cool smell comes up from the meadow and the fireflies begin to glimmer. Esmé and Tigger leap lightly from the maple to the crab apple in a wild jungle chase. Esmé's little wedge-shaped mask peers from the lilacs one instant, the next looks back at Tigger from the woodshed roof. He lopes rather heavily after her, swinging his big masculine body up the poor scarred lilac trunk. Most of our trees and shrubs wear burlap pants on this very account.

The last light slopes down from the west; a little ghost of the sun wakes the windowpanes of the house. But all the rest of the world belongs to the lovely blue of evening.

★ ★

WINS **ORDERS FROM HEADQUARTERS**

Washington, D. C.

If the family aren't cleaning up their plates, maybe they need a change. Try some of Ann Batchelder's Mexican recipes on page 45. Then watch them sit up—and clean up!

★ ★

The life of the PANTRY!

"There's more life in my pantry, and less work in my life, since I use ROYLEDGE on the shelves. It's the *efficient* shelving!

"Goes up without tacks or pins, in just the time it takes to fold over the gay 'doubl-edge'. Stays up for months—clean, crisp, won't curl. Dust whisks right off, and it *never* needs laundering.

"Be like me. Let ROYLEDGE put life in your kitchen and all your closets. There are cheerful patterns and colors to dress up each—*at a cost of only 6c for 9 whole feet!"*

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HAND-WROUGHT CRYSTAL

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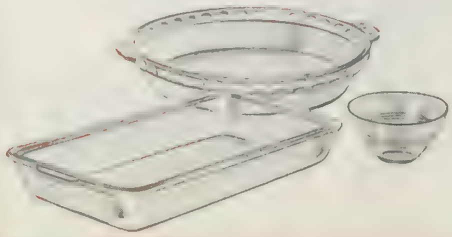
She's so lovely she leaves the groom breathless. He's crazy about her. What gift can you send her that *she'd* be crazy about?

This is Pyrex Ware. Isn't it Lovely?



You bet it's lovely! PYREX Ware sparkles like a new diamond. It saves time and steps, too. Each dish can be used for baking, serving, and storing. She'll love it.

This is what a bride can do with PYREX WARE. Isn't it wonderful?

Yes, it's wonderful. Food bakes as much as 1/3 faster. She can see when food is done. PYREX Ware helps make any bride a better cook. And she can bring it right to the table! Leftovers can be stored, reheated, and served again in the same dish. With no transfer from dish to dish, she saves precious food.

IDEA FOR IN-LAWS: The new PYREX Cake Dish (next to the Sergeant). Note the handy glass handles. Grand for tasty layer cakes, fluffy biscuits, puddings, chops, potatoes. Give her a pair. Each only .. 35¢

TIP TO BEST FRIENDS: The PYREX Double Duty Casserole (above) is a super-dandy gift. Two dishes for the price of one... a swell baking dish. And the cover does extra duty as a pie plate. 3 sizes: 1½ qt. (small-family size) only .... 65¢

This is the Pyrex Bowl Set

Three crystal clear bowls that go right into the oven... and on the table. She can use them for mixing, baking, serving, and storing! Rolled rim is designed for easy pouring. 2½ qt., 1½ qt., and 1 qt. sizes. Set of 3 bowls nested..only 95¢

This is the Pyrex Trade-mark

You can find the little one pressed into the glass bottom of every PYREX dish. It and the familiar orange label both mean "A product of Corning Research in Glass." Look for them for your own protection. Corning Glass Works, Corning, N. Y.

LOW-POINT SUPPERS FOR JUNE

By Louella G. Shouer

***Shrimp Casserole**
New Potatoes and Peas
Radishes and Cucumbers, Vinaigrette
Toasted Rye Strips
Strawberry Whip Iced Coffee

*SHRIMP CASSEROLE

(Approximate cost, 88 cents—serves 4)

Cook 1 pound fresh shrimps in water just to cover, seasoning with onion, bay leaf, celery leaves and salt and pepper. Save stock when shrimps are cooked. Peel the shrimps and remove black vein. Cook 6–8 small new potatoes. Be sure to scrape, peel very thin or cook in the jackets, skinning when done. Also have ready 1 cup cooked peas. These can be leftover. Combine potatoes, peas and shrimp. Make a sauce with 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup shrimp stock and 1 cup milk. Season well and mix in a casserole with the vegetables and fish. Stir in 1 tablespoon chopped scallion tops and cover with buttered cracker crumbs. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., about twenty-five minutes or just until bubbly and golden brown.

***Meat Soufflé**
Buttered Whole Early Carrots
Scallions Rolls
Tomato-and-Cucumber Salad
Caramel Rice Pudding Coffee

*MEAT SOUFFLÉ

(Approximate cost, 50 cents—serves 4–6)

Soak ½ cup bread crumbs in ¼ cup milk. Add to 1–1½ cups ground leftover meat and 1 large onion, ground. Use any leftover scraps of meat from a roast, or maybe soup meat. Use the coarser of the two knives of your grinder. Combine with 2 tablespoons chili sauce or catchup and 2 or 3 tablespoons grated cheese if you happen to have it. Make 1½ cups medium-thick white sauce, using 3 tablespoons butter or margarine, 3 tablespoons flour and 1½ cups milk. Mix with the meat. Fold in 3 well-beaten egg yolks and season to taste with salt and pepper. Cool until suppertime. Then beat the 3 egg whites until stiff but not dry. Fold in carefully and gently. Pour into casserole. Set in pan of hot water. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., forty-five minutes to one hour until puffed and brown. Serve at once. If you have leftover gravy, serve it with the soufflé.

***Eggs San Remo**
Fresh Asparagus, Croutons
Soya Muffins
Spring Salad Bowl
Fresh Pineapple
Cookies Iced Tea

*EGGS SAN REMO

(Approximate cost, 56 cents—serves 4)

Simmer ½ clove garlic in 1 cup chicken or meat stock (use canned soup or stock made from meat paste and boiling water). Discard garlic. Make a sauce of 3 tablespoons butter or margarine, 3 tablespoons flour, 1 cup milk and the stock. Cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Season well. Dip 4 thick slices tomato in flour. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and sauté in a little fat until golden brown and soft but not mushy. Place tomatoes on a heatproof platter or glass pie plate. Put poached eggs on the tomatoes. Pour the garlic sauce over the top. Sprinkle with a little grated cheese. Put under moderate broiler, heat for four to five minutes.

Mushroom Soup, Crackers
***Friday Salad**
Cheese Muffins
Fresh Cherry Pie, Lattice Top
Coffee

*FRIDAY SALAD

(Approximate cost, 70 cents—serves 4–6)

Prepare the following vegetables: 1 cup sliced radishes, 1½ cups sliced cucumbers, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 2 scallions, minced—tops and all, 1 cup cooked peas. Marinate in 3 tablespoons French dressing. Thin ¼ cup mayonnaise with 1 tablespoon vinegar and combine with vegetables. Season to taste and fold in 1–1½ cups flaked leftover fish. Leave the fish in fairly big pieces—canned fish such as tuna or salmon may be used if you happen to have it on the shelf, but don't spend points if fresh fish is available at your market. Serve the salad on greens and garnish with sliced tomatoes.

***Macaroni Meat Loaf**
Pan Gravy
Potatoes Cooked with Green Beans
Corn Bread Coleslaw
Hot Gingerbread Green-Apple Sauce
Coffee or Tea

*MACARONI MEAT LOAF

(Approximate cost, 65 cents—serves 4, 2 meals)

Have 1 pound veal and ½ pound pork ground together at market. This should cost about eight points if meat is from low-point cuts. Cook 1 cup elbow macaroni in boiling salted water until tender. Drain and rinse. Add 1 cup milk and 1 beaten egg and mix thoroughly with the meat. Season with 1½ teaspoons salt, some pepper, 1 teaspoon meat paste, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, ½ teaspoon onion powder or 1 onion, finely chopped. If desired, you may add a combination of dried herbs, a little poultry seasoning or, as we prefer to do, 2 tablespoons chili sauce or catchup. Mix very thoroughly. Shape on a greased shallow pan rather than packing into a bread pan. Bake 1½ hours in a moderate oven, 350° F. If desired, you can pour about ½ cup tomato sauce or tomato soup over the loaf after it has set and browned. This helps keep loaf moist and makes good gravy. Serve the loaf hot the first day, cold the next. The macaroni stretches the meat and makes quite a large loaf, produces an interesting texture when sliced—particularly attractive cold.

A WAR MEAT-MEAL

FEATURING *Meat Patties with Green Pepper Sauce*

BY DOMINIC DI SALVO, CHEF OF THE PARKER HOUSE, BOSTON

DOMINIC DISALVO, *who started his career at the Royal Hotel in Naples, has served at distinguished clubs and hotels in Boston and is now chef of the famed Parker House in Boston.*

"This recipe for Lamb Patties," says Chef DiSalvo, "is equally as good for ground beef or veal as for lamb. The patties are quite simple. Chop one small onion fine, and brown in 2 tbsps. bacon fat. Add to 1 lb. ground lamb shoulder, 1 egg, 2 c. soft bread crumbs soaked in milk, salt and pepper to taste, and a pinch of ground nutmeg. Mix ingredients, roll into round patties (about 8). Pan-fry patties, until golden brown, in 2 tbsps. bacon fat.

"The special touch to these patties is the sauce. For this, I take 2 shallots (or 2 green onions), cut up fine, and add to patties in the sauté pan, as soon as they are golden brown. Let them cook 4 min., then add 2 small green peppers cut julienne, and 1 tsp. flour. Cook for 10 min. longer. Then add a pinch of dry thyme, 2 drops tabasco sauce, and a cup of either beef or chicken stock (2 bouillon cubes in 1 cup hot water will do) and allow to cook for 15 min. Serve with creamy mashed potatoes, carrots and peas, and a bouquet of water cress. This dish serves 4."

YOU'D BE VERY THRILLED if you came home from market with a pound or so of ground meat and found a world-known chef ready at your kitchen table to turn it into an epicurean dish. One of the things you'd learn by peeking over his shoulder is that you can easily repeat the flavor tricks which he performs with just such simple meats.

Learning and using new meat recipes for today's best point-values in meat helps your family keep up on proteins. Proteins are something we all must have—children for growth—everyone for tissue repair. The proteins of meat are the *right kind* for every bodily protein need. They contain every one of the ten indispensable amino (a-mee-no) acids which the body cannot manufacture, but must get from food—and they're present in proportions which the body can utilize to the fullest extent. That's why the proteins of meat are said to be "complete and of the highest quality." That's why meat is "the yardstick of protein foods."

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Headquarters, Chicago • Members throughout the United States

This Seal means that all nutritional statements made in this advertisement are acceptable to the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.

Smile with "The Life of Riley" featuring William Bendix—every Sunday afternoon on the Blue Network. See paper for local time and station.

It's fun... it's young... it's meant for You!

When he comes home on leave let frolic tell him of your happiness. It's a perfume made for joy and moonlight... an exhilarating sparkling fragrance to be worn with a light heart... and to be treasured to the last devastating drop.

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Perfume, 6.50; 3.50; debutante size, 1.10. Dusting Powder, 1.00.

You'll find the same delightful fragrance in Frolic Toilet Water, 1.75; Talcum Powder, 50¢.

BEAUTY ACROSS THE BORDER

(Continued from Page 41)

how to take an accurate temperature even before they start the course, which is more than he can say of our own girls.

Do you think a wife should be the final authority in the home, on matters pertaining to children, servants, food planning, entertainment?

Children and entertainment should be shared interests, say the girls of both countries. Food planning is the wife's job, by unanimous agreement. Mostly, servants are assigned to the wife's province, too, but there is a percentage of American girls who think husbands ought to help do the worrying over this acute present-day problem.

Do you approve of a husband's helping to select his wife's clothes? How about a wife's shopping with her husband for *his* clothes?

Only one Latin girl was brave enough to think she would like to go along on her husband's shopping expeditions, whereas more than half the American girls think it would be a good idea. In the matter of the husband's helping to choose his wife's wardrobe, opinion is about equally divided. It seems to depend on whether the girls think a husband's taste is to be trusted.

Do you believe a girl should work after marriage?

There is a strong feeling in both groups that a young married woman should stay home to look after her husband, house and babies, "except in special instances." But whereas in South America these exceptions are on the basis of economic necessity, with North Americans the feeling seems to be that outside activities are justified by talent.

THE miscellaneous likes and dislikes add up to an interesting picture. Smoking is generally accepted on both sides of the border, except on streets. All agree that form-fitting bathing suits and backless evening dresses depend on the figure of the wearer. Slacks may be worn "if the figure and occasion permit"—a rule that ought to have universal adoption. Make-up is enthusiastically accepted "if skillfully applied." Costumes exposing a bare midriff are frowned on by our neighbors to the south, as is jitterbugging. All wives and wives-to-be agree that husbands should establish checking accounts for them, or at least give them the dignity of a regular allowance for household and personal needs.

Not only is there international agreement on this last, highly practical question, but there is equally sweet accord at the other extreme; for, when asked "*Do you consider an elopement romantic?*" there was a chorus of *No's*. When it comes to the great day in a woman's life, all unite in wanting a planned wedding with all the attendant glamour and dignity that time and means permit.

But then these lovely girls from the north and the south are not really so different after all, and are becoming less so every year, thanks to radio, movies, increased travel and the Good Neighbor policy. Charm can be internationally promoted as well as industry!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

WINS ORDERS FROM HEADQUARTERS
Washington, D. C.

Help cut last year's shocking food waste—that was more than enough to feed our entire armed forces plus Lend-Lease requirements for all our Allies.

Your Birthstone tells the Month*

Don't let your Hands tell Your Years

June—traditional month of brides and romance. Hands must be memorable—caressingly soft and smooth as orange blossoms. Use Sofskin, the rich, velvety, wonder-working cream to make hands lovelier, more romantic. You'll like its swift, dependable action, non-greasy quality, delicate scent. Your beauty salon or favorite cosmetic counter will give you a courtesy application.

SOFSKIN *for lovely hands and skin*

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TIPS *for* TIRED EYES

1 Hold reading matter about 14 inches from face. Do not read small print unnecessarily.
2 Avoid reading or working in poor light. Never face the light—let it come from behind you.
3 After driving, exposure to dust or wind, when eyes are overworked, bathe them with Lavoptik.

... Women everywhere, for over 30 years, have praised **LAVOPTIK** for its prompt relief of tired, burning and itching eyes and the way **LAVOPTIK** soothes irritated eyelids. Try **LAVOPTIK** today, it must fully satisfy you or your money will be refunded.

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ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR LAVOPTIK

WHAT ABOUT THE WOMEN?

(Continued from Page 23)

housekeeping and dishwashing and baby feeding, though often pretty humdrum, are essential and only women will do these tasks?

How all these experiences—on the assembly line, in the machine shop, on inspection jobs—have affected the women themselves, as well as their families and homes, is indicated by further results of the JOURNAL'S survey.

Women agree, but by a slim majority, that if a woman who is working makes more money than the man she wants to marry, she should give up her job. Nearly half say, "Keep the job." (40%—give up the job; 37%—keep it; 23%—don't know.)

Asked if they would rather stay home and care for their children than to turn them over to a day nursery, 75% said a rousing "Yes."

Almost as many—71%—deny that when a man brings in all the family income he has more right to be the boss in the home. Asked:

"Does your husband help with the housework?"

59% said "Yes."

Answers to these questions and to others in the survey become even more revealing when coupled with the direct comments of the women workers.

"All the men I've talked to raise the dickens about women working. They like to have wifey home with the supper ready."

This was from a divorcee in Williamsport, Pennsylvania, in answer to a question on men being the only wage earner in the family. Yet 80% of the married women said they took their jobs with the approval of their husbands. It is plain they took them as duration jobs—and the exodus of more than 2,000,000 of the new women workers from industry in the past twelve months makes the employers wonder if the taking was even for the duration.

Facing the fact that there are today in the United States for the first time more women than men, and that, therefore, there will be keener competition for husbands after the war, it is the opinion of 61% of America's women war workers that most men will choose as a wife the girl who is the best homemaker, rather than the prettiest or the one with the best job.

Such trivia as slacks and hair nets came in for comment too. Most of the women in war plants are required to wear slacks at work, but 64% of those who do get into dresses as soon as they get home. "A dress makes you feel like a lady," said a lady from Tennessee now on the day shift in a Wilmington aircraft factory.

Here, in detail, are the answers to the other questions in the survey:

"In your own case, does working make your life more enjoyable or less enjoyable than staying at home?"

The big majority of women in industry said a hearty yes, that working made their lives more enjoyable. Sociability and its stimulus of new activities apparently decided them. "Before this it was just stay home all the time," said a Middle Westerner who had never worked before. She'd been married nineteen years. Speaking for most, another commented, "I don't like to stay home alone."

"Yes"—79% of all women in war plants.
70% of married women with children.
83% of married women with no children.
85% of single girls.

"Did your husband approve of your taking a war job?"

The tenor of the yeses indicates that husbands were willing for wives to have war jobs because, "it helps out with expenses." A divorcee observed, "Most men think it's fine for their wives to work so they can save before the depression comes along."

"Yes"—80% of married women in industry.

"Do most of the men you know think it's all right for wives to have jobs, or do they prefer to be the only wage earner?"

The answer indicates that men's attitude toward wives' working as a steady diet is by no means the same as a husband's attitude toward his own wife's working in wartime. Half the women in war plants said most men they knew thought it was all right for wives to work; but of the remaining half, a big percentage were on the fence. "Men have a pride about being the only wage earner," said a sheet-metal inspector in Utah. "But men would rather have their women work than run around," a young Navy wife defended her fence-post position.

"Yes"—50%
"No"—35%
"Don't know"—15%

A big majority of the women (71%) stated that their own husbands wanted them to give up their jobs at the war's end; curiously, this husbandly preference was slightly stronger among married women without children than with children. (68% married with children, 76% married without children.) Possibly the desire to start a family influences these as yet childless homes.

"How many children do you think an ideal family should have?"

The median answer for all women in industry is three children, but this varies in the age groups. Women between twenty-five and thirty-four (the group most likely to have children) say three, but those over thirty-five look back and wish for more. Married women with children also say four is an ideal number. The mother of nine said, "Seven, eight—or possibly nine."

"Should women receive the same rate of pay as men for the same job?"

The yes was almost unanimous, and this includes the army of new workers whose men have always been the only wage earners. "Women should receive man's pay for man's work," stated a mother of four, holding down her first factory job in New Haven. "Women would be a lot more satisfied in

---

Woman Feeding Pigeons

By Joseph Auslander

On a city street, unheeding
The traffic and the crowd,
I saw a woman feeding
Pigeons in a cloud:
The world was bleeding
To death, yet here stood peace and
pity with head bowed.

Here, in a world whose measure
Of value strictly clings
To narrow terms of pleasure,
The tyranny of things
We too much treasure,
I turn and watch a woman whose
hand blossoms with pigeons'
wings.

How wonderful that a crumb
Of bread, a single crust
Can make such glory come
To heal the heart's distrust,
Can bring God home
To dwell with us a while, to
honor this poor dust!

HOW TO MAKE *Sparkling Soda Drinks* IN YOUR OWN HOME

Ice Cream Sodas

Use a big tall glass. Put in 3 tablespoonfuls chocolate syrup (or jam or preserves) and three tablespoonfuls milk. Stir well. Put in ice cream. Then fill the glass with Canada Dry Water and stir briskly. Add a straw and a spoon—and enjoy it!

Sparkling Fruit-Ades

LEMON, LIME, ORANGE OR GRAPEFRUIT

Lemonade—Juice ½ lemon—2 tsp. sugar. *Grapefruit-ade*—Juice ½ grapefruit—2 tsp. sugar. *Limeade*—Juice 1 lime—2 tsp. sugar. *Orangeade*—Juice 1 orange, 1 tsp. sugar. Add ice cubes, fill with Canada Dry Water, stir gently.

Grape Juice Sparkler

Pour grape juice over ice cubes in a tall glass. Fill with Canada Dry Water. You may enjoy adding a little sugar, or a twist of fresh lime. Serve other prepared fruit juices—loganberry, pineapple, apple—the same way!

IT'S EASY to make a sparkling treat—with bubbling, tingling Canada Dry Water! Use it for fruit-ades, fruit sparklers, *real ice cream sodas*—use it with soft drink extracts, too! Canada Dry is the soda to use. Its "PIN-POINT CARBONATION" means millions of tinier bubbles . . . that give these treats a real soda-fountain tang! Keep Canada Dry Water always on tap in your refrigerator.

FREE RECIPE BOOKLET

Easy recipes for dozens of soda drinks, fruit-ades, punches, and fountain treats. Just send your name and address to Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., Dept. LHJ, 100 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

CANADA DRY WATER

Even in a closed box, baby wouldn't be safe from harmful germs. These germs are everywhere, often cause common baby skin troubles such as prickly heat, diaper rash. To protect baby, best powder is Mennen. More *antiseptic!* Round photos above prove it. Centers of plates contain 3 leading baby powders. In gray areas, *germs thrive;* but in dark band around *Mennen* powder (far right), germ growth has been prevented!

New differences in baby powders!

Baby wiggles even when he eats, shown by speed camera. And each wiggle rubs baby's skin. That's why it's important to use the *smoothest* baby powder—Mennen. Round photos above show 3 leading baby powders seen thru microscope. Mennen (far right) is smoother, finer in texture. That's due to special "hammerizing" process which makes Mennen Baby Powder the *best* protection against chafing. Delicate new scent keeps baby *lovelier.*

3 out of 4 doctors said in survey—baby powder should be antiseptic. It is if it's MENNEN.

industry if they were paid the same wage as men for the same job," said a woman who had been a factory worker for seven years.

The answers brought out some clear-eyed views on the subject of women in industry. A forty-seven-year-old widow, totally blind, observed, "A man wouldn't feel this insignificant job of mine was important enough. I roll paper nozzles that fit on the end of an air hose to pick lint off glass. But this is a special glass made in layers and used in planes. A speck of lint on a layer as it is put together might make a defect that would cost a pilot's life. I think my job is very important."

Yes—90%
No—10%

"When a man brings in all the income, do you think he has more right to be boss of the home than if the wife helps to earn the living?"

Most of the women said no. "I can't think of any *boss* in a happy home," observed a Chicago worker married forty years. "Marriage is a partnership and the woman does her share when she runs the home as she should." But a comparatively young mother of nine children answered, "Yes. I think a man should be boss anyway."

As might be expected, the single women were easier on the men, and so were the women in the lower educational brackets.

No—71% of all women workers.
75% of married women.
65% of single women.
74% of high-school and college grads.
69% of those with less than high-school education.

"In the case of the wives who stay at home, should their husbands give them a certain amount of money each week to spend on themselves?"

By a big majority the answer was yes, and the reasons are pregnant with not-too-hidden meaning: "The husband should hand over his whole pay check and let the wife give *him* an allowance," said a thirty-four-year-old wife in Topeka, Kansas. "A wife should be paid for her household chores," a Chicagoan thought, and a woman from Salt Lake City added, "It gives her the illusion of being an individual."

Yes—87%

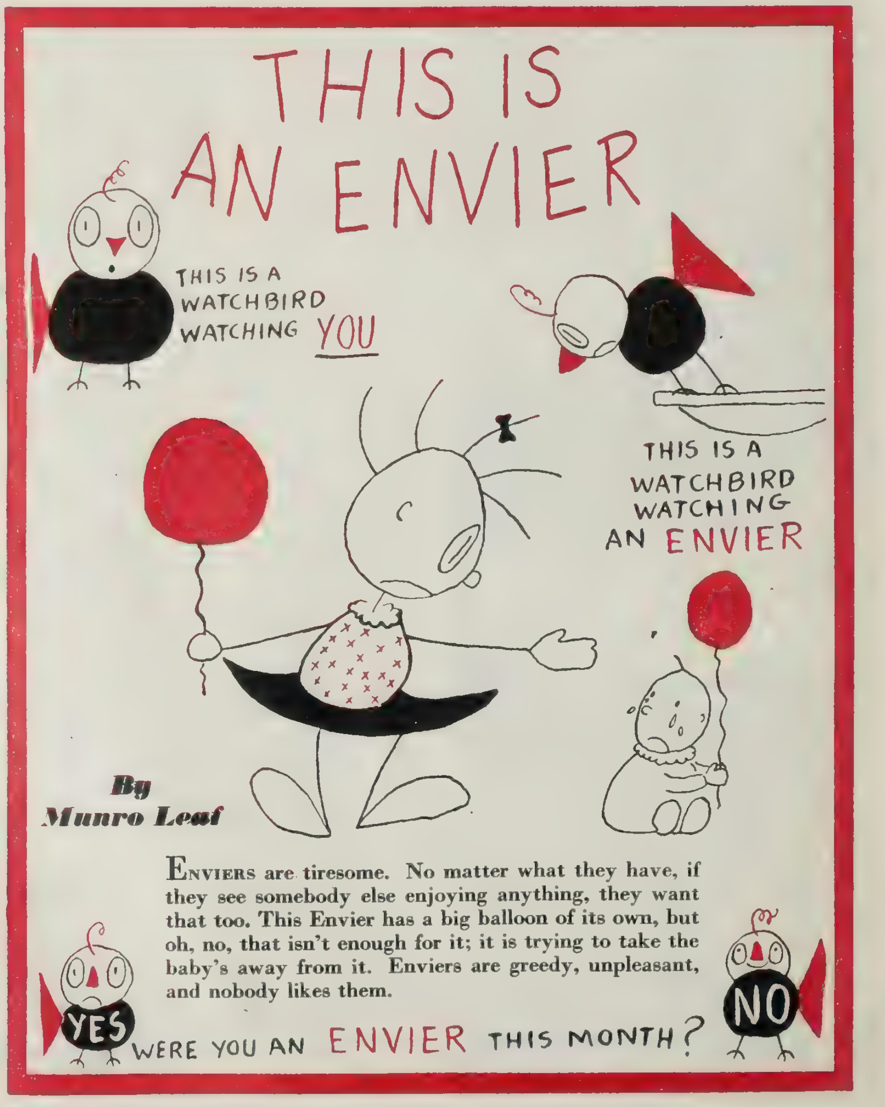
"When a wife has a job, do you think her husband should help with the housework or do you think the housework is entirely the wife's responsibility?"

"Husbands should help!" said most of the women. "If they share the pocketbook, they should share the work," was the opinion of a forty-one-year-old New Orleans drill-press operator. Most of the women said their own husbands do help with the housework. "He's swell about it and can do it as well as I can. Maybe a little better," said a Salt Lake City war worker. An inspector of carburetors in a Chicago factory explained, "When he's on the night shift he does all the cooking. And it's grand to come home to find a good dinner waiting."

Yes—83% of all women in war plants.
88% of married women.
78% of single women.

"After the war there will be fewer men. The competition for husbands will be keener. Other things being equal, do you think men will be more likely to choose the girl who is prettiest, the best homemaker, or the one who has the best job?"

Those who thought a good job had anything to do with getting a man could be counted almost on the fingers of one hand. The best homemaker, said an emphatic majority, was the girl most likely to succeed. You might expect the older women to feel that way, and they did. But it was the younger single girls who made up the majority. "After the war, men will appreciate a good home more than ever before. They'll want to settle down and lead normal lives," said one. But a redhead disagreed. "The prettiest girls will get the men, as always.


THIS IS AN ENVIER
THIS IS A WATCHBIRD WATCHING YOU
THIS IS A WATCHBIRD WATCHING AN ENVIER
YES
NO
WERE YOU AN ENVIER THIS MONTH?

By Munro Leaf

ENVIERS are tiresome. No matter what they have, if they see somebody else enjoying anything, they want that too. This Envier has a big balloon of its own, but oh, no, that isn't enough for it; it is trying to take the baby's away from it. Enviers are greedy, unpleasant, and nobody likes them.

That's a basic trend in nature. Man's nature, anyway." She's thirty-eight and single.

61%—Best homemakers will get the husbands.
12%—Prettiest girls will get the husbands.
6%—Girls with the best jobs will get the husbands.
21%—Don't know.

"What should a woman do who has a job and makes more money than the man she wants to marry? Should she give up her job or keep it?"

The "give-it-ups" overbalanced the "keep-its" by a delicate margin. "No man wants his wife making more money than he does," said a worker speaking for those in favor of giving up the job for the man. "Keep it!" said a sixty-six-year-old grandmother who drives a mean rivet in San Diego, adding: "When I married my man I had to buy him a clean collar." A thirty-four-year-old, married with no children, thought: "Keep it but don't gloat over it."

40%—Give it up
37%—Keep it.

"If a woman saw that having a job was making her marriage less happy, what do you think she should do?"

The vote was almost unanimous in favor of marriage and against the job. But a husky little drill-press operator in Chicago stated the case for the opposition thus: "She should quit the job rather than have trouble with her guy—if she's happy with her guy. *If she's not, keep the job and get another guy.*" The figures, however, show an almost unanimous willingness to make a go of marriage without making comparisons between the job and "the guy."

91%—Quit the job.
4%—Quit if financially able.
2%—Keep the job.
2%—Depends on which is more important.
1%—Don't know.

"If you had to give up your job to get married, would you do it willingly to please your husband?"

The majority of women workers said "Yes." "If I thought enough of a man to marry him, I'd certainly give up my job for him," insisted a war worker in Topeka. She's thirty-nine and single. A job is cold comfort to an assembly worker in New Orleans who said, "I'd much rather have a home than get up early and out to work in the cold mornings."

Yes—70%
No—10%
Don't know—20%

"Do you look forward to a time when you can give up your job and stay home and take care of home and children, or would you prefer to turn your children over to a day nursery?"

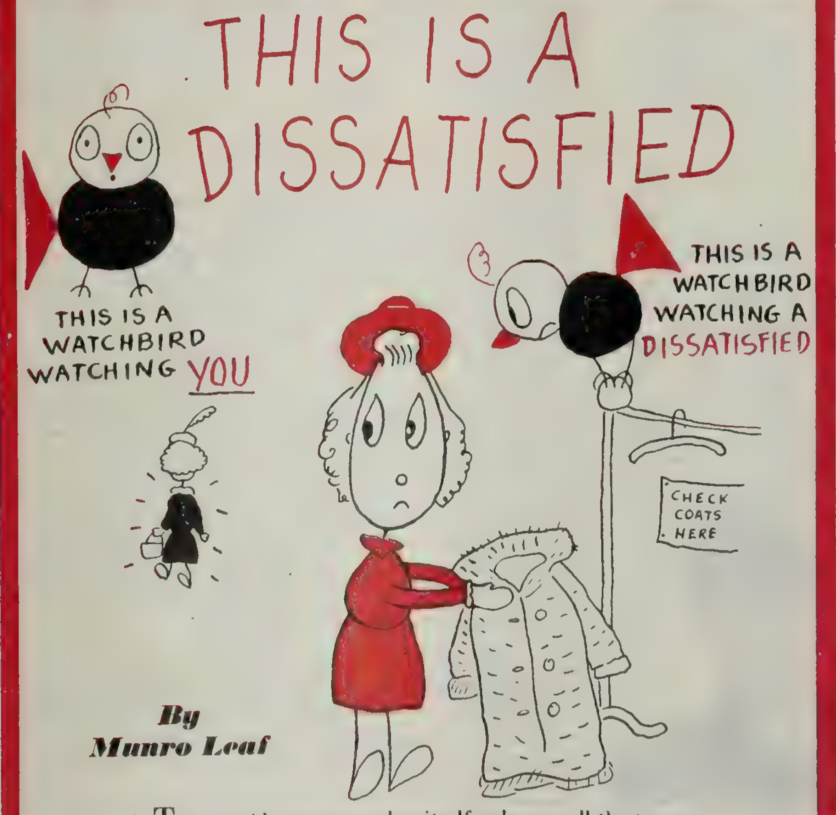
Going home would be ideal, thought most of the women in industry, including those who, because of necessity, have been working for years.

75%—Look forward to going home.
13%—Prefer to keep job.
12%—Don't know.

"Does working make you more anxious to spend off hours getting out for pleasure or staying at home?"

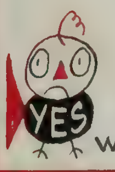
"Home is the only place these days," a Chicago mother of nine answered for the majority of mothers. "It's my duty to be home with my family in the evenings and on Sunday." But a professional woman in a Richmond, Virginia, factory for the duration disagreed. "I have to get out for recreation. Working in a factory makes me dull." This thirty-eight-year-old college graduate, single, has been a college professor for the past ten years, and for a time a museum director. "But, as a casting worker in a factory, I'm making the top salary of my life," she said. Just for the record, 90% of the women in war plants are making more money in their

(Continued on Page 161)

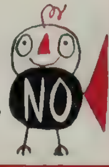

THIS IS A DISSATISFIED
THIS IS A WATCHBIRD WATCHING YOU
THIS IS A WATCHBIRD WATCHING A DISSATISFIED
CHECK COATS HERE

By
Munro Leaf

This stupid creature makes itself unhappy all the time. Dissatisfieds are never pleased with anything they have. This one has a perfectly good coat that it bought just a few days ago, but the minute it saw a different kind on somebody else, it didn't like its own any more. Nobody would care very much, but Dissatisfieds always whine about it and bother other people.



WERE YOU A DISSATISFIED THIS MONTH?



ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER

Did you know that last year we had the highest birth rate in our history? Over 3,200,000 babies were born -- inspiring figures for America's future. We are fighting this war to assure a better America -- and we want the best of babies to live in it.

Mrs Dan Gerber

Mummy never has to call me twice!

Just let me hear feeding time is on, and I'm right there for my Gerber's Strained Foods! For Gerber's are the baby foods recommended by our doctor for their four-point goodness.

1.. Cooked the Gerber way to preserve precious minerals and vitamins.
2.. Famous for uniform, smooth texture.
3.. Purity and care in the making—every step laboratory checked.
4.. Made to taste *extra* good.

There are 15 Gerber's Strained Foods, also 8 kinds of Gerber's Chopped Foods for older babies.

I'm strong for the Two-Cereal Idea!

Quite a simple idea, but it works wonders with me. At one feeding I get Gerber's Cereal Food, and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal at the next—turnabout. Variety helps me eat better. Both cereals are enriched with Vitamin B_1 and iron. Just add hot or cold milk or formula—and serve.

Gerber's READY TO SERVE CEREAL FOOD
Gerber's STRAINED OATMEAL
JUNIOR FOODS
Gerber's Chopped Foods
Gerber's STRAINED FOODS

Gerber's
FREMONT, MICH. OAKLAND, CAL.
Baby Foods
Cereals Strained Foods Chopped Foods

Send for
Free sample

Gerber Products Company
Dept. 86, Fremont, Michigan.

Please send me free samples of Gerber's Strained Oatmeal and Gerber's Cereal Food.

Name..........
Address..........
City and State..........

HERE'S ONE WAR WEAPON A WOMAN UNDERSTANDS!

NO OTHER CONTAINER PROTECTS LIKE THE CAN

About guns and tanks and bombsights, Mrs. America may be a little vague. But food, medical supplies and equipment are in *her* department. And when you tell her that billions of cans must be used to get these necessities to our armed forces *safely*, she knows what you mean.

For although she may not know that the familiar "tin can" is a *tinplate* can really—more than 98% steel, less than 2% tin—she does know its outstanding virtues . . . through experience in her own home.

She knows that cans are blessedly shatterproof, tamper-proof, non-porous, non-absorbent and non-inflammable. They are lightweight, easy to stack and store, to open, to dispose of. And because cans are easy to make and handle, canned goods are economical.

Food Variety—thanks to Cans!

She knows that cans aid good nutrition by making a variety of foods available inexpensively the year around . . . to her family at home . . . to our boys fighting in far-off lands. And she knows that these foods get *more kinds of protection* in cans than in any other way. Hermetically sealed in light-air-and-moisture-proof sturdy steel, they are effectively guarded against spoilage . . . their flavor, aroma, vitamin and mineral values are kept *in* . . . dirt, germs, moisture, gas poisons are kept *out*.

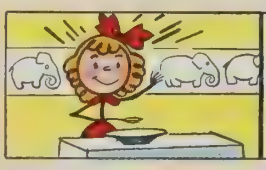
So—because she understands how vital such protection is to our war supplies—patriotic Mrs. America is cheerfully sacrificing the handy, inexpensive can for syrup, shortening, spices, beer, dog food, tooth powder, paint, furniture polish and scores of other things she prefers in cans. For she knows that, with other peacetime blessings, the can will be back—after Victory!

Can Manufacturers' Institute, Inc., New York

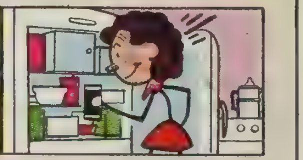
THANK YOU, LADIES! THE CANS YOU ARE DOING WITHOUT TODAY ARE HELPING US WIN THE WAR. AND CHEER UP—THEY'LL ALL BE BACK!

TRUE OR FALSE?

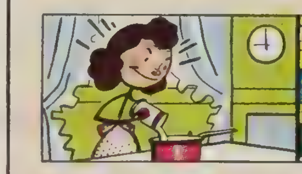
Are you making the best use of canned foods in your home? Check yourself on the following statements . . . score 25 for each correct answer.



1 Canned foods are extra nutritious.
TRUE ☐ **FALSE** ☐



2 It is unsafe to leave foods in an opened can.
TRUE ☐ **FALSE** ☐



3 Canned foods need further cooking.
TRUE ☐ **FALSE** ☐

4 It is not unpatriotic to buy canned foods now.
TRUE ☐ **FALSE** ☐

ANSWERS

1. TRUE. Milk, meats, sea food are *selected for quality* before canning . . . many fruits and vegetables are grown from pedigreed seed, harvested at peak goodness, canned by processes which help them retain vitamins and minerals better than do many home-cooked "fresh" foods.

2. FALSE. Food in cans, and the cans themselves, are sterilized in the canning process—so the can is probably the *safest* container there is for the unused portion. Simply cover and keep in your refrigerator like other left-over cooked food.

3. FALSE. Canned foods are ready-cooked. Don't heat them longer than necessary. And don't throw away the liquid or you'll waste valuable vitamins and minerals. Serve it with the food or save it to use in soups, sauces and beverages.

4. TRUE. Though Uncle Sam requires millions of cans for vital war uses, those on your grocer's shelf are there for you—to help promote a nutritious diet. Use canned foods wisely . . . don't waste . . . *and turn in empty cans for salvage.*

NO OTHER CONTAINER PROTECTS LIKE THE CAN

AFTER VICTORY — THEY'LL ALL BE BACK!

(Continued from Page 159)

present jobs than they have ever made before.

"Are husbands and wives who both work better companions than if the husband is the only wage earner?"

The no's won by a slim majority. A childless wife who has worked since her marriage seven years ago said, "Yes. Working gives them more things to talk about." But a sheet-metal inspector in Salt Lake City opposed: "No. They don't have enough time together. It takes some of the love away. They're both too tired."

No—51% of women in war plants
Yes—30%
Don't know—19%

"When a wife is earning her own money, do you think she is likely to be more careful or less careful in the way she spends it?"

The majority think she's more careful, and the scales were tipped by the married women. "I'm almost a miser with my money now," said a thirty-seven-year-old mother whose war job is her first attempt at being a wage earner. A twenty-five-year-old drill-press operator disagreed: "I spend more money on clothes than I ever have."

More careful—52% of married women
49% of single women.

Already the new woman in industry has been the source of uneasy legislation: Congress has had to feed her children, provide for their out-of-home care. The industrialist has found her an unpredictable problem: he took 3,000,000 of these women who had never worked before (in industry) into his factories, taught them how to run his machinery and how to keep their hair out of it. He turned his back for a breathing spell and discovered that the "new woman" took the job so seriously, learned so fast, worked so patiently that he was being praised for delivering American industry out of limbo by hiring her. Then does that mean he wants to keep her? The American husband wants to know the answer to that one, too, because many of those husbands are now in uniform and they are already wondering if there will be jobs for them after the war.

The JOURNAL survey clearly indicates that women want marriage and homemaking, not factory jobs; that they work in industry only because they have to or for an emergency; that they want man's wages as long as they do a man's work.

OUR READERS WRITE US

(Continued from Page 12)

sticks that little label he spits on over the top of it, and then where are you?

I have had such a happy time lately, sowing American seeds. Lots of people sent them to me, including some of that wonderful lettuce, and some drought-proof peas. It is such fun having strange vegetables to grow in the garden, instead of just the everlasting Brussels sprout coming up once again.

Love to you both,
DOROTHY.

Modern Maud Muller

Cape Cod, Massachusetts.

Dear Editors: So many girls are thinking about going onto the farms this summer that I believe my experiences as a "farm hand" will be of some interest to them.

I applied for a job at a small independent dairy farm. The owner, a nice young man not so many years out of college, was very much embarrassed at the idea of employing a girl for such work. He blushed, hemmed and hawed, and I'm sure I really talked him into it largely because he hadn't the courage to say "No" to a lady.

It was then the beginning of haying season. He took me down to the field and told the men I was a new hand. I caused almost as much agitation as an enemy plane! The younger men were merely amused, but the older ones appeared to feel that they had received some sort of deadly insult.

After going into a huddle, very much like a dismayed football team, they put me on top of the load and showed me how to "build" it while they tossed the hay up. You have to work fast to keep ahead of the pitchers, to spread the hay evenly and tread it down. I was very nervous but determined to hold my own if it killed me. I did—and it didn't!

After the first it was not so difficult. The men began to realize that I knew I was ignorant, and that I had no idea of taking advantage of my sex in order to get out of hard chores or to ask favors of them. They have treated me wonderfully ever since.

I get up at four-thirty, dress and eat a good breakfast. Then I feed and water my horse, saddle him, and we are off on the gallop. I have to be on the job at six o'clock—ahead of the sun in winter!

My first duty is to "grain up" and straighten the bedding in the stalls. Then I use the electric milking machines. Cows don't give down their full poundage for a machine, so they have to be "stripped" of the remainder by hand.

I was afraid I might not like to work with cows, but I have come to like and respect them. We have about thirty-five and each one is as different as human beings are. Our Golden Belle has a lovely disposition, gentle and affectionate. Trixie, on the other hand, is an imp! She won't have anything to do with the electric milker. She has to be milked by hand, if you please. And just when you think she's placidly dreaming of far green meadows or something, like a flash she'll try to kick over the milk pail—or the milk stool and you! Not in a disagreeable spirit, you understand—just in fun! *(Her idea of fun.)*

The next job is washing bottles, sterilizing them, pasteurizing the milk and bottling it. At three-thirty, on the dot, the cows are herded in again, and at four o'clock the evening milking begins. I usually get home at six o'clock.

There's a lot to learn about farming and I have made plenty of embarrassing mistakes. Once, while I was still green, the hay was lying across the field in long windrows when a shower came up. My boss told me to take the side-delivery (a huge rake pulled by the tractor) and turn the hay so it would dry and not spoil. All I was supposed to do was turn each windrow over. But I painstakingly spread all the hay out nice and smooth over the field. So then the men had to rake it all up into windrows again! Nobody said anything, but I knew very well what they were all thinking: "Just like a dumb girl!"

There is always some excitement of one kind or another on a farm. One night a bolt of lightning struck the roof of the big barn and went straight down through, killing a young calf on its way. I was elected to climb the tall sectional ladder, nail cleats onto the roof for footholds, climb up to the ridgepole, straddle it and patch the roof. I was scared to death. Never before did terra firma feel so good as when I finally got my feet back on it again!

Would I go back into an office? Never! Farm work is hard, but it takes constant initiative and gives one a feeling of self-respect and individuality. You can't look down on yourself, no matter what homely chores you may have to do, when you realize that you are creating the one thing without which the human race couldn't survive—*food.*

Then the farm is the only place of work I've seen where the boss calls us all by our first names—and we call him by his. In haying and harvesting seasons the "extra" hands who live too far away to go home at noon eat their meal with the boss at the same table.

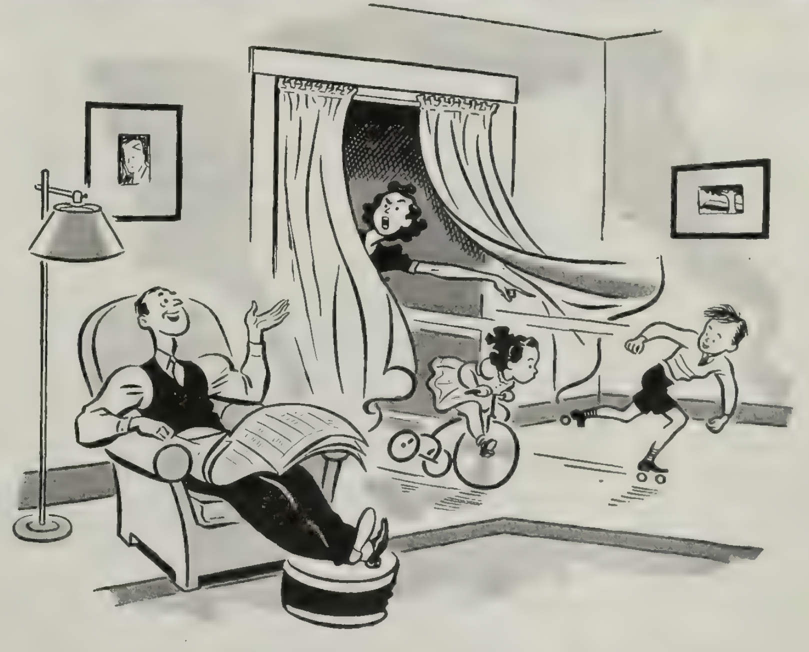
The farm is one of the few places where real democracy still seems to exist. And I like it! BARBARA K. GRIFFITH.

FOR Beauty AND Better Coffee
UNTOUCHED BY METAL
THE CORY COFFEE BREWER

Among the CORY exclusive features: hinged Decanter Cover; Safety Stand for upper glass; Coffee Measure and CORY Glass Filter ROD.

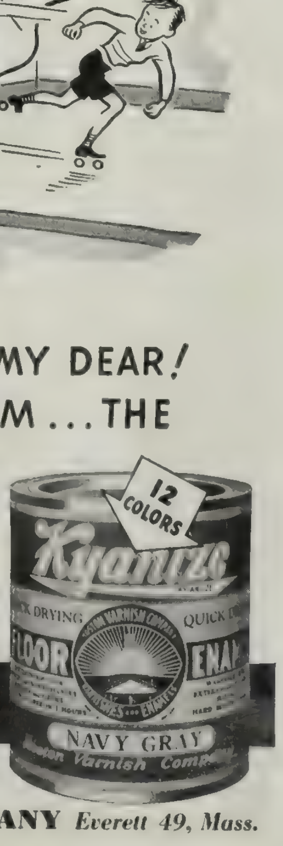
CORY Glass Filter ROD also fits most "other makes." No cloths, hooks, springs, chains. 50¢

AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE



NO NEED TO GET EXCITED, MY DEAR! THEY WON'T DO ANY HARM ... THE FLOOR IS PROTECTED WITH

Kyanize SELF-SMOOTHING FLOOR ENAMEL



Kyanize IS THE *LIFE* OF THE SURFACE

Manufactured by BOSTON VARNISH COMPANY *Everett 49, Mass.*

WHY VICTORY MUST BE WON

The hills of home—the "templed hills"—from whose green slopes a slender tower of white soars into the blue of the sky—these are America. To preserve this America men battle in remote lands and on strange seas. May we at home remember that upon the support we give them depends the future of this—Our America.

You invest personally in Victory when you buy WAR BONDS.

Dundee
TOWELS
from the looms of
DUNDEE MILLS, Incorporated, Griffin, Ga.
Showrooms: 40 Worth Street, N. Y. C.
Dundee—THE NAME TO REMEMBER WHEN BUYING TOWELS

THE GIRL THEY LEFT BEHIND

(Continued from Page 20)

and kept below deck. But I was allowed topside.

I heard a roar in the sky, and saw the moonlight glinting on the wings of the two Jap dive bombers as they swooped down at us. Mike Bradley already had the Diesels wide open, and now he ordered the rudder full left and full right so fast the wheel was spinning in the quartermaster's hands. The twenty-millimeters opened up and laced the sky with serpentine streaks of flame, and twice the sea geysered near enough to throw several tons of water onto our decks. But the bombs missed. Two others fell wide, and the Japs' racks must have been empty. They came back to strafe us.

I couldn't help thinking about the Army. The Army was down below, listening to the clatter of the twenty-millimeters, hearing machine-gun slugs run slamming across the decks. Expecting, probably, to see green water spill down the hatchways at any instant. The Army didn't see one of those Jap planes burst into sudden, vivid flame and plunge shattering into the sea. When this happened, the other Jap had enough. He high-tailed it. But we knew whatever element of surprise there had been was now undone.

A few hours later the LCI pointed her nose toward a beach where the palms lifted black above a glistening feather of surf, both her gangways run out forward like a pair of feelers on a slender gray water bug. The troops were up on deck, close-packed, rifles gripped in their hands as they crouched below the bulwarks.

The Navy came down from the bridge and shook hands with the Army. The Navy looked at his watch and said, "Three minutes."

The Army said, "Mike, I wrote a letter down there in the troop officers' room. It's for—well, it's for Mary. You know."

"Sure," said the Navy. "I know."

"I guess it has to be censored," said the Army. "I guess you have to censor it, since it was written aboard ship."

"Well," said the Navy, "I guess it does. But maybe Mr. Walters could censor it. He's been helping me out with the mail. War correspondents know pretty well what can be said. They have to."

"Well," said the Army, "I guess it's about time. Take it easy, Mike."

"Don't take any wooden nickels, Jack," the Navy advised.

The LCI's bow grated on the sand, and the gangways went down. Twin streams of khaki-clad American boys hit the surf on the run, holding their rifles high. The Navy stood watching until the bow lightened and the troops were melting into the dark line of trees. We heard the first shots just as we were backing off. They came from the jungle in a faint, far-off scatter.

The Navy turned to me. "I guess I'll write a letter, too," he said, "before I turn in."

Like I told you before, Mary, I'm no Solomon and no expert on advice to the lovelorn. But I'll always be glad I was acting as censor—in a purely advisory capacity, of course—and had the privilege of reading those two letters. There was only one John Alden. It complicates things a lot when *two* guys sit down and write, in effect, "The other fellow's a lot better man than I am, and maybe you'd better marry him."

It takes a pretty big man to do that, Mary. And there's always the danger of being misunderstood back at home. Don't get the impression that either or both of these lads have fallen out of love with you, and marry somebody else before they get back. Keep a level head. You're going to have a mighty difficult choice to make when the Army and the Navy come home again!

Sincerely yours,
BILL WALTERS.

Close your eyes, dear I have a surprise . . .

I traded Mrs. Brown all our furniture . . .

for her Proctor Never-Lift Iron!

After the war, you'll gladly trade hard work for ironing ease by owning a Proctor Never-Lift Iron. It's self-lifting. No tilting. Scorch-safe. 15 fabric heats, speed selector, too. Buy War Bonds now . . . a Proctor after the war.

Proctor Electric Co., Div.
Proctor & Schwartz, Inc.
Philadelphia 40, Penna.

PROCTOR
AUTOMATIC IRON

For competent repairs, 81 Service Stations, Coast to Coast . . . see Classified Telephone Directory.

COURTESY OF THE PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART

Women from Yucatán, by Fermen Revueltas

A Message on

ART IN MEXICO

By MacKinley Helm

Art critic and author of Modern Mexican Painters

MEXICAN art is not a private affair. It took the Mexicans in modern times to rediscover that truth. In all the creative centers in the world's history—in Egypt and Greece, in medieval France and renaissance Italy, in Peru of the Incas and Yucatan of the Mayas—the best art has come out of a whole race of people and has been made for their own use and enjoyment.

The people of Mexico, having grown up in a landscape which has been enriched and not defaced by the hand of man, respond affectionately to the works of art created for them. The Indians of San Miguel de Allende take flower offerings to the Dead Christ in Federico Cantu's new frescoes in the pink parish church. Union workmen enjoy murals of David Siqueiros in their headquarters—paintings commissioned by common consent and paid for with union money. Likewise—having been educated, in free schools, in the workmanlike methods of drawing and painting and sculpture, as well as in the enjoyment of art—the Mexicans respond to the work of the artist by giving him a place of honor in their society; just as the Emperor Montezuma, four hundred years ago, gave titles of nobility to painters and sculptors who adorned his palaces and temples.

Among the Mexicans, art is all one: they flock to the public museums to see the sculptures of their remote ancestors; they revere their colonial churches and convents; as a race, they inspire, create and enjoy their contemporary works of art so impartially that it is hard to say where each of these activities, all of them so necessary to the existence of art, begins and leaves off. Private collecting of art, so far as it exists—the richest people do not always have the best taste—follows after participation in the heroic, monumental art; as though men and women who had helped to create beauty in their towns and cities then wanted something small and beautiful and private to take home. The Mexicans seem to have known without learning that private art takes its meaning from communal art—a truth also known to the people of Athens.

If art is of less use, and the artist of less dignity, in our own country, I say to the artist at home, "Excuse us, please. Our eyes have not always fed on beauty." I say to him, "If you have felt too much alone, it is because we, your public, are the founders of a new culture and not the heirs of an old one. We have not yet had much experience in the actual creation of beautiful things." But I have also got to say to him, "While you wait for us to become fully aware of the use and enjoyment of art, you must create, when you can, something for all of us to participate in. Season our daily lives with forms of heroic beauty. Then we will learn to want to live in the midst of beauty."

I have not dared ask the editor to print one more thing I had in my mind to say to North American artists: "There are probably many of us who would be buying beauty today if, as in Mexico, it came more cheaply!"

THE $270.17 BABY

That's what the Joe Derers, of Chicago, paid for their first child her first year. Have you ever wondered where your money goes and wished you had the courage to keep an exact record? That's what this couple have done for five years. At first it was a depression necessity—they started married life with $1.02. Joe shoveled coal at 16 cents a ton once. Then a war job and high wages came along, and the spending record became a game. Here's a record of rising wages and prices during America's years at war and an inspiring story of pluck during hard times, patriotism during the war-boom-money times.

How America Lives, in July

For that Hollywood Boulevard Look

CINEMA CAKE

Now, YOU can have it to

That look so smooth it startles . . . ultra sophisticated . . . you see it on the cinema stars when they step out to the Brown Derby or Ciro's . . . now you can have it too. CINEMA CAKE MAKE-UP is an extra-smooth sponge-on cake that does the seemingly impossible in covering minor blemishes and imperfections to give you a flawless, startlingly beautiful complexion. If you want a genuine but delightful shock, CINEMA CAKE MAKE-UP is for you. Buy it now at better stores ($1.50 in a stunning case). Or, you can get a three-week cake in an adorable compact by sending only 25¢ and the coupon from this announcement. You'll use CINEMA CAKE MAKE-UP *always* after you've once tried it. Check shade preference.

SEND FOR 3-WEEK TRI CAKE

Associated Distributors, Dept. 112, Dearborn at Hubbard, Chicago 10, Illinois

I enclose twenty-five cents for which please send me 3-week trial compact of CINEMA CAKE MAKE-UP, shade checked b

☐ Cameo Cream (Cream)
☐ Spotlight Rachel (Natural)
☐ Cinema Beige (Rose Tan)
☐ Camera Brunette (Medium Dark)
☐ Stardom Tan (Rose Beige)
☐ Rhapsody Rose (Deep Rose Ta

Name

Address

City State

"Now go to sleep, like a nice mother!"

BABY: Sorry to keep you in that crib so long, Mom—but I want you to get *my* point of view!

MOM: I've *got* it! Wiggling around in one spot all day has my skin so uncomfortable I could scream. EEEEE!

BABY: See? How do you think *my* delicate skin feels? Now—*do* I or *don't* I get my Johnson's Baby Oil and Johnson's Baby Powder?

MOM: Just name your terms!

BABY: Okay—lots of nice rubdowns with that pure, crystal-clear Johnson's Oil. And plenty of lovely soft sprinkles with Johnson's Powder!

MOM: It's a deal, honey child! You're going to have a skin like pink satin!

BABY: Thanks, Mom—I'll do something for *you!* With Johnson's to chase my chafes and prickles, I'll save my voice for singing!

Johnson's Baby Oil
Johnson's Baby Powder

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.

Accidental Poisoning

By Dr. Herman N. Bundesen
President, Chicago Board of Health

IT IS estimated that one hundred children needlessly lost their lives last year through eating sweet-coated tablets of strychnine. Other poisons—including lye, arsenic, gasoline, kerosene, bichloride of mercury, digitalis, cyanide—and various acids took their share of children's lives. Carelessness was the chief cause of these deaths, and also of the thousands of cases of sickness caused by ingesting poisonous materials around the house that should not have been left within the reach of children.

It is easy to understand the fascination that the medicine cabinet has for inquisitive children. Bottles and jars, different colored labels and contents stimulate their curiosity and ingenuity. All too often they will reach the medicine cabinet, although you may think they cannot get to it.

But the medicine cabinet is only one of the many sources of danger. Children can be poisoned by the dye in shoes, by the dye used in marking diapers, by eating insect and rat poisons, fireworks or insecticides you use in your Victory Garden. Many household aids are poisonous: metal or wood polishes, ink removers, bleaching preparations, shoe polish, paint remover, drainpipe or toilet-bowl cleaners, ammonia. The loss of fifty lives in an Oregon hospital in November, 1942, due to mistaking an insecticide for powdered milk, shows how easily a tragic accident can occur.

When a child takes poison, how can mother prevent death? First, phone a doctor and describe calmly what the child has swallowed. Then follow the doctor's directions. If a physician is out of reach, call the nearest hospital for emergency treatment.

While waiting for the doctor, there are two rules to follow: dilute the poison, and produce vomiting as quickly as possible. The simplest way to produce vomiting is to put a finger down the child's throat. If this does not work, an emetic to produce vomiting can be tried. If the child can be induced to drink large quantities of milk, it will help to dilute the poison and tend to cause vomiting. Or a solution of dry ground mustard is effective. This is made with one half teaspoonful of mustard to a pint of warm water. Another simple emetic is a baking-soda solution made with one tablespoonful of soda to a pint of water, or a solution of one tablespoonful of salt to a pint of water.

It will be difficult under all circumstances to get the child to swallow the solution, but it will be worth the effort to try. A mother will have much better success if she will control her agitation and not frighten the child into a nervous state where it will be impossible to make him swallow anything.

There are special antidotes for poisons. For example, if the child has swallowed bichloride of mercury, the whites of several uncooked eggs or a glassful or two of milk can be used. Egg whites and lime water help to counteract carbolic-acid poisoning. For strychnine, one quarter teaspoonful of potassium permanganate may be added to a quart of warm water. For phosphorus, several egg whites are helpful. For acid poisoning, a glassful of lime water or several glasses of baking-soda solution made with one teaspoonful of soda to each glassful of water. For alkali poisoning, vinegar or the juice of three or four lemons.

We suggest that you paste the above information inside your medicine cabinet door. But of course the best possible way to avoid poisoning is to keep the poison out of the child's reach: lock your medicine cabinet and hang the key out of reach; keep necessary poisons bottled tight with adhesive tape.

GRATEFUL young mothers from Maine to California tell us that Doctor Bundesen's baby booklets have been of the greatest help to them in caring for their own babies. The first eight booklets cover your baby's first eight months. They sell for 50 cents. The second series of booklets covers the baby's health from nine months to two years—seven booklets for 50 cents. The booklets will be sent monthly; be sure to tell us when you want the first booklet. A complete book on the care of the baby, *a necessary supplement* to the monthly booklets, OUR BABIES, No. 1345, is 25 cents. A booklet on breast feeding, A DOCTOR'S FIRST DUTY TO THE MOTHER, No. 1346, sells for 6 cents. Address all requests to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

HAROLD M. LAMBERT

The medicine cabinet fascinates most children—but it may be a great source of danger to them.

If Your Child is

THIN AND NERVOUS

By all means try OVALTINE

SCIENCE has proved there are certain food elements everyone needs for health. If there aren't enough of them in a child's food, serious things happen—such as stunted growth, soft bones, poor teeth, faulty nerves, loss of appetite, defective eyesight.

Ovaltine supplements the diet with elements frequently deficient in ordinary foods. Three glasses daily, made with milk as directed, provide a child's full minimum requirement of Vitamins A, B_1, D and G, and Minerals Calcium, Phosphorus and Iron—also supply niacin, pantothenic acid, pyridoxine. In addition it provides the *basic* food substances—complete proteins to build muscle, nerve and body cells—high-energy foods for vitality and endurance. It thus acts as an insurance against food deficiencies that retard normal growth.

So—if your child is thin and nervous or eats poorly, why not turn to Ovaltine?

OVALTINE

And so do mothers, too, because dresses made of "Everglaze"* Finish Cottons are a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Glowing to the eye, "Everglaze"* dresses stay flower-fresh through repeated washings—resist soil (which means less launderings)—wear long—don't wilt because the radiant lustre is lasting. "Everglaze"* dresses for little girls and big girls are obtainable at all leading stores.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE LONG-SUFFERING MIDDLE CLASSES

(Continued from Page 6)

come the earth's greatest musicians: Bach, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Wagner, Chopin, Tchaikovsky, Saint-Saëns, Debussy and many others one can name. So with the great novelists: Dostoevski, Balzac, Dickens, Thackeray, Meredith—down, in our own times, to the author of Babbitt. Count Leo Tolstoy is the only exception one can call to mind, and one can think of very few—none of the first rank—who emerged from the daily-wage working classes.

The stars of science have risen all but wholly from this class. And also the philosophers. Plato and Aristotle were "bourgeois men" in the terms of today. The Roman senators came from much the same classes as our own. Spencer, Bentham, Mill, Kant, Hegel, Nietzsche, Montesquieu, Voltaire were middle-class men.

Thus, if we look over the whole course of history, asking ourselves who has produced our arts, our sciences, our philosophies, our social systems, our inventions—what class, if any, has created the world—the answer is: The wretched *bourgeoisie*.

Might we not draw from that fact certain deductions, from which to frame a social policy?

We might deduce that the best society is just that one in which the middle classes live. They do not inherit sufficient property to enable them to live in idleness. They enjoy a relatively high degree of education, and put great emphasis upon its importance, since it is through education alone that they can hope to improve their social and economic status. They do not live in the uncertainty of an hourly or daily wage, but can see ahead on annual earned incomes. In the professions, they are not organized into mass unions, but into professional guilds. They do not suffer from an inherent sense of social inferiority, but count themselves as the backbone of the nation. They are not spendthrift or ostentatious, taken as a whole. They have a strong feeling of independence, and expect rewards to be measured by capacity, diligence and superior imagination and skill.

They are often social snobs—but they are just as often social reformers. They have been the instigators of the reform movements throughout history—from the Gracchi of Rome to the New Dealers. When they are revolutionists, they usually dislike the revolutions made in their name, if they live to see them. I do not think Stalin would satisfy Karl Marx, and I am very sure that Hitler would raise the gorge of Nietzsche.

Should we not, therefore, try, in America, to create a society in which vast inherited wealth would not be possible, and in which destitution and insecurity of life would be abolished? Should it not be our aim to abolish the proletariat? And to abolish as well the oligarchies of vast wealth? Should we not remove forever the badge of social inferiority which is the worker's overall? Should we not recognize that whereas a level of social security is necessary for all, superior talent and diligence must always command superior reward? Should we not, in other words, seek to lift all workers into the middle classes—and depress all oligarchies into them too?

What's wrong with the middle classes? Only, I should think, that they bid fair to be ground beneath the upper and the nether millstones. And the record shows that if they are, the world will not be classless but tyrannous, not free but enslaved, and deprived of the very class which has been most fecund of creative imagination.

ABOUT LIVING

Choose this day the habits you would have rule over you.

Do unto others as though you were the others. —ELBERT HUBBARD.

Aunt Rennie and her helpers k
A thousand MILK-y tricks so n
They change the milk you
of drinkin
To rennet-custards…fu
to eat!
*Aunt Rennie
(the rennet
enzyme)

MILK is different every day . . . .
the easy RENNET-CUSTARD way!

Aunt Rennie* and her little helpers will come to your house any day, Mother . . . and what they do to MILK is real magic! When youngsters tire of *drinking* all the milk they need, they love to *eat* it with a spoon in the form of delicious, colorful rennet-custard desserts!

Everything that can be said of MILK can be said of rennet-custards . . . and MORE! That's because the rennet enzyme in "Junket" Rennet Powder and Rennet Tablets transforms milk *without cooking* into tempting rennet-custards, and thus preserves all the precious vitamins and other food values of milk, while making it even *more readily digestible.*

You'll love to make rennet-custards because it's so easy to do . . . no eggs, no cooking . . . and because the whole family will *eat* more milk served in this different, more delicious form.

Send for FREE Wartime Recipes

New recipes for delicious rennet-custards, smooth ice cream in automatic refrigerators, and many delicious desserts adjusted to today's needs. Write "The 'Junket' Folks," Chr. Hansen's Laboratory, Inc., Dept. 26, Little Falls, N. Y. (In Canada: Toronto, Ont.)

Make rennet-custards with either:

"Junket" Rennet Powder—Already sweetened. Six favorite flavors at all grocers:

Vanilla	Chocolate	Lemon
Orange	Raspberry	Maple

"Junket" Rennet Tablets—Not sweetened; add sugar and flavor to taste. Each rennet tablet makes 4 or 5 rennet-custard desserts or more than a pint of smooth ice cream in automatic refrigerators. 12 tablets in package. At grocers and druggists.

"JUNKET" is the trade-mark of Chr. Hansen's Laboratory, Inc., for its rennet and other food products, and is registered in the United States and Canada.

Copr. 1944, Chr. Hansen's Laboratory, Inc.

US NEEDS US STRONG
EAT THE BASIC 7 EVERY DAY
7 BASIC FOOD GROUPS ARE NEEDED DAILY FOR GOOD NUTRITION
Milk and Milk Foods are included in
NUTRITION GROUP
FOUR

"COME ON—

Let's play CATCH!"

I'd love to, laddie. It's always nice to play ball with people . . . whether it's a game of catch or a Long Distance telephone call.

Now, what d'you mean by that?

Well, sometimes when your Mommie is calling Long Distance, the operator may ask her to please limit her call to not more than 5 minutes.

Oh, I get you! The Golden Rule.

That's it. The suggestion about 5 minutes is to help more calls get through during the rush periods. That's important these days when war needs Long Distance more and more.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

THE MILLÁNS OF MEXICO

(Continued from Page 132)

they are older, redecorating will combine with adding a second story to give more elbow room to a family growing fast in both senses. Meanwhile, every spare penny is salted away for the children's education—a project that the Milláns take far more seriously than the growing threadbareness of the upholstery.

At the moment, the elder boys want to be aviators, though Salvador has misgivings—there might be war and, as a flier, he would have to go kill people. Román wants some college in the States for them, not because Mexico can't give excellent technical training but because he is sure relations across the border will grow steadily closer and, besides, it is good for youngsters to know cultures different from their own.

Both Román's and Alicia's families were *hacendados*—estate owners—albeit in a small way on prerevolution Mexican standards. When Alicia's father saw division of such estates among peons coming, he voluntarily divided the family land ahead of compulsion. Román's father, schoolteacher in the local town of San Jacinto as well as semifeudal proprietor, preferred to wait. But the Milláns feel no apparent bitterness because 500 fertile hectares of their heritage were finally taken away, with 5000 relatively barren hectares left. Liberal, cultivated, of firm and cordial temper, the elder Millán seems to have welcomed the revolution as meaning opportunity and fresh energy for the nation at large, his children included.

It worked out so for Román. His father had managed thorough education for his two eldest, but, for lack of further family funds, Román was probably fated to vegetate on the hacienda. Then the revolution opened up everything, education included—Mexico has cut its illiteracy from 65 per cent to an estimated 40 per cent in twenty-five years. Living at home, working as a typist, Román took a brilliant law degree at San Jacinto's Universidad del Occidente, and special government dispensation admitted him to the bar at twenty, below the required age. Work as precocious young judge led into five years in the legal end of the Mexican army with general's rating. Nowadays, after political changes that involved forty days in jail for him—he expressed himself brashly during the Calles regime—he teaches his specialty at the university as well as running a private practice, and often contributes to professional and social journals. He is also family manager of the remains of the estate, making irregular trips, part vacation, to keep the foreman doing what he can with cattle, sesame, beans and corn.

His income corresponds in relative prestige to that of a lawyer with a $12,000–$15,000 practice in Chicago, say. That does not mean comparable command of purchasing power. The Milláns' secondhand Ford, for instance, cost rather over half a year's income. The big radio-phonograph combination that Román gave Alicia two years ago took almost a month's income. It bothers Román little that he can't save much. The house is paid for—it cost 10,000 pesos and would fetch 30,000 now, 40 per cent of that rise from the inflationary past three years. He carries life insurance for Alicia, but the boys' future keynotes the Milláns' life. Thrifty living combines with refusal to stint on things that will give them a good start. What with expensive imported vitamin preparations, for instance, the monthly drugstore bill alone is 100 pesos.

El Tio (Uncle) Sam already bulks large in the household. The boys are Donald Duck fans, like all Mexican kids, who know him as Pato Pascual, and admire Mandrake the Magician and Superman translated into Spanish in the Sunday papers. At their private school Román, Jr., and Salvador learn English from the first grade up. Their father's English is shy, but excellent as far as it goes.

He gets much of his world news from short wave beamed at Latin America from New York, and pays special heed to the air-mail edition of Time, which he takes along with Life and the Selecciones del Reader's Digest. Hemingway, Steinbeck, Dos Passos are conspicuous in his cherished library, which also includes 2000 items of his collection on the history of the Mexican Revolution. Both Alicia and he are extremely fond of American short-wave symphony broadcasts, a language needing no translation.

American housewives who still think "inflation" is just another big word should talk price advances with Alicia, who must buy in a country where inflation has arrived. The suit that used to cost Román 250 pesos is now at 500, little American-made rayon dresses for Alicia are up to 100 pesos. Government is now doing what it can to check this disastrous situation, but the squeeze is unmistakably on. It is close to disastrous for the former peons, paying war prices out of prewar wages for the corn and beans that are fundamental in their families' eating.

Beyond that, war is not too real in Mexico City. No boys in Mexican uniform are dodging Japanese or German bullets, and the relatively limited demand for gasoline can be supplied from Mexican wells and refineries. On specially nice Sundays, the Milláns can still load the car with boys and ham sandwiches and soft drinks and go picnicking. Yayo snoozes, Salvador cocks an eye at an American-built training plane overhead, Alicia smiles cordially at the unwinding landscape of mountains beyond plains, Román keeps his bright, sober eyes straight ahead. Though the Mexican family now travels on newfangled gasoline over twentieth-century paved roads, it is the Mexican family still and forever all the same.

HOW THE MILLÁNS SPEND THEIR MONEY

	Pesos
Food and cooking charcoal (covers not only Millán family but three servants too)	5500.00
Clothing	1500.00
Contributions, etc. (Señor Millán points out he also does much free legal work for people needing help)	200.00
House taxes	360.00
Electricity	180.00
Servants	720.00
School (two boys, 44 pesos each per month)	900.00
Doctors, dentists, pharmacy	1500.00
Telephone	108.00
Automobile upkeep, gasoline, etc.	1200.00
Newspapers, magazines, books	250.00
Recreation (concerts, movies)	500.00
Travel (trips to hacienda, short vacations)	1000.00
	13,918.00

Señor Millán also carries 16,000 pesos life insurance.

NOTE—The peso is now at 4.85 to the dollar. Dividing these amounts by 4.85 will not, however, give any idea of dollar equivalents in standard of living.

How America Lives

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